

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
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Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Due to goulting yesterday and failing to come back to work after lunch I was forced to get up in the dark this morning and stagger down to the office in order to turn this thing out. After all, payday is Saturday and I'd sorta like to stay on the list.

On the way down in the dawn's early light I was struck by the curious fact that coming to work just at daylight gives one the same feeling as driving a strange road. Buildings that are old familiar landmarks in full daylight suddenly loom up as strangers in your path. The very streets look different and strange. It wouldn't be too hard to become confused and wander for hours in this strange world.

Not if it takes you as long to wake up in the morning as it does me.

To be perfectly frank about the whole thing I spent a good portion of yesterday trying to rationalize my position by convincing myself that due to injuries suffered earlier in the day I just couldn't get to work.

The injury resulted when I mistook the two middle fingers of my left hand for the head of a nail while I was nailing up a fence to keep the dog away from the cat.

It seemed like a good idea at the time, but this morning I'll have to admit that there isn't any great similarity between the two digits and a nail.

So few nails are all swollen up and blue.

Early morning is a depressing enough time at best, but when I got around to looking over the notes on the desk I was plunged even further into the slough of despond.

I fear that if our industrial plants don't quit dreaming up new products we might as well roll over and wait for the men from Mars.

We now have, I learn, a new cereal due to hit the market tomorrow that requires no cooking. You merely pour a dab of it in a bowl, toss in a pinch of salt and pour some boiling water over it.

On the back of the package is a free offering in the form of a baseball record and tips on how to play baseball.

Shucks, anyone too lazy to cook his own cereal would certainly lack the ambition to play baseball anyway.

And back in Klamath we have come up with the answer to the housewife's prayer: a package of starch which sports a fluorescent label. You know, glow in the dark.

How many of you housewives do your washing in the dark?

And perhaps the worst of all comes with the announcement that back in New England, the land of the fish and the cod, they are migrating around with a mint flavored ginger ale.

I can think of no more heinous crime than changing the taste of all our old reliable products. Why, that's like a woman moving the furniture while hubby is at his lodge meeting and then leaving him to fall all over himself when he sneaks home. A dirty trick to say the least.

I strongly feel that it's time we red blooded Americans took a stand against this infringement on our rights. Stand up for what we believe in. Long live grandpaw and the cracker barrel.

By this time that finger, or fingers, that I mentioned earlier have swollen up to a point where I'm hitting four keys at once, so I better quit and go into seclusion while I think up another excuse for not working.

Shucks, with the world series on nobody does any work anyway. They just sit around and wonder if their number on the baseball pool will come up.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

SPIKE WAS in town Tuesday. Said he had run plumb out of shoes. Wore out his boots, wore out his work shoes, wore out his dress shoes all at once. Naturally, he had to get something to fit to his foot before Saturday.

Spike said he'd seen a couple of forked horns the other day when he was out to locate a dead cedar for fence posts. Said the boss wasn't back yet from hunting in Canada and they hadn't heard anything from him. Said that if he didn't show up by Friday night they'd figure he'd been snowed in and they wouldn't look for him 'til spring.

Spike said he'd be looking for us Friday. It's that time again!

Hope you buck hunters saw the notice from the DeMolay. The boys asked that you not throw away the deer hides but pass them along, as DeMolay is collecting them as a money-making project for the lodge.

They said to just call 2389 and one of the DeMolays will pick up the hide. Or, if you wish, leave the hide off with Milt Sessler, at Sessler, Inc., 334 Market Street.

Of course, if you have a yen for buckskin, have them tanned yourself. The way to keep green hides from tanning is to take along a 50-pound sack of hay salt and when you skin out your buck sprinkle the raw hide generously with the salt, roll it up and chuck it in a gunny bag. Then you won't have to worry 'til you're ready to do something with it.

"The Big Hunt," the publication of Charley Bane's Bend - Portland Truck Service, gives "The Ten Commandments of Safety." These commandments, of course, have to do with buck hunting. They are:

1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun. This is the first rule of gun safety.

2. Guns carried into camp or home, or when otherwise not in use must always be unloaded and taken down or have actions open; guns always should be carried in cases to the shooting area.

3. Always be sure barrel and action are clear of obstructions, and that you have only ammunition of the proper size for the gun you are carrying. Remove oil and grease from chamber before firing.

4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle, even if you stumble; keep the safety on until you are ready to shoot.

5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger; know the identifying features of the game you intend to hunt.

6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot; avoid all horseplay while handling a gun.

7. Unattended guns should be unloaded; guns and ammunition should be stored separately beyond reach of children and careless adults.

8. Never climb a tree or fence or jump a ditch with a loaded gun; never pull a gun toward you by the muzzle.

9. Never shoot a bullet at a flat, hard surface or the surface of water; when at target practice, be sure your backstop is adequate.

10. Avoid alcoholic drinks before or during shooting.

Don't say we didn't tell you.

