

# The Herald and News

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## Understanding

By KEN McLEOD

As we read about the culture of the Indian and its differences from the culture of the white man one cannot but be impressed by the differences of life which are of civilized peoples term "morals." Acts which are morally logical in the world of thought of the Indian may be considered immoral in the white man's eye and often requiring legal prosecution to enforce the will of the white man—nothing is said about morals of white men that are considered immoral in the view of the red man's culture—the life of the white man is perfection.

Richard Harrington in his "Face of the Arctic" touches upon this subject since no true observer in primitive culture can escape it. He discussed the subject numerous times with his British friends in the Arctic, usually ending with the question that continually bothered him: "How can we hope to explain such things to the Eskimos?"

The answer invariably was—"We can't explain, but the Eskimos have jolly well got to learn our point of view on such things!"

The white man's point of view has been carried forward by trader, missionary and government. Of the missionary in the Far North, Harrington makes a cogent statement—"In the isolated settlements of the Arctic I make a point of church-going. It seems to me that is the least a traveler can do for the discouraged missionary who, more often than not, has to preach his sermon to his obedient family, if Protestant, or, in the case of a Catholic priest, a row of empty benches."

In Harrington's book we become acquainted with Cannon Webster of the St. Andrew's Anglican Mission at Coppermine.

"For me, this Sabbath day held two church services, for I wanted to get pictures of a baptismal ceremony. Cannon Webster was to baptize a child after the usual service for his Eskimo congregation that afternoon. Manning (the HBC factor) had told me that the happy father, Peter Kaminook, owned the best dogskin in Coppermine, recommended him to me, and I thought I might look him over before hiring."

"About a dozen Eskimos comprised the congregation, and they sat snugly and neatly on the benches drawn up in four rows in front of the bare altar of the Anglican church—a room in Webster's house. I noticed that the baptismal font had the date 1913 carved into it."

"As I followed the service in an English prayer book, I wondered what Webster could do with such phrases as 'remission of sins' and the 'cross of Christ.' I had found the Eskimos singularly devoid of any notion of sin. And how could you explain the cross to people who had never seen a full-grown tree in their lives and had no tradition of cruel punishments?"

"Leaving through the prayer-book I studied the text of the Ministration of Holy Baptism. I see what problems Webster would encounter there. The parents would have to renounce, in the name of their child, 'the vain pomp and glory of the world.' That would be a hard thing to put across! It all seemed pretty hopeless to me. Here was a people who used water—mashed ice, rather—exclusively for drinking purposes. How could the idea of being made 'regenerate and born anew of Water and the Holy Ghost' be grasped by them?"

"Apparently it had been, for a tremor of excitement ran through the little congregation as Peter Kaminook and his wife Cecile Nalvana advanced towards the font, she bearing in her arms their third child and first son, an infant a few days old. They were smiling broadly, proudly. Cannon Webster, in rather rumpled vestments carried out the ceremony with as much dignity as though a hundred well-dressed people had been present in an echoing cathedral."

"I was so busy," writes Harrington: "Getting my flash bulbs ready and posing the family afterwards, that I forgot to ask what was the child's name in Eskimo. Its name would not be that of its father or mother, that I knew. Cannon Webster had said solemnly: 'I name thee Arthur William and commend thee to God.'"

There was one big disappointment in the day, however. In earlier years I started the custom of kissing all the girls in the office on my birthday.

On my 45th birthday I got only one kiss. Only one girl showed up—a new girl. All the old girls stayed home from work. I guess there must have been a virus going around, or something.

At 40 a dark tunnel of terror descends on many men. They see the brightness of youth departing and before them only the black nightmare of age.

But by 45 a man can see light at the other end of the tunnel. He makes his compromise with time. He no longer is panic-stricken at the thought of being middle-aged. He no longer is wastefully envious of the young. He finds life holds a new freshness.

It is a good thing for a man at five-year intervals to discard the things he no longer needs or has outgrown. At the age of five I quit tiddlywinks, at 10 skipping rope, at 15 marbles. At 20 I made a great resolve and gave up women forever, but recanted—the next day.

At 25 I gave up high diving, at 30 baseball. At 35 I started giving up (reluctantly) my hair.

At 40 I dare near gave up hope, but now I do believe I have it back again. There are a lot of things at 45 I perhaps ought to give up, but I finally decided it would be a waste of time. Whoever really learned anything, learning is important while anything a ping-pong ball around? Gin Rummy is far more educating, and is played in a more civilized posture.

At 45 a man finds new consolations. He goes through a change in hair restorers but this is replaced by a belief that if he wears a hat at least he won't catch cold in winter.

