

The Herald and News

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Time Now

By BILL JENKINS

In less than three weeks Oregon's general deer season will get underway. Perhaps now is the time for the average city hunter to take the most important of all safety steps—the insuring that he will be hunting with cool calm and not at a fever pitch.

That may sound a little peculiar and some may think that a waste of time. But the records show that such is not the case. It's like taking a snake bite. The whistler's gotta be in you when you're bit.

And caution in the hunting field is the same thing. It's gotta be in you when you're hunting. Hanging at home with the rest of last New Year's good resolutions it won't do a bit of good.

Naturally there is going to be a lot of excitement connected with the planning and execution of the annual deer trip. But there is a big difference between anticipatory excitement and just plain tension that leads to hair trigger nerves and execution.

All too many hunters are liable to get on edge at the thought of the big moment, go into the woods with their nerves set at such a fine point that they lost sight of caution entirely.

What follows can be a wasted shot, a lost chance at a big one or, in the worst connotation, can mean a dead hunter because you shot at what sounded like a deer or what looked like a deer.

No one wants that to happen. That's why perhaps right now, three weeks ahead of the season, is the time to start putting on the brakes as far as your personal behavior while hunting is concerned.

After all, the hunt is the thing. Not the meat you bring home or the trophy you hang on the wall. You can buy better meat cheaper than you can shoot it and can, if you're of a mind to do so, buy a rack of horns already mounted that will look just as good on the wall.

It is the thrill of being on a hunt, the tingle of excitement that goes with trying to outsmart a big buck, the look and the feel and the sound and the smell of the outdoors that really add up to a great hunt. That and the companionship.

So start now to think of it calmly. It will make for a better hunt.

On the completely realistic and hard-boiled side it might be well to sit down and have a little talk with yourself, too, on the idea of hunting courtesy.

I used to say that it was no skin off my nose what someone else did. I don't say that any more. The hunting on this old planet of ours is shrinking faster than anyone likes to think. Or will believe. Why shrink it even faster by going out during hunting season and making a complete ass out of yourself to the detriment of the whole hunting fraternity?

The fence you break down, the gate you leave open, the stock you spook, the grainfield you ruin by walking through it, the ditchbank you tear up by getting stuck on it—any of these things may be the final act that denies the privilege of hunting on that land to others.

Land owners can only stand for so much. There has to be a breaking point. The longer all of us can be good sportsmen the longer there will be hunting for everyone.

If we don't practice courtesy in hunting the picture in this country will soon be the same as it is in Britain and Europe where only the landed gentry enjoy gunning.

I don't know about you, but I can't afford to go out and buy a whole forest just to have a place to hunt.

Big Business

By FLORENCE JENKINS

Any toy which will sell for more than a dollar in quantities over 3,000 in Klamath Falls in 10 days is big business.

That's what Joe Hicks (Hicks Grocery Service) did with Spin-A-Hoop, the Art Linkletter plastic hoop.

Apparently millions of youngsters across the nation are trying to keep the 36-inch hoops in orbit about their bodies in writhing, hula-like motions. The Hicks firm says a subsidiary sold a million hoops in the Los Angeles area where there is a children's census of 1,200,000.

That would sound like almost saturation of the market, but the hoops do wear out and get broken.

The Hobby World in Klamath Falls reported the bulk of its early sales to little girls. Their brothers have taken up the fad and the manufacturers have given nature an assist. The hoops are grooved (somewhat like an au-

tomobile tire on the inner side of the circle) which give a little better traction and compensates somewhat for the small boys' lack of hips.

The Wall Street Journal stated last week that manufacturers estimate that sales of the plastic hoops, "which started with a trickle last May, will hit anywhere from seven and one-half to 15 million in 1953."

That's a lot of hoops and will add from \$5 million to \$7 million to the sales totals of the hoop manufacturers for the year.

The addicts are not limited to youngsters, from all accounts. One mother explained she tried out her little girl's hoop with the result that she lost seven pounds in one week.

High Desert

By NELSON REED

Ever camped near a desert water hole? If not, you have missed a lot. You wake up early, for it's a bit chilly. There's a skim of ice on the water bucket. Little by little the stars grow dim, and over to the east the sky starts to blush. Far off and faint, a coyote complains bitterly. Even as you gulp your coffee and postpone breakfast, the sagehens start coming, wave after wave of gray ghosts sailing in from the hills. For an hour or so if they are not disturbed they drink and gossip. Then they are off to the ridges again.

As the sun warms the cold ground off to the north there is the weirdest of mirages, a mountain that grows, shrinks, changes shape, develops a crown, sprouts horns and wipes them off again. Soon the magic hour is over and it will resume its true symmetrical shape to sit there stolid and immobile till next morning.

