The Herald and News

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Flood Control

By BILL JENKINS

The valley regions of the Pacific Northwest and Northern California are currently getting a thorough soaking from the combined forces of heavy rain and accelerated run-off from the heavy snow pack because of the high temperatures and rainfall. The result has been flooding of many areas and the disruption of travel and communication in addition to the property damage done by the swirling waters.

It is perhaps ironical but nevertheless still true that in the efforts to prevent flooding of these soft areas the government has allowed the taxpayers to assume the full cost and written the results off to posterity and benefiting mankind in general. But when it comes to putting water on the land in order to make it more productive and to allow diversified farming the bill is sent to those who benefit and has to be paid back dollar for dollar.

The tax dollar from the Klamath Basin plays its part in keeping the Willamette Valley out of trouble, for instance, with the Lookout dam, but when we want to open up a fresh area of irrigable land here we pay the whole bill ourselves through the men who use the land.

It's a funny old world we live in, isn't it?

Which forces us to comment once again, and for about the hundreth time, that wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we already had small dams built in the foothill country that could hold the runoff water that is now roaring down to the sea?

There isn't any way we know of now to stop floods, but the process of storing water is an age old one requiring nothing but dams and reservoirs. Not great, tax supported structures built in the name of "cheap public power"and finished off in imported marble, solid brass fittings and studded with bronze plaques bearing the names of those responsible, but the smaller, economically feasible earth dams that store a few thousand acre feet of water for use when the sun is hot and the ground dry.

There are many spots where the huge multi-purpose dams are necessary and most power generating dams require the outlay of considerable sums of money, but up here in the High Country we'd be well off to give close study to the possibility of building our own dams, gouging out our own reservoirs and storing as much of the runoff each year as we could. They say Rome wasn't built in a day, and we certainly wouldn't expect to develop a system of water checks and storage in any short period of years. But over the years we could, I believe, help our situation very materially and at not too great cost.

Still on the subject of water, despite all the floods and surplus of the wet stuff here in the Northwest and in portions of Northern California, the water outlook in Southern California as of this writing is not much improved over last summer — and gosh knows it was bad enough then.

According to official figures the areas north of Fresno are gaining a little ground in their battle to maintain satisfactory water levels, but the southern part of the state is in dire plight and with one more dry year will be facing critical shortages.

Facilities for handling water from the Colorado are being taxed to the utmost and these imports are still failing to meet the demand. As the area grows drying and drier you can bank on it that Southern California will step-up its efforts to find other import sources. As long as they stay out of our Basin area let 'em go, I say. But let's not forget to keep our eyes peeled and our powder dry lest they cast covetous eyes on the Klamath. Water is more valuable than any other single resource right now. Only careful planning and wise use and conservation will see a satisfactory solution to the problem.

Seeds Of War

By KEN McLEOD

When one seeks the seed of the Modoc War, where the source of its roots began, he cannot overlook the incident of Fremont's raid upon the Indian village Ya'ak on the Ya-ega koke. This village was located at the old ford between Linsville and Fort Klamath upon the Williamson River, right where present day Highway 97 crosses the stream.

Ya'ak being the largest village on the Ya-aga koke has been mentioned as being the birthplace of Toby Riddle the heroine of the Modoc War to whom was given the name Winema. For the record, however, Toby's birthplace was never definitely placed any further than upon the Ya-aga koke and it could have been at one of the several smaller villages near to Ya'ak. Walter Meacham in his book "Winema," however, confuses the issue by giving Link River as being her birthplace. Toby, however, stated it was on the Ya-aga koke when she gave her biographical note to Samuel Gatschet in 1877 in her own language:

"Toby kelchkane maklaksh gapta Ya-aga koke Yamatkni'sham saila pa'dshit ske 1842." Which translated literally was, "Toby—a little—Indian—became—on Williamson—River—of the Oregonians—in country—just then—in spring—1842." Personally I would much prefer to accept her word for the event than that of Meacham.