The old friends he has remaining he holds doubly dear. The realization that every year there are people in the world who would actually lend him money makes him treasure those still left.

He finds that women have improved tremendously. At 19, he remembers all the girls he met the seemed vain and self. But now the ones he meets seem charming, witty and full of commonsense information on interesting topics such as how to cure arthritis and what to do about varicose veins.

The fact that the only girls he meets are grandmothers has nothing to do with it.

Best of all, at 45 a man finds his wife appreciates him more than in the days when he was a young romantic lover.

"You're a big oaf, I'll move that sofa," she murmurs tenderly. "You might strain your heart. I don't want to have to break in another husband in my lifetime."

She brings him his slippers and is not today, and the big oaf, sitting comfortably reading his newspaper, is lulled by the dim slow music of his hardening arteries, wonders idly why a man would ever want to be any age but 45.

conference. When not even a baby step was taken toward German unification, Dulles said the cold war was on.

Sen. Fulbright (D-Ark) asked Dulles Friday if he didn't think the Russians "seem to be making progress, especially in the Middle East?" Dulles said he didn't think so, that they had made very little progress in the last few years.

But on Jan. 11 Dulles, with Eisenhower's approval, issued a statement calling on America to "wake up" to "all the implications" of Russia's changed tactics.

**Suggestions**

By SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP)—Keepers of the suggestion box wish that cartoonists would get a new idea. The old standby shows the boss opening the box to find the suggestion: "Drop dead."

Directors of industrial suggestion systems say that older rarely turns up, but funnier ones do. They cite a recent instance when a company asked employees, "What would you do if you got control of this firm tomorrow?" and received this tip: "Sell it."

Suggestions, however, are a serious business for the companies and most employees.

The National Assn. of Suggestion Systems reports that within one year its 800 members received more than a half million suggestions from employees, used 260,000, and paid seven million dollars for the ideas.

The association makes no guess on how much money industry saves each year by tips from employees but says it must run into the millions.

Here are examples of the scope of a few individual suggestion systems:

Bernard F. Anderson, vice president in charge of manufacturing of Remington Rand division of Sperry Rand, says employees' ideas on how the business should be run increased both in quantity and quality in 1955. The company, which actively encourages suggestions, received 12,446, used 3,965 and paid \$37,867 for them. For the first time suggestions for eliminating red tape and needless paper work topped ideas for improving production methods.

Harry W. Anderson, vice president in charge of personnel at General Motors, says workers offered 228,437 suggestions and GM paid \$3,225,741 for the 54,635 it adopted. In the last 14 years the motor company has paid 17 million dollars for tips.

The Ford Motor Co. paid \$1,022,228 for 15,749 suggestions accepted from 77,815 submitted—all three figures being records, according to John S. Bugas, vice president-industrial relations.

What ideas win the big money from the boss? D. G. Morse, president of the National Assn. of Suggestion Systems, says that the prize winner in 1955 was Mrs. Emma Gabor of the jet division of Thompson Products, Cleveland, who made good use of her nail polish to earn \$6,592. She put the brilliant coating on the edge of the continuous belt used on the high speed polishing machine she operates, to stop its rattling. The company adopted the idea, substituting lacquer for nail polish.

**Vocal**

By JAMES MARLOW

Associated Press News Analyst

WASHINGTON (AP)—It may be much that when the Democrats get mad at what he says they forget he said it before and, between times, perhaps just the opposite.

That the Democrats are getting very vocal in an election year may be only coincidental. He has not only traveled more than any secretary of state in history but may hold the record for speeches and statements too.

He set the Democrats off over the weekend by his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee Friday when he said Russia's policy of "intolerance and violence" had failed because of free world "firmness" over the past few years.

He had made the same statements a number of times before without this reaction from the Democrats. He might have added, but didn't, that the policy of firmness had been laid down by the Democrats under President Truman.

Yet, Dulles' last December seemed to set the exact opposite when he declared the Russian's zigzag policy had ended and they were opening dangerous new cold war fronts in Asia and the Middle East.

Why were they doing it? In December Dulles said it might be they were more confident because they were stronger. Friday he said they were in a "very bad way" although he acknowledged they were making great progress in heavy industry and in war industries.

In December he suggested there was a rebirth of Stalinism in Russia. On Friday he said the new Russian leaders had to ditch Stalinism.

In December he said Russia's new tactics "do not mark a change of purpose," meaning world communism, "but meaning" he said the same thing Friday. Which threw the Democrats into a tizzy. He said the Russians are changing their tactics because they realize they must bring their system closer to ours rather than the other way around.

