

The Herald and News

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People

By BILL JENKINS

People, it is commonly said, are more fun than anything.

There may be something to that theory, too. They are certainly a strange lot. And interesting.

I guess what started me off on this tangent was the reception via the US Mails of the first valentine of the year. A card that says "Valentine greetings from Sydney, the boxing kangaroo mascot of the San Francisco National Sports and Boat Show."

Behind which lies a story. A short one.

Sydney is a large and athletic kangaroo who, I am told, is highly popular on (ugh!) television in the Bay area along with numerous Sydney, either in the flesh or over whatever mysterious force it is that produces the picture on a glass fronted cabinet or devilsbox.

But I have met his owner, Tom Rooney, who is the interesting chap who runs the boat show in the bay area along with numerous other activities.

Tom got interested in kangaroos several years ago, he was telling us the other day, and over a period of time has come up with not only the original Sydney but some 13 others, all of which are now in the zoo at San Francisco but which will be transferred to private quarters in Sonoma next year or later this year.

He trains them and is an authority on them. In short, the kind of person it is fun to meet and talk to. Out of an hour's conversation with Tom I learned so much about kangaroos that the only thing I can remember is the fact that when born they are about the size of the end of my thumb. From this tiny start they grow into great rugged creatures.

Tom has invited us down when the switch is made to see the group. A visit to which we look forward.

Of course one doesn't have to go abroad to find interesting people. Or enterprising ones, either. Take the case of Steve Nelson of Klamath Falls. Steve is the 12-year-old son of Cliff Nelson, the accommodating barman at the Winema. And a real go-getter, too. Steve is.

Seems that some time ago Steve's whole sixth grade class at Ferguson School was transferred to Peterson School on some sort of a borderline residence issue or something.

When this happened it split up a lot of friendships, particularly of the boy-girl and vice versa nature.

But this was only golden opportunity for Steve. He instituted a note carrying service and is now doing great at the rate of 12 words for a penny, delivered to the addressee.

He has, according to his proud father, at least earned enough to buy a fancy valentine for his best girl.

Steve doesn't stop at that, either. While brother Guy is attending after-school wrestling classes Steve does all the chores around the Nelson fruit and berry farm, then charges brother at the going rate. I predict that lad will go far.

Egg Cartons

By FLORENCE JENKINS

The Gooding Poultry Farm on the Lakeview Highway, less than a half dozen miles from Klamath Falls, is the largest egg producing operation in Southern Oregon. Roy Gooding's expanded facilities provide space for 7,000 more laying hens this year. Coupled with buildings already in operation, his birds can turn out a maximum of 6,500 eggs a day. That number of eggs requires a lot of egg cartons to package them for selling.

The Gooding farm uses cartons produced by the Diamond Match Company, or the Diamond Gardner Company, as the paper plate and egg carton factory at Red Bluff is called. The plant was much more interesting to see because it has a Klamath Falls customer.

As previously noted by Bill Jenkins, we toured it with Dick and Em Eimers under the special guidance of Stanley Morse. His title is director of publicity, California division and assistant to Leo Bodine, vice president in charge of timberlands, lumber manufacturing and retail stores for the Diamond Gardner Company. (Or maybe Diamond Match Company—a point not made quite clear.)

The Red Bluff plant has a capacity of 100 million board feet of lumber a year. Since it cannot use all the chips it produces, the surplus is shipped out for sale. Much of its production of chips go into the moulding plant. It is the only Diamond Match plant which takes sawdust and turns out both moulded products and lum-

ber. It is built on a 400-acre tract, has 18 acres of floor space and 16 acres under roof.

When it was built last year, they forgot to put up a cover for delivery loading and unloading and that mistake was being rectified while we were there.

The moulding department turns out butcher cartons, paper plates and egg cartons. The paper plates aren't the old-fashioned absorbent picnic variety. An extra coating is sealed on and they are heat and grease resistant. Our guide said they would take gravy up to 120 degrees.

The egg cartons come in two shades. One, a bluish gray color, is made by the addition of old newspapers to the ground up chip pulp. Since no really successful method has been developed for removing printers' ink from newspapers, a use has been found for them as they are. The nearly white egg cartons are made by adding damaged newspaper, unprinted, to the pulp.

The pulp mixture is poured onto the baking surfaces and a lid clamps on, forcing the mixture evenly over the forms as the big machine revolves. The formed cartons are exposed to further heat, then given a coating and the tops are printed for special orders such as the Gooding Poultry Farm.

