

The Herald and News

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Quotations

By BILL JENKINS

I was speaking of old papers the other day and now find out that was brought in some little time ago by Mrs. M. W. Miller, a copy of the old New York Morning Journal for November 15, 1891. Yellowed and dog eared as it is it still breathes the spirit of the times, and they seemed to be a bit precarious at the time too. The stock market quotations were carried under the heading "The Market Goes Up and Down and All Around, But Not Much." Other stories speak of the life of brokers being of "too high style" and pass along the rumor that seats on the exchange were being mortgaged. Also on the gloomy side was a story about a counterfeit ring operating out of Seattle where they were manufacturing silver coins. But best of all was a story titled "A poor confederate soldier" which was a reprint of the original. "The poet Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it, make it worth sixty-five hundred dollars—that's genius. You can't do that," said the words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20—that's money. The metric can take a material worth \$5 and make it into a watch worth \$100—that's skill. The merchant can take an article worth seventy-five cents and sell it for a dollar—that's business, says the Book-keeper. A lady can purchase a very comfortable house for \$37.50, but she prefers one that costs \$27—that's foolishness. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels three or four tons of earth for \$2—that's labor. The editor for this paper could write a check for \$80,000,000, but it would not be worth a nickel—that's tough.

Speaking of quotations leads me to remark that there's one I'd like to see re-interpreted. In the slang necessary by the restrictions of space in the newspaper industry the various chambers of commerce have been referred to over the years as the "CC." Almost everyone, when they come across the familiar old CC in a story, knows that it means a group of citizens, whether it be on a large or small scale, who have banded together to work for their town and community. A theory which is certainly to be praised. But I'd like to see the time come in our history when the term CC would stand in the minds of all for "choicer chunk." In the sense of a choicer chunk of country, a choicer chunk of blessings from above that have given us both this country and the privilege of living in it. I would like to extend the idea to cover the nation but feel that it might be a little risky. I disagree with Mr. Eisenhower and his views on opening the gates to more and more foreigners. We've got about enough people in the country already as far as I'm concerned. But I do think it might be a nice consolation to put on the oft-used old CC.

More Bears

By KEN McLEOD

The bear narrative told Vernon Bailey by Captain O. C. Applegate is continued here from yesterday. According to Applegate the Klamath and Modoc Indians have three names for the bears of the region, "Wetam" for the black bear, "Lok" for the grizzly, and "Kankoca" for the brown bear. We mentioned Applegate's tale of the big brown yesterday but unfortunately there are no specimens known to what this bear was, whether another species of brown grizzly or merely large, morose, and uneducated individuals of the cinnamon—or black-bear group. The general keenness of the Indian in recognizing specific differences would seem to indicate another species of grizzly with no name as yet but the one they gave to it. According to the Applegate narrative, Captain Applegate, with a California hunter named Morenus P. Crapo, killed the last one of these bears that Applegate knew about, the incident occurred just north of the Lake of the Woods about 1868. It was a large reddish brown male, but the length of the claws was not noted. Applegate expressed the opinion that he did not believe these bears climbed trees. Twice on previous occasions bears of this species had apparently attempted to attack him. Once in 1862 on a peak in the Siskiyou Mountains when he was without a gun, one attempted to climb up some rocky peaks to get at him despite his vociferous protests but was finally dissuaded by arrows rolled down about it. On another occasion four of these bears that he had followed on trusted snow turned and came toward him when he shouted at them, but whether hostilely inclined or through mistaken identity was never learned. In the Oregon Sportsman for January 1915 there is an account written by John B. Griffin of a narrative of Fred Barneburg, an early settler in the Rogue River Valley, who witnessed a fight between two grizzly bears. The event took place on Hoxie Prairie near Medford, but no hint of a date is given, except that Barneburg was one of the early settlers in the valley who hunted deer where Medford now stands and hunted bear on Dead Indian Creek and around Grizzly Mountain. From his camp on the edge of Hoxie Prairie he came out of the timber one morning armed with an old muzzle-

loading rifle and was surprised to see two large grizzlies fighting savagely in the open. They would rear up, claw at each other, bite and growl, and roll over on the ground, oblivious to anything around them. Having only a single-shot muzzle loader, wisely decided not to attempt to settle difficulties between the bears but to return quietly to camp.

