

The Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

FLOYD WYNNE
City Editor

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Same Thing

By BILL JENKINS

I guess we'll just have to face up to it and admit that a hunter is a hunter no matter whether he wears a red coat and seeks the deer or a marsh-grass shooting jacket and goes out in pursuit of the wily waterfowl.

They are all crazy.

I was reflecting on this last weekend as I lay in a ditch, covered with straw above and water below while a cold rain beat its way relentlessly down the back of my neck.

After practically killing myself (I actually gained seven pounds, probably due to the cooking of Flossie Tromblee and Freda Young which I have mentioned before) slumbering around through the jack-pine looking for bones on the head of a deer I had the whimsy left in my makeup to desert my comfortable little shack in the pines and voluntarily stay in a goose camp.

The life of Riley, if Riley was a goose hunter. If not, then the life of Jeeter Lester of Tobacco Road fame.

For the benefit of any who are not goose hunters, the poor souls, let me mention briefly just a couple of the beauties of the game.

In the first place you are not bothered with bed sores because you aren't in long enough to mention. You sit up the night before the season opens to see if they are flying. If they are it can be either good or bad. Good because it means they are in the country and had because they are probably feeding at night and will spend all day hunkered down in the middle of the lake or the reserve.

After you do get to bed and finally drop off to sleep cradled by the woolly caress of the sleeping robe you have only a momentary glimpse of Morpheus before some loud mouthed lout is up slamming stove lids, lighting lanterns (our camp is modern with electricity, limited to one 25 watt bulb and a refrigerator) and otherwise announcing that you only have two hours until shooting time.

You struggle out of the sack, drag on cold, stiff clothes, always putting on twice as much or half as much as you need, depending on whether you look out the window before or after dressing, grope your way to the coffee pot and start the weary process of prying your eyes open.

Having accomplished this you bundle up even more in a hunting coat, load yourself down with enough shells to stage a revolution, grab your trusty old fowling piece and head for the blinds.

Early in the season, if you are a hardened old hunter, you will disdain blinds, preferring to lie in a ditch or crouch under a weed until you determine where the flight is going to cross your chosen bit of goose heaven.

Once at the site you hunker down in the ditch and start counting centuries while your legs slowly turn to stone, starting at the ankle and moving steadily toward your belt.

Shots ring out from all around you but nothing flies over. Nothing except seagulls. Don't curse them, however, as they are lifesavers. If it weren't for the involuntary jerks into shooting position occasioned by these leisurely flights over you, you would quickly succumb to ennui and your pals would find you either frozen stiff and already in a state of complete rigor mortis or babbling of pressed duck and orange dressing as you chewed the reed pad of the gun.

Blackbirds are also handy at this business of giving you a start every few minutes and then letting you down.

But there is more to it than this. There are the varied sights and sounds of nature about you to make you thank your stars for the sheer ecstatic beauties of the outdoors. There are the odors of the outdoors, wet wool, boot grease, sweat and last year's moth balls. There are the filmy wisps of spider web on the weeds, each tiny strand holding aloft its droplet of water. Holding it until your collar touches it, that is, after which you are holding it at the point where your belt hits. There is the sun, eventually coming up in what you had already predicted to be due North, and promptly diving into a cloud.

There are the myriad sounds of field mice slowly but surely eating your blind around you, the eerie call of an unseen hunter profanely imploring his dog to return—or else—and the sing of far off tires as more fortunate people go about their way in heated automobiles on hard-topped roads.

And in the end there is the supreme moment when that bird goes over, when you snap up the musket, aim for space and suddenly see him told like a broken balloon and drop solidly to earth, a clean kill and meat in the pot.

That moment makes up for all the rest of it. Suddenly your discomforts of a moment ago become golden memories to be treasured over the years.

Yep, all hunters are crazy.

But I guess there isn't anything to do about it.

At least I hope not.

Adopted Child

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (UP)—I know a child who's a wildness to me, and fun to explore day by day.

Her name is Tracy—Margaret.

Tracy Ann Kathleen, as she likes to brag when she is sure her father is listening—and she is four years old and grabbing for eternity.

