

Flower Pot

- ACROSS**
- 11 It belongs to the health family
- 13 Thistle-like flower
- 14 Hazards
- 15 Flowers bloom throughout the world
- 16 Mountain nymphs
- 17 Pithier
- 18 Mountain in Yellowstone national park
- 19 Javanese civet
- 21 Upper limb
- 22 Viper
- 23 Flag
- 25 Rowing tool
- 27 Blow with open hand
- 31 Obstruction
- 32 — rose
- 33 Island (Fr.)
- 34 Yellow bugle plant
- 35 Sphere
- DOWN**
- 36 Permit
- 37 Oriental coins
- 38 King (Fr.)
- 40 Coloring substances
- 41 Postscripts (ab.)
- 42 King of Judah
- 43 State flower of New Hampshire
- 44 Rose
- 45 Idolizes
- 46 Australian eucalypt
- 47 Displeased
- 48 The poppy is a flower of the
- 49 Pannier
- 50 Florists
- 51 Footless animal
- 52 Cipher
- 53 Flowers range over a wide
- 54 Months (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ACROSS
11. BREEZE
13. Dandelion
14. Perils
15. Blossoms
16. Dryads
17. Gnatcatcher
18. Civet
19. Arm
22. Snake
23. Union Jack
25. Oar
27. Clap
31. Plug
32. Rose
33. Corsica
34. Fuchsia
35. Sphere

DOWN
36. Permit
37. Oriental coins
38. King (Fr.)
40. Coloring substances
41. Postscripts (ab.)
42. King of Judah
43. State flower of New Hampshire
44. Rose
45. Idolizes
46. Australian eucalypt
47. Displeased
48. The poppy is a flower of the
49. Pannier
50. Florists
51. Footless animal
52. Cipher
53. Flowers range over a wide
54. Months (ab.)

'Neurotic' Tab May Be Pinned On Hot Weather Sufferers

By DELOS SMITH
UPI Science Editor

NEW YORK (UPI) — In hot summer weather it will cool you to know there is a scientific movement afoot to pin the tag, "neurotic," on some of the people who lose their pep when the sun is boiling and the humidity is high—people who can't work, eat, or sleep right and get extremely irritable.

More cooling scientific news is that the term, "sun stroke," is obsolete and some scientists want to abolish it. The term is inaccurate, that's what is wrong with it. It isn't the sun which strikes the victims down, but the failure of their own "heat regulating" chemistry. It probably wasn't too good in the first place.

All this stems from planned revisions of the international statistical classification of the World Health Organization. Its main idea is for all medical men of all countries to classify all bodily disorders in the same way. Then they can all be given code numbers which will have the same meanings everywhere.

The code number for "sun stroke" now is N 981.1. The proposal is to abolish the number and rely entirely on the number for "heat stroke" (N 981.0) which is something that can be set off by any intense, sustained heat, such as that of a furnace or the deep interior of a coal mine.

There now is no code number for what the revisers have classified as "chronic heat neurotic reaction," and they would like for it to have one. It is caused by "prolonged exposure to a hot environment," they said. The symptoms are "loss of energy, initiative, interest; difficulty in concentrating, working and sleeping; complaints of dizziness, "black-

outs," loss of weight and appetite; irritability, bad temper, depression." There may or may not be something wrong with them physically, but there is with their emotions and nerves.

But on the whole matter of heat and the human body, there is much medical confusion, the revisers said, and they suggested reducing a hodge-podge of descriptive terms, many of which do not describe, to a mere 14. These would be grouped into general categories, such as:

Failure or impairment of the bodily heat regulating "mechanism," which by opening or closing pores, by widening or narrowing blood vessels, by increased or decreased blood circulation, and by other means, keeps the interior body temperature the same no matter how hot (or cold) it is outside. Complete failure of this "mechanism" is a grave occurrence; it is often fatal.

"Salt deficiency in a hot environment." This causes a variety of bodily disturbances, mainly muscular cramps. Much sweating takes body salt with it. More salt in the diet corrects that.

Various disturbances of the sweat glands themselves. Perhaps the chemical thermostats are messed up and the glands don't respond. Maybe the channels are blocked and though they want to produce sweat, the sweat doesn't get out. This leads to summer discomforts of a number of sorts, such as prickly heat and similar skin troubles. Incidentally, medical science deplores efforts to prevent sweating. Sweat whether honest or not is healthy.

The proposed revisions, worked out by the British Medical Research Council, are being considered by co-operating groups here and in all other countries.

Compromise Reached On Klamath Timber Usage

WASHINGTON (UPI) — House-Senate conferees reached agreement today on legislation providing for disposition of the timber assets of the Klamath Indian tribe in Oregon.

The compromise climaxed a four-year legislative fight over how to distribute valuable timber stands on the Klamath reservation after the Federal government terminates its supervision of the tribe.

Rep. Al Ullman (D-Ore.) said he anticipates no difficulty in getting swift House and Senate approval of the conferees' action. He predicted President Eisenhower would sign the measure.

The compromise agreement provides for appointment of a three-man committee to make a new, up-to-date appraisal of the value of the Klamath timber land and to make a report to Congress by April 1, 1959.

It also specifies that whoever takes over the Indian property must operate it on a "sustained yield basis so as to provide for a continuous supply of timber."

The Klamath reservation contains one of the nation's most valuable stands of Ponderosa pine.