Griffin adds that grizzlies in those days were dangerous. They were plentiful and not hunted much, and it took a man with plenty of nerve to attack one with only an old muzzle-loading rifle, or even with the earlier improved guns. He goes on to describe his own experience in killing a large grizzly in the Siskiyou Mountains at close quarters with the bear coming on until it dropped within 20 feet of him after receiving several fatal shots.

In 1910, M. J. Anderson, supervisor of the Siskiyou National Forest, reported grizzly bears as very scarce.

In 1914, Luther J. Goldman, was told of a grizzly killed in the Yainai Mountains by an Indian about 1911, but he had no means of verifying the report.

In 1916, Mr. Wampler, a well known local pioneer living in the Rocky Point area, told Vernon Bailey that he had on two occasions in previous years seen bear tracks too large for any black bear and he was confident that there were grizzlies in the Mount Pitt section.

In 1924 and 1925 the Forest Service reported grizzly bears in each of the Cascade and Siskiyou National Forests, thus reads the record of extermination.

Homecoming

By HAL BOYLE

COLUMBIA, Mo. (AP)—I came again to the old white frame house a block off the University of Missouri campus and knocked at a well-remembered door.

The door opened, and I saw before me the same lady who had opened that same door to me when I had first knocked upon it a quarter of a century ago as a brash young student.

The gray-haired lady looked hesitantly for a moment at the graying middle-aged man before her, then her mind peeled away the ravaging changes time had made in him, and she said in a real pleased voice:

"Why, Harold!" And then I put my arms around her and pressed my face against her cheek—and knew myself at home.

Going back to his old college is a spiritual ordeal to any man. So many of the landmarks of his youth vanish and are replaced by the new landmarks of a new generation that he feels himself a stranger from a lost time.

But Mrs. E. E. Tydings, my former mother, hadn't changed.

"Why, Harold, come right in," she said, and shut the door against the winter chill.

We went into the kitchen, and as Mrs. Tydings placidly bustled herself at the stove, I sat in the old straight back chair she had received at a wedding present around the turn of the century. We talked of old times, and it was almost as if I had never been away.

"My mind often goes back," said Mrs. Tydings.

Every college campus has its Mr. Tydings. They are the motherly women who take in lonely college boys and give them a home away from home.

Over the years Mrs. Tydings and her husband, Dr. Tydings, a dentist, now dead, must have sheltered and fed a hundred or more students—and lost a lot of money doing it.

"I just don't know how many boys have stayed with us," said Mrs. Tydings. "I've never bothered to count them."

"How do the college boys of today compare to those who were in school when I was here?" I asked, rather hoping, I must admit, for a bit of personal recognition.

"Why, Harold," said Mrs. Tydings, "there's been a wonderful change. Maybe I am just getting more tolerant, but I do think the boys today are better behaved around the house."

"They aren't quite so boisterous. They seem to study harder, and I do believe they go to church more often."

Somewhat crestfallen, I mumbled, "excuse me," and started for the stairs, and my old room.

It had changed less than I. The February sun threw a slanting warmth at the old desk where I had once studied. What a wonderful room it had been, and what wonderful roommates I had known there! Among them were John Keats, Samuel Hardy, and a lady named Emily Dickinson.

I walked back downstairs, slowly, leaving their ghosts behind to cheer other boys.

Mrs. Tydings made me stay for an old-fashioned chicken dinner (I don't make gravy so much anymore now that everyone's on a diet," she said), and during the meal filled me in with what had happened to her foster sons. Some had become well-known lawyers, who used to wash dishes to pay for their meals, had run for gov-

"Some flickers and cardinals and chickadees come," said Mrs. Tydings, "but I do wish I had a bluebird. They're so pretty."

But Mrs. Tydings doesn't really need a bluebird. She has had one in her heart all these long years, spent mostly in being kind to others.

