

The Herald and News

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Big Bend

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

A visit to Copco's new Big Bend power project is an extremely interesting education.

It's also astounding in its simplicity and its complexity. My first visit to the project was over a year ago when work had just begun on the earth-fill diversion dam across the Klamath River.

At that time, workmen were busy pouring the 11,000 feet of concrete flume which carries the water in a snakelike fashion around the side of the mountain on a man-made shelf and then leads it into the 1,600 foot tunnel which drops it over 800 feet into the canyon and the Big Bend powerhouse.

It is the culmination of forty years of thinking and planning, but would not have been possible forty years ago, nor perhaps even thirty.

As one watched the monstrous construction machines at work on my first visit it was enough to make you gasp. They would be working on the sheer sides of the mountain with a drop of hundreds of feet below them to the river bed.

Yet, somehow, they gouged out a shelf over two miles long upon which to build the winding ribbon of concrete flume. They drilled the long tunnel and sealed it with concrete.

I could somehow speculate to myself what would have happened on such a project had it to be done with horses and scrapers as it had been prior to the advent of the big earth-moving machines. The project would have been virtually an impossibility under those conditions.

On my first visit, I could walk through the long gently dropping tunnel and stand on the lip of the drop into the canyon looking down into the timber and mountainside, speculating how long it would take to put a powerhouse and substation down the canyon at this point.

Today, a miraculously short time later it is a reality. The complex job of moving big pieces of machinery into this highly inaccessible mountain canyon had somehow been overcome.

A job that should have taken about four years, was done in just over two. A tribute to engineering, men and machinery.

Incidentally, this Big Bend unit will produce 80,000 kilowatts of power which is enough to service all the needs of the Klamath County area currently serviced by Copco.

It's only the first of a series of eight hydroelectric developments in the Klamath River.

Development of the seven other projects will depend upon several things. First, there is no point in producing the power if the user of such power is not available. That's the key point to future development.

It's also a wonderful opportunity for Klamath County. If we can phase our industrial development to the power development, the end result can be the complete usage of the power right here in the Basin area, rather than have it shipped off for use in other areas such as Southern California.

I think a trip to view this power development should be on the agenda for every person in Klamath County. Its simplicity of an earth-fill diversion dam, water flumes and then drop into the powerhouse to whirl turbines and generate electricity is easy to understand.

There is one other feature of this Copco development which is also vitally important. The recreational possibilities that it opens up are tremendous.

Fishermen can now find easy access to reaches of the Klamath River which have hitherto been nearly inaccessible.

Over 10 miles of well gravelled road can now carry visitors and fishermen right down to the Big Bend powerhouse, and from there they can move on down into the Klamath River Canyon.

Countless opportunities also exist for picnic grounds.

It's another giant step forward for Klamath County, another step on the road to bigger and better industrial development for the area.

Another gigantic miracle of construction completed smoothly and without mishap. Well done!

The Golden Days

By NELSON REED

Times have got to a young fellow can't have near the fun we had at his age. Used cars I'm thinking of. Got so nobody but a bank president can buy a used car worth a whoop.

Most and cheapest fun we had when I first went to work was picking over the second-hand car lots and arguing with the geniuses who ran them. A couple of us "mechanical nuts" could spend a whole Saturday afternoon looking

over their wares and picking them to pieces.

Somedays we went in for the big ancient, Locomobiles, Pierces and Packards, say. Told the man we were going in the "hack business." Everything we looked at had been owned by a "wealthy family." Chauffeur driven, no less. Not a thing wrong with it, excepting it was an old model and the owner couldn't afford to be seen in anything but the latest. We could, provided we could buy enough gas to run it around the block.

Tires were always pretty tough. No retreads in those days. Brand new ones cost sixty bucks for 36 inch wheels and were guaranteed for 2,500 miles; no fooling.

We'd ask them to run the motor and listen to the pistons turning over and over, like a robin cawedropping on a worm. Sounds like we'd say. Then we'd kick the front wheels around. Those old cranks always needed king pins and bushing. They'd stand still and shimmy like Gilda Grey. If nothing else was too bad we'd ask to "drive her round the block." Better have lots of clearance.

Some of those old clutches made them jump like jackrabbits. Snap your neck off if you weren't all set. Then we'd start haggling. Even if the man offered to almost give it away, we'd tell him "too much" and go on to the next lot. Learned more than you ever could in so called automotive schools and didn't cost a cent.

Cheap fun just ain't anymore.

Potato Chip Month

Aberdeen (Washington) World — Next month you'll be importuned to eat potato chips, because it will be Potato Chip Month. But we aren't as interested in Potato Chip Month as we are in the Northwest potato chip industry being the potato chip tail that wags the potato chip dog.

Up until two years ago potato chips, nationally, celebrated Potato Chip Month in February. The Northwest branch of the industry, however, didn't see it that way. Potato chip makers in Washington and Oregon went off on their own and celebrated the potato chip in October. The digression proved so successful that now the 46 other states have joined to make October the big potato chip munching month of the year. So, if you join in the celebration, you will become a heart-warming statistic in the potato chip industry. Per capita consumption of potato chips has risen from 1.9 pounds in 1948 to four pounds annually. This year consumption is running 10 per cent over last year, nationwide.

