

The Herald and News

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Homeward

By BILL JENKINS

Wound up our visit to the eastern Utah region with a visit to the Uranium Reduction Company's plant at Moab, where the raw ore is ground up, sluiced around in a lot of complicated looking machinery, strained, shot full of chemicals, leached, filtered, dried and packed in 55-gallon barrels in the form of yellowcake, which is a substance looking like dried sulphur in cake form and is about 60 percent uranium. I'll try to get around to a fuller explanation in the news columns in a few days.

The last day of our stay in Utah was the rainy type and we followed rain-wet highways all the way West.

Rain, however, didn't deter the deer hunter who turned out in force on Oct. 19 for the opening. The highways were full of them, the hills were full and the parked cars along the main road looked like a Stanford-Cal big game.

Saw only a few racks but then we left pretty early and were out of the hunting area by mid-morning. They tell me that the hunting in the southern and wider open portions of the state is better and not so crowded.

Drove the back trail as far as Spanish Fork. Going through the town of Price I noticed a rather unusual golf course. The Carbon County Golf Club which lies west of Price in the bend of a canyon. From the highway you see both ends of the course, the middle being hidden behind a hill. The course itself lies in a wide curve, bounded by the Price River on one side of the curve and with a big rim looming up beyond that. The other side has the highway and this hill as boundaries. An ideal course for the man with a hook or a slice, depending on which way he's playing.

Sped on across the westward route and spent the night in the little town of Elly. I fail to see much justification for the town although perhaps the home-folks like it. Several gambling joints downtown, a rather flimsy looking housing development for the benefit of workers in the Kennecott mill and a handful of motels. Too much rain to see much of the country although it appears to be much like the rest of eastern Nevada. Up and away early.

Rain turned to snow at the edge of the hills and by the time we hit Austin Pass at the 7,000 foot level there was six inches of wet, slushy white stuff on the road and no snow. Got good and wet crawling around putting on chains, which we took off two miles further on at the village of Austin.

Late enough in the morning by now that the plows had been out and we made it over Carson Pass and the rest of the way on with no difficulty.

Rained hard on coming into Reno and a slow road due to about four miles of highway construction just east of Sparks. A phone call to Florence Edwards, proprietress of the Silver Dollar Hotel in Virginia City assured us a room there and so we made the additional 21 miles in rain and snow over the 4,799 foot Geiger Grade.

Asked for the Balcony Room, the only accommodation with private bath in the hotel but it was full. Florence assured us, however, that we "could have the whole top floor to ourselves" so we took it on, bunked down in the Lola Montez Room with a convenient bath just a step across the hall. Real privacy. Three flights up.

Spent the evening in Virginia City where we had the pleasure of hearing the Delta's Eddie Colletti admit that the snow was not unusual. "Hell, we could get it in September up here," said the genial host. A visit with Pat Hart at his Brass Rail Saloon where we ran into Lucius Beebe and Chuck Clegg along with their St. Bernard. T-Bone Towser, T-Bone was crawling around with a cast on one foot due to a minor ailment but doing well. There was also a damp young man from parts unknown who claimed to have ridden all the way across the country on a bicycle. Poor weather for it!

Dinner at Sumner and Doris Kirby's Sharon House, where the flit was wonderful beyond belief and Florence Edwards' stuffed bird looked most savory. The Sharon House, incidentally, will be closed one day a week as of October 1. Fridays.

Moving Day

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — You never realize how many roots you put down in a place until you have to pull them up and move on.

You never realize how many separate worlds make up your life until you see a part of one of these worlds fading away and a new one coming on.

Even the littlest change in the pattern of your daily living tells you these things—even so little a thing as moving from one part of an office to the other.

I found this out the other day when, during a routine office switch, I was moved from the fourth floor to the sixth floor.

If you have ever moved from one part of your office here to another, I'm sure you had to meet these problems:

First, is the task of dealing with the busy bees who buzz you in search of "the hidden meaning." They ask questions such as: "Why are they kicking you upstairs? Or is it really upstairs?" "What's the matter? Doesn't the boss feel you were earning your rent here?"

"Where're they going to move next? Has there been a change of company policy?"

Patience you explain the change is a routine one and means absolutely nothing. This leaves them vaguely dissatisfied. People like everything to mean something—and preferably something exciting.

The second problem is your faithful old desk. Naturally all men are Walter Mitty at heart; you would prefer to open its drawers and watch it sink slowly through the floor. Or at the least put a bullet through its faithful linoleum-covered forehead as you murmur, "So long, ole pardner."