The public relations man explained that a sulphite process is used. It does not have the offensive odor usually associated with pulp operations. The plant has its own sewage disposal ponds and its own wells for the water which is so necessary in any pulp process.

The plant cost \$25 million, we were told.

Two egg carton machines turn out 500,000 egg cartons a day and another machine is being added this month.

The construction undoubtedly added to the local payroll at Red Bluff, but now that it is in operation only a few hundred persons are on the permanent payroll.

Peak employment is set at 700, many of whom are women.

But, at least, it doesn't smell.

Travel Notes

By NELSON REED

En route from Los Angeles to Miami on board TWA Flight 200, with a stop at St. Louis.

First rain in long time cleared the air in L.A. and put a "white cap" on the bone dry looking mountains to the east. We circled over the ocean, gaining altitude till we were almost to Catalina, then swung back across Terminal Island and Long Beach. We could recognize the place, for last year we took off from there by boat for Panama. Much prefer to fly.

After crossing a rather low range of mountains which were lightly dusted with snow that looked like powdered sugar on a badly collapsed cake, we started across the great expanse of desert that reaches to the Rockies. As far as you can see there is an endless expanse of tan and brown waste, marked by endless dry water courses and an occasional black strip—a highway. Look closely, for we are at 19,000 feet, and you can distinguish an occasional car or truck. The other light colored ribbons that run straight as an arrow up and down the mountains and across the canyons with complete indifference as if they were only lines drawn on a map, are buried pipe lines—gas or oil.

Off to the right now, one hour and a half out, is a large body of water—Lake Meade. Look closely at the southern end of it and you can make out Boulder Dam. It appears to be a far larger body of water than it was twenty some years ago, the last time we were there. Almost directly under us is a checkerboard city plastered

on a god-forsaken looking flat, Las Vegas. You can recognize the plush resort hotels by the swimming pools, big enough to be seen from this altitude.

The first time we were there they were still building Boulder Dam; there were no plush hotels. In fact no place to stay so we drove most of the night and stayed at Searchlight, California as we remember. Just last week I drove over there to a trap shoot (note to the printer: I said trap—not trap). It really didn't matter, as I was having a bad time pointing the gun where the pigeons were and I lost my "mad money" in a hurry.

The one thing that impressed me driving into Las Vegas was the endless sign boards alongside the highway for miles and miles, most of them advertising "Complete Marriage Ceremonies," some as low as \$15. Other signs advertised divorces for almost as little. "Me-thinks" said I to myself, "just let them put the full treatment on the installment plan and it will put the oldest profession in the world out of business."

Little by little the arid wastes of Nevada turn into the reddish hills and small mountains of Arizona. Then the mountains get higher and are snow covered. The snow gets deeper and the mountains are covered with timber. You almost feel as if you were flying over Northern California or Southern Oregon, for now we are over Northern Arizona, north of the Grand Canyon. Though it is too far down to be sure you feel certain that the "timber cover" is the old familiar Ponderosa pine and juniper. Over there is a real honest to goodness river for a change and not just a dry water course.

The snow on the mountains is now really getting deep, pure white and smooth in the canyons and on the lee sides of the ridges where it piles up. And now the clouds are getting thicker too, so that we cannot see the ground, beautiful billows of white fluff with an occasional blue hole down through them, through which you can peer down at the land far below, much like those tricky large Easter eggs we used to love as a child, the ones in which you put your eye to a hole and saw a lovely bit of scenery that seemed to be far away.

At 10:30 the cheerful, hostess offers you coffee and a choice of sweet rolls. Maybe it's the altitude or just the fact that I was born hungry and never recovered, but I take two. Nobody ever put on weight this high in the air. Don't the science boys tell us that there is no gravity in outer space? Well we must be getting there for we can't see anything but this white nothingness out the window now.

For an hour or so we drifted along peacefully in the opaque whiteness. Seems to me that planes are getting quieter or else my head is getting thicker. Then the hostesses who also double as bar maids came by with the glad news that we could have a drink, courtesy of TWA. We named our poison and sat back hopefully to wait. Then it happened as it always seems to when the girls are about to serve drinks or food—the elements ruled otherwise and the pilot hung out the "Fasten Seat Belts" sign. For most of an hour we kept getting dustier and then the powers that be relented and the "seat belt" sign went off. We got our drink which was most welcome and immediately thereafter a very good lunch.