Out of all the children in the whole wide world my wife, Frances, and I picked her out at the squirming age of four weeks to share the common adventure of our life, which we enjoy, and Tracy, who is rugged, seems to also.

She is as sure of herself as a tractor on a half-acre farm, and does a fair job of plowing the household rules. But she is a mystery unto herself, and her next step to me is always a pleasant word puzzle.

I don't know whether you have ever adopted a child or not. If you have, you must be familiar with one of the first instructions:

"Do not hide from the child the fact it is adopted. Tell it from the start it is a chosen child, and make it feel very, very selected."

Well, never a man to go against social science, I started trying to indoctrinate my daughter early. When she was six months old, as I swung her in my arms and crooned:

"Baby, you're the best. We saw the crop in a good year, and you're the top of the harvest. You were never a grape. You were born champagne."

If you will try to sing the foregoing sentences to the tune of "Rock-A-Bye-Baby," you will find one test of one kind of parenthood. Month after month, year after year, endeavoring as best we could to save her from any early searing emotional scars (but also trying to abide by the book), we have told her she is the absolute greatest... which she is... that's positively absolute... and that's for sure... and the real sine qua non, which is a foreign way of saying if she isn't local the world's dull.

She takes this praise as Cinderella might, lifting the right foot to the perfect shoe. As a matter of fact she lives that fairy tale, and sometimes when I demand that she bring me my slippers, she'll remark:

"I'm just like Cinderella. I have to do everything around here."

She is now fair, tall for her age and has long brown tresses, and I hold her face-to-my cheek to the mirror and ask, "See, don't you look alike?"

"Yes," she replies, glancing at my scalp (I didn't actually survive the Custer Massacre, but I look like I did) and adds:

"But I've got more hair!"

For some reason strangers—even close friends of the family—think this is funny. I laugh as hard as a man in my position can.

I try to tell Tracy that, happy as we are, when she grows up she will go on to other duties and pleasures and she insists:

"No, when you and Mommy are old, I will take care of you. I will see that you get plenty of good food—and you must eat it every bit."

I try subtly and as hard as I can to pave the way to let this child know she is adopted, but after all I cannot go beyond the truth, which is:

"Tracy, out of all the millions and millions of babies in the whole world, Daddy and Mommy picked you."

She is a stubborn, willful, self-confident child.

"I picked you," she replies. Sometime, though, she will ask a question. But not now. Not now.

Rocket Diplomacy

By DAVID W. CHUTE
United Press

The world appears to be heading into a long, hard winter in the cold war.

Russia has pulled out all the stops to take full propaganda advantage of being the first to launch an artificial satellite. But that's only the conditioning stage.

Sputnik diplomacy is taking shape. Of itself, the tiny man-made moon whirling around the Earth is not very important. But what it represents is important.

For it represents the success of

Russian science in conquering almost fantastically complex technical problems in rocketry.

If the Soviets can launch a satellite to circle 500 miles above the Earth, at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour, they can also launch ballistic missiles with warheads attached. If they can build in the accuracy necessary to get that moon on a precise course at a precise speed—as they have—they can also build military missiles with similar accuracy. That moon was only a passenger. It was the rockets that did the work.

It's not for good will that the Soviets are providing the world with timetables forecasting when the moon will be over a given spot at a given time. The implication is not lost on those beneath.

In the more than a week that Sputnik has been circling the globe from pole to pole, there is hardly a spot on this earth it has not passed over.

The Russians are not letting anybody forget. This could be a ballistic missile instead of a moon. The Russians know where it is at every moment. And a ballistic missile could be equipped with instruments to bring it down anywhere.

This, then, is the real weapon in the Soviet diplomatic program. It is the spearhead behind which Russia is shaping its foreign policy in the months to come.

This is why the Russians, who have never been transparent in foreign affairs, may become even more intransparent. They may talk tougher. The great danger is that they may become reckless.

This seems to be the bleak, but almost inevitable outlook until the United States duplicates the Soviet accomplishment and launches its own satellite successfully.