But it isn't permitted to scuttle or shoot to death an office desk. Your job is to clean it out—and move on.

Cleaning out my desk and file cabinets turned out to be a three-day task, and a strange and wonderful journey into the past. The things a man finds out about himself! There were such quaint memorabilia as:

Two theater ticket stubs to "Tobacco Road."

Three empty aspirin boxes and a long lost vitamin pill, pale from lack of sunshine.

Several six-cent butts of two-bit cigars, hidden away against a rainy day.

A blue and white button emblazoned "Stevenson-Kefauver."

A key to the city of Miami Beach (never used), and a metal lifetime pass to the Cole Brothers Circus.

Also in the debris I found a roll of papers marked "Dead Sea Scrolls" and a note saying: "Help, get me out of here," signed "Justice Crater."

You say farewell to your pals ("Now just because you're moving to another department, don't forget to come back and see us"), pat your fine old swivel chair on its loyal shoulders, stifle a tear and march out.

It is only 75 feet as the termite crawls from your old desk to your new desk, but in a modern office that can be the difference between Earth and Mars.

As the elevator mounts you are aware you have left one world behind you forever, and you wonder what the new world will be like on the new floor.

nominated and elected. Soft-spoken, balding Herb Brownell—a fast man with a "no comment"—became attorney general. Handsome, easy-to-know Bill Rogers became his deputy.

Now Brownell is quitting to go back to law practice in New York. Rogers moved into the Cabinet job, and that's where Nixon comes in. Rogers long has been Nixon's close friend and adviser.

Does his entry into the inner circle help Nixon's chances of being nominated for president in 1960?

It would seem so, on the face of it. A powerful new friend at court seldom hurts anybody. But a couple of questions arise:

1. Rogers says his activities as attorney general will have to do with the government's law business, not with politics. In fact he won't even talk about politics in public, even say whether he's a Nixon man. This is an eyebrow-raising attitude for an attorney general. Most of them have been up to their ears in politics.

2. Some of the experts seem to forget that Brownell may have more to say than Rogers does about the 1960 nominee. And Brownell is on record for or against Nixon. He's not likely to be, either, this far away from 1960. Professional politicians dislike going out on limbs, and Brownell would be the last to deny being a political pro.

Just what the personal relations between Brownell and Nixon are, few people know. There seemed to be a certain stiffness between them at one time. But that was a long time ago and they have appeared cordial enough toward one another lately.

Nixon—or any other 1960 contender—might well court Brownell's support.

For one thing, Brownell is by no means getting out of politics. In New York he undoubtedly will continue as a member of the unofficial "braintrust" which has guided a good many of Eisenhower's political decisions in the past five or six years. This group (it goes together from time to time in New York) includes such GOP figures as former New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey and part-time White House aide Thomas Stevens. It may have much to say about the 1960 nominee.

And Brownell will have a firm voice in the group's deliberations. His judgment has been questioned on occasion (liberal Democrats questioned it when he assailed Harry Truman's handling of the Harry Dexter White spy case) but his ability to line up delegates is undoubted. Political insiders give him the lion's share of the credit for engineering Eisenhower's nomination in 1952.

So the break up of the Herb-and-Bill firm may or may not be an occasion for cheering in the Nixon camp. Time, to coin a phrase, will tell.

There are believed to be several possible causes for gallstones. Stagnation of bile in the gallbladder is one. Overweight, wearing of corsets, occupations requiring a leaning forward position and sagging of the abdominal organs are believed to produce such stagnation.

Lack of exercise, particularly when combined with too much fondness for food, also favors the formation of stones. Infection in the

Gallstones may or may not cause symptoms. Those which do not are called "silent" stones. When they do cause trouble the most common early symptom is indigestion. A vague feeling of discomfort in the abdomen, a sense of fullness, indigestion, and sometimes nausea and vomiting may be present.

A yellow color to the skin, or jaundice, is not always present. A gallstone may get caught in the neck of the gallbladder, or in the passageway going down to the intestines. This results in severe pain called colic.

The most important aid in diagnosing gallstones is the X-ray. Sometimes the stones can be seen in an ordinary X-ray picture; in many cases, however, a dye has to be given which fills the gallbladder and outlines the stones in a kind of a silhouette picture.