**HUNTERS!
DEER
TAGS - BAGS
THE GUN STORE**

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Harlo

SOAPLEY, WHILE WAITING FOR A CIVIL SERVICE JOB, SOLD MAGAZINES--AND, OH, HOW HE COULD SELL--

THEN HIS GOVERNMENT JOB CAME THROUGH--HEH-HEH-HE'S GOT THE SAME TERRITORY HE MAGAZINED!!



The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

The removal of tonsils and adenoids is probably performed more often than any other operation. Nevertheless it is not a procedure to be entered into lightly and certainly many of us can keep our tonsils and adenoids all through life without causing any harm.

The tonsils are small nodes or lumps lying in the back of the throat made up of lymphoid tissue. The exact function, if any, of this lymphoid tissue is uncertain though it is possible that it may trap and perhaps destroy germs entering the body as one breathes in the air.

Possibly this view of the function of the tonsils may change, but up to recently, at least, they have not been considered to be of much value to the body and beyond doubt they can often be removed without any sense of loss.

There are a number of reasons which have been advanced for not taking the tonsils out. Removal of the tonsils is therefore advised against in the presence of tuberculosis of the lungs, severe diabetes, several kinds of blood diseases and when the tonsils themselves are acutely inflamed.

Most physicians also feel that they should not be removed at the time when polio is frequent in the immediate community. In there are some other reasons for not taking the tonsils out.

The reasons for taking out tonsils are not always so clear-cut. Frequent attacks of acute tonsillitis is one. Difficulty in swallowing, breathing, or talking caused by enlarged tonsils is another. Catarrh or other infection of the middle ear is usually reason enough to remove them also.

Also, if there is cause to believe that chronic infection of the tonsils is causing Bright's disease, arthritis, or other difficulties elsewhere in the body they are better out.

The adenoids are made up of tissue much like that of the tonsils. This tissue lies in the back part of the nose, the adenoids, like the tonsils, may harbor germs and cause chronic infection. In children, particularly, they may be large enough to interfere with breathing through the nose--most mouth breathers have enlarged adenoids.

Definitely diseased tonsils and adenoids should be removed surgically. They are sometimes treated with X-ray, by coagulation with an electric needle, or by radium (in the case of the adenoids), but the majority of leading specialists feel that these methods are usually not as satisfactory as surgical removal.

POET'S CORNER

TROUBLE IN THE WORKSHOP

By Orpha Collins

He made some very fine built-ins To extend half-way across the floor; He didn't do a good job in measuring And he couldn't get 'em out through the door.

BUT WE MUST SAY IT

By Orpha Collins

Be careful with the "gun that isn't loaded" Be sure you know what you're shootin' at Otherwise, you may cause lots of sorrow Or put a bullet through the other fellow's--hat.

THOSE HIGH-FLYERS

By Orpha Collins

Of all the bird-cries that are thrilling where in the body they are better out.

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ing There's one we hope never will cease (We've heard it already this autumn) The honkin' of a flock of wild geese.

TOURIST TROUBLE

By Orpha Collins

Oh, she could drive, or camp And that was swell, mayhap, But hubby could never depend on her To read a road map!

WASTED EFFORT

By Orpha Collins

In raising a fine big garden He proved a small "potato" There wasn't sufficient sunshine In the year of the "green tomato."

KINDRED SOULS

By Orpha Collins

We have read of straying husbands And lovers, quite a few And, according to the "Herald" Homing pigeons are straying, too.

Telling The Editor

GIFT

I wish to tell the Editor so that everybody may know, I saw in the Herald and News that I had received a letter of thanks from the Imperial Palace at Addis Ababa for a gift presented to His Majesty at the Southern Pacific depot. The gift was a lovely red rose and flower seeds of all our native flowers. This was presented as a gift from everybody in Klamath Falls and Klamath County. Very sincerely as ever, Gust P. Vourchis

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN MCLEOD

As this column has stated before, conservation, as a new field in human effort, had its birth among those who were concerned over the subject of dwindling wildlife and outdoor recreation. At first the early workers in this field thought that dwindling wildlife was the direct result from over-use, that game was out-shot -- out-fished. We followed our usual line to seek some simple panacea and we found it, so we thought, in game farms and fish hatcheries. After all, what is more simple than to artificially rear game and liberate it in the field for the sportsman's pleasure? It was not long before it was found that the simple system did not work as it was expected to -- why? -- we blamed predators and poachers for preventing the game and fish from reaching the legitimate bag of the sportsman. Stringent laws and able enforcement produced no material results, even the complete extermination of predators failed to stop the downward decline of game species. Then came the thought that perhaps there were more fundamental factors involved and we began to learn about habitat.

