

The Herald and News

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Uranium City

By BILL JENKINS

Moab, lying on the edge of Utah's famous Robbers' Roost country, bills itself as the uranium capital of the world, and if you stand on a downtown street corner anytime during the day or night you can well believe it.

Throughout the day, the full 24 hours, huge ore trucks laden with their slate gray uranium rock pass you in all directions. These are the trucks coming from the mines up in the hills and delivering the rough ore to the mill at Moab or hauling on through to Green River, to Grand Junction, Colorado, Salt Lake City or to several other stockpile or mill sites.

Other than that the town has the same aspects as most small desert communities. Coming into Moab from the west, you cross the Colorado River, wind through a fertile little valley, come into the first residential district which is overshadowed by Charles Steen's hilltop home and find yourself in a busy downtown community.

The city limits sign at Moab posts the elevation as 4,042 feet, and the population roughly as 1,200. The elevation has stayed the same, but the population figure is misleading. Informed guesses from downtown people estimate about 5,000 people in and around Moab today. Which is quite a phenomenal growth when you consider that it all started in 1952 and has really boomed only in the last couple of years.

Charles Steen started the whole thing when he discovered his original uranium mine in the Big Indian district south of Moab. He was promptly skyrocketed from medium circumstances to be the first of the uranium millionaires. It was he who built the mansion overlooking Moab and the valley which you pass under as you enter town. His house is quite a sight, perched on a bare, naked rock hillside and completely fenced in with a mesh wire 7-foot high barbed wire topped barbed.

Directly across town from this entrance, a new residential district filled with pretty brick homes has gone up. The buildings downtown are mostly new, not pretentious but well kept. The people are typical mine town residents.

The valley surrounding the town is irrigated and fertile, and they raise practically everything. Up on the high plateaus you find hay and grain farms which stretch away as flat as a table right to the edge of a rimrock and then drop off for perhaps 1,000 feet. Two large ranches and a handful of small ones do a lot in the cattle industry here.

Really the only place the town is short is in some place to eat. During our stay we found only two spots, and in both of them I'm willing to swear on oath that they tried the soup. A hot stove and plenty of grease seems to be the rule of thumb when it comes to cooking.

With the exception of the farming interests, mining is practically the sole source of employment. There is a big uranium reduction plant just across the river, and the hills all around town and in every direction from Green River clear on south out to the Big Indian are honeycombed with small and large mines alike.

I can't say that Moab will ever be a great tourist attraction, but it's interesting to see. We are down here, incidentally, as the guests of Oreanium, an Oregon corporation working some 30 or 40 claims in the area. We will learn more about that at a later date.

One thing that we've learned is that 4,000 feet here in Utah is not the same thing as our 4,100 feet at home. The climate is much milder, and here in Moab the flowers are still blooming profusely and the leaves have only barely begun to turn. The air, even in early morning, is mild. I am told by the natives that they have only two months of real winter, January and February. March and April tend to be warm and wet, a long spring, very hot weather in July and August and then fall until the next winter.

Right now the whole country is soaking wet from rain. This, it seems, has been one of the wettest periods in many, many years. Unusual weather, as usual.

Tax Talk

By JOSEPHINE KITTREDGE

The most simple household budget procedure when you are involved in making the paycheck stretch from payday to payday, is to sit down with your bills and the amount you have to spend and do a little figuring.

First you take the bills and check them one by one, rather hopefully, for any errors that may have occurred in either itemizing or the total amounts. You check carefully to see if you have been overcharged and if all the items have been properly included.

What happens if you have been overcharged? The next minute, or the next day or at your earliest opportunity you return to the business or to the supermarket, or wherever that overcharge took place. You engage the manager in conversation. You show him your figures and your bills or your grocery store tape. . . then you ask for a rebate of your money or at least a credit slip to apply on your next purchases in that establishment. In almost every instance, the owners and managers of such business firms are delighted

to have you call this to their attention and be able to remedy the situation and retain your business by giving back the money, or a credit slip.

Compare this with the present situation in the state of Oregon! A Special Session of the Oregon Legislature has been called for October 28 to give consideration and attention to an overcharge and error made in calculating the bill that was presented to Oregon taxpayers this year.

For one thing . . . you have no clear cut amount to deal with. You have been told the overcharge amounts to all the way from 10 million dollars up to 83 million dollars by the end of this year. You have been told by one group that you should be given back in the form of lowered income tax rates, that would not help you this current year, the sum of 5 to 20 million dollars. . . in addition to this they recommend that your money be used to raise the basic school support fund 10 dollars per census child, or to the figure of \$105 per child. This is supposed to lower the property taxes of everyone. Of course, there is this thought in relation to that idea . . . suppose you own no real estate . . . what then?

