

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The Klamath Basin is really going to town with friends magazine the publication put out by the Chevrolet people. Recently there was an article on Crater Lake, and now they come through with a lead story and picture layout on KASRU, pictures by Lou Jacobs.

It's fine and our thanks to Richard Strain, product development manager, who sent us the advance and also, we suspect, was instrumental in seeing that the story was included.

The great Klamath Country is really getting on the map lately. Won't be long before people back East will realize that Oregon is more than a town in California. And that Klamath Falls is quite some town in Oregon.

The future is not only bright, it's glowing.

We're sorely distressed at the moment over the prospect of missing the annual Malin crab feed. It's set for the 22nd, and on that date we'll be way up north. Called out of town by a newspaper meeting that is fairly essential. Business before pleasure, we know, but it is certainly a shame to miss one of the best parties of the year. There just isn't anything that's more fun than the Malin crab feed. All the crab you can eat, and good crab, refreshments, good company and no speeches. It's wonderful. Save us

a seat for next year. We'll be there for sure.

Driving to work early these mornings everyone is doing the same thing: judging how much lighter it is today than it was yesterday. Measuring the approach of spring by light decimals instead of minutes.

At least we know that it gets light a little earlier every day and stays light a little later every evening. Pretty soon you'll see the tired businessman going home with a seed catalogue, the old hoe will be dug out and shined up and the lawn mower will be dragged downtown to be sharpened against another summer's work.

Speaking of which reminds us that we have recently been reading articles in magazines, news releases and science pamphlets about how you will someday, be able to spray the snow on the front yard with some substance which will attract the sun's rays, intensify 'em and thusly melt the snow off the yard in fast order.

All so you can start mowing and raking earlier. Gosh, don't most of us do enough complaining about the necessary chores around the lawn as it is without trying to do a month or so to the season? I'd rather mow lawns than shovel snow, but I enjoy the interim period when you don't have to do either.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

The reference book most readily available to the casual reader about California in general is the "American Guide Series—California." The Federal Writers' project of the late, but famous, WPA. Since this guide to the Golden State professes to be "authentic," and, "an outstanding history of the state," perhaps before we leave the story of the battle of Castle Crags it may be well to see what this encyclopedia of facts has to offer upon the subject.

In the Guide's description referring to Castle Crags State Park there is included this story—

"Left from the entrance to the Picnic Area on a dirt road, across the Sacramento River to the railroad station of Castle Crags, 0.4 m., the site of Lower Soda Springs in the green meadows at the mouth of Soda Creek. On his way south from the Rogue River in 1843, Lansford Hastings once camped here with 16 others and built. It was said the old fort of pine logs, Hastings' Barracks. First permanent settler was 'Mountain Joe' Doblondy, a guide of Fremont's; he tilled the soil, built houses, kept a hotel, guided travelers up the California-Oregon Trail past Shasta, and fought the Indians. Mountain Joe's fabulous tales lured miners in the spring of 1855, but they were unwarranted. In anger the miners left after they had killed or driven away the fish and game on which the Indians lived. Modoc warriors swooped down on the little settlement and burned it in reprisal. They were pursued into Castle Crags and, after a battle, driven out."

1.6 miles further south from the entrance to Castle Crags State Park Picnic Area so states the guide:

"Is a junction with a dirt road—Right on this road, along the bank of Castle Creek, to the base of Castle Crags, 3.5 m. This gigantic pile of grey-white granite frequently tinged with pale rose, rears its jagged spires to a sheer 6,000 feet above the forested called Castillo del Diablo. Here on June 26, 1855, settlers of the region fought the battle with the Modoc who burned the settlement at Lower Soda Springs. Joaquin Miller's version of it, garnished with boasts of his own exploits is a colorful if not an eyewitness account; the testimony, all except his own, indicates he was still a schoolboy in Oregon at the time it occurred."

"As Miller tells it, the Indians were traced to their hiding place by the flour they had spilled along the way as they made off with their loot. Mountain Joe gathered

a company of recruits from the mining camps at Portuguese Flat and Dog Creek. Its leader, Judge R. R. Gibson, who had married the daughter of the Shasta chief, won over the Shasta as allies. Under the highest crag in the northwest corner of Battle Rock most prominent of the spires, the 29 whites, with Shasta allies of about the same number, fought face to face with the Modoc until they forced them to withdraw, leaving many of their warriors dead. Miller's fanciful tale of his own exploits tells how he was carried, wounded, down the mountainside in a big buckskin bag tied to the back of a wrinkled squaw, and how Mountain Joe cared for his wounds in a camp by the riverbank."

