

The Herald and News

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A Year Ago

By BILL JENKINS

The weather is, now that politics is a dead issue for a couple more years, the most interesting (and safest) subject I can dredge up.

And a year ago today it was strictly on the fence. It was cloudy for a little while and then would clear up. The thermometer didn't do a great deal of moving. It hit a high of 42 and a low of 35. Stayed about like that until the night of the 12th when we had a pretty good rain.

November 13 came in with a drenching downpour that lasted all day. The following Sunday was a cold and icy day that I spent chasing pheasants all over Northern California. Came home, frozen stiff, to find three inches of snow piled on the ground. The next day it thawed. November 19 dawned clear and beautiful and was raining buckets by nightfall.

The next day was described in the diary as being "warm, wet, miserable day with fog, drizzle, rain, mist and all the other unpleasant aspects. Airport fogged in." The next four days were clear and bright with temperatures ranging around 35 to 40 during the day, 21 to 24 at night. Drove around the lake looking it over, I note. The dog had a fine time.

Some cloudiness and then another stretch of good weather until about the 6th of December. Temperatures getting as high as 40 during the day, dropping to a low of 19 on December 2.

I note in the little black book that Hubie Totton and I started December off with a bang by going up to Aspen Lake and getting stuck in the mud. Spent the best part of the afternoon digging out.

Oh well, such is life in the West.

Who said the weaker sex? In the days of knights and damsels in distress, but it sure doesn't hold true for the rugged breed of feminine gardeners today.

A week ago today I got caught standing too close to some garden work that was going on (I was shirking my duck hunting duties and I suppose it serves me right) and found myself trapped into helping.

I may be the one with hair on my chest but I've got to hand on the work prize to my wife. She can work me down to a frazzle without half trying. Outlasts me every time in this vicious battle of petty human strength pitted against the plant world.

The only logical excuse I can find for it is that my mental attitude is wrong.

It is either that or admit that the old muscles have gone flabby after all these years of intensive training. Training table, that is.

But this will all have to cease. I can't risk my smooth swing with the old shotgun because of work-cramped muscles.

After all, I think I've got it down to a point where I might be able to hit something someday.

At least that is as good an excuse as I can think of.

Charming Age

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

I'm disappointed! Friday, I touched 40. I say touched, because I made light of the fact, and preferred to have as little said of it as possible. But, whether I admitted it or not, I was 40.

For 40 years, or at least since I was able to understand the passing of years, I was lead to believe that "life begins at 40." I was also told that for men "40 is the dangerous age."

Well, neither old saying is correct. Let me take issue with that last statement first. Not too long ago, I had occasion to discuss birthdays with a lady in a somewhat dangerous undertaking, and when the subject of "40" crept into the conversation, she remarked that it was not the "dangerous" age for men, but in her estimation the "interesting" age.

That I'll buy. A man has done a lot of living, good and bad, he has either become mellowed enough to make him easy to live with or he has become a confirmed cynic and fit to live only with himself.

At 40, he's either abandoned or at least temporarily sidetracked his hopes of being president, is either rich or content to be poor the rest of his journey, has either overtaken his ambition and is successful or is reconciled to being a failure.

A man at 40, in other words, has a pretty good idea where he is on his journey through life, and has enough mileage behind him to give him experience for the trip ahead, and enough mileage ahead of him yet to make the trip worthwhile.

Yes, I will agree that at 40,

man begins the "interesting age." As far as life beginning at 40, that, too, I find, is fiction.

At 40, I find just as much but no more enjoyment out of the little, nicer things that life presents. I find myself carefully using my brain instead of my brawn to accomplish just as much, perhaps more than before.

But through it all, the one thought keeps coming back. The best age of life is the one you're now living . . . whether it be 4, 40 or 100.

Some people waste their early years hoping for better things later in life, while others waste their later years trying to hang on to the early years. In both cases, they awaken some day to find they only cheated themselves.

My philosophy in life is not unique even if it does seem somewhat simple.