It is interesting to note that two significant events occurred in 1842, the birth of Toby Riddle and the first visit of Fremont and his command. The incident of the raid upon Ya'ak, however, was on Fremont's second visit in 1846 when Toby was 4 years old. She stated that her mother died when she was 3 years old which makes one wonder if this event occurred as the result of Fremont's raid, the variation of a year or so meant little to these old timers.

The Fremont story has been told time on end with the Caucasian flair of an event of glory of that tragic night on the west side of Upper Klamath Lake, the one night on which Fremont permitted a surprise raid to catch him unprepared. Fremont had with him only 17 or 18 men asleep without guards about the dying embers of their campfire. Towards dawn, Carson was awakened by the noise of an Indian driving his axe through the head of one of the sleepers. Basil Lajeunesse, Carson called out in alarm, and heard the groan of another man killed in the same way. The camp instantly roused itself as the Indians charged into it. As they leaped into the open, one of the Delawares fought them with a clubbed gun until he was riddled with arrows; Fremont, Carson, Godey, and two other white men rushed to the rescue, shouting and firing point-blank. The Indian chief leading the raiding party fell and his followers disheartened, dodged back into the woods. Then ensued a desultory warfare in the dark, the white men replying with lead to every volley of arrows.

When at dawn the savages slunk away, the light revealed a tragic scene. Lajeunesse, the Delaware named Crane, and the halfbreed lay dead in their blood, while another Delaware was wounded. On the ground also lay the Indian chief and, Carson vengefully seized an English half-axe which hung at the Indian's waist and knocked his head to pieces. His quiver contained 40 of the finest and most deadly arrows the party had ever seen, tipped with steel heads of lancet sharpness, obtained probably from the Hudsons Bay Company, and poised for six inches.

This disaster shook Fremont's party and caused them to seek revenge since the law of the jungle —an eye for an eye—was a strong motivating power upon them. Fremont lay the blame upon the Klamaths and claimed it was the chief of the tribe at Link River who led the raid upon him. The world of the white man had accepted Fremont's excuse for what he did, but from the character of the raid, the steel tip arrows do not fit the nature of the Klamath Lake Indian, who, we find did not care to venture forth into the darkness of the forest after the sun went down. Old time Modocs familiar with the story claimed that the raid was typical of the Rogue River people who ranged into the Klamath country as far as the western shore of Upper Klamath Lake. It is something interesting to consider, however, no one will ever know the truth. But the suspicion was placed upon the Klamath and so the Klamath must suffer under the ancient law of justice.

Angered by their loss, the survivors, after reuniting the next day with the main party, determined that before they left they would wreak vengeance upon the treacherous Indians. They made a complete circuit of Klamath Lake, Carson being sent ahead to find a village for attack, any village would do. He set upon the largest one within reach, the village Ya'ak, and while Fremont galloped up with reinforcements, completely routed the braves and slew 14 men (women didn't count). Then they fired the rush huts and the scaffolds upon which the Indians were drying their annual supply of fish; the flames "a beautiful sight," writes Carson. This retaliatory expedition offered few dangers for frontiersmen armed with the best rifles of the day, although at one point an ambushing Indian would assuredly have killed Carson had not Fremont bravely ridden him down with his steed Sacramento (perhaps another fabrication). The raid gave Fremont proud satisfaction. "I had kept the promise I had made to myself, and punished these people well for their treachery" he writes—and as well could have added "sewed well the seeds of war."

Cutting Parties

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Cutting down the number of wars in the world has been a pesky problem to the United Nations for 10 troubled years.

Now it faces a new crisis—how to cut down on the number of its own cocktail parties.

Here really bold action is called for. Why doesn't the U.N. forget about abolishing war for one session and put down as the main task on its agenda the problem of outlawing all cocktail parties everywhere?

This could turn out to be a real positive step toward peace, universal brotherhood and the long-term improvement of human welfare.

The growing nuisance of too many cocktail parties at the U.N. was pointed out by Jose Maza of Chile. As president of the 10th General Assembly, he had to attend as many as three or four in a day. Every fresh international tension seems to produce a torrent of cocktail parties, which in diplomatic parlance are known as "receptions."