Another group of legislators thinks that you should be given back in lowered income tax rates up to 25 per cent of the surplus that is estimated as being the probable figure on hand at the end of 1957. They would leave a small surplus of about 10 million dollars in the state treasury for a cushion. I think it is "mighty thoughty" of all the legislators and the governor and the State Tax Commission, to plan so well with your money. I really believe most of the legislators are very conscientious people, and are feeling pretty abused and put upon to have to leave their families and businesses to return to Salem to go through what may be a bitter hassle. The governor has stated that "the session can end in five days." I am sure it can, but the next question is will it? People still being human, if one stray legislator steps out of line with his pet bill, it is just human nature to think that "Joe Legislator" from the "103rd District" is going to run a foot race to put in the particular bill he has in his back pocket and make a good fellow of himself with his constituents. The elementary thought behind all of this discussion of "what to do with the surplus," is this: As long as the session is to be held, as long as income tax rates are out of line, as long as the threat of an automatic state property tax hangs over your head the minute Oregon faces deficit financing, as long as withholding tax rates are excessive, as long as Oregon citizens are out of jobs and some of them hungry, I would offer these suggestions to the legislators. (1) Go up to Salem and give back the money you overcharged us and go home. (2) Don't spend the money we should be paying our current bills with and feeding our family with this winter, on more appropriations. (3) Make a complete study and revision of Oregon's tax structure to provide jobs and employment for our people and provide markets for the farmer and attract new industry to our state, by 1958. (4) Take the old fashioned word "Economy," and make it mean good sound government that provides the necessary services and education for our citizens, with a minimum of cost and frills. . . it does not necessarily ever mean that an excessive amount spent, means the most efficient and best schools or government. Let's pay teachers more and build good sound economically constructed multi-purpose school buildings. We are interested in brains and scholarship and achievement in this nation, and all the money in the world will not provide this unless it is properly spent and planned as a long range program.

I am the daughter of a working man . . . I know that the working man wants a job for himself and his son with decent wages. He wants an opportunity to make an

honest living . . . he is willing to pay his share of taxes if he has a good job. On the other hand, he doesn't like to be overcharged by anyone . . . he doesn't want to be out of work in addition to being overcharged . . . he just wants a square deal! So, fellows, give back our money, will you?

Progress

By DAVE COHEN

Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon recently charged the move by the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants of the National League to Los Angeles and San Francisco respectively as "destroying the Pacific Coast League."

The distinguished senator accused the clubs of pirating the most popular and valuable territories of the league.

That may be. However, since the end of World War II, the major leagues have been as Paul Fagan, former owner of the San Francisco Seals, termed it "Eastern Baseball." Now the National League of professional baseball, just as the National Football League, will be national. Baseball, for the first time since old Abner Doubleday decided to invent the game, will be our national sport.

As we stated earlier, this move was unavoidable. The drafting of the Pacific Coast League has been as inevitable as the launching of the earth satellite or the landing of man on the moon. Men such as Brick Lums, owner of the Oakland Oaks and then the Vancouver Mounties when the franchise was moved there. Charles Graham Sr., owner of the Seals, and then Fagan, worked, if not for major league status, then certainly to improve their league.

Fagan had forecast in 1946 that the majors would be on the coast by 1956. He was only two years off.

These men knew. It had to be. Now what does all this mean to us in Klamath Falls and environs? It means that we are no longer roughly 1,500 air miles from Kansas City, the nearest major league team.

It means most assuredly that the best in our land will be virtually at our back door. San Francisco is three and one-half hours by air, eight to nine hours by car. A tough drive, sure, but not impossible.

Los Angeles is about 15 hours by car, five hours or so by plane. The West is growing. We believe that is apparent even to our Eastern cousins who, via the media of communications, have found out that we are no longer fighting the Indians and that automobiles have replaced, albeit recently, the horse.

The two largest California cities have the best in major league football. A few Sundays ago the San Francisco 49ers and the Los Angeles Rams battled in league competition in the cheering of 60,000 whoopers and hollers. A month previously in an exhibition, a "play for fun," as it were, the same two tured 75,000 into Memorial Coliseum in the southland.

Basically it is our belief the pro-football fan and the pro-baseball fan are the same person. He loves his sports and he enjoys the best there is to offer. Anything short is a compromise, and will not satiate his hunger for the best.

