



HOW TO TREAT A NEW PUPPY

by Bob Bartos

Manager, Friskies Research Kennels

When your new puppy arrives at your home, he may be nervous and excited. Be friendly and gentle, let him gain confidence. If he's not housebroken, confine him to a limited area of the house and protect the floors with papers.

He'll need plenty of sleep. See that he has his own box, lined with carpeting, shredded newspaper or soft bedding, and

Dog of the Week: BOXER.



Working dog: average weight, 70 pounds; height at shoulder, 23 inches; coat, short, smooth, shiny; fawn or brindle in color, black muzzle.

Place it in a quiet, draftless corner. Don't let children over-ride him or handle him roughly. Don't feed him until he has calmed down after his arrival. Begin immediately to whistle him to his food so he will learn to come on call. Call him at every opportunity by the name you have chosen.

He may be lonesome or frightened for the first few nights. Place a hot water bottle wrapped in a towel in his bed. Some dog owners have found that a ticking clock placed near the puppy's bed will reassure him during those first long, quiet night hours.

Feeding Your Dog: Except for vitamin C, dogs and humans require the same quality protein and the same variety of vitamins and minerals. Dogs do not suffer from many of the same nutritional diseases including anemia and rickets which may be caused by a lack of vitamin D. Several dog foods which are all-purpose supply all the nutrition needed at about one-fifth the cost of human food with equal nutritional value.

UT FENCE ON LINE

Don't guess about your boundary line in putting up a fence. Have a survey made and put the fence exactly on the line. If a fence is set in from your property line and a correction is made for 15 or 30 years, the land outside of the fence may be forfeited and may cause title trouble in any future sale.

'Crooked Stick' Declared Expert At Finding Wells

By ALE ZEVELY JR.

As told to Ruth King

(Editor's Note: Alex Zevely of Lakeview, raised in the Klamath country, is the son of pioneer parents, Alex and Martha Zevely whose lives and those of their children were closely interwoven with this area in the days of the stockmen's wars, stage robberies, steamboats and cattle rustlers. In this and succeeding articles he reveals some personal experiences of those times.)

CROOKED STICK ANDERSON AND THE BLUEBUCKET MINE

"Crooked Stick Anderson was the only name I ever knew for him. He lived at the top of the gap and used to go around the country wicking wells. He used a forked willow and held the small ends of the branches in his hands with the butt up. He walked like a sleepwalker, here and there where someone wanted to find water to dig a well, until the butt of the willow turned down. Sometimes he walked with his eyes shut and sometimes he did a 'mumbo jumbo'."

Many a well, still in use in the Klamath country was located by Crooked Stick Anderson.

GOLD HUNTER

Finally he decided he could find gold too, in the same manner. He'd heard, he said of the Bluebucket Mine and he was sure he could find it with his crooked stick, once he was in the vicinity.

Father was in Bend when Crooked Stick Anderson decided the time was ripe to go "adventuring." I was along with father when Crooked Stick found us on a hot July day in 1905.

We hit the Burns-Lakeview road where the old immigrant trail crossed near Wagontire Mountain and took off through the sagebrush. Crooked Stick waved his willow and father drove. The nearer we got to the spot where he thought the mine was located the more vigorous the waving became.

HOT DAY

The wagon tires glinted in the sun, sweat rolled from the boys and I tried to see in my mind's eye a whole mine of pure gold.

A mirage danced across the

Total CCC Use in 1955 Reported

At the close of the calendar year 1955 the Commodity Credit Corporation had a total investment in price supported commodities of \$8,669,309,000 as compared with a total investment on December 31, 1954, of \$7,171,225,000, according to Klamath County Agent C. A. Henderson.

This is an increase of nearly \$1,500,000,000 in the calendar year of 1955.

This grand total is made up of loans to farmers from price-supported crops of \$2,584,120,230 and cost value of commodities owned by Commodity Credit Corporation of \$6,085,188,366 at the present time. Most of these commodities now owned by the government were acquired under the high basic support program.

horizon against the blue line of high hills when Crooked Stick shouted, "There she is. That's Lost Hollow where the lost immigrant train camped on September 14, 1845."

It was a desolate place, just a great barren hollow covered with stunted sage and the ragged mountain looming up behind. There was no water and no shelter, just rocks and sage. My mind harked back to those lonely travelers of 1845.

TIED TEAM

Crooked Stick hopped out over the wheel, agile as a rabbit. He waved his stick, uttered his weird lingo and took off as the stick went down a little west of north. "Seven and a half miles and we're got 'er," he said to father. We turned the tired team and drove in that direction.

The heat beat down and men and beasts were famished. Crooked Stick set the pace on foot ahead of the team.

The sun was going down behind the mountains when we hit rimrock and looked down a steep incline and sighted water. It was almost a straight drop down but we led the team and took some eats. Crooked Stick was there long before and we found him, hip deep in the middle of a quiet pool, his eyes closed, his lips moving. The stick took a nose dive and kept on turning down. "This is it," he said.

PANNED

We panned and dug until dark with not a glint of gold.

Next morning, I took the horses to water at a small spring a bit farther up the valley where a little pool no bigger than my hat bubbled from beneath the rocks. I filled a bucket and carried it to camp.

That night father came back from some rendezvous and showed Crooked Stick something he held in the palm of his hand. "It's

gold," the old man yelled and gold it was.

Crooked Stick disappeared when we rolled into our blankets. The coyotes yipped along the rimrock. My dad and I slept.

DEEP HOLE

Next morning when I went to my little spring for water to fill the old tin bucket, the tiny pool among the watercress had disappeared and in its stead was a hole deep enough to bury two horses.

Father grinned when I reported and gold hungry Crooked Stick. Father and I dug for three more days before we gave it up.

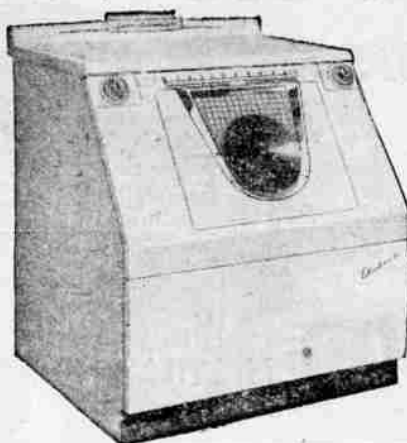
As we pulled away from the spot, the old water witcher looked wistfully back to the sight of our labors. "Alders ain't no good for spottin' gold nobow," he mumbled in his beard.

My father never said, but that piece of gold as it lay in his calloused hand looked mighty suspicious to me like a filling from a molar.

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