

The Herald and News

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Memory Test

By BILL JENKINS

Well, the first of the month has rolled around again and here we are with the roundup of the weather for the month of November, 1958.

The weather started the month clear and warm. I note that I was hunting at Snuffy Smith's place at Stronghold, and it was too warm for comfort. And no shooting, either. The mercury registered 58 and 33 respectively here. The next day, which was a Sunday, was cloudy with a slight rain in the evening. I moved the lawn and took the dogs for a run.

The third was foggy and cloudy with more light rain and the fourth was election day. Stayed up all night waiting for returns and wound it up on the fifth at about ten in the morning. It rained off and on all during election day and the following day was cloudy with no rain. On the fifth it was warm with a high of 59 and a low of 44.

The sixth saw light rain. Drove up to Aspen Lake early and saw 75 or 80 geese, a few deer and a hen grouse. The next day was warm and clear with a heavy flight of pintails, geese and swans most of the day. The next two days it rained, fairly hard at times.

The 10th turned out to be a lovely Fall day with a high reading of 44 and a low of 18. About the same the next day and then a rain the next night, fairly heavy all night. On the 13th it was still raining. I tried hunting at Miller Island where there were lots of ducks but no one got any shooting because a couple of ten gauge barrel stretchers were out in the middle of the grounds shooting at everything that flew over and ruining it for the rest of the hunters.

On the 14th we woke up to an inch of snow. Drove to Bear Flat for a SAP field trip. Saw quite a few deer in the timber on the way up. Maybe three or four inches of snow up there. Nice day. Had dinner at Weyerhaeuser's Camp 14 and then home with Harry Marshall as chauffeur.

On the 15th drove to Snuffy's again to open the pheasant season. It snowed and blew and made all day and made for real sporty shooting. When those big old birds got up and caught the wind in their tails they went like rockets. Some snow here and a mercury reading of 29 and 18.

One nice clear day followed and then it started to rain again, lightly. On the 18th, which was a cloudy and raw day, I drove out to Harry Obenchain's at Bly to take pictures of a 419 pound black bear that he had shot. Enormous thing. He now has it made into a rug. Haven't seen it yet but plan to go out and take a gander.

The next day I toured the Kendall Christmas tree ranch at Tennant. Lots of snow down there and we were churning around in a couple of feet of the stuff at the top of the ranch, making hard going of it for the jeeps. Cloudy and cold.

The next few days were foggy and raw with the temperature in the mid-forties. Drove over to the coast via Portland and found it wet, then clear and very cold. Stayed for three or four days and then came home to find it overcast but warm, no snow on the ground, birds flying in good order.

I finished up the month, which ended on a Sunday, by driving to Aspen Lake and then out via Oatman Lake and Kene. The lake was frozen over but there were still a few geese hanging around. Saw a fisher lope along at the edge of the timber, the first one I'd seen all year. It was a warm and clear day with a high of 51 and a low of 32.

And that is how November went last year.

Reading Matter

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—I am not a newspaperwoman, so I may not understand all the obligations of what a paper has to print. But where one has to censor the reading matter and TV programs before allowing their children to read or view the same, it seems to me it's a shame to also have to start hiding pages from our daily newspaper.

We just got over seeing Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor headlined in their repulsive scandal, when now it's Errol Flynn and all the build up over his affair with a teen-ager. Each day one reads of some man being sent to prison for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and I'm wondering what mixed ideas our boys and girls are getting of this affair. Where is the justice? One being sent to prison, the girl to a "home," and in this case one made a hero, and her to flaunt her immoral actions to the world.

I think it is time our paper looked for more interesting read-

ing for both old and young. I'm sure it can be done and that there are others who will agree with me.

Mrs. M. A. Bennett,
1729 Johnson Avenue.

Wildlife Foods

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—Why don't we start a program to increase the natural and practical food supplies for our wild game and fish, at the same time use it as a ground floor program of water conservation at its source?

We have in this state cut off vast areas of timber and have done very little to replace the destroyed foods of game and very little to stop erosion of the soil. There are many acres of mountain lands in the state and federal forests that are worthless for anything but timber growth and game.

The program could consist mainly of:

1. Planned seeding in the mountains of wildlife foods, such as certain grasses, grains and wild fruits suitable to the particular areas.

2. Planting of willows and fast growing trees in the creek beds to produce feed for beavers.

3. Cooperating with the fish and game commission on planting the proper fish in the resulting ponds. The net result of such a program would be a relief to the farmers from much of the depredations of the deer herds, the increase of wildfowl, the improvement of mountain streams for fishing and spawning areas, and an improvement in water and soil retention.

Costs could be kept under control and could be financed by a slight addition to the hunting and fishing licenses and a modest charge against removed timber.