This was indicated when a Far West baseball attendance began to drop off shortly after the war. It was obvious why. The fan was getting major league football and "ersatz" major league baseball. He knew the real thing was coming and was willing to wait.

The move by the Dodgers and the Giants did not kill off the Pacific Coast League, spawning ground of so many of today's major leaguers. The league itself was dying on its feet.

So, Senator, I urge you to reconsider your remarks about pirating and the move disrupting the league. It isn't pirating or a form of vandalism, but progress.

Progress, Senator.

Humor Lack

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — S. J. Perelman, regarded by many as the wittiest man alive, believes America's greatest medical problem isn't hardening of the arteries—it's decay of the funny bone.

"Humor writing today," he said, "I just don't see much of it around."

"The immensity of life is a deterrent. Everything today has assumed such a terrific shape and size it dwarfs the individual and his point of view."

"The movies and television also have siphoned off a lot of possible humorists who became anonymous gag writers. They might have had a viewpoint or an identity, but instead they became part of a six-man team. They are well paid, but their work has no permanence."

A raffish Socrates who looks and talks a bit like Groucho Marx (as a matter of fact, he wrote two early Marx brothers movies), Perelman broke into the chuckle industry during the turbulent 1920s, the era of such men as John Held Jr., and Robert Benchley.

"We all starved together," he said. "But there was a tremendous amount of gusto in living in those days."

"But, like everybody else, I went on the auction block."

Since leaving Brown University, Perelman has turned out some 15 books and plays, more than 200 humorous skits for the New Yorker magazine, and innumerable movies. Last year he won the Academy Award for his script, "Around the World in 80 Days."

A man who looks with skepticism on everything in life except the messages he finds in Chinese cookbooks, "I accept literally," he said, "that is, in the sense he has to read and digest the work of good men who have gone before. Then he has to demonstrate his skill by turning out varnished pieces so well done they show no trace of the sources they sprang from."

"I must say I myself have stolen only from good men." Perelman now lives in a 117-year-old stone house on an 83-acre farm in Bucks County, Pa., complete with a mortgage, high weeds and a slough of despond.

What does he believe is the funniest thing in the world? "The spectacle of a middle-aged man trying to earn his living."

And the saddest? "The same thing," he said. "But I wouldn't want to be thought cynical. I suppose you might say I was an idealist, but just say it—and you'll get a blow on the mouth."

Perelman's latest chore was a review on "the changing ways of love" for the Nov. 3 premiere of the new CBS network show, "The Seven Lively Arts," on which critic John Crosby will act as host.

Asked what research he put into this piece, Perelman said flatly: "Try and find out—but it took years and years."

The author, who realizes that humor is often ephemeral, hopes to win real immortality with a monumental tome which has occupied his spare time for the last decade.

"It's to be called 'A Child's Life of Bennett Cerf,'" he said gravely. Like all writers, Perelman suffers from insomnia, and he cures sleeplessness by murmuring over and over his favorite sentence in contemporary literature.

"There were rainbow roses on Mosely Mason's dresser this morning."

The source? "It's the opening line from an unpublished novel—although why it's unpublished beats me," said Perelman. "It's better than Milton."

The Handicapped

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—In the process of compiling the local committee's report to the state committee on the employment of the handicapped, we are reminded of the help given locally to the observance of National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week.

We, therefore, wish to inform you that we have appreciated your kindness in helping publicize the week in emphasizing the fact that the physically handicapped are not necessarily unemployable as a group and that there are several agencies whose duties are to help the handicapped get jobs and to help them, if necessary, with rehabilitation means to prepare them for jobs.

It is not always possible to pinpoint the effect of publicity in a case of this kind. The immediate response is not always indicative of its effectiveness since many persons not needing immediate aid will retain the information from sources such as yours and will make use of it later on when necessity presents itself.

We again wish to express our appreciation to you for your cooperation in publicizing National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week.

Robert A. Mitchell, Chairman, Employ the Physically Handicapped Committee of Klamath Falls.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



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Child Saved From Ice Box

CHELSEA, Mass. (AP)—"I'm here, daddy."

That little phrase saved the life yesterday of 4-year-old Robert Stevens.

Harry Stevens, 36, followed his son's voice and found the youngster trapped in an 18-by-16-inch cubicle of a refrigerator on the third-floor porch of an unoccupied tenement house.

The door was so tightly jammed, the father had to rip it off its hinges. The youngster apparently was not affected by the ordeal.



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