Folk-Hero

By JAMES MARLOW

Associated Press News Analyst
WASHINGTON (AP)—Joseph Stalin was such a complete dictator he looked like a Hollywood production. But no one was ever swept under the rug faster than Stalin after his death in 1953.

In his lifetime he was treated as a kind of Soviet saint, a combined folk-hero and wonder-man. In death he has disappeared almost into oblivion. Westerners have long wondered why.

This week his successors, his own hand-picked disciples, have given the answer without mentioning his name; they got fed up with his one-man show and, apparently, even of his memory.

From what they say now they didn't show it while he was still around, or they wouldn't have said it. He was the Communist party. He held the life of every Russian in his hand.

Pictures of him, alone or with Lenin and Marx, adorned the country. After his death his pictures began to come down.

The Communist-owned Russian press provided when it mentioned him, which was always. He was glorified with adjectives sometimes chosen with malicious irony. Now his name is hardly mentioned.

The answer to all this came Tuesday from the new Communist party boss, Nikita Khrushchev, in a long speech to the party Congress in Moscow. He mentioned Lenin and Marx many times but Stalin only once by name, and then in passing.

Khrushchev told his fellow Communists from all over Russia that he and the other new leaders are acting as a team. Collective leadership, he called it, referring to the top men on the party's Central Committee.

Then he issued a slashing condemnation of Stalin without using his name, explaining why Stalin had been shoved into Communist limbo. Khrushchev said:

"Everyone can see how much the role of the Central Committee as the collective leader of our party has grown in recent years. . . . (It) took steps to expand the Marxist-Leninist conception of the individual in history."

"It vigorously condemned the cult of the individual as being alien to the spirit of Marxism and Leninism, and making a particular leader a hero and miracle worker. At the same time this be-"

trittles the role of the party and the masses."

This was saying that Stalin, in permitting and encouraging his own glorification, had betrayed the spirit of Marx and Lenin. But Khrushchev went further, suggesting that Stalin had even hurt the progress of communism. He said:

"Currency of the cult of the individual tends to minimize the role of collective leadership in the party, and at times results in serious drawbacks in our way."

Reports Vary

By SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP)—While President Eisenhower hunts quail and thinks things over and the stock market adjusts to his doctors' estimate of his future durability, businessmen and consumers have a batch of reports today to show where we are and where we may be going.

They range all the way from the over-all picture (which is good) to particular industries (some are spotty) to future plans (mostly optimistic).

Industrial production has risen since the first of the year, just as it was supposed to, and despite the drag of the cutbacks in auto production.

But although January topped December, the Federal Reserve Board figures the gain was only seasonal and ranks the two months as equal on its adjusted index.

Either way of looking at it, output was at a record high and well over the figures of a year ago. Offsetting the auto cutback was a record output in January and early February in the steel mills, and a better pace than a year ago in the production of household appliances and building materials.

Beating last year isn't easy. The Commerce Department notes that in 1955 the total dollar value of goods and services produced in the nation rose to a record \$7 billion. This was 7.1 per cent bigger than the previous year and topped the previous record in 1953 by 2.3 billion dollars.

The President has said he expects the nation's economy this year to reach the 400 billion dollar mark.

Getting down to particulars, all agents so rosy. Chain stores and mail order companies report January business dropped sharply below December—as is customary after Christmas—but was about 7.5 per cent higher than in January 1955. The worry spot here is that this year-by-year gain wasn't as strong as the chains were recording in recent months. The gain on total 1955 business over that in 1954 was 10 per cent.

Steel scrap prices have slipped from their recent record high. Steelmen say this is due to adequate supplies on hand at the mills rather than to any slackening in steel production. Output

continues around capacity and orders indicate a fast pace for some months.

The auto layoffs cause more worry. The number of idle has now mounted to a total of 45,500 in the industry itself, with many more idled in the industries that supply the auto makers.

But auto men count on a pickup in sales and production with the coming of spring. They also report that dealers are selling used cars better now, which may be a hint as to how spring sales of new cars will go.