Potato chip promotion isn't just an idle campaign for the Northwest. It means a lot to the Washington and Oregon spud growers, for potato chips are the fastest growing spud sales outlet. And, by the way, Washington and Oregon potatoes are the country's finest "chip" spuds.

Anyhow, when you chew chips in October you will be helping a coming Northwest industry, and perhaps will bring big smiles to spud growers as well.

Formosa Confusion

By WILLIAM L. RYAN

AP News News Analyst — The American public — to say nothing of the rest of the world — must be getting more and more confused as the debate over Formosa proceeds along its fog-bound course.

First, Secretary of State Dulles tells the American public that if a dependable cease-fire could be achieved in the Formosa Strait, it

would be foolish for Chiang Kai-shek to keep so many Nationalist troops on offshore islands hugging the China mainland. Chiang has an estimated 100,000 there now.

President Eisenhower follows this up by saying that if there is a cease-fire, there will be an opportunity to "negotiate in good faith."

The President denies Dulles' remarks indicate appeasement. And he warns that the United States cannot retreat before force without suffering for it.

What is retreat? What is appeasement? According to Webster's, appeasement is the act of appeasing, and to appease means "to reduce to a state of peace, to pacify, often by satisfying demands, hence to make quiet or calm."

A retreat, says Webster's, is "the act of retiring or withdrawing from what is dangerous or disagreeable."

It seems safe to assume Secretary Dulles' remarks indicated the United States would not be averse to a situation in which it was committed to the defense of no more than Formosa and the Pescadores, as the outposts of the free world's western Pacific positions.

To this, the President adds the thought that if — a big "if" — the offshore islands should be demilitarized, it is possible "we could get somewhere."

Is this a U.S. attempt to withdraw from a position which is dangerous or disagreeable? Does it mean that pouring American supplies into the offshore islands is useless? Is this being suggested in the face of force? Is it, in fact, retreat? And if it is, will the United States, as the President says, be bound to suffer by it?

When force, violent enough to raise a real threat of international war, is applied by Peiping, U.S. policy statements openly suggest Chiang's forces never should have been on the offshore islands. The United States now is hopefully exploring prospects for cease-fire and negotiation. But negotiation suggests there is something that can be negotiated, something to be offered.

The juxtaposition of all these ideas hints the United States is studiously seeking ways to calm a dangerous situation. By tossing the prospect of demilitarization into the hopper, the United States, regardless of Chiang's furious reaction, cautiously raises the hope that Red China might get the offshore islands eventually without risking a war of annihilation.

Is this an attempt to "reduce to a state of peace, to pacify, to make quiet or calm?" Is it, in fact, appeasement?

Perhaps administration thinking has reached the point where it is not too far removed from that of Democratic leader Adlai Stevenson. Perhaps it is ready to regard the islands close to the China coast as a mainland matter and is thinking in terms of a Formosa state.

In the name of nationalism, which all Communists profess to admire so deeply, a Formosan state, ruled by Formosans, might be politically defensible.

The big question would be: What would be done with Chiang Kai-shek?

Chiang must be wondering too.

Series Flipper

By HUGH A. MULLIGAN

NEW YORK — When the opening lineup is announced at 11 o'clock Saturday in the cavernous offices beneath Yankee Stadium, poised, confident John Moriarty will be dressing out for another World Series start.

Wicker basket on white-jacketed

arm, mustard stick in the alert position, he will coolly step before the assembled 65,000, rear back and fire the big one:

"Here yar, getcha red hot franks here!"

Moriarty, a port-sided coin flipper born almost in the shadow of the House that Ruth built, got his start in the big leagues as a second-string soda seller, gradually worked his way up to candy butcher and peanut vendor, and after several impressive appearances in relief drew a starting assignment as hot dog hustler, the cash clean-up spot to which all rookies aspire.

Three full seasons and two World Series behind him, Moriarty, now just turned 18, is at the top of his form. His delivery is shrill and commanding; his diction a gravel-based blend of Bronx and Brooklynese that assaults the ear drum with terrifying urgency. He can go deep to make change in the upper deck and make the turn at the mezzanine for a double sale in the box seats.

On a clear day, before a packed house, he can flip a coin 30 rows back into the stands and hit the strike zone with awesome regularity.

"For women," he confided, "we use an underarm motion, something like the submarine ball Carl Mays used to throw. Men like to have it burned over with a full thumb snap so they can show off on the catch. Control is everything. A wild throw can cost you several big sales while you're burrowing under the seats for a passed quarter."

Like all major leaguers, Moriarty has to contend with a certain amount of irksome horseplay from the sidelines.

"When you're passing a frank down the aisle, for instance," he cited past indignities, "some wise guy will always make like he's going to take a bite out of it. Once or twice a character actually did. The same bit with the change: There's always one comedian who tries to put it in his pocket. That's why we prefer the direct flip."

