

The Herald and News

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Helpful Tales

By BILL JENKINS
It is always expedient to have a ready excuse on the tip of one's tongue when the tide turns against you. And nowhere that I know of is that tide as apt to turn as in the hunting business.
So it might be well to list a few of the more common excuses as to why you, the mighty hunter, came home from the stubble fields or the marshes minus birds.
If we are to have a thorough understanding of the situation we must background ourselves in certain principles that are immutable. Such as that you can't always count on game. It may be gone visiting over the weekend. We must also assure that the hunter is normal. In other words the type of chap who faces forth with the staunch declaration that he gets his real fun out of the trip, not the bag. That it doesn't matter to him whether he comes home with a limit, or even a bird or two, as long as he is afforded the chance of being in the great outdoors, of enjoying God's handiwork and feeling the kiss of the Autumn breeze on his office-softened cheek. We will further assume that this same chap, when he comes home skunked, will make all these trite statements and then retire to his basement or den where he will fling his gun in the corner with a curse, kick his dog, bite holes in his long underwear as he tears it off and swear never to go out hunting again—that it's nothing but a silly, fatheaded sport at best and one that he can leave alone.
So, having placed our man here are a few of the more often heard alibis for the empty game bag:
1. It was too clear. Bluebird weather. No birds flying.
2. It was too foggy. Could hear 'em but couldn't see 'em through the haze.
3. It was too still. No wind to move the birds around and so, naturally, there wasn't any shooting.
4. It was too windy. The birds stuck to the tules and wouldn't move around.
5. It was too warm. Birds sluggish.
6. It was too cold. Birds sluggish.
7. I just picked up this gun, see, and it turned out to be my pheasant gun. No good on ducks. Too open in the barrel.
8. Put on the wrong coat this morning and the shoulders bound so bad I couldn't swing.
9. I just started shooting this gun and I wasn't used to the feel of it. Too heavy. (Sometimes too light.)
10. A variation of the new gun theme, or I couldn't find the safety and almost pulled the trigger guard off the gun trying to get it shot off.
11. Birds flying too slow. Couldn't get my lead right. Always shot 'em on the wing before at goodly speeds and this business of slow motion flying got me.
12. The birds were flying too fast. Had the wind with 'em. Shot wouldn't even come up to 'em, much less kill 'em.
13. There weren't any birds.
14. Too many other hunters. Kept the birds high by taking impossible shots.
15. Too many hunters. They picked up all my birds before I could get to 'em.
16. All the birds were on the reserve. Wouldn't come off.
17. No dog. Can't shoot birds without a dog.
18. Shells got wet and wouldn't fire properly.
19. Too wet.
20. Too dry.
21. This one you almost never hear: I just couldn't hit the darn things.
Incidentally, our sympathies certainly lie with the unfortunate hunter who had his lunch stolen out of his truck while hunting.
That is about as mean a trick as you can imagine and as far from the sportsman's code as you can get.
Young as I am I can still remember back to the days when you went hunting and left your keys in the car and your gear lying on the seats without fear of having anything stolen.
But those days seem to be going fast. The modern day "sportsman" seems to feel that all's fair in love, war and hunting.

