



GOOSE LAKE, once one of the mightier of the West, is pictured here, shot from the highway just beyond Willow Ranch Mill. The big lake lies on the loop between Lakeview and New Pine Creek for those making the Lakeview, Alturas loop from Klamath Falls.



A SWIMMING POOL is always a welcome addition to any community when the hot days of summer roll around. This pool, complete with bleachers, is located in Lakeview. Visitors are always welcome and those stopping in Lakeview for the first time will be afforded a sample of friendliness and hospitality typical of the West. Lakeview is located 100 miles east of Klamath Falls on Highway 66.



A GHOST VILLAGE of stone teepees seems to rise off this sagebrush hill, one of the many you pass through in the Alturas region on a tour of that country. These symbolic rocks were snapped by Herald and News photographer Don Kettler near Chimney Rock.

Silly Season Opens With Bubblegum Contest; Many Zany Contests In Memory

BY DOC QUIGG

United Press International

NEW YORK (UPI)—These are the days when the silly season creeps across the land—the wackiest time of the year. No tan eyebrow is hoist when the news of Carol Pfarr's triumph seeps out of Chicago.

Carol, 13, captured the bubblegum blowing championship for the second year, out-bubbling 200 others. The winning bubble: 11½ inches.

Not too long before Carol's feat, a North Carolina lady won the national talking championship by yapping without surcease for 92 hours. Whereupon a local newspaper remarked editorially: "So what's so unusual about that?"

Perhaps this ability to yawn in the face of our national wacky seizures is what has brought us through those trying times down the years. A country that can withstand, for instance, an epidemic of flagpole sitters, mooning away on their perches, must have vast internal strength.

Let's look back at some of our zany periods—back past the onslaught of flying-saucer sightings, of radio treasure hunts, telethons and such. We can eliminate such professional individualists as Jim Moran, who sat on an ostrich egg until he hatched it, and consider only mass stunts.

It was a character called "Joe College" who 30 years ago went on a binge of racoon-coat wearing. But 10 years later he really let go with a brief but violent fad—goldfish swallowing. This higher educational pursuit started, naturally, at Harvard.

On March 4, 1939, a Harvard man, on a \$10 bet, gulped a live, tail-flirting, three-inch goldfish. Immediately it was a rage on the campuses. The summit was reached when Gordon Southworth, 21, a veterinarian student, stood on Waltham, Massachusetts, common and swallowed 67 wriggling fish in 14 minutes, using milk chasers. It was the all-time record. Afterward, he ate a peanut-butter sandwich.

Miss Scottie Hunnicutt, a junior in Texas, choked down three live goldfish and claimed the feminine intercollegiate title.

At the height of the craze, they began swallowing at random. One student ate three 10-inch phonograph records. A sophomore in the southwest downed a 13-inch king snake. Those were heady days.

In the 1950's, the male collegians have turned to such comparatively uninspired drollery as panty raids. Finally the worm turned. Last May, in Boston, more than 100 Jackson College coeds, chanting "we like shorts," raided men's dormitories and a fraternity house in reprisal.

Sponsored talkfests have been going on for a long time. In New York, in 1928, there were 31 starters in a talking marathon. After 70 sleepless, but gabby, hours, all had folded except one man and one woman. They were finally moved out of the building, still talking. The U.S. Senate, too, has been remarkable in this art, but, then, they are professionals.

Throughout the years pies have furnished excuses for millions of local contests on three levels of endeavor—baking, eating, and throwing. And various methods of getting from here to there have been utilized for odd contests—such as pancake races, waiters' races, and even egg rolling. But it took a professional promoter to focus national attention on the simplest form of all—walking.

It was in 1928 that C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle, the promoter, had athletes walking across the U.S. in the first international "hunkin' derby." He tried another, in 1929, but it fizzled out in mid-continent.

Flagpole sitting, however, just never dies out. As late as 1955, in the state of Washington, a woman claimed a record of 169 days on a 60-foot pole, saying she had spent more than five of her seven months of pregnancy there.

In 1929, flagpole sitting among juveniles broke out so heavily in Baltimore that at one time three girls and 18 boys all were sitting at one time on poles dotted over the city. Some had divans on top; others, just poles. The mayor complimented their "grit and stamina."

The most rugged national contest was a depression craze, begun about 1930, the dance marathon. In one of these, in Chicago in 1931, eight couples were still going after six months—more than 3,300 hours of dancing, with 10 minutes out of every hour for sleeping on beds raised at the foot.

Swaying away, couples would fall to the floor, sound asleep, only to be jerked upright, slapped, and forced to shuffle on. Their feet were taped, wrists swollen, faces puffed, eyes black-circled. Women dancers wore out two and three partners. Spectators paid \$1.50 a seat.

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