Thus we have in the "authentic" account of the guide some very decidedly flat statements that would lead us to be quite confused, should we accept the account as being as "authentic" as the publication professes. This column has carried two stories written by Miller, the first version written in 1874, the second in 1893 when he had Gibson write his account. In neither of the Miller versions is there mention of the Guide's "flour" story.

The writer in the Guide charges Miller with being fanciful to the point of not being present at the battle or even in California, it is quite apparent he had quite an aversion for the "Poet of the Sierras." So to carry out the aversion there is promulgated further confusion labeled "authentic."

I have pointed out the difficulty of dealing with the word Modoc. In my opinion the Modoc Indian could not have been in the country and the only possible tribe which could be logically involved were the Northern Wintun. Since there was conflict between Indians of competing tribes, I do not believe it is possible to accept the Guide's explanation that it was because Gibson was married to the chief's daughter he was able to win over the Shasta warriors to make the attack just for the love of Gibson. As I have pointed out there is much left unsaid in the published version of the battle of the Modoc. The white man wants to appear his best under such circumstances and so assumes all the glory of the sanguine episode. From the Guide's account it would appear that Mountain Joe was a much more important figure in the affair than is credited in the accounts. Gibson's account states he took 29 Shastas with him, the guide, states 29 whites, and implies the Indians were also there. Gibson, never even made a reference to the whites.

TELLING THE EDITOR

ENFORCEMENT

Local political issues have again raised the question of law enforcement. This is a principle of first importance in any organization. Neglect it, or allow it to be neglected, at any time and you have sown the seed that destroys democratic law and brings corruption, dictatorship, and eventual destruction of the organization in which it is allowed.

The failure of the membership in labor unions to take responsibility in seeing laws are carried out and enforced within their organizations has accounted for at least ninety percent of all the corruption, internal fighting, and weakness in action beneficial to week workers, that has occurred in our labor movement.

Jefferson once wrote that the execution of the law is more important than the making of the law. In his farewell address Washington points out that allowing or

ganized action that blocks execution of the law is to take the road that leads to rule by the man on horseback.

Often you hear the hypothetical argumentation that we have so many bad laws it would be worse if they were enforced. There is one way to get rid of bad laws. That is to enforce them. An ever increasing number of bad laws is the fruit of failure to see laws are enforced. That is part of how organizations whose members do not see to it that their laws are enforced are on the road to destruction.

It is up to the people of this community to carry the principle of law enforcement into all their organizations if they would improve things. Not to allow their attention to stop on just the enforcement of laws concerning houses of prostitution, gambling devices, etc.

O. O. Womack

They'll Do It Every Time

Continued from page 5



JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—Two tigers moved up close to examine each other again, and again they withdrew to watch and wait and sharpen their claws.

That may be the historians' description of the Berlin meeting, which began Jan. 25 and ends this week, between the Big Four foreign ministers.

Three of them from the West—United States' Dulles, Britain's Eden, France's Bidault—have talked four weeks with Russia's Molotov.

Neither side was expected to yield anything. Neither did. In that sense the meeting was not a disappointment.

But history may consider it a tragic disappointment if it turns out this was the last chance the Big Four had to settle their differences peacefully before World War II.

At Berlin the stumbling blocks were peace treaties for Germany and Austria, as they had been in one meeting after another since 1946.

This was only the latest in a series. The previous one was in September 1949. There may be others in the years to come.

If that's so, then this one, in spite of the talk of a sudden death, may wind up as only a tiny footnote in history.

At the time of the first breakdown over Germany and Austria this country and the rest of the West were practically unarmed; Russia was an arsenal.

Still, there was a balance between them: this country was no match for Russia in number of men under arms, but this country had the atom bomb, which Russia didn't.

The bomb was enough to discourage Russian attack in Europe.

In the years since 1946 both sides have built up their muscle, sharpened their claws, pushed and pulled and tested each other without looking in a full death struggle.