Moriarty's idea of a good day: "Anything but the World Series. It's too crowded to move around and people paid too much money to take their eyes off the game long enough to down a couple of franks. Give me a good cold day, a long dull game and a bunch of kids who got in for free on passes."

Quotes

By United Press International

MILWAUKEE — Manager Casey Stengel, asked whether the Yankees were desperate after losing the first two World Series games: "Desperate? Why should I be desperate? The Dodgers had me down two years ago and we changed parks and they lost to me."

MILWAUKEE — Pitcher Lew Burdette, who beat the Yankees three times in last year's Series and did it again Thursday: "I don't think I'll get three cracks at 'em this time."

OAKLAND, Calif. — Adlai E. Stevenson, in attacking Vice President Richard M. Nixon's statement that a State Department official was trying to "sabotage" China policy by disclosing mail rejection was running against the policy: "And now with President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles suddenly changing their position it looks as though the administration has joined the saboteurs. But I have an idea that our agile vice president won't have much trouble quickly identifying himself with the new position."

SAN FRANCISCO — Vice President Nixon, on China policy: "Interpretation of the press conference remarks of the secretary of state and the President on Tuesday and Wednesday to the effect that they represented a change in U.S. policy or a weakening of our position is completely erroneous."

JOLIET, Ill. — One of three maximum security convicts, after jumping into a hopper filled with tons of limestone to save a guard's life at Stateville Penitentiary: "We'd have expected the same thing of him if it had been one of us."

AURORA, Ill. — Mayor Paul Egan, on his unsuccessful attempts to climax a feud with his police department and city council, by calling President Eisenhower and asking for federal troops: "I was shuffled from secretary to secretary in my telephone at-

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Late Senator Taft's Wife Martha Dies Unexpectedly

CINCINNATI (AP) — Mrs. Martha Bowers Taft who shared the campaign battles of her late husband, U.S. Sen. Robert A. Taft, is dead. She will be buried beside her husband Saturday in the Indian Hill Church Cemetery.

Mrs. Taft died unexpectedly at her Indian Hill home Thursday at the age of 68.

A son said heart failure caused her death. She had been confined to a wheelchair after a stroke in 1950.

After the senator's death on July 31, 1953, she sold their Victorian home in Washington but maintained an apartment there for a year before returning to their home here.

The two complemented each other well—she friendly and vivacious, he sober and serious. Taft was 31 years old when he plunged into politics in 1920 as a precinct worker and won election to the Ohio House the same year. His first and only defeat was in the 1932 Democratic landslide when he lost for state senator.

During this period, Martha Taft was a constant source of support. She made speeches and her speeches made friends. In 1938, when Taft tried for the U.S. Senate for the first time, she startled old-line politicians by stumping Ohio for him, making speeches and arrangements in 83 of the 88 counties. One Cleveland newspaper headlined his victory "Bob and Martha win."

She worked just as hard again in 1944 and in his unsuccessful bid for the presidential nomination. Her illness curtailed her activities, but in his last attempt—in 1952—she conducted a one-woman letter writing campaign for him.

The team of Bob and Martha didn't quite reach the White House, but that's where they met. She was the daughter of the U.S. solicitor general, he was the son of President William Howard Taft. Four years later, after he was graduated from Harvard Law School, they were married and

TRAIN HITS BUS

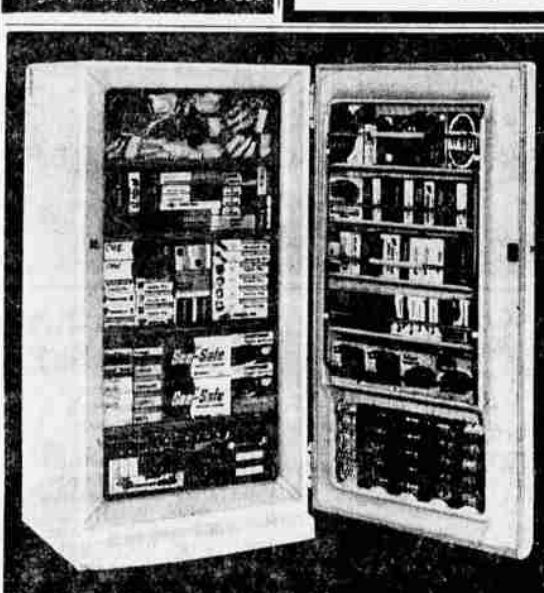
ZWOILLE, The Netherlands (UPI)—Four persons were killed and seven others badly injured Wednesday night when a bus, making a detour over a little-used railway crossing, stalled and was smashed by an express train.

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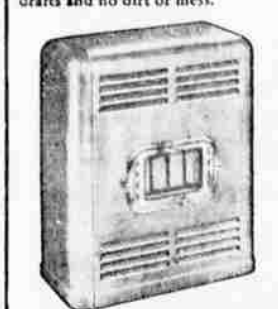
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