"You have to drink the same scotch or the same manhattans and eat the same shrimps and talk to the self-same people," said Maza. His description of this type of social function may well go down as the greatest understatement in the history of diplomacy.

The average cocktail party isn't a party at all. It is an exercise in group self-punishment. It is a social battlefield, where men and women drink from a poisoned well while they build verbal Towers of Babble in a wilderness fog of smoke that would strangle a clean-living Eskimo in 20 minutes.

The cocktail party isn't a feature of modern living. It is a factor in modern dying. Anyone who has ever stood upright at a cocktail party (and who ever gets to sit down at one?) can never forget the sinking feeling in his arches, the popping out of new varicose veins, the slow numbness as of death creeping over him.

The total impact of this form of torture on mankind has never been measured, but it must be appalling. "Cocktail party stomach" and "cocktail party fatigue" are well known medical diseases now, and claim more victims than Virus "X". Although it is little more than a century old, the Martini, the most dangerous instrument at any cocktail party, certainly has mowed down more people than the Gatling gun.

The origin of the cocktail party has never been authoritatively established. Legend has it that it was invented early in the 12th century by a Minsk caviar manufacturer named Ivan Petronovich in an attempt to unload an oversupply of fresh eggs. The Russians, who are quick to claim every other invention, denounce this story as a capitalist canard. But it will be noted they still serve fish eggs at most elite cocktail parties.

Even the Devil has friends, so it goes without saying that cocktail parties have their defenders. They claim these affairs relieve social tension. The truth is they stir up new tensions. If you throw one cocktail party to calm a tension, you have to hurl a second one to cure the new tensions that grew out of the first. So the evil chain grows.

Actually nothing really good can be said for cocktail parties. Nobody ever got sober at one. It is unlikely anybody ever made a lifelong friend at one. They're the world's poorest places to borrow money.

If the U.N. really does something to ban the cocktail party, it will earn a monument higher than Mt. Everest.

But what would become of all those fish eggs? Well, why not give them back to their parents?

Ford Stock

By SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP)—The Ford stock registration dramatizes today how the motor company has almost completely changed its personality since the days of Henry Ford the first.

In 10 years Henry Ford II has scrapped many of the business practices that made his grandfather a symbol of an earlier business era.

Inviting the public to come and buy 60 per cent of the voting stock in the company which Grandpa had spent huge sums to make a strictly one-family show is just the last in a long list of breaks with the past.

Henry I startled businessmen of his day by offering to pay his workers $5 a day. But he also stubbornly resisted unionization of his plants as long as he could.

His grandson startled today's elder generation of industrial executives by becoming the first head of a corporate giant to take preliminary steps toward a guaranteed annual wage.

The first Ford scoffed at publicity. He made the tin lizzy as cheap as possible and said that the jokes about it would sell the car. At any rate, the cars did sell.

The present management uses every trick of the trade to ballyhoo its models.

Henry I preferred his cars to stay a dignified black. Henry II has borrowed every color of the rainbow and made up a few more of his own.

But it was in the field of business management that the youngster made the biggest break with the precepts of his grandfather.

The founder ran a one-man show. He hired good brains just as he hired good workmen. But the vital decisions were his own and often they seemed arbitrary. There was little or no delegation of responsibility and authority.

Henry II changed all that, and quick. In 1946 he brought in three men who had great respect for modern methods of scientific business administration. They were E. R. Breech, now chairman, L.D. Crusoe, now executive vice president in charge of the car and truck divisions, and D. S. Harder, now executive vice president in charge of the basic manufacturing divisions.

They revamped Ford management from top to bottom. They installed an accounting system, a cost system, and a system of controls. And they established a line of responsibility and authority throughout the vast Ford empire.

The company under Henry II has an eye out for new products and for methods of automation that might well have startled the founder.

The old man had to have partners to help him get started in 1903 on a capital outlay of $28,000. But he hated the thought of having anyone tell him how to run the company — specifically to try to slow him from plowing back most of the earnings into growth rather than handing them out as dividends to his partners. So he bought the partners out in 1919 for 106 million dollars and went it alone.