Communism clinched her hold on the satellites, grabbed Czechoslovakia (1948), rushed development of the

atom and hydrogen bombs, achieving her first atomic explosion in 1949, her first hydrogen one in 1953. And the Chinese Communists took over all of China (1949).

At war's end the Communists, in Russia alone, ruled 200 million people. Now communism, Russian and Chinese, rules 800 million under a solid Red military alliance that stretches from central Europe and across Asia to the Pacific.

The West—Under the threat of Russia the United States moved on from the atom bomb to development of the hydrogen bomb and built up an atomic armory so vast it is beginning to put more reliance on atomic weapons, less on men.

The United States and Western Europe came out of the helplessness of their disarmament to rearmament and formation of their own military alliance, the North Atlantic Pact (1949).

The tests—When Russia threatened to gobble Greece and Turkey, former President Truman abandoned traditional American isolationism in peacetime by rearming them (1947). When Russia tried to force the Allies out of Berlin with a blockade (1948), this country smashed the blockade with the airlift.

When communism threatened impoverished Western Europe from within, this country helped it with Marshall Plan economic aid (1948). Communism tried another thrust with the invasion of South Korea (1950) but was blocked in a war that lasted three years, is not yet officially ended.

East and West grow steadily stronger. Neither, therefore, seems to think it necessary to yield anything. If either did, at Berlin, it might have been the first paving stone on the road to ruin, so tightly are the two sides balanced.

Now, like two tigers, each capable of mauling the other to death, the two sides watch each other, each waiting for the other to jump or stumble or, perhaps, to die of indigestion.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—The bootlegger is enjoying boom times in America again.

He's getting to be a big operator, just as he was in prohibition days. He is able to put up \$25,000 to \$50,000 for a still that will turn out a thousand gallons of alcohol a day.

He has new lists of suckers eager to buy his cases of "smuggled" scotch or Canadian whisky at cut-rate prices. He is a gain using counterfeit labels and tax stamps on a big scale.

Maybe no one has offered you a bargain basement buy in moonshine lately, but the liquor industry says moonshine is being sold in parking lots, candy stores, gas stations, cigar stores, and by telephone. It says the bootleggers have been working in hotel lobbies, apartment houses, business buildings and industrial plants all over the United States.

The post-war rise of the bootlegger has the regular liquor industry more than annoyed. It is so angry that it is considering hiring its own agents and lawyers to track down bootleggers and help the government convict them.

Ralph Heinsfeld, 42, president of Schenley's, a spokesman for the industry, feels the government isn't doing enough to wipe out bootlegging.

"Bootlegging is the major lawless industry in America today," he said, "but the average citizen just doesn't care a hoot about the problem."

Moonshine has a romantic history. The hillbilly moonshiner is part of our folklore. We're not worried about him.

"But we are concerned about the big operators who have moved into the cities. No one can say for sure how much illegal whiskey is being sold. But it's not easy to go anywhere in New York—or any other major city—and buy bootleg whiskey within 10 minutes. Anybody who wants it can get it. The supply equals the demand."

Heinsfeld said that the distilled spirits industry paid \$1,840,850 in federal and state taxes in 1953, roughly \$13.25 a gallon, but that the government spends less than six-tenths of one per cent of this revenue to enforce the liquor laws.

"Most bootleggers get suspended sentences," he added. "Only a third are sent to jail. The courts simply aren't doing the job."

"Curiously, the government concentrates its campaign against bootlegging in the southern states, but the booting industry actually is flourishing in every section of the country."

"They seize 20,000 stills a year,

but the amount of bootlegging isn't going down. We say it's increasing."

Heinsfeld thinks bootlegging could be cut down if the taxes on legal liquor were lowered to permitting it to be sold more cheaply. But he doesn't believe there is much real prospect of getting the taxes lowered.

"The only way to meet the moonshine menace is by stricter enforcement," he said. "We are considering setting up a number of pilot operations in which, in cooperation with government officials, the liquor industry can protect itself against bootleggers, just as banks hire Pinkerton guards to protect themselves."

He wouldn't go into the details of his program, but he was hopping mad. He left no doubt that the legal liquor industry is tired of paying all the taxes and taking all the worries, while the bootlegger ducks the taxes and reaps the big profits.

Prankster Shot By Alert Boy

McLOUD, Okla. (AP)—Curtis Haskell Smith and his wife Audrey paid her mother, Mrs. Lena Colney, a visit yesterday but found she wasn't home.