Why don't we?
Miles Otis,
805 East Main

Pavement Plato

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (AP)—Sidewalk scrawls by a Pavement Plato: Man, who cannot justify himself, must accept the weather.

As most mortals ache, they find God. The prettiest sight in the world is a girl with 10,000 freckles seriously plagued by a pimple.

The ordinary man always extends a helping hand except to himself.

To reach an ear—first gossip. To reach a mind—start with one. Loves, like landscapes, reflect a point of view.

The other fellow's pickle flavors our own menu of living.

Time is the slave of the rich in patience. One who doesn't have time has no servant.

The greatest human reservoir is watered by the milk of human kindness.

A devil in earnest wins more applause than an angel in doubt. Love differs from money. Love is a medium of exchange and a measure of value.

Words are the open sesame to deeds. In weighing, much is wanted, much wasted.

Some say the world's a swamp, some say it's a plain; under the remorseless sky, few are more vulnerable than you and I.

Time is the surest blessing or the most certain blemish. The unrealized dreams of all men turn them into children of themselves.

As we buy more certainty we are sold more by doubt. The four words in the English language that most often are raised to rebuke God are: how, why, where, when?

As man gets more of what he feels he wants, he becomes more aware of what he feels he needs. Copybook maxim: What lies

ahead, lies behind. In terms of lifelong health, one of man's greatest physiological errors is that he replaces the habit of sucking his thumb with more harmful ways of expressing his inescapable and inborn nervousness.

This handy childhood solution he replaces at his own adult peril and pays at his own adult price—lung, stomach and heart ailments, possibly even wars and divorces.

What fundamentally differentiates man from other animals is his nervous ability, and the power of concentration to sustain and achieve a purpose, remote from the physical urgencies of the moment. Worry about now marks the mouse and microbe; worry about tomorrow stains and identifies the man.

Selling Stassen

By JAMES MARLOW
Associated Press News Analyst
WASHINGTON (AP)—Harold Stassen has had a hard time selling whatever it is he thinks he has to offer.

He's more than just a hard man to discourage. He's a hard man to embarrass. And it doesn't necessarily follow that because he said something yesterday he will be saying the same thing today. He's been trying for office ever since 1944, three times for the presidency. Then he aimed at the governorship of Pennsylvania. Always his Republican party refused to nominate him.

At last this year he got the Republican endorsement to run for the job of Richardson Dilworth, a Democrat and mayor of Philadelphia. This is quite a come-down for a man who painted for the White House.

It doesn't mean his ambition has dwindled. If he became mayor and got control of the Pennsylvania Republican organization and through that could win the governorship later, he'd be in a spot to try for the presidency in 1964.

Yet, if anyone looks washed up in national politics it's Stassen. As much as a political party can hit a man with the back of his hand, Stassen was hit in 1956 when he tried to prevent Vice President Richard M. Nixon's renomination.

Stassen was a pathetic political sight that year. He not only got no support that counted but wound up in a situation which to another man might have been unbearably humiliating: at the convention he seconded Nixon's nomination.

His 1956 repudiation, plus the other times his party had ignored his own personal ambitions, didn't seem to dent him at all. In 1958 he was back on the anti-Nixon theme again.

This time, after a conference with President Eisenhower, he walked out on the White House steps and announced he might run for the Republican presidential nomination in 1960 if only to stop Nixon from getting it.

That was in March 1958. Two months later this man, who was thinking in terms of a presidential race in 1960, sought but couldn't get the Pennsylvania Republican nomination for governor.

Now, running for mayor of Philadelphia, he's done a switch on Nixon. He says he will stay clear of any presidential contest between Nixon and New York's Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Stassen was considered a liberal back in the 1930s—when he was governor of Minnesota and before he got the presidential bug—but liberals may look twice at his tactics in the mayor's race.

In this campaign he has promised to ease Philadelphia's employment problem by keeping migratory workers out of the city.

When one Philadelphia Democrat heard about Stassen's promise on migratory workers, he said: "Stassen is a migratory worker himself." It is just be-

cause of his working whereabouts that he got into his most recent difficulty.

Recently Philadelphia's revenue commissioner, Mortin Rotman asked Stassen: what about paying city wage taxes for the four years from 1953 through 1956, while Stassen was in Washington on the government payroll?

Stassen said he not only had paid the taxes but said he had receipts to prove it. But in a show-down Thursday he didn't produce the receipts and, instead, claimed exemption from the tax for the years he worked for Uncle Sam in Washington.

Rotman said he will fight Stassen in the courts for the money and let them decide.