I believe in living and enjoying every day, not before it arrives nor after it passes, but as it is passing.

At 40, it's kind of amusing, even if a bit frustrating, to look back at the road behind, and speculate on the road ahead.

Life doesn't begin at 40, it just seems that way.

Centennial

By FLORENCE JENKINS

Oregon's centennial year is going to be here before we know it. Nebulous plans on an areawide basis are all well and good but it's getting time for some more concrete planning.

It is anticipated that approximately as many Oregon visitors will come from or through California as from all of the other entry points into the state put together.

Yet committees in Eastern Oregon are getting things well in hand to welcome tourists next year, according to the Portland Chamber of Commerce's official publication, Commerce.

The story relates that officials at both Ontario and Nyssa plan to hold contests to choose students to man the welcome booths at entry points. At the welcome booths, volunteers will give tourists samples of sugar or, in season, roasting ears of corn, as well as highway information.

The Ontario committee plans to remodel a house near the state line to serve as a welcome headquarters.

The Milton-Freewater junior chamber has agreed to establish a welcome booth on Highway 11 for travelers coming into the state from Walla Walla. The Milton-Freewater Lions Club has been put in charge of training people who meet the touring public, such as waitresses and filling station operators so they may answer completely questions on the centennial and Oregon in general.

The Oregon Centennial Commission, headed by Tony Brandenthaler in Portland, has expressed the hope that many of the welcome booths put up for next year's celebration may become permanent fixtures.

Let's get some plans into operation for Highway 97. County centennial chairman Jim Boyle has done fine work for Klamath County's booth, but he is going to need a lot more volunteer help before 1959 rolls around.

Senator Morse

By NELSON REED

I wonder if the people who dug up \$1,000 from their own pockets to pay for Senator Morse's campaign efforts in Oregon on behalf of the Democrats (as related in a recent issue of the Portland Oregonian) think now that they got their money's worth. The "nice, clean campaign" that the senator put on in behalf of Governor Holmes should certainly be worth \$1,000, but the question is to whom?

It is not the first time the senator has run around snarling and snapping like a mad dog, saying whatever mean, nasty thing that entered his warped mind about anyone who had the temerity to oppose him. It was not so long ago that he made his infamous aside remark that President Eisen-

hower was no better than Dave Beck.

Spend a few days in Washington on public business and talk to people in government, senators, congressmen, and others of both parties—and you will learn a lot about our senior senator. He is heartily disliked, distrusted and very much feared. He prides himself on knowing all the rules and quirks of senatorial procedure.

He admittedly has a very sharp if somewhat quirked mind. Let anyone whom he opposes slip ever so slightly and Morse pounces to make himself look clever and his opponent look foolish. Rarely is any of his criticism constructive. He loves to tear down and destroy others.

He cares little about problems local to Oregon that offer no opportunity to make the headlines or build up his own political prestige. He is far too busy running around the country haranguing various meetings to attend to the normal business of a senator who is supposed to represent all his constituents.

The kindest thing you can say about our senator—that is, if there is anyone left who still wants to say anything kind—is that when his horse kicked him, it did something to his mind.

Epilepsy

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

The need for a more enlightened attitude toward the victims of epilepsy is vividly illustrated in a lengthy letter which I have recently received from a man in his fifties. I shall change enough of it so that he cannot be identified.

"I started to take seizures when I was seven years old," he says. "When I reached 16 I was not wanted by my people or relations, either to live with or visit. I have been living in furnished rooms ever since."

"I took about one mild seizure a month that would last only a few minutes. When I felt one coming on I would hurry and sit down, even if it were on a curbstone. Sometimes I have been picked up by the police and taken to the station and asked to pay a \$10 fine to be released."

"One time I felt an attack coming on, saw a policeman and told him. I had been working and had been paid \$79 which I had in my wallet, about which I also told him. 'I was taken to the police station and charged with drunkenness, although I had never taken a drink in my life. When I proved my identity to the sergeant, he gave me back my belongings. But when I received my wallet I did not have a cent in it.'