If this sounds rather optimistic, it is not unusual for Dulles, whose optimism sometimes has been badly upset by later events.

Not long after President Eisenhower's summit conference with the Russians in Geneva last July Dulles said "new spirit does, indeed, prevail" and he expressed belief the cold war might be ending and the Russians might let Germany be unified.

Then he went back to Geneva in the fall for the foreign ministers'

**Still Alive**

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—I used to worry that when I became 45 years old teen-agers would stop me in the street with the request: "Old man, say something wise."

I needn't have worried, when you're 45, they don't care what you say. They don't seek you out for your wisdom, perhaps because he figures anything you know is already out of date. On the other hand, he doesn't bother to laugh at you either. The truth is he doesn't know whether you're alive.

However, somewhat to my surprise, I felt very much alive the other morning when I awoke to find I had reached my 45th milestone.

Unlike on my 40th birthday, a time of true horror, I felt no urge to draw up a new will, or to cowering in bed, afraid that if I got up I might fall apart by nightfall.

As I shaved myself before the bathroom mirror on my 40th birthday, my hand shook to see the ravages time had wrought. But on my 45th birthday I performed this chore humming, cheered by the fact so much of the old ruin still remained.

Though much had been taken, much abided—particularly around the stomach. Through I might not be able to throw a football 50 yards, I sure threw an important-looking silhouette.

smoking in the presence of definite disorders of the blood vessels is dangerous and consequently the writer's husband should abstain certainly discontinue this habit. I do not know of any reason to believe that vinegar keeps the blood sugar down.

Q—Is it possible to see the voice box of a human being? We see something in our son's throat in the center about three quarters of an inch long which comes to a point—Mrs. M. S.

A—It is impossible to see the human voice box with the naked eye by looking into the throat—the voice box or larynx is too deep in the throat and can only be visualized by special instruments or mirrors. What you probably see is a structure known as the uvula which all us normally possess. A friend of mine read your article about Friedrich's staxia and wonder if this is the same disease as that called locomotor ataxia?—G. B.

A—No, it is not. Friedrich's staxia is an hereditary disease and locomotor ataxia (which is better known medically as tabes dorsalis), is a late effect of syphilis.

**TV Plans**

By CHARLES MERCER

NEW YORK (AP)—It all goes well, ABC should have a good weekly half-hour film program ready for the TV screen by next fall.

The idea is admittedly long range optimistic forecasting since the idea still is only a gleam in the eyes of an explorer and a top-ranking ABC executive. The explorer is that old Africa hand, Cmdr. Attilio Gatti. The idea is, of course, to make a series of "Hollywood has not done justice to Africa," says Gatti, veteran of a score of expeditions to all sections of the continent. "They fix up the animals. They always want to get a white girl in the act."

Gatti, who has been making carefully documented movies of Africa many years, hopes to bring some of the true magic and mystery of African life into American homes with a series of films flown back from location in many remote areas. He leaves next month for Kenya where he and his expedition of 10 technicians will put together a pilot film on the Mau Mau country, the desolate northern desert, and the teeming game preserves near Lake Victoria.

Then the Italian-born explorer, who now lives near Newport, Vt., will fly back to New York seeking ABC approval of the pilot film. Whether or not the pilot is approved, Gatti is flying back to what he calls "my natural home."

Africa. But to everyone fascinated by the continent it will be a big disappointment if the series fails to sell.

If ABC approves, the expedition will be only at the beginning of a long and arduous trek of thousands of miles. Gatti will move down past the Mountains of the Moon to Ruanda Urundi, then up through the Ituri Forest and into the Stanleyville region of the Belgian Congo. Next it will cross over into French Equatorial Africa and the Cameroons, and then swing toward South Africa. Films will be shipped back by air regularly.

**Unknown**

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Who is Sal Mineo?

Many citizens asked that after the Academy Award nominations, in which the name Sal Mineo appeared among the supporting actors. He was named for "Rebel Without a Cause," the second youngest actor ever to be so chosen. Brandon DeWilde was the youngest, for "Shane" in 1952.

For those who are still wondering, I can report that Sal is a 17-year-old boy from the Bronx and proud of it. The Sal is short for Salvatore. You're right—his of Italian ancestry. His pa is from the old country, is now head of a casket company. His mother was born in this country of an Italian family.

Sal is here for his sixth movie, playing Rocky Graziano's pal in "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

For the fourth time, he's playing a juvenile delinquent. But this time he gets to play an adult delinquent too since he ages to 26.