Out of concern for fish and wildlife and the discovery of the part that habitat plays in the life of a species developed concern for the habitat of man, himself. Today the concern of conservationists is no longer confined to wildlife alone -- to matters concerned with fish and game. It is now realized that Man's modification and impairment of environment affects the welfare of all living things; including himself. The truth is that life on this earth is always complex, intricate and closely interwoven in its association with plants and animals, one dependent upon the other. In the long view, land and life cannot be forced to fit the pattern of a man-made economy; that economy must be patterned to fit the biological laws of the land and life. Man never seems to learn that only sound biology can bring him permanently sound economics.

Man's disregard for this great truth, from the dawn of recorded history down to the present moment, impelled one conservationist to compound the term of "blunderbum," to apply to the leader who proposes exploitation without thought of the future. This is the same creature that led a profound student of human history, Henrik Van Loon, to sum up his studies in this short but tremendously significant statement: "The history of man is the story of a hungry animal in search of food."

The simple but sad truth is that, in man's continuous effort to enhance environment for himself, he so exploits the land that he ultimately impairs or destroys the environment for all life, including his own. To be sure, man must manipulate the land, but it is the exception and not the rule when he manipulates wisely and well. There is need for enlightenment and conservationists still have much to do.

We are the world's luckiest people, we have fallen heir to the best environment this world has given any nation. That environment is still adequate for our needs, but the margins of adequacy are diminishing with ever-increasing speed. Three - fourths of our cropland soil is being lost faster than it can be rebuilt. At our present pace we will join the "have-not" nations of this earth within the next quarter century. Here in America history again repeats itself; we follow a well-worn trail that leads to the graveyard of empires.

Let us take a brief walk through this graveyard, for we need to remind ourselves as we reveal in the feast, that famine is never far away. Let us view a few of the burial grounds of many great empires that, drunk with the transitory affluence which stems from the rape of the land, made the fatal mistake of believing that man can override Nature's Constitution -- the basic laws of life itself.

What are all those landmarks we see against the skyline dead ahead? They are the skeletons of a hundred dead cities and more, left stark and high on the bed-rock of a man-made desert in Syria, one of many mute and tragic testimonials to the devastating powers of erosion when aided by the handiwork of blunderbuns.

What are those crumbling ruins in the midst of that waste on the right? They are all that remains of a great amphitheater built to seat 60,000 residents of old El Jem, one of the many ancient cities that now lie buried beneath the shifting sands of North Africa, that one-time granary of the great Roman Empire. How the mighty have fallen; the one time rulers of the world are now civilization's poor relations.

What are those crumbling ruins in the midst of that desolation on the left? They are one of the seven wonders of the world -- the Hanging Gardens of fabulous Babylon, where air-conditioning was in use by man 2,600 years ago! The cradle of civilization is today but little more than a memory. These are the examples of Man's handiwork in disregarding the laws of Nature when by his very own cupidity for greatness he gradually destroyed the very environment that made him great.

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Langell Farm Bureau Meets

LANGELL VALLEY -- The Langell Valley Farm Bureau met at the community hall September 21, at 8:30 p.m. with Chairman Walter Smith Sr., in charge of the meeting. Art Monroe is the vice chairman and Mabel Hricisac secretary and treasurer for this year. Peter Hricisac is the voting delegate and Mrs. Sandre Romtved is the chairman of the Associated Women.

Smith appointed the following committee: chairman; legislative, Louis Randall; dairy, John Harris; grains and small seeds, Bill Novotny; potatoes, Bob Seater; livestock, Wes Dearborn; FFA and 4-H, Russell Walsh; water tax and reclamation, John Craven; game and wild life, Mike Dearborn; resolutions, Art Monroe; program, Rosa Meeker and publicity, Cora Leavitt.

Mrs. Sandre Romtved and her committee served refreshments at the close of the business meeting.

The next meeting will be at the community hall, October 19, beginning at 8 p.m.

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds



"The next time I go to that Quick Auto Wash in the Herald and News Want Ads - I'm getting out of the car!"



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Nursery Stock

from 1.95 up depending on size and variety of shrub. Make your selection now while trees are in leaf. A deposit will hold until proper planting time.

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DISCOVER GALLO!

taste fine
flavor
above all



You'll discover flavor above all

In Gallo wine... flavor perfected by Gallo master vintners with a heritage of generations of fine wine making. Gallo wines come from the pick of world-famous grapes which, for centuries, have proved best for each type of wine. Then the full quality of these superb grapes is captured by Gallo's natural mellowing. Discover for yourself that here is a wine that tastes so much better!

You'll discover America's great wine value!

A value recognized across the nation--for in state after state more people are buying Gallo than any other wine. And when you try Gallo, you'll know why, for its flavor is truly superb.

MADE BY MODesto, CALIFORNIA

GALLO BRINGS YOU
THE MAGIC OF FINE WINE



Doctors' prescriptions filled in short order

When time counts (as it so often does when health is concerned) you can count on our expert pharmacists to fill your prescriptions quickly and accurately.

BIG Y DRUG

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