Under an act approved by Congress in 1954, later amended, the Federal government will terminate its control over the tribe on

Aug. 13, 1960. A subsequent battle developed over the best means of disposing of the approximately 700,000 acres of Klamath timberland and at the same time insuring the forest's preservation.

The House and Senate passed separate bills which provided for first putting the Klamath land up for sale to private interests. The Federal government would take whatever was left over. The chief difference was over language setting forth the sustained yield provisions of the bill.

Under the compromise agreement no Klamath land can be sold until after the appraisers make their report to Congress. Ullman and Sen. Richard L. Neuberger (D-Ore.), the two principal sponsors of the Klamath legislation, said they felt that the bill finally agreed upon "will serve the best interests of the Klamath Indians."

Admiral's Friends Fight Snub

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The "case of the missing invitation" continued to intrigue Senate friends of Rear Adm. Hyman G. Rickover Tuesday.

Rickover, so-called "father" of the nuclear submarine, wasn't invited to last Friday's White House ceremony at which it was announced the nuclear submarine Nautilus had journeyed between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans under the North Pole.

A number of senators have been hopping mad about it.

Sen. Clinton P. Anderson (D-N.M.), vice chairman of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, announced he would introduce a resolution calling for a special Congressional Medal of Merit for Rickover.

Anderson, in a Senate speech Monday night, deplored the failure of the President to invite Rickover. The White House had said there was not enough room to include Rickover on the invitation list.

"It was more likely due to limitations in space within the Navy for a man who is and has been outspoken in his criticisms of the old outmoded Navy concepts," Anderson declared.

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey (D-Minn.) said the President's failure to invite Rickover to the ceremony was "nothing short of shocking." He described the White House explanation as a "lame excuse."

What's Good For The Judge Is Good For The Commissioners

CARTHAGE, N.C. (UPI) — Superior Court Judge H. S. Burgwyn, incensed because his courtroom was not air-conditioned, yesterday summoned members of the Board of County Commissioners for jury duty.

"This place needs air conditioning and they ought to know it," the perspiring jurist said. "They can come and suffer the heat and noise and gnats right along with the rest of us."

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



THE STORY OF MARTHA WAYNE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



CAPTAIN EASY



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



PRISCILLA'S POP



BUGS BUNNY



THAT'S A LOT BETTER!



Strange As It Seems



TOWN TAMER

By FRANK CRUBER

THE STORY: Tom Rosser took the job of taming Great Plains for the railroad in order to meet again with Riley Condor who once hired a gunman to kill Rosser. The nervous bullet missed Tom, but killed his sweetheart, Carol Grannan. Tom has been invited to meet Condor at his saloon.

XIII
ROSSER slackened his pace so that Parker fell in beside him. "I know about you and Condor. You were enemies back in Kansas," the sheriff said. "Someday," Rosser said, "I'm going to kill Condor." "Not today?" "I'll choose the time and the place. When there's just Condor and me."

"That's fair, Rosser." They had reached the Pleasure Palace. Without hesitation, Rosser pushed open the door and went inside. He heard Parker's footsteps behind him. It was a stakeout, of course. Sim Atkins and another man were at the bar; two gun-carrying men were at the right of the room, not too far back and Flon was just outside the door of Condor's office, which stood open. Three men were carefully watching from the balcony that went around three sides of the huge room.

Rosser barely glanced around the room, then stepped to the bar, a few feet from Sim Atkins. "Tell your boss I'm here." "Tell him yourself!" "Your job," Rosser said deliberately, "may be shooting people in the back. I don't want to make it too easy for you."

"Not from you, I'm not. You won't stand up and fight..." "Don't be too sure of that," Atkins scowled at Rosser. "I haven't heard of you facing any man lately."

The inference was plain enough, but Rosser had been expecting a taunt to snap him into gunplay—gunplay that would be his finish. Condor stepped out of his office. He gave Rosser a half salute. "Rosser!" "You wanted to see me, Condor?" Condor came forward, his face twisted into a frozen smile. "Heard you were in town. Al ways want to see my old friends."

"We're friends, Condor?" "This is a new year, a new town—" "And a new deal?" Condor shrugged. "You're calling it."

from Condor's face. He made a small gesture with his right hand, his eyes still on Rosser. "You said your piece, Rosser."

"I think we understand each other."

Rosser turned and walked carefully out of the Pleasure Palace.

ROSSER walked to the hotel. He climbed to his room, entered and locked the door. He took off his coat and extended his right hand. It trembled violently.

He shook his head. He had been in no real danger. Riley Condor had made the stakeout only to impress him. He would never have Rosser shot down in broad daylight, in his own saloon.

A hotel corridor at night. A shot in the dark that was Riley Condor's trademark. A hired assassin, like the man from Idaho, back in Broken Lance.

Rosser had spent a month in Idaho, the previous winter. A man named Lee Ring had left his old stamping grounds in the Hole-in-the-Wall country late in September and had not returned. That much he had learned. But Lee Ring was only a name. The people who knew the name could not describe Ring and those who knew him were as hard to find as Lee Ring himself. Even if Rosser had found them, they were not the kind who would talk.

Rosser removed his boots and stretched out upon the bed. He had dozed only for minutes at a time during the night. He was bone-weary, yet he could not sleep. His mind kept wandering...

Not to the scene at the Pleasure Palace, but to the woman who had accosted him the night before on the veranda of the hotel.

Susan Tavenner. She was so much like Carol Grannan. "No," he suddenly said aloud. Carol Grannan was dead. She was the only woman he had ever loved in his life, the only woman he would ever love.

And she was dead.

(To Be Continued)