The pressure on this country is enormous. The American project cannot try and fail. It must succeed in its initial phase. Failure would only announce to the world that the Soviets are far ahead of the United States in rocketry. Failure would inevitably send the small nations of the world pell mell into the Russian camp for safety.

The nations allied to the West and the neutral nations who want to stay neutral can hold the line so long as there is the prospect that the Russian victory in being first to launch a satellite is only a transient one.

It would be fatal if the American satellite program were speeded up to the point where the speed-up would risk the success of the first try.

Nixon Concerned

By ED CREEGH
Associated Press News Analyst

WASHINGTON (UP)—In some ways Vice President Nixon seems more concerned over Sputnik than his boss does.

Portions of a speech Nixon made in San Francisco last night could even be construed as second-guessing President Eisenhower, not that Nixon would ever do such a thing on purpose.

What Nixon did do is warn against complacency—against brushing off the Soviet satellite as a mere scientific stunt.

Complacency is just what Eisenhower has been accused of by many critics. He didn't, as former Secretary of Defense Wilson did, call Sputnik "a nice scientific trick." He said it proves the Russians have a mighty powerful rocket.

But he also said last week that (A) while he wishes we knew more about the missiles he is "not dissatisfied" with U.S. progress to date, and (B) he has given the scientists all the money they asked for and doesn't know what more he can do.

Nixon's words have a different ring: "If the free world is to survive we cannot rest on our past achievements or our present position of military superiority. . . . We must constantly push forward on all fronts."

There is a seeming difference, too, in the two men's evaluation of Sputnik as a propaganda weapon.

Eisenhower said last week he had been advised long ago that the

Soviets would gain a political or psychological advantage if the satellite was first into space. He did not indicate great concern. He said he saw no reason why this consideration should cause the United States to get into a satellite race which might disrupt orderly research.

Nixon says the Russians will use their "scientific triumph" as propaganda ammunition in their effort to communicate underdeveloped areas. And if they succeed in taking over Asia and Africa, he says, the free world will have lost its fight against communism without firing a shot.

The vice president agrees with both Eisenhower and Wilson that the satellite itself does not put the Russians ahead of this country in military strength.

But Nixon goes on to add something the President didn't: "We have had a grim and timely reminder of a truth we must never overlook—that the Soviet Union has developed a scientific and industrial capacity of great magnitude."

There is no attempt here to suggest there is a split between the President and his lieutenant.

For one thing they were addressing different audiences. Eisenhower spoke to a news conference, apparently trying to bring a worldwide blaze of alarm and confusion under control. Nixon was telling a business group why defense spending might rule out a tax cut.

Also, the differences may be more in the way the two men express themselves than in what they are trying to say.

But on the face of it Nixon does show a greater degree of concern and urgency in going forward "on all fronts."

Answers

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.
Written for NEA Service

Boils can be troublesome indeed as today's first inquirer testifies.

Q—Are boils contagious? My children had them and now I have them, too. What causes them and is it better to let them come to a head and break by themselves or should they be opened?—A. M.

A—Boils are caused by infection with germs in and just under the skin. The principal kind of germ involved is the staphylococcus.

Boils are more common in the presence of certain weakening diseases such as diabetes, and among those whose skin is rubbed and scraped by such activities as wrestling. They are not highly contagious, but it is sometimes possible to spread the germ from one person to another and from one part of the body to another.

In addition to seeking the cause and correcting it, if possible, there are some problems of treatment. Some boils react favorably to external applications and some break and drain of themselves. However, it is probably still necessary in some instances to open them. One does not wish to introduce some new infection into the system so that when this is necessary it should be done with the usual surgical antiseptic precautions by the physician.

Q—We are an aging couple and even now under constant fear and shock from going through two major earthquakes. This has left us extremely nervous and I wonder how this can be overcome?—J. T.

A—It would seem to me quite likely that this is the kind of situation which could be considerably relieved by appropriate sedatives or tranquilizers. I suggest that you consult your physician about the possibilities.

Q—I am 48 years old and the mother of three children. I still have my periods for a short time and wonder if it is possible that I could become pregnant at my age as long as I continue to menstruate?—Mrs. A.

A—Pregnancy is probably possible. Pregnancy is unusual after menstruation has ceased entirely for more than a year and the patient is over 30 years of age.