Emphasis

By CHARLES M. McCANN

United Press Staff Correspondent
Nikita S. Khrushchev seems to be going out of his way to discourage talk that he wants to be a new Josef Stalin.

He put great emphasis, in his speech to the Communist Party Congress in Moscow Tuesday, on the official line that Soviet Russia is now under collective leadership.

Some experts have become convinced that Khrushchev has decided to drop the idea that he is not far from his goal.

"Others insist that leadership really is collective, and lies in the 11-man Presidium of the Communist party."

Certainly Khrushchev is in a position of great power. He is the First Secretary of the Communist Party. In that capacity he controls the party machinery. It was as Secretary General of the party—the same thing—that Stalin made himself supreme.

But there is a lot of difference between the atmosphere in Moscow now and the one which existed for so many years when Stalin ruled.

Stalin was a man of unbridled ambition. He trampled his way to the front over the bodies of men who had been his friends and colleagues. He trusted nobody.

Bitterly vindictive, he never forgave a real or a fancied wrong. No Russian leader, however loyal, could feel safe as long as Stalin was the one-man Russian authority.

Unless all surface indications are wrong, Khrushchev is a man of another stamp. He seems to be more likeable. Where Stalin was secretive, Khrushchev is a mixer.

He seems to enjoy himself thoroughly in public. His sociability seems to have helped him a lot on his way up.

Khrushchev seemed to be speaking of Stalin when he said Tuesday:

"The Central Committee (of the Communist Party) decisively opposes the spirit of the personality cult, which is alien to Marxism and Leninism, which turns this or that leader into a heroic miracle performer. . . . God or Caesar will deliver us. We will achieve freedom by our own hands."

But whether Khrushchev is or is not the dictator type, whether or not he aspires to sole leadership, whether or not he is personally likeable, does not alter one most important fact. He is a Communist and hates everything the free world stands for.

Integration is working both ways in Tennessee. There are 52 Negroes in six white colleges and universities there and 14 white students at Fisk University at Nashville, a Negro school. The University of Tennessee has 32 Negroes in its graduate schools. It on the main campus at Knoxville and 13 in its school of social work at Nashville.

Except at Fisk, dormitories and cafeterias are operated on a segregated basis. Most of the Negro students live at home.

Negroes have been permitted in the University of Kentucky's graduate school since 1949 and at the University of Louisville since 1951. Kentucky admitted Negro undergraduates in 1954. All live off the campus. At Louisville some Negro members of the football squad live in dormitories on the campus but have separate rooms.

State-supported colleges began opening the doors to Negroes in Texas after the Heman Sweatt federal court ruling in 1950. Sweatt, a Houston mail carrier, carried his fight to gain admittance to the University of Texas to the U.S. Supreme Court and won. He left the university two years later "because of scholastic difficulties."

Texas has admitted numerous

Missing Girl
Hunt Called Off

SACRAMENTO (UP)—Only Air Force spotters remained at the American River east of here today as a dramatic 200-man search for missing 13-year-old Linda Lee Alexander was ended by the Sacramento County coroner.

The girl, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H.S. Alexander, Sacramento, has been missing since Monday when her horse apparently fell into the swift-moving river from a low level private bridge. The horse was found dead from a broken neck.

Although flow of water from Nimbus Dam was reduced from 7000 to 300 cubic feet per second yesterday, attempts to find the girl's body were unsuccessful.

Don't Delay—Come in Today!

GUARANTEE JAILED

MEXICO CITY (AP)—A man claiming to be an army captain walked into a local store and bought a coat "for the wife of a general." He walked out with the coat, leaving his pretty girl companion behind as a guarantee that he would return with the money. The guarantee was in full when the "captain" hadn't come back.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Harlo

THE STATISTICS (LAY-THINGS-END-TO-END) BOYS CONVINCED THE BOSS THAT SAFETY DEVICES COULD LICK ABSENTEEISM.

WELL...THE SAFETY PROGRAM IS ON...BUT SOMEHOW THE SAME GUYS TAKE OFF...THEY JUST HAVE OTHER REASONS...

