

Russian Press Admits Have Freeloaders Too

By RAY CROMLEY
WASHINGTON (NEA)—Despite radio jamming and censorship, one fine old American custom has filtered through the Iron Curtain into the Soviet Union. It's free-loading.

But the approach of some Russians seeking a warm weather vacation at the expense of "the boss," is probably too brazen for most frozen Northerners dreading of those warm Florida sands. The details come from the newspaper of the Young Communist League, as translated by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies in Washington. The scene is the office of Dr. Galina Alexandrovna Yemelyanova at the Red Moscow Sanatorium at Sochi, a popular summer resort area on the Black Sea. The doctor is examining a new patient.

"What ails you?"
"Mm. Nothing, really."
"How is your heart?"
"Fine, I think."
"Stomach, liver?"
"Functioning perfectly."
"Rheumatism? Joints causing trouble?"

"No, no trouble."
"Then why did you come here? Why are you taking the cure?"

"I don't need a cure. I got a pass to the sanatorium, so I came," replied the patient impatiently.

"Patient" Andrei Rodnyansky was 18 and in excellent health, the newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda reports. The doctors who sent him to the sanatorium said that after completing his first year at a higher educational institution he had "exhaustion of the nervous system." But they had given Andrei his hospital pass without even seeing him.

Asked why he came, Andrei said:

"Why? Simply for a vacation." The newspaper investigated and found that his influential father had arranged for him to be sent to the hospital conveniently located at the summer resort.

Lyudmila Timofeyeva was 21. She graduated from the Moscow Financial Institute and was assigned to work in the Rostov Province office of the Construction Bank. She was due at work Aug. 1, but she got a pass to the Caucasian Riviera Sanatorium for a period that ran until Sept. 10.

She had no doctor's recommendation at all. The sanatorium doctor could not find even the slightest ailment.

"I had been vacationing at Gagri, just before then, when Mama came unexpectedly from Rostov, bringing me the pass to this sanatorium," she told the Young Communist League newspaperman.

"Why did you need the pass to the sanatorium? You aren't ill at all."

"What do you mean, why?" Lyudmila asked in surprise. "If Mama went to all that trouble, why not?"

In Lyudmila's case, the Red Aksai Factory, Rostov-on-Don, issued her pass to the sanatorium. At the factory, the trade union officials who had issued the pass said "Strange. This was the one and only pass to Sochi that we had. We issued it to the factory's chief engineer, Comrade Modin, a most honest man. Who could have expected this? We don't understand it ourselves. What does it mean?"

"It means only one thing," say the Young Communist League editors. "It means that Comrade Amilov, chairman of the trade union committee, handed out the pass without filling in the recipient's name, although it bore every kind of signature and rubber stamp, and the chief engineer, that 'most honest man,' surrendered it obligingly to Timofeyeva, who is the daughter of the assistant chief of the production department of the Rostov Economic Council!"

The central trade union committee of the Transportation Ministry issued passes to the Metallurgical Sanatorium to Natalia and Marianna Sosnovskaya, 19-year-old students at the Chelyabinsk Music School. "We asked Comrade Shecherbakov, vice-chairman of the trade union committee, what these girls had to do with the Transportation Ministry."

"Well, yes, of course they have no connection with it. But their papa has, Comrade Sosnovskaya is assistant chief of the Southern Urals Railroad," Shecherbakov hastened to explain.

The smallest bird known to man is the calypse helenae, a hummingbird. It grows only 2 1/4 inches long.



A JUNK-FILLED BASEMENT of one of the structures at Klamath, a city that burned near Hornbrook on the Klamath River early this century, is pointed out by a companion of J. O. McKinney, Mount Shasta, who shot the picture.

Klamathon Was Roaring Town In Olden Times

By J. O. MCKINNEY
HORN BROOK—Klamathon, less than 60 years ago a busy, roaring sawmill town where 2,000 people lived, today is extinct and traces of its existence are hardly visible.

No stranger could find its location without a guide. The only evidences of the city left today are a few grass-covered mounds that once were the basements of buildings.

The stone retaining walls of the basements have been covered with soil washed over them by heavy rains through the years. Grass further hides the foundations. Only a scattered few people live in the vicinity now.

Some of the old basements have been chosen for dump grounds.

The refuse is a cruel memorial to a city that dominated the lumber industry in Northern California for more than a decade.

The town was given five names during its brief but lusty lifespan. It was founded in 1891 by a Michigan lumber tycoon, John P. Cook, and named Manatee for a Michigan city. The name changed to Cadillac, Pokegama, Klamath City and finally to Klamathon.

The community was named last for the river on whose banks it was built near the spot where Southern Pacific Company's railroad tracks cross at Hornbrook.

Some oldtimers believe that the name was changed each time the city burned. Four times fires de-

stroyed much of the town. Carpenters and financiers rebuilt it.

But on Oct. 13, 1902, a fire so devastated the community that Cook, discouraged, closed its doors and left the country. He lost a sawmill with a cutting capacity of 150,000 board feet of lumber per day, two box factories and half a million board feet of finished lumber. The city had made its last comeback.

But its short life was happy. No more red-blooded town could be found — even in a country packed with rough and tough gold miners.

Logs were rafted dramatically down the river by professional rivermen. They were unbelievably tough, mean and daring.

In one cemetery up-river near Klamath Hot Springs are seven graves — four populated by the bodies of rivermen drowned at work and three killed during wild brawls.

Another small cemetery nearby contains the bodies of two murder victims and a suicide. During its rowdiest, the town supported 10 saloons.

While little remains to show where the town stood, an old log

chute near Beswick close by has not decayed too markedly.

Logs were hauled to the top of the chute by big, two-wheeled logging rigs, then shoved into a slot and sent screaming down to the river where they were bundled into rafts bound for Klamathon.

That was a spectacle. The logs, racing 2,650 feet and dropping 834 feet powered by gravity, sometimes burst into flame from friction before plunging into the river.

Oldtimers sometimes wonder how miners would have gotten on with the loggers had gold been found in the vicinity. The fringe of the gold belt seems to lie at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek, two miles below Klamathon.

They speculate that the miners were never as tough as the rivermen. But the miners were more determined.

Travelers who want to view the old site may follow the Hornbrook - Copco Road, 16 miles north of Yreka off Highway 99, to where a road crosses a bridge to Montague.

The townsites lie just downriver from the far shore. The explorer must look closely for the few sunken spots.



THE OLD LOG CHUTE near the Klamathon townsites may be seen angling downhill in the background in this photo by J. O. McKinney of Mount Shasta. Logs plunged into the Klamath River, hidden by the brow of the field in the foreground, near Hornbrook.

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