

The Herald and News

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Stretch

By BILL JENKINS
All the noise out on the Miller Island public shooting grounds the other day wasn't caused by shotguns.

Some of those blasts were caused by hunters blowing their stacks.

The low rumble heard shortly after closing hours and the next morning was the mutter of a lynch mob.

Here's how it was. It was a lovely day. Real birds. The wind was blowing around pretty good, there was an occasional spot of rain drumming against your parka hood and the birds were moving restlessly like they always do in weather like that.

Every bird in the Basin, I think, came by that lovely field of standing grain and looked it over. They wanted it in the worst way. You could see them set their wings and take dead aim at the field. A number of skilled hunters were out there with good setups of decoys correctly placed.

But right in the middle of the field were a couple of ten gauge magnum barrel stretchers who were apparently out for the sole purpose of seeing how much ammunition they could burn up.

Their sole joy, I guess, came out of hearing their guns go off. I saw them take shots at incoming birds that were a good three hundred yards up. You think I'm kidding? Ask any of the fellows that were out there.

We, now I'll include all the rest of the hunters because I talked to a number of them and know I am speaking for them too. These two long range artists shoot at birds they couldn't see, they must have heard the whistle of wings.

During the whole dismal barrage I saw only two ducks fall. One of those was a slanter that the hunter who shot made no effort to retrieve.

I realize that all this crying is like butting your head against a stone wall. A public shooting ground is a public shooting ground and open to anyone and everyone. You can't pick the sportsmen out at the gate. Nor can you tell a barrel stretcher by his looks. Only by his actions. (Not really, since in my books anyone who shoots a ten gauge is a long range artist. But there are two schools of thought here and you are sure welcome to shoot a cannon if you want to.)

But I think it is a dirty shame that the state of Oregon goes all out to provide public shooting, that guys like Al Hoffmeister and his men work their hearts out to give us swell shooting grounds with plenty of cover, plenty of attraction for the birds and plenty of water and grain alike and then have a couple of selfish hogs like the men I'm talking of come in and ruin it for everyone.

Had these fellows waited for the birds to come in, swing around and look things over everyone would have gotten shooting and all would have been happy. But no they had to take the first shot in case the birds never showed up again. Like the fellow who walked into the store and laid in a big supply of sugar before the hoarders bought it all.

Fellows like that are not sportsmen. They don't even deserve the classification of hunters. They are nothing but selfish, self-centered hogs who want it all for themselves and to hell with everyone else.

I can forgive an occasional high shot when the day has been slow and you just have to hear the gun go off. But birds that are a hundred yards up, not to mention three hundred, just ain't in range of anything, including grandpappy's old four gauge.

If these guys are so all-fired anxious to hear their guns go off and don't care about the cost of shells why don't they organize their own gun club and shoot at clay pigeons at four hundred yards? They would get a lot more shooting, have a lot sorer shoulders and be able to brag a lot louder. At least a clay pigeon breaks when it hits hard ground.

There oughta be a law.

Or a lynching.

In the end it is going to be up to the sportsmen themselves to police their own ranks and see that this sort of thing is stopped at least on the public shooting grounds.

Otherwise it isn't going to do you much good to go hunting. All you'll get is fresh air and ulcers.

Thanksgiving Day

By FLORENCE JENKINS

Thanksgiving Day will be observed the last Thursday of November this year, a date we have come to accept as the annual thanksgiving holiday.

At this time of year, reams of

type deal with the Pilgrims and the precedent they set by giving thanks on a specific day.

The first Thanksgiving Day was held on December 13, 1621, and according to the World Book Encyclopedia, our worthy forefathers had no intention of establishing an annual holiday. Many of them refused to observe even the religious holidays of the Church of England. After all, religious freedom was one of the principles they sought in the new world.

The first celebration lasted three days and the following year they set no thanksgiving observance at all.

Other New England colonists picked up the idea and held days of thanks, usually around the end of November. Congress tried to set an annual Thanksgiving Day during the 1789 session, but the stalwarts of those days objected to too much federal government "meddling" and it was left up to the states. Thanksgiving was ignored by Thomas Jefferson during his eight years as president.

In 1863 Lincoln proclaimed that the last Thursday in November would be Thanksgiving Day. Franklin D. Roosevelt switched the date from the fourth to the third Thursday in November, but subsequent administrations have put it back to the last Thursday.

Some descendants of the original New England Puritans have had their objections to the date set, claiming that Thanksgiving should be inspired by the Deity, not by politicians.

A grateful heart can give thanks at any time, however, and it's a pretty difficult thing to legislate thankfulness into any person.

Thanks-giving should be spontaneous and might well be practiced often — like Alice in Wonderland's un-birthday present.