The rest of the way into St. Louis, we drifted along pretty peacefully; from time to time the "sign" went up, apparently the pilots with their radar eye can now see the bumpy clouds coming up through the thick mist. We were sorry we couldn't see some more of this wonderful USA but it

you have to miss some of it, the middle west plains, especially Oklahoma and Kansas, are the least missed. We fear that from St. Louis on it will be too dark to see much even if it is not overcast for we are running counter to the sun rapidly.

Assignment Notes

By PHIL NEWSOM

UPI Foreign News Editor
From the foreign news reporter's assignment book:

The Republic of Korea's President Syngman Rhee is a man who neither forgives nor forgets. Never cordial toward Japan, he now threatens "drastic" action if Japan ships some 117,000 Koreans now in Japan to Communist North Korea. However, the expectation is that the "little cold war" will sputter out in a spate of words. Japan is asking that the International Red Cross oversee the project to assure that only those really wanting to go are sent back to the Communists. It is true, though, that some of those who say they want to go are acting under pressure. Japanese left-wing organizations have gotten control of the few jobs available to Koreans and if they don't "vote right," they're in danger of being left out in the cold, literally.

The East German Communists have never felt better. They are confident that no matter what agreements are reached on Berlin and Germany at any four-power conference, they will take control of Berlin traffic as scheduled on May 27. Such a move automatically would force the Allies to deal with the heretofore unrecognized German Communists in order to supply their Berlin garrisons. From this then could come pressure to force the West German government to deal with the East German regime on an even basis, even though the West outnumbered the East three to one.

Pope John XXIII doesn't like the gestatorial chair—the portable throne on which he is carried during ceremonies—and Vatican experts are trying to figure a way to appease him. Pope John feels it is too pompous, and it has too much sway. But the portable throne is traditional, does avoid excessive fatigue for the Pope and allows more people to see him. So it seems it will stay. The only change: From two to four chair bearers will be added to make up the difference in weight between the portly Pope John as compared with Pius XII, and the bearers will take better care to coordinate their steps.

Even if Italian Premier-designate Antonio Segni is successful in forming a new government, his troubles will be far from over. Willing to him by the fallen government of Premier Amintore Fanfani is a budget which lukes government expenses 325 million dollars without a compensating rise in taxes and which is based on estimates which already are proving over-optimistic. It also makes no provision for the increases which Italy's one million civil servants are demanding. If Segni forms a center-right cabinet, he will have to trim the budget drastically, inviting increased labor trouble. If he leaves the budget the way it is, he faces trouble from the right and increased inflation.

There may be a change in U.S. Army commanders in the Pacific area soon. Sources close to Gen. George H. Decker, commander-in-chief, United Nations command, Korea, say he expects to be moved soon. Decker has been in Korea for two years and is said to believe it is time for a new commander to replace him.

After Franco what? That's the top political question in Spain today. Franco himself has served notice that there will be no change in the foreseeable future. Political observers see no real threat to Franco now and say that at the age of 67 Franco has no intention of quitting at least until he is 70. Meanwhile, Prince Don Juan remains the hope of the Monarchists.

United Press International
SAN FRANCISCO—Vice President Richard M. Nixon after talking with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles by telephone about the secretary's recurrence of cancer:

"It is remarkable that he has taken it as stoically as he did. His spirits were excellent."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Foundation Aids Festival

ASHLAND, Ore. (AP)—The Ford Foundation has granted Angus L. Bowmer, producing director and founder of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival here, a \$10,000 creative fund grant.

"It comes at a particularly appropriate time—in the Centennial year," said Bowmer.

Bowmer, drama professor at Southern Oregon College, said \$7,500 will go for actors' salaries and \$2,500 for him to study and travel.

The nucleus of this year's cast for the festival, July 28-Sept. 5, will come from favorites of past festivals, he said.

Bowmer plans to leave next week for New York City to interview actors, many of them now professionals on the New York stage, for the coming festival.

REduce TB DEATHS

GENEVA (UPI)—The World Health Organization reported Tuesday that new drugs had helped reduce tuberculosis deaths about 30 per cent from 1932 to 1957.

6TH SET OF TWINS

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. (UPI)—Mrs. Law Pearson, 34, gave birth to her sixth set of twins Tuesday—both boys. She has given birth to 16 children in 19 years. Eleven are living.

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