and the Arabians and Persians being Geographically nearer to Greece than in Rome, clung to the Greek scientific tradition centuries after it had faded out of the west.
Medieval Christendom did not use either its eyes or its common sense. Instead, it became absorbed in politics advancing theology and antagonistic to the field of science, so Europe took until the eighteenth century to get back to Strabo and Aristotle in the field of geologic thought developed before the Christian Era dawned. The antagonism we witness between Religion and Science during the long period that intellectual night settled upon Europe has been a disturbing thing to philosophers because it was not fundamentally a conflict in the human mind but a struggle that commenced when Christianity began to attain political power. Thus we have politics as the third ingredient which attempts to control man's destiny by men. Politics decreed that a divine revelation must necessarily be intolerant of contradiction; it must repudiate all improvement in itself, and view with disdain that arising from the progressive intellectual development of man — thus Medieval Time became truly the Dark Age when men actively sought to stifle intellectual development, nevertheless, our opinions on every subject are continually liable to modification, from the irresistible advance of human knowledge. Thus the history of science in essence is not a mere record of isolated discoveries; it becomes a narrative of the conflict of two contending powers, the expansive force of human intellect on one side, and the compression arising from traditional faith and human interests on the other.
Perhaps the arguments over the age of the world offers no better example between these contending factions. We have mentioned that in the stratified layers of rock as seen by the ancient world of Greece the conclusion obviously drawn was that these were the remains of ancient beaches, deltas and sea floors turned into stone. Now develops the conflict of time, if fossil sea shells in the mountainsides really do prove that the sea has at one time been where land now is, then something else follows that is still harder to believe.
It takes time for the sea waves to knock angular blocks off headlands, round them off into beach pebbles, and grind them up into sand. It takes time for the sea to creep in over the land, or for the land to rise up out of the sea. The great Tigris-Euphrates delta has grown only a hundred miles in the course of history. Omar the Wise in the tenth Christian century had to check back on ancient Persian and Indian maps of two thousand years before his time to prove that his side of Asia is larger than it was. Any one of us has only to watch a delta or mud-flat grow, to see how minute is the annual increment, and how vast therefore must be the time to build a half-mile thick deposit of silt, layer upon layer heaped up on a mountain's flank. The earth is altering very slowly as human lifetimes go; it becomes obvious that unless the world has altered in the past some millions of times faster than it is changing now, then the earth must be enormously old.
The Greeks took that inevitable conclusion. The Romans followed the Greeks, as in most matters not too obviously practical. The Arabians in the great days of Islam followed both — albeit, with some misgivings, but luckily there is little science of any sort in the Koran.
Geologic time, therefore, for much of the ancient world, took on almost modern dimensions. There was, in particular, the doctrine of Great Years, the period of the long-drawn cosmic cycle through which the universe passes, only to return again to a good deal the same state as at the beginning.

It wasn't that way in 1952. Remember? Everybody was in politics, and politics was in everybody. Husbands were so riled up they were even talking back to their wives.
Democrats were walking into bars offering to "lick any Republican in the place" — and any Republican within earshot was ready to call them.
It was a time when everyone was sure the country needed to be saved, and the only way to save it was to vote the way he did.
The rival candidates weren't simply men: Dwight Eisenhower was another Richard the Lion-hearted, leading a new crusade; Adlai Stevenson was a new Woodrow Wilson, reborn, more glamorous.
None of the politicians surrounding them were simply human either. All wore halos or had cloven hooves, depending on the voter's view.
And issues? In 1952 everything was an issue — even animal life. Remember Harry Truman's "red herring"? And Dick Nixon's dog, "Checkers"?
Today all this is changed. There are still patches of strong political feeling across the country, but on the whole, no stern anger stirs the average voter. Nor any panic fear. Few voters seem to be approaching the polls in the spirit of Paul Revere, alert to save the land.
The pros profess to find this decay of partisanship astonishing, particularly since both Eisenhower and Stevenson have taken off the gloves and indulged in more bare-fisted knuckle-bustin' than they did in 1952. But from the standpoint of any mass reaction, they might almost be fighting in a vacuum.
In an effort to find the reason behind the public's apathy, reporters are going to "the grass roots." But the grass roots aren't saying much. They're yawning, too.
The truth seems to be that the average voter doesn't really have his dander up against anybody. He is weary of international crises and mostly interested in his own problems. He wants more peace and a bigger hunk of prosperity, but whether he plans to vote for Ike or Adlai he doesn't feel the other candidate is plotting to make him poor or take him into war. So nobody's really belly-ripping mad at anybody.
It is highly unlikely that any election loser will have to push a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose this Nov. 7. Who feels strongly enough on the campaign to risk such a bet? Even the career martini drinkers, who usually will quarrel at the drop of an olive, are feuding more over the musical merits of Elvis Presley than they are over politics.
About the only things now that would wake up the electorate would be for President Eisenhower to denounce both golf and motherhood — or for Adlai Stevenson to elope with Princess Margaret Rose of Britain.

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Fire Rages Near Arsenal

PHILADELPHIA (UP)—A seven alarm fire in industrialized northeast Philadelphia destroyed one building and damaged several others early today a short distance from the huge Frankford Arsenal.
Scores of firemen from 61 companies and special units fought more than 90 minutes in a driving wind and rainstorm to bring the blaze under control.
The flames wrecked a one-story brick and wood building of the Fogel Refrigerator Co., which occupies the entire block. Another building was badly damaged and several others sustained lesser damage.
The company is adjacent to the main north-south tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad and just a few blocks west of the arsenal.
The fire started in the carpentry shop and touched off the sprinkler system. But it spread throughout the rest of the building and whipped by strong winds, leaped to others.
Fire Chief George Hink said a shift in the wind helped check the flames. Hink said they endangered another building on the Fogel property which contained the paint shop. He said it held large amounts of inflammable solvents and lacquers.
Firemen had to stretch hoses as far away as the arsenal because of a lack of sufficient hydrants in the immediate area.