Romance

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (AP)—Romance is made by the heart behind it.

Love has a focus.

The first focus usually changes, happily sometimes for the better. Yet there is a saying that first love is best. This may be true. Certainly it is true in a way.

Oh, I'll never forget her though time has—the remorseless fugitive hungering grip that keeps a man a memory—and a girl a regret.

My first love!

She had the most ridiculous name a girl could wear. Her name was Nadine Philpott.

Her age was about 6, and she waited across the stage with the grace of Pavlova in flower. One watching her (particularly if he were 5) was swept by the mysterious thunder of life. He was immortal in love with a girl up there on the stage—and he would never get over it.

There as Nadine twinkled her uncertain toes I fell in love with her and the stage for all my life.

On the same stage a fellow came up and suspended himself between two supports and let them put a boulder atop his middle, and by invitation men came up and with sledge hammers beat the boulder into rocks.

The performance lacked the delicacy of Nadine, whom I had known in school. She was my lollipop Theda Bara.

Time, that prisoner of dream and the sedulous washer-away of what was, has eroded but cannot destroy the magic of that night.

He with the strong stomach, years and broken boulder later. Where is he now?

Nadine Philpott, where art thou?

So from the clutter of what affected us before, we move toward the embraces of tomorrow, leaving behind some of the rubble of ourselves.

Beyond the rubble we are. Where the ecstasy of first love lies, still always lie we.

But that's for yesterday and later.

Oh, Nadine Philpott, no matter what life did to you, or how time cripples me, you dance in undimmed gauze from yesterday, through now, into an endless tomorrow, on tiptoe forever.

Russian Concession

By JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Russians have made a concession towards getting started on a study of using outer space for peaceful purposes. It's a little step, not enough to raise hopes for broad settlements in other fields.

The concession was simply on getting such a study started. That's a long way from any international agreement on how to control outer space. But at least it's something. It was some progress where none had been made before.

The United States and Russia have been dickering on three problems at the same time: on outer space in the United Nations; and, in Geneva, on ending nuclear tests and preventing surprise attacks.

Until Tuesday they had been deadlocked on all three.

The United States had proposed creation of a nine-nation study committee on the use of outer space for peaceful purposes, with the committee to report back to next year's U.N. General Assembly.

The Russians had demanded that international control of outer space be tied in with abandonment by the United States of its overseas bases. Then Tuesday the U.S.S.R. made its concessions.

Instead of this country's proposed nine-nation study committee, the Russians suggested creation of an 11-nation study group to prepare the groundwork for a permanent U.N. committee for cooperation in the study of outer space.

The Soviet Union dropped its demand that abandonment of American overseas bases be linked with a study of outer space. But it emphasized that the concession at the U.N. did not mean concessions at Geneva.

The Soviet Union also proposed — and this was in keeping with the American suggestion — that the study group report back to the General Assembly next year.

Since the gap between the United States and the Soviets — on outer space — has now been narrowed, they have to dickering some more to close it. What seems to separate them now is a matter of detail. That shouldn't be too tough to iron out.

Yet this is only the mildest kind of beginning and in the end may lead to nothing. There's a big difference between what a study group recommends and what the United States and the Soviet Union finally may agree on, perhaps years from now, if ever.

While the United States has not proposed a ban on outer space weapons, the Russians have dropped a demand for such a ban from their U.N. resolution.

Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. ambassador to the U.N., has said: "Candor compels us to admit that agreement on disarmament aspects of outer space lies in the future."

At Geneva the talks on ending nuclear tests and preventing surprise attacks are snarled in mutual distrust.

The United States insists that any agreement to ban nuclear tests must be accompanied, not followed, by an agreement to police such a ban to prevent cheating.

The Russians have insisted on agreement to end testing before there's any discussion on policing. The West argues this is like asking it to sign a blind contract.

The East-West representatives separately discussing the idea of preventing surprise attacks were just pulling blanks.

Help Asked

Klamath Falls (To The Editor)—Next Tuesday, November 23, the Klamath County Chapter of Muscular Dystrophy Association of America will be conducting their "March For Muscular Dystrophy" by visiting homes, ringing doorbells and seeking or accepting contributions from friends and neighbors.

The Klamath County ladies who have volunteered to help us with this march, are assisting in the completion of a monument to medical research, the Institute for Muscle Disease in New York City, which is a project of Muscular Dystrophy Association of America. This institute, now nearing completion, will have as its first objective, the solution of the mystery of Muscular Dystrophy.

With the formation of a full time Klamath County Chapter, a part of all campaign contributions is kept in Klamath County to be used locally for aid to victims of Muscular Dystrophy.

