

Country Life? City Life? It's A Tough Decision

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I'm a split personality. One of me revels in country living, thrills to the sight of a doe bringing her two fawns to the apple tree for a mid-morning snack, and glories in the fact that a zesty rendition of "Home on the Range" on the accordion won't disturb the neighbors. (They're too far away to hear or care.)

On the other hand, my cityfied personality craves to wade in culture, free or pay, to shop for the necessities of life without going three minutes from the city apartment, and to be an anonymous soul, happily lost among the millions of New Yorkers.

This tug of war has been going on for years, with neither personality winning or even yielding the least bit. It probably will go on till the end—unless unexpected riches make it possible for me to eat my cake and have it too. Few people can.

Dividends accrue in either location.

For an animal-mad individual like me, both the wild and tame variety are available in the country. The great dane chases rabbits and confounds woodchucks; the raccoon moves into the shed, with some time out for splashing in the nearby brook, and the bird life would thrill an Audubon expert.

An easy-does-it attitude toward children is possible in the country. A pan of peepers spent a happy night on the dining table, cov-

ered with a piece of screen, while son studied their vocal cords. An authentic snake pit housed an interesting collection of specimens for a budding herpetologist to investigate—till one proved to be an unhappy water snake trapped in a waterless ditch.

The shotgun goes into use keeping the crow population under control. The rifle blasts at a target, safely set into the hill. The fisherman in the family (who, in the best tradition, caught his first trout on a bent safety pin) can follow the water route for miles in search of a catch.

You see and enjoy the people you really like in the country. There are no casual callers; you have to drive to get anywhere, so you phone before appearing. Real friends are invited to Saturday night supper, and are quite likely to stretch the visit to a weekend stay.

You can wear what you like in the country. Ski pants, a venerable leather jacket, a knit cap are ideal for the wintry days. If the pants are patched, so much the better. In the summer, there are some who live in their bathing suits, or at the most wear shorts and go barefoot all summer long. No one cares.

But I long for the city when I consider my motorized plight. I am two miles from the nearest newspaper, farther than that from the nearest food store; and every dance, Scout meeting, singing lesson, bowling outing, slumber party, and school play call for a

sizeable drive. In the city, the subway is on the corner, the bus a block away, and if you prefer to walk, there are sidewalks. Teen-agers do not have to be taken places. They ride the common carriers. The bottle of ink, the head of lettuce, the paperback book, and the clothespins aren't even a stone's throw away. If your burdens are too great to be borne, a helpful boy in a bicycle-propelled cart will bring them to you five minutes later. The drug store is happy to send a boy over with a bottle of aspirin, and if you don't mind paying outrageously for it, a wood boy will lug in four logs for your city fireplace.

A city is athrob with endless activities. In a given day you can hear a lecturer describe the Flemish school of painting; go to a chamber music concert, and slip in to a United Nations meeting, all for free.

You can admire the crafts of many lands by browsing through foreign shops and display centers of many nations—all for free. I've still to penetrate to the top floor of the museum; the branch library around the corner offers

more activities than I could cope with. And the list of lecturers, tops in their fields, is endless.

And when you splurge on a play, you can get a decent night's sleep, and rise well after the sun. I want to live in the peace of the country, with a subway stop where my mailbox is perched. I want the excitement and stimulus of the city, and still be able to see the Big Dipper in the sky at night.

I guess I want the unattainable.

DRAIN HEATER

To avoid discoloration of your plumbing fixtures, drain your water heater periodically to remove dirt and rust. Most heaters can be cleaned simply by attaching the garden hose to the drain cock and letting the water run until it is clear.

MAE IN MARCH

MEMPHIS, Tenn. (UPI)—Four women in one restaurant here have the middle name Mae—Verdie Mae McFadden, Edna Mae Mason, Doris Mae Hobbs and Bessie Mae Faust.

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Woods Owners And Foresters Should Order

Farm woodland owners and forest land managers who are planning reforestation projects this spring must have their tree orders in the office of the state forester in Salem not later than April 1, according to Charles H. Ladd, chief farm forester.

The forester indicated that the supply of east side Douglas fir is exhausted, as is true also of grand fir, noble fir, white fir, Shasta fir, Norway spruce and Port Orford cedar. However, ponderosa, Austrian and Scotch pine are in supply, as are west side Douglas fir, incense cedar, Sierra redwood, Chinese arborvitae, lodgepole pine, Russian olive, black locust, Caragana, green ash, Chinese elm and cascara.

Order blanks may be obtained at the county agents' offices or headquarters of the various state forestry officials, Ladd said.

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Stood Firm For The Union As War Flared At Sumter



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON stood fast on the side of the Union in the tense days immediately before and during the firing on Fort Sumter despite the fact that his family ties were with the South. He was born in Kentucky in September, 1805, and later married a girl from Georgia. He entered West Point at 15, was graduated and served with Abraham Lincoln in the same outfit in the Black Hawk War. Major Anderson later taught at West Point and fought in Florida and the Mexican War. He was sent to command Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor in November, 1860. To the chagrin of South Carolinians, who counted on his southern background, he abandoned the fort and wrecked it when its defense proved untenable. He withdrew to Fort Sumter on Dec. 26, 1860, and stood his ground when the fort was fired on on April 12, 1861. Federal troops fought for three days until quarters were burned, the gates destroyed, and ammunition ran low. Major Anderson then accepted the terms of surrender offered by Confederate Brig. Gen. Beauregard, who had been his pupil and later his assistant at West Point. Under the terms, Major Anderson and his men were allowed to leave and they returned to New York where they were given a triumphant reception.

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