Q—About two years ago a doctor told me I had a rather rare disease called porphyria. Can you say anything about this?—A. M.

A—This is considered as a constitutional or inborn disorder, probably involving an obscure abnormality in the behavior of a certain chemical substance in the body. In the most important type there is sensitivity of the skin to sunlight, so that earliest symptoms is often the appearance of small blisters on the hands or face after exposure to the sun. Other symptoms may occur and the diagnosis is made by examination of the urine. As a rule the outlook for life is relatively good. When there is sensitivity to the sun the treatment is principally the prevention of exposure to sunlight.

Quotes

By UNITED PRESS

McMURDO SOUND, Antarctica — Carl Boyles of Kennersville, N. C., a construction driver explaining why he volunteered for 18 months duty in Antarctica: "It's a challenge; it's something new."

SAN FRANCISCO — Vice President Nixon, while saying that Sputnik hasn't increased Russia's military strength:

"The absolute necessity of maintaining our superiority in military strength must always take priority over the understandable desire to reduce our taxes."

They'll Do It Every Time



LAWYER TORTS THOUGHT HE HAD AN AIRTIGHT CASE AFTER HEARING THE GORY DETAILS FROM CLIENT FUNGUS...

By Jimmy Hatlo



THANKS AND WATIO NATION TO KENNETH A. GEE, COLUMBUS 18, OHIO

P.T.A.

FREMONT SCHOOL
By Mrs. Tom Gospodnetich

The Fremont PTA held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, October 10, in the school auditorium. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Clyde Dixon, president.

Mrs. Robert Clark's Camp Fire Girls led the flag salute.

Mrs. Stanley Woodruff's fifth grade sang a patriotic song and led the audience in a group song. The Rev. Dale Hewitt, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was guest speaker. He gave an interesting talk on the good and bad of "Television Versus Children."

Mrs. Mickey Zigler, chairman of the hospital committee, introduced her committee and had a novel plan to carry out their line of duties. Mrs. James Kaler gave a report on the PTA membership drive.

Mrs. Dixon made several announcements, one concerned the Mothers' Choral Group recently formed at Mills School, and the coming study group to be held in Mills School on Tuesday, October 22.

Mrs. Dixon was presented with a presiding president's pin which will be passed on to the next year's president.

Mrs. Martha McLaughlin's first grade won the room count in the lower grades and Mrs. Buena Stone's eighth grade in the upper grades.

Refreshments were served by the mothers of Rooms 17 and 18.

Judge Issues Jail Sentence

A Mt. Hebron man is currently serving 100 days in the county jail on charges of being drunk in and around an automobile and of operating a vehicle without the owner's permission.

Being held in the Siskiyou County Jail is William Alexander, 36. Also held in the county jail on charges of being intoxicated in and around an automobile is Ed Carroll, 52, a native of Louisiana and an employe in McCloud.

Alexander and Carroll were apprehended Friday by the California Highway Patrol near Grays Lake on U.S. Highway 97, and were arraigned Monday in the Dorris Justice Court.

The vehicle involved is the property of Mrs. Lorraine Roberts, and was reportedly taken from the Bill Kandra ranch near Mt. Hebron.

Carroll was fined \$500 or 100 days in jail. Alexander pleaded not guilty to the charge and is slated for court hearing in Dorris on November 5 before Judge Les Chase.

KLAMATH TEMPLE TONIGHT

7:30 P.M.

FIRST Billy Graham FILM in WIDE SCREEN

Scotland's heroic struggle for freedom of worship

Featuring the BILLY GRAHAM TEAM heading on ALL SCOTTISH CAST

WIDE PANDAMIC SCREEN

Scotland's heroic struggle for freedom of worship

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Art Workshop To Be Held

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NORGE TRI-LEVEL \$299.95

This close out special has a separate freezing compartment and is the buy of the year.

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Norge Refrigerator \$259.95

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8.7 CU. FT. APT. SIZE Reg. \$209.95

Norge Refrigerator \$169.95

Ideal for an apartment or small family this space saver is a top value for such a low, low price.

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