About 10 o'clock the antelope start to show up, small bands that seem to appear suddenly from nowhere half a mile away on the skyline, their white rumps like signal flags against the dark sage. Gradually, if they are not "spooked," they work their way closer and closer to the water. Sometimes, if you are loafing quietly in camp around noon, a lone buck will turn up suddenly right in camp, his curiosity having got the better of him. Maybe he wants to admire your loud shirt or just to get a better sniff of what you are having for lunch.

All day long the small birds and the tiny desert chipmunks come to drink and play in the water. They can go for days without a drink but won't unless they have to. Go hunting jackrabbits which were here by the hundreds another year but are scarce now—who knows why—and if you watch carefully you may find a perfect obsidian arrowhead. From the many broken ones that cattle have tramped on, you guess that the Indians knew this spot well. Look very closely, and that small stone that moved will turn into a tiny horned toad, a true miniature of his prehistoric ancestors.

Some night before the moon comes up, if you are fortunate, you can see the Northern Lights, silver streaks that dance from the horizon to the very top of the world. Nowhere else will the vastness so impress you with your own unimportance.

Dad's Clothes

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—If you are an average American man, you bought a third of a suit last year. Maybe less.

Don't tell me this is impossible. The men's clothing industry has been saying for years it is impossible. But it is so.

Daddy is getting awful dowdy. The figures show it.

For example: In 1956 some 20,888,000 men's tailored suits—an industry term—were produced in America. In 1957 the figure dropped to 20,100,000.

The industry realizes the ordinary papa is self-sacrificing. It realizes, too, he is buying more sport coats and slacks. But it also feels that dad's clothing isn't getting a fair share of the family budget.

One of the cheerleaders in this field is Joseph Daroff, vice president of one of the country's largest clothing firms. He puts at least part of the blame for the American husband's unkempt look on Mrs. America, the wife.

"As manager of the family's spendable income," he remarks in the current issue of the magazine, sales management, "she lists his clothing budget items down somewhere between charitable contributions and canine training fees."

The answer? Daroff says that some firms now lend money to their salesmen to outfit themselves in a way to win their self-confidence and represent their firms better. The corporation puts dad above either charity or the dog.

As I get it, the general idea is that the guy with a new suit makes new sales.

Daroff has figured out that a salesman can sell himself and his customers with an ideal wardrobe of \$1,133—less than many a wife spends to furnish a large living room.

For this money, he says, a man can get six suits, a tux, two sport coats, four pairs of slacks, two topcoats, a raincoat, two formal wear shirts, 10 business shirts, four sport shirts, two hats, one pair of formal shoes, three pairs of business shoes, a pair of sport shoes, and a dozen neckties. You inherit underwear, presumably, and borrow socks from your neighbor.

And the upkeep? Daroff says it can be maintained for \$377 a year or about \$7.27 a week.

One of the sorrows of men's clothing manufacturers is the American male's shyness about his dress.

"Too many men feel that an intelligent concern with their apparel is akin to male vanity—unbecoming a rugged man," said Daroff. "This attitude is as expensive as it is ridiculous. Becoming clothes are a priceless asset to any man."

Whether you have an ideal \$1,133 wardrobe or a basic \$665 wardrobe that Daroff also says a salesman can get by with, one thing is for sure:

If every grown-up fellow in America would just buy two thirds of a suit in 1958, all the sheep in the world would be paid to grow wool on an overtime basis. It is also true that if everybody suddenly drank an extra glass of milk every day, every cow in the land would have circles under her eyes.

That's the problem of prosperity. Everything the average guy does or doesn't do makes or breaks a business boom. It's a terrible personal responsibility we all bear to one another, whether we know each other or not.

Business Confidence

By SAM DAWSON

AP Business News Analyst
NEW YORK (AP)—Confidence unimpaired has played a stellar role in halting the recession and starting business on the uphill climb again.

Confidence is made up of many ingredients—including good American horse sense. No one factor

can take a bow as being the only one to keep confidence unimpaired.

But today businessmen can pat each other on the back for two things:

1. Most of them conducted their own affairs in a way that showed their confidence in the economy's essential soundness was unshaken, no matter how prudent they might be at the moment in meeting current problems.

2. Individually and in unison most of them stressed this confidence. This undoubtedly had its part in keeping the American people's eyes focused on the long-term prospects for growth and prosperity and in keeping them from losing their heads when a rapidly developing recession was making the short-term prospect disturbing indeed.

The concrete result is shown in figures on consumer spending. In areas hard hit by unemployment, spending naturally has slowed down. Elsewhere it hasn't.

