

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
EditorBILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906 under act of Congress, March 8, 1879

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all the local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 month \$1.35	1 month \$1.35
6 months \$6.50	6 months \$6.50
1 year \$11.00	1 year \$11.00

BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
Despite a lot of howls from the disappointed hunters who failed to connect during the last deer season Oregon as a whole came out pretty well. The deer kill in Oregon for the 1952 season was the third largest of any state in the nation, being topped only by Michigan and Utah. The figures show Oregon with 79,170 deer bagged as against 162,120 for Michigan and 90,161 for Utah.

In total big game killed Oregon placed fourth, being topped by the two previously mentioned states and Wyoming. Wyoming also leads the nation in the number of antelope killed.

While the 1953 figures have not yet been compiled it looks as though last year's kill will top that of '52. And the herds are reported in good condition.

It looks like a good year coming.

We must apologize for an error in a recent column. That wasn't a grebe we saw at Bill Gorsch's. It was a loon. At least that's what Bill said in a note sent by pony express yesterday. We said a loon. And, as far as we know, the loon is still standing on the east wall shelf at Quartz Mountain, staring at the ceiling.

We have another puzzle over birds this morning. In some of the recent magazines there has been a full page ad extolling the virtues of a well known brand of vodka. This particular advertisement, all done up in color, depicts a dry martini in the foreground against

a background of dry sand dunes, a bottle of vodka, a gentleman in evening dress leaning on a stick and with a thirsty look in his eye, and, surprisingly enough, a duck standing on top of one of the dunes staring in morbid fascination at an ostrich egg lying on the sand.

The sand we can see. It carries out the theme of the dry, dry, dry martini, as does the booze and the reveler in the background would indicate that this American masterpiece of the bartender's art is for human consumption.

But why the duck? It would appear at first glance to be a mallard. Now we know that mallards are frequently seen in strange places, but seldom in the midst of a vast sandy waste. And few, if any, mallards of our immediate acquaintance would be even remotely interested in an ostrich egg.

Unless it was envy. I suppose we shall just have to live our lives out wondering about that duck. Among other things. Boy! Another horn of mead. We would mead.

This is National Wildlife Week, and Governor Patterson has just issued a statement lauding the main aim of this year's observance, "clean water for all."

Anti-pollution is a long word, but has a strong background of necessity. We sincerely hope that more people will begin to take interest in the future of our woods and waters, realizing that they are a vast potential of income as well as recreational pleasure areas.

Let's all help as much as we can.

SAM DAWSON

CHARLOTTE, N. C. (AP)—Babies and old folk and scientific development—the textile industry here and in the North is counting on them.

But today the industry's major mills are still in evidence; more capacity than present demand calls for, keen competition (and anti-trust laws) that balk attempts to control this capacity and thus iron out its chronic ups and downs; and warehouses still holding some textile products that yet might be eased into cautious retail outlets.

A glow of hope that a seasonal rise is starting is reported here. Mill owners say the situation is better than at the first of the year and consumption should start up—meaning more orders, longer work weeks, more jobs.

Southeastern textile mills say they are producing at a better clip than the national rate—or, rather, that cotton consumption here is off less than the national rate, which was down 6 per cent in the early months of the year.

Man-hours of labor in textile mills in the Carolinas, however, was off 12 per cent in January from a year ago, the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond reports.

In the North, some mills are doing better now. The Yankees contend that by now most of their marginal mills have closed, and that the flight of others to the South has slowed in cotton, if not in wool. They argue that the survivors in New England are in a strong position. The specialty mills in particular are doing all right.

The work week in the North, while down from its peak, isn't off as much as it was in the 1948-49 tumble.

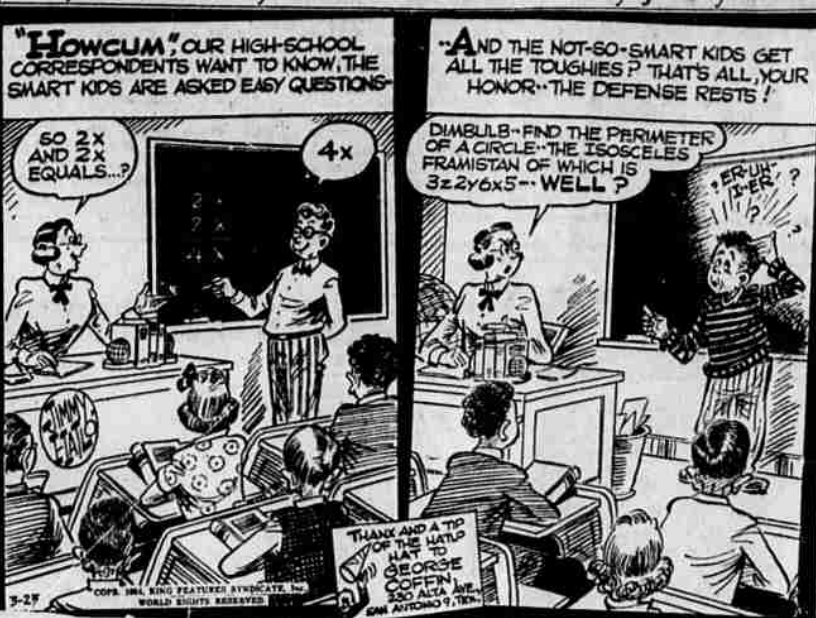
The industry, as a whole, is very spotty. Some textile mills here are working six-day weeks and say they have the orders to support that rate. Some are working as few as three days.