"I asked him about it and was told that he knew nothing about it. The next day I went to the man I worked for and repeated what had happened. He called the police station and they told him they had no record of my being brought in at all."

"I have had only one mild attack in a period of the past two years, though I still take medicine. The trouble is that a lot of people know that I have had these attacks and refuse to hire me or give me an opportunity to work. Don't you think this is unfair?"

This is truly the story of a rough time. The writer did not receive the understanding of his family and friends which he should have had in his youth. The account of what happened with the police sounds almost incredible. We can all hope that if it is accurate, it is most unusual.

Of course, the police cannot be expected to be physicians and diagnose epilepsy, but some method of telling it from drunkenness is certainly in order.

This tale reminds me of a fellow medical student I knew years ago who was one of the first to take insulin for diabetes. He told me of an occasion when he took too much insulin on a train, went into insulin shock, was taken off by the police as a drunk and woke up in the police station.

These attacks of epilepsy sound mild and under pretty good control. The writer mentions taking medicine, so he is doubtless receiving medical care. His doctor

should be able to advise him as to what he can and cannot do.

Fortunately many employers of men like this are taking a much more sensible and humane attitude toward those afflicted with this disease.

Foreign Policy

Portland (To the Editor)—Every year or so, I try to bring members of the Oregon press up to date regarding my stand on foreign policy. This stems from the fact that, during the 1954 senatorial campaign, I made a public pledge that matters of political partisanship never would tinge my approach to the great and dominating question of America's relations with the rest of the world. This issue, of course, dominates our era on earth.

The authoritative and impartial Congressional Quarterly has now announced the Eisenhower "support" scores for the second session of the 85th Congress, particularly with respect to the President's recommendations in the field of foreign policy.

This shows that three Democratic senators—Clark of Pennsylvania, McNamara of Michigan and Neuberger of Oregon—gave the President greater foreign policy support than any other members of their party on rollcall votes. The support score of all three of us was 83 per cent. This even exceeded, for example, the 78 per cent support given the President by Senator Knowland of California, the Republican floor leader, or the 61 per cent support given the President by Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts, the Republican whip. It also substantially exceeded the 62 per cent support for foreign policy which the President received from all Senate members affiliated with his own party.

When both the first and second sessions of the 85th Congress are considered together, the Congressional Quarterly lists me as voting for the President's foreign policy recommendations 89 per cent of the time. This is the highest score of any Democrat in the Senate and higher than that of most Republicans, including many leaders of the President's own party. I would also call to your attention the fact that my 89 per cent record of backing the President on foreign policy includes down-the-line support on such vital issues as reciprocal trade, North Atlantic Treaty alliance, Mutual Security, the U.S. Information program, Point IV, and the exporting of farm surpluses.

I felt you would be interested in this, because I believe it constitutes a reaffirmation of my pledge to keep political partisanship out of my attitude toward foreign policy. You will also be interested in noting that four Democratic senators gave the President greater support than any others of their party in all issues before the Congress, including both foreign and domestic policies. These were Lausche of Ohio, 89 per cent; Green of Rhode Island, 81 per cent; and Hayden of Arizona and Neuberger of Oregon, both at 59 per cent.

You may be further interested—and even amused—to note the ratings of Senators Malone of Nevada and Dworshak of Idaho, who campaigned against me in Oregon during 1954. Malone supported President Eisenhower's foreign policy on 39 per cent of rollcalls, Dworshak 28 per cent of the time!

Richard L. Neuberger
United States Senator

Quotes

By United Press International
MOSCOW—Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev on the U.S. elections:

"We don't want to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries, but the election results showed the American people desire peace. They have condemned the Dulles and Eisenhower-supported position of strength."

WESTOVER AIR FORCE BASE, Mass.—Maj. Basil C. Commons, by telephone, on the rescue of a crew of scientists from a runaway ice floe:

"It was the finest piece of flying I've seen in 15 years service."