Consumers have changed the objects of their buying affections—to the distress of some manufacturers and the delight of others. But there has been no panic—no widespread snapping of rubber bands on well-heeled wallets.

When the recession was at its worst some five months ago the Advertising Council, with the support of many business leaders and their national organizations, launched a "Confidence in a Growing America" campaign. The idea: to show the public that the over-all economy was sound and to stress that the recession, like so many other setbacks, would pass.

Today the council has just about worked itself out of a job.

Taking stock of how business firms, the press and TV-radio have responded, the council reports that daily and weekly newspapers have asked for 5,359 individual advertising mats carrying the message of confidence. Some 76 magazines have run full-page advertisements. Industrial publications have inserted 387 full-page ads, and merchandising trade papers about 300 more.

The council counts 218 messages carried on 103 network commercial TV shows and 133 messages on 29 network radio shows. It says coverage on local stations is beyond tabulating.

Just how much confidence was bolstered or generated by this is beyond knowing. But the council thinks the many letters from readers, viewers and listeners indicate the campaign went over.

It also has had requests for nearly 60,000 copies of its 24-page booklet "Your Great Future in a Growing America."

Comments range from those by the secretary of the Treasury to a thank you note from an 11-year-old Virginia girl.

Secretary Anderson, noting that the drive was one of the things that helped turn the tide, says: "Most important to me is the fact that the campaign has helped let the economy prove again that it has great basic resilience, inasmuch as the better turn has come about without the heavy intervention by government which was urged by some in the early months of this year."

The little girl, praising "the phrases of wisdom and truth," says: "I would like to see booklets like this one sent over to Europe, the Middle East, South America, behind the Iron Curtain, and parts of the Far East."

It might help, at that.

Quotes

United Press International.
BATON ROUGE, La. — Sen. Allen Ellender (D-La.), on East-West tensions such as the crisis in the Formosa Strait:

"It is my belief that if these brush fire wars continue we should go to the core of the trouble — Russia — while we have the power left."

CHICAGO — Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, champion of the controversial "cancer drug" krebiozen, on why he administered the drug to himself to treat a pre-cancerous condition in his tongue:

"I always believe in taking my own medicine."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. — Superintendent of Schools Virgil T. Blossom, on why football and other extracurricular activities have been cancelled while the integration controversy rages:

"The schools are closed. That means every part of the schools."

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. — David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, on the kind of union convention he hopes to see here:

"I want a peaceful convention. I don't want any rough stuff. I don't want any heads cracked."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

ACCORDING TO THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE CARE OF THE NEW COOKING UTENSILS, "HANDLE WITH KID GLOVES."



BUT TRY TO GET THE LABELS OFF WITHOUT SANDBLASTING—IT CAN'T BE DONE, BROTHER—IT CAN'T BE DONE!



Drug Used By Doctor

CHICAGO (AP)—Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, leading proponent of the controversial cancer drug krebiozen, is taking self-prescribed doses of the drug to treat a lesion he describes as precancerous.

Dr. Ivy, 65, a University of Illinois physiologist, maintains the substance has shown promise in cancer patients. It has been a subject of dispute since its introduction in 1951 and the American Medical Assn. has stated it has no proved value.

The physiologist told a newsman Monday he took krebiozen as a preventive after discovering a sore white spot on his tongue a week ago and deciding it was precancerous.

He said he had taken some krebiozen and will take more, after which he will have a surgeon remove the lesion.

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OUT OF MY WAY!

CHARLOTTE, N. C. (AP)—Nine-year-old John McDermott Jr. ran into the back of a car going the same way he was running. That's what the boy's father told city police while John was being treated at a hospital for a bump on his head. It seems young John stirred up a wasp nest and had to move fast.

THOUGHT WAR WAS OVER

HAGERSTOWN, Md. (AP)—The forthcoming re-enactment of the battle of Antietam already is real enough for Mrs. T. J. Sharp. She got a cannonball, vintage 1862, in her back yard yesterday afternoon. "Soldiers" who will stage the Civil War battle were practicing at a farm about 1½ miles from Mrs. Sharp's.



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The United States has less than 10% of the free world's population, but we use 55% of its oil production. Consumption is rising at a rate that will call for as much oil in the next 15 years as we produced in the last hundred.

In answer to the challenge of keeping America supplied in the future, Standard last year invested more money than ever before in oil exploration, development of producing fields, research and construction of facilities—or nearly one-fourth of every dollar we took in. Year after year, Standard is reinvesting a big share of its income in the never-ending search for petroleum to meet the growing needs of motorists, industry, home owners, farms and the Armed Forces.

Progress in petroleum means...

Oil companies will have to invest more than 80 billion dollars in the next 10 years in the U. S. alone to find and develop the oil you will need.



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