Some textile products are selling well—dispers, for instance. That's where the babies come in and rally the industry's confidence of better days ahead. The big baby crops of recent years mean not only diapers, but crib sheets, and clothing—and in time a larger adult population running through shirts and sheets and work clothes.

Folk are living longer these days too. They use more textiles, and they have pensions and social security to support their buying of textiles.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Northwest History Highlights

By DAN E. CLARK
Professor Emeritus of History
University of Oregon

Today's Question: Where was gold found along the Southern Oregon coast?

While the placers in Jackson and Josephine counties were being exploited a different method of finding gold was being tried along the Oregon coast in what are now Coos and Curry counties. In 1852 and 1853 it was discovered that the so-called "black sands" on some of the beaches contained a certain amount of gold that had doubtless been washed down from the hills by streams. Prospecting was done at Bandon, Ophir, Pistol River, Gold Beach, Port Orford, and other beaches.

However, the beach on which the sands yielded gold in important quantities was the one at the mouth of Whiskey River, or Whiskey Run, a short distance north of the Coquille River. Here in 1853 two brothers by the name of McNamara bought out the rights of some

half-breed Indians, who had been quietly working the sands. It is said that nearly \$100,000 worth of gold was taken out of this one claim. News of the discovery leaked out and almost overnight the town of Randolph, consisting mostly of tents, sprang into existence.

The great expectations of most of the excited gold-seekers who thronged to the beaches were doomed to disappointment. Aside from Whiskey Run and the beaches near Bandon the sands did not yield enough gold to make it worth while to work them. The gold particles were often so coated with iron rust that they would not adhere to the amalgamated copper bottoms of the sluices and were washed away. Nevertheless, beach mining was continued intermittently for many years and even well into the present century.

A few prospectors, disgusted with the meager results of beach mining, followed the streams into the foothills of the Coast Range, and a few were lucky in striking pay dirt. One man, known as "Coarse Gold" Johnson, is said to have taken \$20,000 worth of gold out of the hills near the present village of Sixes, north of Port Orford. The news of his success attracted a rush of miners, but few of them were rewarded for their efforts. Johnson went back to Illinois, bought a farm and planned to settle down, but "gold fever" would not let him rest. He returned to his old haunts, went into the hills again in the hope of finding more gold, and disappeared. Many years later a skeleton was found and identified as that of "Coarse Gold" Johnson by the rifle and watch that were known to have belonged to him.

Next Question: What were the results of prospecting for gold west of the Cascade Mountains.

(Clip and paste in your history scrapbook. If you have a question you would like answered, about Oregon or Northwest history, mail it to Dan E. Clark, care of this newspaper.)

The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

A reader says she has a dear friend who has been told by one physician that she has Parkinson's disease and by two others that she has a nervous condition with malnutrition. The friend has had a tremor of the hands, and walks—according to the description—as though her feet were glued to the floor.

Obviously, I cannot make any comment about the illness of a person I have not seen, but I can discuss Parkinson's disease in general.

Parkinson's disease is a curious condition, sometimes known as paralysis agitans, or shaking palsy. Generally, it begins slowly, usually in one hand, and the shaking, which may not be present all of the time, is present when at rest. Some loss of muscular strength and stiffness may be noticed at the same time. Muscular movements take place more slowly and with greater difficulty. The walk is "shuffling" and quite characteristic. Some other symptoms may come from infection of expressiveness in the face, may be present.

Sometimes severe anxiety or mental or physical shock seems to bring on the symptoms. The same symptoms may come from infection, especially what is called epidemic encephalitis, which is a virus infection of the brain sometimes spoken of as American sleeping sickness.