Royalty Visits Local Club Meet

TULELAKE—Queen Lena Bryant of Coquille, Oregon and her officers, Princess Royal, Minnie Sullock; Princess Tirzah, Lucille Rice; Princess Marshal, Connie Davis; Princess Nydia, Hollis Boyd, Princess Recorder, Eva Cook and the queen's attendant Katherine Stoneypher, were present October 11 for the luncheon meeting of Zuleima Nile Club at the Sportsman's Hotel.
Mrs. W. S. Edwards, club president, presided and introduced the court who gave brief talks.
Luncheon tables were centered with the Nile emblem and arrangements of yellow roses. Large baker potatoes wrapped in yellow and green cellophane were used as place favors.
Guests from the Klamath Falls club were Florence West, Alfrida Beeber, Marcella Raymond, Veeva Anderson and Katherine Stoneypher.

Grateful

Klamath Falls, (To the Editor)—This is being written to thank the various individuals and firms for all they have done to help get started a new park and playground. This is a volunteer project that the Northside Garden Club took on this year.
We wish to thank Ed Geary, the Graham Brothers, Taxi Thomas, the Standard Feed, and all individuals who aren't mentioned.
Mrs. Bernard Valk, park chairman, Northside Garden Club

Thief

Klamath Falls, (To the Editor)—The so-called sportsman who stole the entire lunch, thermos bottles, dishes, bowls and silverware from the green Chevrolet pickup Saturday a.m. on the State Line Road ought to be tarred and feathered by the true sportsmen.
To steal every bit of a man's food is about as low as a person can get, the next step is to hang themselves.
Four hunters went hungry all day because of this cheap, petty larceny. The value of the lunch or other articles isn't important; it's the principal of the sneaky way the larceny took place. If these lowdown thieves were hungry we would gladly have shared with them, but to steal everything is hard to believe of anyone who has ever been afield themselves. We hope that someday they will be caught doing this again and punished on the spot.
Daniel J. Duff
Rt. 3, Box 266

The Heckler

Klamath Falls, (To the Editor)—"Big Newk's" hassle with the parking lot attendant shows up a jungle trait in human nature and a perversion of law that protects the culprit and impounds the victim. Neither law nor custom imposes sensible limitations on taunts, insults and other forms of badgering at public games, but resistance from a writhing victim is instantly reprovoked.
The fact that fans pay for release from inhibitions in the mass frenzy of public sports is some excuse for the heckler but when he so far exceeds the bounds of common decency as to lie in wait and hurl a personal insult, the law and custom ought to find some way to give him the lumps instead of his hapless victim.
Maybe big sports ought to have a heckler's code and a pillory or some device to hold one that has gone too far and permit the victim to return taunt for taunt or a bellicose spit a la Ted Williams or even a swift kick in the fundament.
The heckler's favorite epithet is "chicken." This figure, except that he is the chicken, hiding safely behind custom and law to peck at a spot of blood on another's head. It is commonly presumed that a man is nobler than a chicken, but the heckler raises a doubt. Even if his gibes and insults were true, the hapless victim could no more throw off a jinx or streak of bad luck than he could a white corpuscle.
Retaliation by a public figure is hardly a fit object lesson for Junior but the exhibition a heckler stages is an even worse one. While it is not proposed to completely condone retaliation, it is suggested that the law and public indignation be directed at the real villain of such incidents — the heckler.
Gomer Caseman

A FEW POINTS

about the claim that
"nobody in this generation has done more to develop wildlife resources than Doug McKay"

A RECENT McKay AD ERECTED A BLIND OF MISSTATEMENTS TO COVER UP McKay'S DISSERVICE TO SPORTSMEN AND ALL LOVERS OF NATURE WHEN HE OPENED UP FEDERAL FISH AND WILDLIFE SANCTUARIES TO EXTENSIVE OIL LEASING.

READ HOW A UNANIMOUS REPORT OF THE FISHERIES COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS (12 Republicans, 17 Democrats) REFUTES THESE McKay CLAIMS

THE McKay MISSTATEMENTS

BIPARTISAN REPORT OF FACTS

"So on August 31, 1953, he (McKay) issued an order suspending leasing by the Bureau of Land Management—the order to remain in effect until new adequate regulations could be drawn. It wasn't until two years... that selected areas were reopened for leasing under new regulations."