"We thought it would be funny to hide in the closet and holler boo when she came in," Smith told J. C. Farria.

But Mrs. Smith's 14-year-old brother Marvin was the first to return home. He heard a noise in the closet, grabbed a .22-caliber pistol and went to investigate.

When Smith yelled "Boo," the boy pulled the trigger, wounding him in the elbow.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



"But, you can't rob me—I got an insurance policy in the Herald & News that protects me!"

By Jimmy Hatlo



Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP)—The sap of belligerency is rushing the spring season in the corporate world. A record crop of personal business donnybrooks seems sure to burgeon at annual stockholder meetings in coming weeks.

Titans and would-be titans of industry are sharpening horns. The prizes: Some luscious charmers in the financial and business world.

The contestants, either avowed or named against their will: Robert R. Young and the House of Morgan, with the Vanderbilts, past and present, dragged in for good measure.

Howard Hughes and his critics; Buck DuMaine and Patrick B. McGinnis, plus assorted Canadians;

The White boys—William of New York Central, and Francis W. of American Woolen—the latter pitted against various less than admiring stockholder groups, with Royal Little as a side dish;

And even, in a sense, those old feudists of 90 years standing, the Yanks and the Southerners—each trying to win the affections of the textile industry.

The railroad, textile and movie worlds are the favored fields of dissension at the moment. But these things have a way of spreading, and the spirit of strife seems likely to spill over into all fields when the stockholders foregather.

Some of the reasons: Growing competition and falling sales turn the spotlight on management policies, records and abilities; and when dividends are threatened, the stockholders tend to roar like a bull moose charging a diesel locomotive.

The stockholder battles, and the glittering generals in command, are:

New York Central: Robert R. Young, a little man who has always performed in a big way, wants stockholders in May to name him a director and chairman of the board. He says the Central, which pays \$1 a year in dividends, ought to pay as high as \$10. Last year it earned \$5.27 a share. William White, Central president, says Young's record as head of the Chesapeake & Ohio wasn't so hot. Young says the House of Morgan really runs the Central, a contention denied by J. P. Morgan & Co.

J. P. Morgan & Co. The Vanderbilts get in the act because Commodore Vanderbilt fathered the railroad and his great-grandson, Harold S., is a director.

RKO pictures: Multi-millionaire Howard Hughes is the principal stockholder and wants to be the only one. Some other stockholders, including two directors, who resigned Saturday, think Hughes isn't running the movie company right—in spite of his record for discovering busy actresses.

Next month stockholders will vote on Hughes' offer to buy all the stock.

New Haven Railroad: Frederick C. (Buck) DuMaine Jr., president, and Patrick B. McGinnis, New York financier, are scheduled to go before the rest of the stockholders in April to fight for control of the New England railroad. Congress has been asked to investigate charges that Canadian interests are backing McGinnis to gain control of a road that should "belong to the people of New England."

American Woolen: Sectionalism is even more in evidence here. White proposes to sell some of American Woolen's mills in New England. Aroused by the growth of the textile industry in the South, some belligerent Yankee stockholders are fighting it. Royal Little, Texton Inc.'s head, offers to merge the two textile companies by a stock exchange, and a New York syndicate offers to buy up American Woolen's common stock. Some stockholders plan a fight at the annual meeting in March.

POET'S CORNER

"PEOPLE ARE FUNNY" People are funny, especially Democrats. In the last election we lost our hats.

Some spots have developed on our reputation. Now we yell, "Don't tell the nation."

Now we are out, you Republicans are in. Our little foibles you expose as sin. We had to go, our cloak we shed. Accounting has come, our face is RED.

Your Mr. Hoover was our scapegoat. Your Mr. Morse is our turn coat. We praise the one, condemn the other. Just depends on who calls us brother.

Hoover we blamed for the ills of the nation. We told it too, to all creation. Nobody "bridled" our long tongue. We criticized 'till we split our lung.

Harry liked milk and he smelled of fish. Panning Republicans was his fav-

orite dish. Next to music critics, he like to say. That the "opposition" was in his way.

Harry never soft-pedaled, or failed to expose. Anything he imagined, or smelled with his nose. But Mr. Eisenhower please consider it done. 'Don't talk about US when we're gone."