"I'm growing a beard for it," cracked Sal, with only a slight futz to show for three days' growth. "And I'm letting my voice drop—like this." His usual tenor descended to a baritone.

The lad admitted he was still reeling from being nominated for the supporting Oscar.

"I wasn't even invited to the affair," he related. "I was home having dinner while the telecast was on. I was going out on a date and I was hardly listening to the announcement."

"I glanced over and saw Edmund O'Brien reading off the names. Suddenly I heard him say 'Sal Mineo.' I leaped up and ran over to the set. I saw O'Brien looking around for me and I yelled, 'I'm here! I'm here!' But he couldn't hear me."

Sal said his great ambition is to win the Oscar, but he feels he'll lose out to Arthur Kennedy, who's up for "Trial."

**Quotes**

LONDON—Texas stripper Lee Sharon on not taking everything off, as British burlesque Queens do: "They show more, but I know more."

WASHINGTON—Internal Revenue Commissioner Russell C. Harrington in a warning to income dodgers and delinquents: "We want every cent the government is entitled to, but not one penny more."

**Announcing**

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

The writer of today's hot letter certainly has an annoying condition!

Q—What causes one's jaws to lock when yawning? Mine have done this several times and the pain is terrible. I put a cold rag on my left jaw and move my chin back and forth and after a while it closes.—A.V.

A—Evidently, the wide opening of the month is causing a dislocation. The wiggling of the chin seems to bring the bones of the joint into being. The only suggestion I can make is that when the writer feels a yawn coming on she set the muscles in her face so that her mouth will not open widely. This probably will prevent the dislocation.

Q—I am about 60 years old. Sometime ago, during a hot spell, I woke up one morning with a swollen underlip and the upperlip was half swollen. In about two hours it disappeared. Since that time the same thing has happened twice. What may have caused this?—Mrs. J. H.

A—In all probability this is a condition known as giant urticaria or angioneurotic edema. This is probably an allergy to food or something else with which the writer comes in contact. Not infrequently it is difficult to find out what is responsible and sometimes a person has one or two attacks of this sort and it never happens again. If it should be continuing, however, an effort should be made to try to determine the cause.

Q—Are all tumors cancerous? Or will they sometimes become so?—Mrs. F. R.

A—No indeed. Some tumors remain about the same size, never become cancerous and even do not cause enough trouble to require their removal. Any tumor, however, when it is first noticed is cause for investigation.

Q—My husband has had diabetes for 18 months. Is it true that smoking cigarettes poison the circulation in the leg? He had a lot of pain and burning in his feet. Also, is it true that eating food made with vinegar keeps the sugar down?—Mrs. E. E.

A—It sounds from this letter as though the writer's husband was having serious difficulty with the recognized complications of diabetes and he should certainly make sure that diabetes is as well controlled as possible. Almost all doctors are agreed that cigaret

**Chocktoot Death Learned**

Royce Chocktoot, 56, well known Klamath Reservation resident, was found dead early Sunday morning in a house near Beatty.

Deputy Sheriff George Foster said he was called to the scene by alarmed friends of Chocktoot who found the victim lying on the floor of a bedroom.

Deputy Coroner Bill Mills reported death resulted from natural causes. The body was taken to Ward's Klamath Funeral Home.

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## Jets Set New Speed Mark

LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE, Va. (AP)—Two Air Force jet fighter-bombers have completed a non-stop flight from California to Langley AFB in 3 hours 24 minutes—apparently record time.

The two F84s, averaging better than 475 m.p.h., left Norton AFB at San Bernardino, Calif., at 12:50 p.m. yesterday and landed at 4:24 p.m. after covering the 2,400 miles without refueling.

Air Force officials declined to confirm immediately that the speed of the planes was a new record for transcontinental flight, presumably pending a close check of takeoff and landing times.

The planes were piloted by Lt. Col. Robert R. Scott, 35, and 1st Lt. Richard Hill, 28, at altitudes between 31,500 and 41,500 feet.

## Lovers Meet

Geo. N. Taylor

Years ago in the hills out beyond Portland, Ore., a young girl lay dying of T.B. She never had been in touch with any church or Sunday School or in fact with any Christian people. Somehow a New Testament had come into her hands and she read constantly. Toward the end came great weakness but somehow she kept to her Testament. Then on a day came the moment when she raised up in bed and held out her arms with a cry—"Jesus I'm coming." At that she fell back dead.

So the girl with the T.B. laid hold on Christ. She had heard belief that the blood of Jesus Christ washes away our every last sin. Yes—God so loved this young girl that he gave his only-born Son that by her believing on Him as Lord and Saviour, this girl should not perish but have eternal life.

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