"Notwithstanding the fact that a stop order was issued... directing the suspension of action on all oil and gas leases then pending, 60 leases were granted between the issuance of the suspension order and the issuance of new regulations..." (Unanimous Report, pp. 10, 11)

"Superficially, these regulations appear to give a veto power to the Fish and Wildlife Service. However, under applicable laws, oil and gas leasing in wildlife lands is a matter solely within the discretion of the Secretary of Interior." (Unanimous Report, p. 11)

"Such increased activity in the issuance of leases by the Secretary of Interior... can only result in serious damage to the wildlife refuge systems in this country." (Unanimous report, p. 11)

The document quoted above is Report No. 1941, House of Representatives, 84th Congress, 2d Session, March, 1956.

SPORTS AFIELD

The Authority for Fishing and Hunting

Michael Hudoba
Washington Editor
Dear Senator Morse: August 29, 1956

With the adjournment of the 84th Congress, I am compelled by appreciation for your excellent services for conservation to express my thanks in behalf of sportsmen-conservationists. With kindest personal regards.

Mike Hudoba
Mike Hudoba

WITH THAT WE CAN AGREE... that's why we're supporting
U.S. Senator WAYNE MORSE
SAVE OUR RESOURCES COMMITTEE, Box 861, Portland. Lyle Watts, Secretary

Conflict

By KEN McLEOD
This column has sketched the beginnings of geologic science in the ancient world of Greek thought and which was founded upon the growing intelligence of man. This knowledge was carried into the east by Greek conquest and mixed with the growing intelligence of the world in the famous city of Alexandria where it was picked up and preserved by the Arabic nations. The east on the other hand contributed theology and when these two great intellectual activities of man met there were developed conflicting points of view, however, in the centuries that marked the beginning of Christendom there were not the open antagonisms expressed that we were later to see. With the fall of Alexandria as the center of learning of the Ancient world, Arabic became the learned language and what little of science Christendom knew, filtered out of Bagdad and Cordova, transmitted in no small part by Jews. All our modern science is in its beginning Greek.

Comments

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (UP)—Curstone comments of a pavement Plato in 1952 the ordinary voter didn't hesitate to break up a beautiful lifelong friendship over a difference in political opinion.
He was that steamed up.
But do you know of anybody who has broken any lifelong friendship as a result of the 1956 campaign? I don't.
Nineteen slays from now the nation picks its next president. But the general public seems hardly more stirred by this fact than by the news that there are only 57 shopping days left before Christmas.
What has happened?
In previous presidential election years politics has always ranked as America's top participant sport, a participant sport being one in which you take part yourself — such as playing gin rummy or making love.
The great spectator sports — those which you just sit and watch — were baseball, football and basketball. But this year politics seems to outrank them as a spectator sport. No one is playing it egamely but professional politicians. The voters are on the sidelines sitting on their hands.

Farmer Joe Smith

I voted for Ike and what did I get—
Some Benson promises and deeper in debt.
My income went down, my taxes went up.
My glassy-eyed banker says "Bub pay up."
Under the Democrats, I never had it so good.
Some 300 horses under the hood, I raised some spuds, and it sure was funny.
They measured them up and sent me the money.
The frost nipped my barley, it went for feed.
No brew, no money, how great the need.
My spuds are selling, one cent per pound.
Just as well leave them deep in the ground.
I dig and toil and sweat under the collar.
For Ike had promised the gold, hard dollar.
Hard dollar to get, and so it is.
When it comes to promises, he knows his biz.
Benson, always cheerful, says "Keep on sowing."
But I can't tell now whether I'm coming or going.
Worried, can't sleep, and feeling ill.
I'll phone my doc for another high priced pill.
Guess I'll quit farming and move to the city.
Where there is easy money and the gals are pretty.
I'll join the union and help build a dam
And let Ike keep his flexible plan.
C. J. Hess
Hager

Silly

Klamath Falls, (To the Editor)—Within the last week National Democratic Chairman, Paul Butler, issued a statement to the effect that Physicians had mailed to Pharmacists letters urging them to contribute to the Republican Party. This act constituted a sin in Mr. Butler's opinion because he felt that the druggists were dependent upon the Medical Association for their livelihood, and