Now Henry II is inviting what could turn out to be several hundred thousand partners to join him, as owners of the 10,000,000 shares the Ford Foundation is selling next month.

He indicates, however, that one of Grandpa's precepts is still his own — pay-as-you-go.

The company has put 1½ billion dollars of earnings into expansion since the war. Its future plans come to almost one billion more.

But the company, which has no debts now, says it doesn't plan to borrow any money to meet that billion-dollar bill. And it proposes to pay a modest $2.40-a-year dividend to the public purchasers of its stock.

No Chicken

By JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP) — At 77 Sen. George is no chicken—there have been complaints in his native Georgia that this Democrat is too old to run again. But he's by no means the oldest man in the U.S. Senate.

Twelve of the 96 senators are over 70. Six of them are older then George. He said yesterday he would seek re-election in 1956 when he's 78. But that won't set any records, either.

Men older than George have sought re-election in the Senate, and won. Even next year George will probably not be the oldest senator trying for another term.

The oldest senator now is Theodore Green (D-RI), who is 88. He was re-elected in 1954 when he was 87. He may wind up being the oldest senator in history by a mile.

Judging from what he said during his 1954 campaign—he'll be 93 when his present term ends—he will try to stay in the Senate until he is at least 100. He's amazingly active.

Here are the 10 other senators, besides George and Green, who are over 70:

Neely (D-WVa) 1; Murray (D-Mont) 79; Barkley (D-Ky) and Hayden (D-Ariz) each 78; Lehman (D-NY) 77; Martin (R-Pa) 76; Smith (R-NJ) and Flanders (R-VT) each 75; Wiley (R-Wis) and O'Mahoney (D-Wyo) each 71. Lehman is two months younger than George.

The terms of Hayden, Lehman and Wiley draw toward a close next year—their terms actually seek re-election in 1956 Hayden will be 79, Wiley, 72, and both Lehman and George will be 78.

Neely was 80 when he was re-elected in 1954 but seems shy about telling his age. He does not list his birthdate in the Congressional Directory, where most senators give their ages, nor in Who's Who in America. It took some scouting around to find the date. He was born Nov. 9, 1874.

Barkley and Murray were also re-elected to the Senate in 1954, Barkley having been out since he became vice president in 1949. Barkley was 77 and Murray 78.

Green is not yet the oldest man who has served in the Senate but, according to men who specialize in Senate history, he is missing the record by only seven months.

Green is 88 years and 2 months old. Sen. Morrill (R-Vt) died in office in 1898 at the age of 88 years and 8 months. So if Green lives another 6 months he'll tie Morrill and in 7 months be out in front.

Green has only 2 months more to go to tie Sen. Glass (D-Va), who was 88 years and 4 months old when he died in 1946. Senate historians say Morrill, Glass and Green are the oldest senators in history.

But then they hedge it by saying that although they feel certain this is corect, they haven't checked every senator's age all the way back to the first Congress.

Quotes

By UNITED PRESS

PARIS — Pierre Mendes-France in a challenge to three of his political opponents — Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay, former Premier Georges Bidault and Communist boss Jacques Duclos—to appear at a Radical Socialist Party rally and debate with him:

"It seemed useful to me to ask you to be there and, if you wish, to contradict the speech I shall make."

HOLLYWOOD — Actress Mamie Van Doren, who is expecting a child, on turning down a one-day Chicago appearance for $10,000:

"Ray (Anthony) and I decided we would rather spend Cristmas Eve together making plans about the baby than making money."

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y. — Security Council President Sir Leslie Knox Munro of New Zealand after a bitter, undiplomatic exchange between Israel and Syria:

"This council is entitled to expect, and does expect, that peace will be preserved in the whole area with which we are concerned. We are particularly justified in expecting a state of peace with the advent of Christmas and the New Year."

HOLLYWOOD — Otto Preminger in defense of his banned picture, "The Man With The Golden Arm," which deals with the problem of narcotics addiction:

"A veil of secrecy makes anything more attractive to young people. The exposure of something in the movies, on the stage and over the air can only help the problem."