TEANECK, N. J.—Comedienne Martha Raye on her marriage Friday to former policeman Robert O'Shea, her sixth vow-taking:

"I'm tickled to death to be married in Teaneck."

MIAMI BEACH—Sen. A. S. (Mike) Monroney (D-Okla.), on American aviation:

"It should be set aside from the ordinary political game of revolving musical chairs."

Here's A Capsule Review Of Prize-Winning Novel

NEW YORK (UPI)—This Russian novel, "Dr. Zhivago," the one that won the Nobel Prize. What does it have to say that could cause such frothings of hatred and indignation in the Soviet Union?

Only 200,000 copies of Boris Pasternak's book have been printed so far in the United States so it figures that only about 1 out of 800 Americans have read it.

For those who haven't: "Dr. Zhivago" is the story of a physician, a sensitive and well educated man, whose life disintegrated in the chaos that followed the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. Most readers will find it heavy going. It is a rambling book in the sweeping style of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" with a bewildering cast of characters. Its plot line is hard to follow; Zhivago's love of three women rather academic.

What must make it "treasonable" in Communist Russia is its absolute candor, its honesty, its calm recital of shattering events and scenes from Moscow and in the Urals in the years after World War I.

If the reader were not aware what a furor Pasternak's work although never published there, has wrought in the Soviet Union, he would be hard put to judge the book particularly anti-Communist.

When, for example, Zhivago returns to Moscow after being wounded in army service, Pasternak writes:

"His friends had become strangely dim and colorless. They had been much more vivid in his memory. He must have overestimated them in the past. Under the old order, which enabled those whose lives were secure to play the fools and eccentrics at the expense of others while a ma-

jority led a wretched existence, it had been only too easy to mistake the foolishness and idleness of a privileged minority for genuine character and originality."

But Zhivago's feelings later are summed up:

"I don't know a movement more self-centered and more removed from the facts than Marxism. Everyone is worried only about proving himself in practical matters, and as for the men in power, they are so anxious to establish the myth of their infallibility that they do their utmost to ignore the truth. Politics

doesn't appeal to me. I don't like people who don't care about the truth."

Pasternak's book has a recurring religious theme, but it is more an exposition of the frustrations of attempting to lead a simple life. In one passage, Zhivago asks the book's heroine what ruined her marriage.

"Ah, it isn't a matter of individuals, of being alike or different in temperament, or loving and not loving," she replies. "All customs and traditions, all our way of life, everything to do with home and order, has crumbled

into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society. The whole human way of life has been destroyed and ruined."

And Khrushchev and Co. could certainly take exception to one of the final passages: "In all this time something definite should have been achieved. But it turns out that those who inspired the revolution aren't happy at home in anything except change and turmoil, they aren't happy with anything that's on less than a world scale. For them, transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves."

They'll Do It Every Time

WHEN COACH FADDE HAD A GREAT SEASON ROLLING UP BIG SCORES—THAT DIDN'T SUIT THE ALUMNI—



By Jimmy Hatlo

THIS YEAR, AGAINST REAL TOUGH OPPOSITION, THE TEAM'S NOT SO HOT—SO NOW TUNE IN ON THE ALUMNI—



Check Artist Brought Back

A man wanted in Klamath County since 1945 was returned here Thursday to face charges of forgery involving a \$40 check.

The Klamath County warrant for the arrest of Kermit Francis Brooks, now 36, of Phoenix, Arizona, was the first out, but other law enforcement agencies seemed to have priority on the man.

Deputy Sheriff Del Summers, who brought Brooks here from Oakland, California, said Brooks was arrested long ago in Virginia on a Klamath County warrant.

Federal authorities heard about the arrest and promptly jailed Brooks for violating the Dyer Act (interstate transportation of stolen auto).

After his release from McNeill Island Federal Reformatory, Brooks was sent to Oakland to face grand theft charges. Oakland authorities put Brooks on probation, Summers said, and Brooks was extradited to Klamath County by District Attorney Arthur A. Beddoe.