Skip it please, don't call it a crime. Twenty years you know is a "mighty lone time." How could we guess, we would come away? That there would be a judgment day?

We could defame and revile, nor could we be blamed. We never thought our day would be named. Alas it's true of scandal, lies and money. That the man is right, "People sure are funny."

Mrs. G. Lawson
109 N. Broad

Letter From Washington

By HARRIS ELLSWORTH, M. C.
4th DISTRICT, OREGON

In campaign speeches in the 1952 campaign, in the power policy announced as administration policy by Interior Secretary McKay and in the recent budget message of the President, the principle of partnership of states and local communities with the Federal government in the development of multiple purpose dams has been repeatedly endorsed by the administration.

In a recently published magazine article, Secretary McKay wrote: "The Department will not compete with the states and local communities in the development of the Nation's water resources. It will cooperate and not hamper the full development of these resources, in strict conformity with existing laws."

The President's budget message which was sent to Congress just last month contains the following two sentences:

"Federal activities in projects or plans will not imply any exclusive reservation of such projects to Federal construction or financing, or preclude local participation in them."

The power policy of this administration recognizes the willingness of state and local groups to participate in providing additional power facilities."

The City of Eugene, which owns its own electrical generating and distribution system, has grown to the point where its utility needs more power. Meanwhile the construction of a dam on the South Fork of the McKenzie River has been authorized by Congress as part of the Willamette Basin Flood Control project. Power could be generated at that dam.

Why not, reasoned the management of the Eugene Water and Electric Board, let us pay a part of the cost of the flood control dam plus all of the costs of the power generating facilities and transmission lines, and let us get the power we need from Cougar Dam, which will be built anyway, and thus relieve ourselves of the job of building another dam in the same area?

They asked me that question last fall and I agreed that they not only had a sound idea but that it conformed with what I understood to be the policy of this administration. They proceeded to develop their plans for a partnership proposal and brought them to Washington.

Mr. Ray Boals and his assistant, Mr. Byron Price, together with their engineer, Mr. Byron Taylor, spent several weeks in Washington recently. It was a pleasure to work with them and help them.

They wanted no deal unless it was a good thing for the government as well as being fair to the City of Eugene. The plan they have worked out is clearly both. It is sound, clean-cut and workable. If adopted, it will save government a considerable amount of money and will provide power for Eugene at a reasonable rate.

Senator Cordon and I helped in the final drafting of a bill which legalizes the arrangement, which we

introduced in both Houses of Congress. It should, we think, have favorable Congressional action.

When the President learned of the bill he gave the plan his personal blessing with a strong favorable statement. He said the project is a good example of his administration's policy of encouraging local participation in such projects wherever feasible.

The Eugene proposal is not the first legislation offered which embodies the general idea of "partnership."

I have not had an opportunity to study the others—they may be good, too. I note, however, that the Eugene plan is the first one to be endorsed by President Eisenhower.

Movie Tarzan Quits; Says He'll Play Cowboy Now

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Lex (Tarzan) Barker is turning in his lioncloth for boots and saddles.

The handsome actor will no longer be flexing his muscles in the jungle. From now on, his dialogue will be "Head 'em off at the crossroads," instead of "Me Tarzan, you Jane."

He has signed a seven-year contract with Universal-International, which is news in itself. Not for many months has any studio signed any established player to an exclusive deal. U-I specializes in action pictures, especially Westerns, and that's all right with Lex.

The studio's programming has been built around three stars—Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler—and a new boy is needed to avoid a sameness of product.

That's why Lana likes her new hair. Her husband likes it too—says it makes her look softer.

U-I has big things planned for Lex. The studio's programming has been built around three stars—Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler—and a new boy is needed to avoid a sameness of product.

Barker was the 10th of the Tarzans, and his resignation from the series means that producer Leo Lesser will have to start hunting for an 11th ape man. The actor explained the reason for the split:

"I figured at this point in my career I ought to be able to enjoy a little more profit from doing the pictures. Mr. Lesser didn't see it that way. So I signed with U-I."

But I am grateful to him for exposing me to the public—and I do mean exposing. I really admit that the series was a great thing for me. Traveling to Europe and Mexico made me realize how tremendously popular Tarzan is."

So much so that the foreigners passed up his bride, a girl named Lana Turner, in order to get his autograph