A correspondent has recently written that she had a flare-up with her stomach and, after X-rays were taken, she was found to have gallstones. She is 45 years old and must make the decision as to whether she should be operated on or not. "Please," Mrs. X, says, "What would you advise?"

If Mrs. X were my wife I should leave the decision up to the surgeon. Whether the gallbladder should be taken out by operation or not depends on many factors. Whether there have been attacks of colic and how frequently they have come; whether there are signs of infection present in the gallbladder; what the X-ray studies show; the physical condition and age of the patient, and other matters.

It is true that many people carry gallstones for years without showing symptoms, but there is always danger of discomfort or injury to the health.

When removal of the stones by operation is inadvisable, treatment usually includes special attention to the diet with the avoidance of those foods producing symptoms of indigestion (particularly fats) and suitable exercise adjusted to the individual's condition and needs.

By UNITED PRESS
WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower, in saying the world now has a choice between the technology of abundance and the technology of destruction: "...No matter how long or how fast scientists may go in probing the secrets of nature for the benefit of man, yet it will be only the master scientist, only the Almighty" who will "eventually bring peace — a just peace — to the world."

FT. MEADE, Fla. — Constable Harry Godwin, describing the behavior of the two bandits who held him hostage while they robbed the First State Bank of \$26,647 then escaped by airplane. "In the bank, they got nervous as hell. They weren't getting the money."

LAS VEGAS — Bing Crosby, in disclosing that he and 22-year-old actress Kathy Grant decided to get married Wednesday after several months' separation: "We started seeing each other again about 10 days ago. I realized I wasn't happy away from her and she felt the same way. But it wasn't until Thursday afternoon that I could sell her on the idea of getting married."

LONDON — Laborite Dingle Foot on his election to parliament in the closely-watched Ipswich by-elections, considered a political weathervane: "My victory is due to the general condemnation of the whole (Conservative) government record...at home and abroad."

RICHMOND, Va. — Virginian Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch and President of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, in saying that American scientists, although cleared for security, are not allowed to communicate with one another: "Thus, cross-fertilization of ideas, so vital to scientific progress, is prevented."

LONDON — The Laborite Daily Herald, in a front-page editorial suggesting that Queen Elizabeth treat Britons as informally as she did Americans: "If it's good enough for the Yanks, then it should be good enough for us."

SAN FRANCISCO — Pat Kelly, airline stewardess who with another stewardess spent several hours at the womanless South Pole, in reporting that one of the men stationed there grumbled about their visit: "Six more days and he'd have gone a full year without seeing a woman. We spoiled his record."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

GHERKIN THE ADVERTISING ARTIST FINALLY HOOKED ON WITH AN OUTFIT THAT APPRECIATED HIS STYLE...



OH, YEAH? THAT WAS A MONTH AGO...AND HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO SATISFY 'EM SINCE...



Jury To Begin Deliberation On Fate Of Accused Red Spy

NEW YORK (AP) — The case of Russian Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, accused of transmitting American military and atomic secrets to Moscow, today goes to the jury in Brooklyn Federal Court.

The panel of nine men and three women will retire for deliberation after being charged by Judge Mortimer W. Byers.

Abel, 33, is the first foreign national in American history to be tried by a civilian court for espionage. If found guilty he would face a possible death penalty.

In summing up yesterday, Asst. Atty. Gen. William F. Tompkins termed Abel, a former Soviet secret police officer, a "master spy," a real pro entitled to no sympathy, adding:

"This was this man's chosen career. He knows the rules of the game. So do his family." Tompkins did not specifically urge a death penalty, which is up to the judge.

Defense Atty. James B. Donovan lashed out at the government's chief witnesses and said the Russian officer was entitled to acquittal.

"Certainly on counts one and two," said Donovan, referring to the vital part of the three-count indictment which could carry the death penalty.

The trial opened Oct. 3. There were seven days of testimony ending Wednesday.

For nine years Abel allegedly posed as a Brooklyn photographer — his studio hard by the Federal Court Building where he is on trial.

FBI agents testified they found secreted microfilm data and short wave radio equipment both in Abel's studio and in his Manhattan hotel room.

The spy case against Abel began last May with the defection to the West of Reino Hayhanen, an admitted Soviet spy.

Hayhanen, star government witness, said he had been sent to this country to work under the direction of Abel.

Donovan told the jury yesterday the government failed to prove his client stole "great military and atomic secrets."

him Rhodes' name as one to contact in the U.S., but that no contact had been made.

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OR SON LUMPY.