Let me urge all our citizens to give generously when a volunteer calls for contributions on Tuesday, November 23. Residents of our outlying towns are urged to help through the canisters which have been placed by fire departments in their communities, as no march is planned this year in those districts.

John I. Mathews
President, Klamath County Chapter

Art Displays

Klamath Falls (To The Editor)—At this time I'd personally like to thank you and your staff for the fine coverage in your paper the past couple of weeks concerning National Art Week.

As you probably know, November 1 to November 8 was set aside for displaying the work of Klamath County artists in downtown business houses and other concerns. As anyone should know, an artist, whether water color, oil, pastel, caricaturist, comic strip, cartoonist or pen and ink, likes to have his work brought before the public.

These businessmen in the city gave us a chance to display our work before the public and when I saw the display downtown last week, I thought it looked very good. Personally I would like to thank all who helped display my pen and ink sketch of the "ticket office at the airport."

Thank you and all of the staff and all those who made these art displays possible for us Klamath County artists.

George N. Hodges

Quotes

United Press International
CHARLEVOIX, Mich.—The last radio message from Capt. Roland Bryan of the cargo ship Carl D. Bradley feared sunk in gale-swept Lake Michigan:
"We've broken in half. We're going down."

NEW YORK — Col. John Stapp, Air Force space researcher, in saying tests he has undergone show man can endure the pressures of being fired into space and returned:
"But he is scarcely likely to enjoy either of these ordeals."

BOSTON — Gorley Kempt, survivor of the Springfield, N.S., mine disaster, after arriving in Boston on his first airplane flight:
"It's a lot nicer to be up in the air than down below the ground. It's my first flight and it's like a breeze."

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — Birmingham Police Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor in charging that a proposed federal grand jury investigation of the arrest of three Negro ministers was prompted by the Rev. Martin Luther King, United Auto Worker President Walter Reuther, and U.S. Atty. Gen. William Rogers:
"They are trying a triple play on Bull Connor — it's King to Reuther to Rogers."

NEW YORK — Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer in renewing his call for breaking relations with the Soviet Union and eliminating it from the United Nations:
"We must indicate clearly to the Kremlin that we are not going to yield, or bend a knee, to their aggressions."

NEW YORK — Bernard Baruch in warning that inflation must be denounced regularly like sin or it will destroy a nation:
"But unfortunately, like sin, it is tolerated, encouraged and indeed enjoyed by many."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Search For Ship Survivors Told By Michigan Reporter

Editor's Note: Del Gaut, 32-year-old reporter for the Traverse City, Mich., Record Eagle, was aboard the Coast Guard seaplane which participated in the search for survivors and wreckage of the Carl D. Bradley, a 615-foot cargo ship which sank in Lake Michigan Tuesday. Here is his story, as written for United Press International.

By DEL GAUT
TRAVERSE CITY, Mich. (UPI)—If there's one word which will cover the night's search it would be "rough."

The airmen buckle themselves to their seats in an aircraft that tosses around the sky like a leaf, their eyes glued to the windows, searching for they know not what.

Thousands of feet below, lights of the rescue craft outline the seemingly futile search for survivors.

The winds, reaching up to 70 miles an hour and sometimes better, make a white-capped melee on Lake Michigan, hampering the movement of the boats and restricting the search craft to basic maneuvers.

If something is found tonight, it will not be a lifeboat. None could stay afloat in this water.

Across the airways, terse radio messages direct the plane overhead in its mission to drop flares. The flares, normally effective for three to five minutes, are blown by the wind far beyond the effective range of the vessel and can only be seen for half the usual distance.

The aircraft itself is being used mainly to illuminate the area with its flares. The height at which it is forced to fly, due to the buffeting winds, limits its use as a search vehicle.

The pilot of the Coast Guard seaplane drops his load of flares and hastens back to Traverse City for an additional supply.

Rather than spending time refueling, the pilot, Lt. Commander Louis N. Donohoe, about 37 and

On the banks of the waterway leading to Liege in Belgium, following the Meuse River, there are now huge steel mills, a university and a helicopter port.

ship, Satori, the small crew peers ahead, constantly looking, constantly hoping it will be able to save some of the 35 men aboard the downed ship.

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4-Month-Old Tot Dies In Merced

BONANZA — Great-grandparent here have received word of the death of Marlin Dale Branco, 4-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Branco of Merced, California.

The great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clell Haley and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sewald of Bonanza, learned that the child had appeared well when his parents put him to bed November 13, but he died during the night. Death apparently was caused by pneumonia.

Survivors include his parents; his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clu Sewald and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Branco of Merced; his great-grandparents, and his great-grandmother, Mrs. Howe of Klamath Falls.

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SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