It is a nervous condition because it comes from damage to a certain portion of the brain not connected with the thinking processes. Probably the most common form is that which develops in older people—men more often than women—as a result of some obscure process which may be connected with hardening of the arteries or some unknown cause.

The shaking may improve from time to time. Parkinson's disease develops slowly and tends to last for a great many years. There is no pain and the mental condition is usually normal except perhaps after the disease has existed for many years when thinking may be

POET'S CORNER

LEISURE LOVES
By Elizabeth Ross

Love to watch the cattle grazing,
Morning glories, ballet blue,
Little bunnies, hop, hop, hopping,
Rosebuds, dampened fresh with dew.

Country stores and peanut brittle,
Mild aroma of a stew,
Love the scenery of this city,
And the Ozark country too.

Leaves that twinkle in the twilight,
Garden contents nibble new,
Springing up, gay green and brilliant,
Glamorizing summers hue.

Telling The Editor

COMPLAINT

Unless I cannot otherwise avoid it, this will be the last time I will stay overnight in Klamath Falls. Your local parking ordinances are probably causing the same reaction among many other salesmen, who normally would spend a day or two in Klamath Falls. I have discussed this with at least two of my friends, who tell me they will plan their itinerary so that they can drive on to Ashland or Medford and avoid staying in a town as inhospitable as Klamath Falls, and this, too, is exactly what I intend to do. I do not have to stay here at all. I can, and will avoid staying in Klamath Falls.

Is Klamath Falls such a large metropolitan city that a few visitors cars parked on the street, near the hotel, are going to impair the traffic?

Tonight I could find no place to park, all the lots were full. I had to leave my car on the street if in the morning I have a parking ticket I will tear it up and completely disregard it, if you decide you must have the fine you can just try and get it. I have no sympathy whatever for this regulation, it is unjust, unfair, and in my opinion, cheap.

The business people in Klamath Falls may only lose \$15 to \$20 from my patronage, but I will do my best to discourage any of my friends and colleagues from stopping in your fair city overnight.

Sincerely yours,
H. P. Hill
4424 N.E. 29th Avenue
Portland, Oregon

DELEGATION

SEOUL (AP)—The newspaper Chosun Ilbo said Thursday a 12-man South Korean delegation has been selected for the Geneva conference if the government decides to attend. Foreign ministry officials denied the report.

somewhat slowed.

Strenuous activity or entertainment should be avoided, but a fairly active life with some work is generally desirable. There are several drugs which are often helpful in controlling the tremors, though complete cure cannot be expected. Exercises, sun baths, massage and vitamin preparations have all been tried without much success. Surgery has been attempted in some cases with results on which medical men are not yet thoroughly agreed. There is need for improved methods of treatment and prevention, and research may bring this about.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

In a discussion of water policy I spoke of the protest made by the Outdoor Writers Association in regards one group of users obtaining such a monopoly upon water resources that they could destroy other existing values, legally and without regard of other users. The illustration I used was the present situation at Elephant Butte Dam on the Rio Grande. This situation, where people in Texas can destroy values in New Mexico is nothing new in the annals of out stewardship over water—it is just a current illustration.

I need not have gone down to the southland for an illustration when we have one so suitable right in our own front yard. California destroyed the runs of salmon and steelhead into Oregon by granting a power company the right to create such destruction. Whom are we to blame in this situation?

Should we blame the power company? Or, should we lay the blame where it rightfully belongs—upon the shortsighted water policies of the state of California that would permit such a destruction of an Oregon resource. The obvious, cloak and dagger story of the destruction of this important run of anadromous fish would make a good story for today all the participants play the "Cock Robin" routine. It was only two years ago that a prominent California biologist said to me, in a discussion over the problem of getting these fish returned to the headwaters of the Klamath River—"We, (the California Fish and Game Commission) have never been able to verify the fact that salmon and steelhead ever reached Link River."

Yes! The roots of this story go deep.

It is an interesting commentary that the run of salmon and steelhead for the 1908-1909 season was the greatest ever to be observed by the local residents of the day. The water flowing in the river the time must have been lower than usual because the fish were having difficulty in getting up the rapids at Keno and the migrating fish lay in the waters there by the thousands. Residents of the country at the time were talking of making a suitable fish-way up this rocky reach so that the fish could get to the upper portion of the river without battering themselves to pieces.

Yet today the California people cannot verify the fact the fish ever came this far into Oregon! However, fish have not been the only interesting resource we have destroyed. How would you like to see a native mountain sheep?

The sheep story is a tough one, so little is to be found about it but there is one interesting account by John Muir written two years after the Modoc War. I think that John's account can tell the people of the country who live here today just what the improvident settler of the past destroyed for the enjoyment of the future.