Cheerful Note

By SAM DAWSON
AP Business News Analyst
NEW YORK (AP)—With the steel strike hogging the headlines, one very cheerful note in the economy has slipped by almost unnoticed.

That up-and-down industry—textiles—has been having one of its up years.

Profit increases over 1958 are little short of sensational. Unlike many other industries, its gain held at the same rate right through the third quarter.

All of 50 companies in various sectors of the textile industry show increases over a year ago. Combined, the earnings of the companies reporting for the first nine months so far total 30 million dollars, a whopping 127.5 percent over the 43½ million the same firms racked up in the first three quarters of 1958, when three of them were operating at a loss and many others were visibly limping.

And, unlike many other industries, the prospects for the final months of this year are bright. Most textile makers and finishers say the steel strike has had little effect on sales, even in the mill towns. Retail sales of textile products have generally continued lively.

The gain in sales this year has been a prime reason why the textile industry is making such a good showing. But there are others.

Fabric prices have stiffened this year, while the cost of raw materials, especially cotton, has been less.

And more of the sales gain has been carried over into profits. This is because the industry has freed itself of the inventory surplus that plagued it a year ago, and because there has been little tendency to overproduce this year—an ailment to which the mills are prone whenever sales in one line or another perk up.

And the textile mills are now benefiting from the new equipment installed in recent years which makes for cheaper production. Also there has been a lessening of competition as some marginal mills folded during the lean period.

Like everyone else, however, the producers still have problems. Most talked-about troubles at the moment are the imports of foreign textiles. Japanese cotton fabrics are deplored by the domestic mills because they usually carry lower price tags, reflecting lower wage scales in Japan.

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They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Harlo

THE GRULLER KIDS ALL GOT MARRIED OFF, LEAVING MOM AND POP ALONE IN THE BIG HOUSE....

SO THEY SOLD THE BIG OLD MANSE AND TOOK A TWO-ROOM APARTMENT. THEN THE PARADE COMMENCED!

THANK AND A LOTTO HAT TO A FEW CONTRIBUTORS

WELL...THERE GOES OUR LAST CHICK FROM THE NEST...WE WON'T NEED THIS BIG OLD HOUSE ANY MORE...

A LITTLE APARTMENT IN THE CITY FOR US NOW, DEAR...

HELLO, MOTHER-DAD! I'VE LEFT CHEDDAR, THE BRUTE—I'VE COME HOME FOR GOOD.

GRENADINE—OH—HELLO, CHILDREN!

Conspiracy Charge Faces Attorney In Lye-Scar Case

NEW YORK (AP)—A slender, 32-year-old attorney has been charged with hiring three Negroes to throw lye into his former girl friend's face.

Burton N. Pugach, who lives in suburban Scarsdale and has law offices in the Bronx, was arrested Friday. He denied the charge.

Linda Riss, 23, a secretary, has been sightless in one eye since last June 15. Miss Riss, who is white, opened the door of her Bronx apartment and found a Negro man there who told her he had a present to deliver. He opened a cardboard box, removed a glass jar, and hurled lye in her face.

Besides Pugach, who also is white, three Negroes—Heard Harden, 34, named as the actual assailant; Al Smith Newkirk, 31; and Walter McMillan, 27, all of Manhattan, were arrested at

their homes. Pugach, who wears a goatee and horn-rimmed glasses was picked up as he approached his office. All four were charged with maiming.

But the three called on Pugach several times since then demanding more money, Sullivan said. He said Pugach since has handed over an additional \$1,000.

Miss Riss has filed a million-dollar negligence suit against the city, charging that she had asked for protection after the threat and before the lye attack. She said police denied the protection. Since the attack, she has been under constant police guard.

First college in the U.S. to teach American history and government was Union College, Schenectady, New York, in 1795.

• Newspaper SPOT ADS are inexpensive — repeated daily \$1.16

Crew Claims Back Pay Due

HOUSTON (AP)—The Coast Guard is in a quandary over the case of the Pacific Thunder. The freighter's crew refuses to budge without 24 days back pay they claim they have coming.

Houston Port Capt. R. J. Evans Friday ordered it moved. He said the vessel berthed in the channel is a menace to navigation. Two of its mooring lines have broken, he said, and others might break.

The vessel, owned by World Tramping Agency of New York, is loaded with 9,924 tons of rice bound for Ceylon. The owners haven't replied to Evans' order.

"I could hire tugs to move it from the dock and then send the bill to the owner's agent," Evans said. "But I have been informed that if I do that the crew will walk off and that would present another danger."

TOURIST LURES

RABAT, Morocco (UPI)—Morocco has decided to let tourists enter without visas and ease customs regulations on souvenirs taken out of the country. A government commission is studying other measures to attract more tourists.

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SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