Here he was immediately taken into district court where, Thursday afternoon, he waived to the grand jury and was jailed in lieu of \$2,500 bail.

The original charge involved a \$40 check cashed at Gainer's Store in Chilquin.

Business Women Meeting Held

Careers and advancements of women was the subject for the program presented November 3 at the dinner meeting of the Klamath Falls Business and Professional Women's Club at the Willard Hotel. Beulah Elliott, career and advancement chairman, gave a reading.

James Chance, principal of the Merrill High School, sang and was accompanied by Marie Obenchain. Leola Thompson composed and read a poem, "Looking Back," dealing with Oregon history.

A short memorial for the late Lydia Howard was held. It was reported that Lorena Ward and Lenore Gallagher are ill. Cards will be appreciated.

Alice Gallup, president, conducted the meeting.

LAND SOLD

WEED—The sale of 160 acres of unimproved mountain land, located northwest of Gazelle, formerly owned by R. B. Bridwell, was announced this week by Francis (Sully) Sullivan of the United Farm Agency, Weed office. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gross of Cupertino, the new owners, plan building a permanent home on the new acreage which is in a picturesque setting and centered in fine deer country. The property is accessible from U.S. 99 and has two fine natural water springs and numerous building sites.



LAWRENCE GERAGHTY

Vote Brings More Duties

A recent election has brought additional duties to Lawrence Geraghty of Merrill, well known Klamath Basin dairyman.

Geraghty was appointed about a year ago to the State Board of Livestock Auction Markets. At the board's annual meeting on October 30, Geraghty was named as chairman of the nine-man board.

In December of last year, Geraghty was elected as president of the Oregon Dairyman's Association which held its 1957 annual convention in Klamath Falls. In addition, he is serving his third year as president of the Klamath Basin Grade A Milk Producers Association.

The Klamath Basin dairyman's association has been promoting increased consumption of fluid milk ever since it was formed about eight years ago.

Figures were released last week by Department of Agriculture Economics, Oregon State College, showing that total milk production in Oregon during September, 1958, was down almost four and one-half per cent compared with September, 1957.

"Klamath County's milk production is running just about exactly the same as it was at this time last year," Geraghty declared with justifiable pride. On a year-around basis, Klamath County produces approximately one and one-quarter million pounds of milk per month.

CONTRACT AWARDED

PORTLAND (AP)—Frank C. Ralph & Son of Portland received a \$240,000 contract by the Army Corps of Engineers to landscape, light and fence the Oregon shore of the Columbia River near The Dalles Dam.

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CITY BRIEFS

Degree of Honor—annual Thanksgiving dinner and program will be held Monday, November 10, at 6 p.m. at the K.C. Hall. Bring pie, salad and own table service.

Luncheon—The Happy Hour Club will meet Tuesday at 1:30 in the home of Mrs. H. E. Jones, 410 Jefferson Street, for a dessert luncheon.

Hospitalized—Mrs. Maude Lisk has been admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland for surgery and expects to be hospitalized for more than a week. Friends may obtain more details by calling Betty Hromada, TU 4-4479 or TU 4-3461.

Elected—Bill Bechen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Haanry Bechen, 415 Washington Street, has been elected president of his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon, at the University of Oregon. Bill, a KUHS graduate, is a senior in pre-med.

Toastmistresses—Ewuna Toastmistresses will meet Monday at 7:30 in the Spruce Room of the Willard Hotel.

Girl Scouts—The last Girl Scout leadership training program will begin on Monday, November 10, from 9 a.m. until 12 noon at the Girl Scout office. All Girl Scout adults should avail themselves of this final opportunity.

Eagles Auxiliary—Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Ethel Rylander Monday, November 10, at noon for a pollack luncheon. A business meeting and entertainment will follow.

The Women's—Library Club will meet at 2 p.m. Monday, November 10, in the basement of the city library, with the Rev. Robert Groves to speak on religions.

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