ATLANTA — Nap Rucker, old-time spitball pitcher for the Dodgers asking for new baseball rules to give the pitcher a break:

"They've taken everything away from the pitcher. They made the ball livelier and they mashed down the seams until there's no friction left. These modern day hitters are all right, but if you give them the stuff we were allowed to use, they would have to turn loose the end of that bat."

They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

December Spud Estimate Broken Down Into States

The December potato crop estimate of 381.6 million bushels is two million bushels less than estimated in November and compares to a 353 million bushel crop in 1954.

The production estimate of 300.8 million bushels in the 29 late states is 2.7 million bushels less than a month ago and compares to 287.9 million bushels last year. Summer crop potatoes are included in these totals.

Two states are primarily responsible for the increased late crop production. Maine's crop of 64.3 million bushels exceeds last year's production by 15.4 million bushels. Idaho increased 10.7 million bushels to a total of 51.5 million bushels.

The December estimate for Idaho is 1.5 million bushels greater than estimated in November. Maine is down 1.5 million bushels.

Reductions from November's estimate are listed for Washington, Oregon, and California late. California late with 17.8 million bushels is down 400,000 from November but up 2.4 million from last year. Oregon with 13.8 million is down 600,000 bushels from November but up 600,000 from last year. Washington with 15.3 million bushels is down 1.1 million from November but up two million from a year ago.

The combined crop of Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California late totals 98.5 million bushels compared with 98.9 million in November and 82.6 million in 1954. Summer crop potatoes in these states account for 22 million bushels of the year's total production. Summer crop statistics for previous years are not available.

The 11 Western states total 127.4 million bushels compared to 127.5 last month and 112.7 last year.

The nine Eastern states total 116.4 million bushels compared to 117.5 last month and 104.8 last year.

The nine Central states with 56.9 million bushels are down 13.5 million bushels from last year, when production totaled 70.4 million bushels.

Reduced production in the nine Central states opens the way for increased movement of western potatoes to the Midwest.

The December estimate does not take grade out into consideration. It is merely the year's final production report. A report of potato stocks on hand on January 1 is usually released around mid-January.

Students' Santa Claus Off To Early Start

ST. LOUIS (AP)—Paul Aufner, who plays Santa Claus at parties held by Deaconess Hospital student nurses for orphans and patients, got right into the spirit of the holidays this year.

Aufner said he'll give Miss Aubrey Brant, clinical instructor of medical nursing at the hospital, an engagement ring at the party tomorrow night. The couple plans to be married in the spring.

Negroes Can Now Play Golf

ATLANTA (AP)—The way was cleared today for Negroes to play on municipally owned golf courses in Atlanta.

Mayor William Hartsfield said the city would comply with a ruling by a federal judge ordering into "immediate effect" a U. S. Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation on the city courses.

The mayor pointed out that yesterday's order "involved only our golf courses." He said swimming pools and playgrounds would continue segregation.

The order he said, gave the city only two alternatives: "to comply with the court order, or close down and cease operation of our golf courses."

The order, by Federal Judge Boyd Sloan, followed a U.S. Supreme Court decision Nov. 7 overturning rulings by the District Court and the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. The lower courts had held that Negroes could use the golf courses on a segregated basis.

The city of Atlanta, as the loser in the case, was ordered to pay $100 to the three Negroes who brought the case into court. This was to cover part of the expenses of the suit.

Dr. H. M. Holmes, Alfred Holmes and Oliver W. Holmes originally brought the suit in 1951, charging they were denied admission to the Bobby Jones municipal course July 19, 1951.

Local Mills Coed Takes Part In Rites

Margaret Gerber, a senior at Mills College, recently took part in the traditional pinning ceremonies on the California campus.

She received her pearl and gold class pin at the college's annual upperclassmen candlelight banquet. More than 100 members of the Mills class of 1956 were recipients of Old English M's this year.

Miss Gerber is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Gerber of 329 High Street.

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