John Muir begins his chronicle: "1874." John had climbed Mt. Shasta on November 2, at a time seasoned mountaineers said it could not be done so late in the year. "But I did it," he said, "because I loved snow." He likewise loved the mountain. At sight of its snowy grandeur he wrote in a letter "All

my blood turned to wine, and I have not been weary since!" "On my return from the summit of Shasta," writes John, "I found four British hunters, three from Bonnie Scotland, one from Brown and Heppburn, the latter of whom had been fishing and deer hunting for several weeks, were eagerly bent on hunting the wild sheep, not only for the sport of the thing, but to learn their habits and to see their wild homes, and get specimens with which to adorn their halls."

"Sisson, who is himself a keen hunter and an excellent guide to all kinds of game, soon made the necessary arrangements. Blankets, provisions, and rifles were heaped into a wagon, and on the morning of November 8 we set out for 'Sheep Rock.'"

"The party consisted of Sisson as guide and hunter-in-chief; Jerome Fay, an enthusiastic hunter and capital shot, who is in the employ of Sisson; Brown, the Englishman; Heppburn, the Scotchman; and myself. Sisson and Jerome carried Remingtons, Brown and Heppburn double-barreled breach-loaders. I went unarmed. "Winter had come early. The first week of November the frosts and rain and snows had stripped off most of the fine autumn leaves and bleached all that were left. The Robins fled to warmer climes before the wild cherries were half done. The deer came down out of the snow and stood about in groves and thickets as if unable to decide what to do. The bears, not withstanding their warm clothing, also began to shuffle down from the high fountains of Shasta into the brushy valleys, and while on Shasta I saw that the brave wild sheep were also disturbed as if contemplating removal to their winter quarters."

Man Killed In Truck Crash

ROSEBURG (AP)—A truck failed to make a curve, and crashed 135 feet down a steep slope on the Tiller-Trail Highway Wednesday, killing one man and injuring another.

Edward McGinnis, Newberg, was killed outright. Ellsworth Robison, Central Point, was thrown free part way down the slope, but was injured seriously. He was taken to Sacred Heart Hospital in Medford.

The truck crashed off the curve 10 miles east of Canyonville, where two persons were killed in a similar crash five months ago.

The two men were driving from Central Point to a bridge construction project east of Tiller. Both were employed by the Central Point firm that is building the bridge.

Dentist Chair Death Probed

PORTLAND (AP)—A young mother, Mrs. Virginia Mae Salford, 22, died in a dentist's chair Wednesday while waiting for a tooth to be pulled. Physicians called from nearby offices were unable to revive her. An autopsy is planned.

Only the Price Tag Tells You Pontiac is a Low Priced Car!



The good news on the price tag is the only evidence that Pontiac is priced near the very lowest.

You get every pride-promoting quality when you buy a Pontiac—impressive size, distinguished beauty, luxurious interiors and masterful, fine-car performance.

You get everything for extra personal satisfaction, too—wonderfully roomy comfort, a road-leveling ride, superlative handling ease and instant response to the accelerator.

And you also get this tremendous plus—engineering and

manufacturing so fine and sound that Pontiac is world-famous for economy and dependability.

Add to these fine-car features the fact of Pontiac's modest cost and you get this answer: Here's all you've ever wanted for the least you'll ever pay. See and drive the car that challenges the finest—and lowest-priced!

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT A

PONTIAC

PARKER PONTIAC CO.
4th & Klamath Ave.
Klamath Falls, Ore.



PONTIAC'S SUPREMACY QUALITY is apparent when you open the wide doors. The finest nylon and leather give the spacious bodies living-room beauty and comfort—as demonstrated by the distinguished and luxurious Custom interior illustrated above.

DUAL-RANGE HYDRA-MATIC, teamed with Pontiac's mightiest engine, delivers fine-car performance, with peak economy. Power Brakes, Power Steering, Comfort Control Seat, Electric Window Lifts also optional at extra cost.



Klamath MEAT Center

710 PINE
YMCA BLDG.

● DON STROUD ● WALT COOL

Lean, Meaty

BEEF ROASTS

lb. 35¢

Well Trimmed, FEED LOT BEEF

T-BONE STEAKS

lb. 69¢

FRESH, All Meat

Ground Beef

3 lbs. \$1

COUNTRY STYLE

PORK SAUSAGE

3 lbs. \$1

Lean, Meaty

Boiling BEEF

lb. 15¢

Lean, Meaty, Center Cut

Pork Roasts

lb. 49¢