

AUTOMOBILES AND GOOD ROADS AID TROUT FISHERMEN

It's fishin' time—get out the rod and reel and see that they are in shape.

Millions of trout and other fish have been planted in the streams of the west in the last few years, by government and state, which insures good fishing for many years to come. The activities are doing their part to increase fishing throughout the country. Fishermen must do their part and not take fish that are undersized. If these undersized fish are allowed to grow they will be big enough to make a "mess" in a few years and all fishermen gain just that much.

Automobiles and good roads have made good fishing streams harder and harder to find. Streams that once teemed with fish are now practically barren, in spite of the efforts of state and government officials to plant them. Much of this is due to the fact that fish are taken before they are full grown.

"There is no more fun on earth than fishing," stated E. W. Fuhr, regional manager of Chevrolet Motor company, recently.

"The out-of-doors feature alone is worth the effort, then if the effort is rewarded with a fine mess of trout or other fish there is nothing that so satisfies the soul of the angler. There's a thrill in hooking a big one and playing him until he is captured. We in the west have a great advantage. Mountain streams are only a few hours away, and those who care to walk away from the main traveled roads can always come back with the limit."

Plucked Estates

State Treasurer Kay has done the state a service in calling attention to the looting of ecclesiastical estates by men whose duty it is to administer and conserve them. While Mr. Kay's expose is convincing, it is not new. The public, especially those of the legal profession, have been aware that it is always open season on such estates and that when no interested heirs are concerned it has been an easy matter to dissipate estates before a final accounting is returned.

It is a subject that interests us in two of its aspects. The legal intent to dispose of unclaimed estates by turning them over to the state school fund is based on the sound policy of using them to the greatest advantage for the public welfare. Every dollar that is unjustly withheld from this fund either cripples the schools to that extent or adds to the burden of taxation. The schools are entitled to the money, but those who administer the estates are not entitled to it legally or morally, except to meet actual expenses, without padding, and to such fees as have been established by law.

The other phase of this situation that merits discussion is the complacency with which the melting of estates has been carried on, and winked at by those not directly affected. Mr. Kay's report indicates that such abuses as he points out have been general. Comparatively few estates are ecclesiastical but, when one is, there are plenty of willing hands to pluck it as clean as possible before turning over to the state a minimum that has escaped everything except outright embezzlement. It is "nobody's money," so those who are in a position to do so use every artifice to see that it finds an appreciative owner, and some of the probate courts are decidedly lenient in passing extravagant expense items.

It is impossible for attorneys who engage in such practices to justify themselves to any extent whatever. Failure of legal heirs to appear does not make the money theirs and does not make the loose handling of it any the less reprehensible. The examples that Mr. Kay cites are convincing evidence of a condition that courts and reputable lawyers should join in ending. Mr. Kay proposes, as state treasurer, to file objections to final accounts in which questionable disbursements are included. Even the publicity that he has given the subject will help, for it is a record that will not stand public scrutiny. He seems well on his way toward shutting off this source of easy money for favored individuals and diverting it into the irreducible school fund where it belongs.—Oregonian.

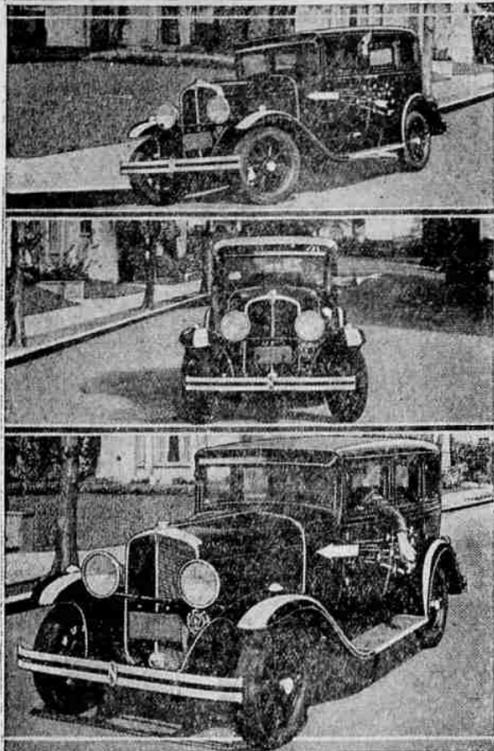
POPPY SALES GIVE JOY TO THE LIVING

Memories of the war dead always bring thoughts of those who did not die but came back doomed to years of hardship and suffering, sometimes worse than death. In the poppy was found a way to link the honoring of the dead with service for the living victims of the war. Patriotic organizations in different countries soon after the war began to conduct sales of poppies made by disabled veterans to raise funds for relief work among suffering ex-service men and their families. A double significance became attached to the poppy. Wearing the little flower came to mean honoring the dead and helping the living.

Blue and Brown for Summer
PARIS (AP)—Powder blue with touches of Havana brown is a mid-summer color combination ok'd by one of the most authoritative colorists of styling.

Wool Yarn Poses
PARIS (AP)—Wool yarn dahlias of two or three colors are mid-summer novelties for the informal suit or sports costume. The petals are formed by loops.

Give Signals For Stop And Turn



And give them properly. These views show an Oakland V-8 sedan, with the driver illustrating the proper arm signals for stopping and turning. The upper photo shows the right turn signal, the arm extended upward. The arm extended horizontally means a left turn, and arm held downward means stop or slow. Use these—they may prevent a serious crash.

The Dandelion: Never Says 'Die'; Gives Lesson in True Persistency

Suppose we do a little supposing. Suppose William Beebe or Roy Chapman Andrews or some such scientist and explorer were to announce that from some remote region he had brought back a rare flower, a chichoriaceous plant, which, for the want of a better name, is to be known as the Taraxacum taraxacum. And suppose, too, that this flower really were rare, and not the common hardy perennial which, in the familiar association that breeds lack of deserved reverence and appreciation, we know as the dandelion. Would we not value it highly? Would we not love it and cherish it?

For in truth, the dandelion really is a chichoriaceous plant. If that means anything to you, and any dictionary will prove to you that it is indeed the Taraxacum taraxacum. We should respect and value it accordingly. But merely because it is as numerous as the stars of the heavens that declare the glory of God, and as free as skylark songs, we do not hold it in high esteem.

And those persons who take their laws seriously are especially hostile to this charming little flower with the ferocious name. They are the persons who, with that mistaken virtue which cherishes singleness of purpose only to attain a 1-track mind, look upon the lawn as a place where grass should grow. Those of us who are a little inclined to compromise with some of life's difficulties and failures, and hence call ourselves broad-minded and tolerant, have permitted ourselves to have a fondness for these little yellow flowers of spring which

grow so lowly in the grass. Which, of course, may be tolerance, or it may be simple weakness. For indeed, it is much easier to accept the dandelion than to exterminate it.

Some persons there are—those with crusading proclivities—who take themselves and their laws seriously. Not having windmills to tilt against, they attempt to eradicate dandelions from their lawns. But it would be much easier, and no doubt fully as virtuous, merely to love the dandelions. After all, we make a great deal of hard work and self-righteous austerity over a lot of arbitrary moral hurdles and handicaps.

Children love dandelions, and you can't fool the children. One might speculate on the relationship between the primordial instinct for the worship of the sun and the universal fondness of children for these yellow flowers with their raylike massing of the petals on the flower-head.

Harbinger of the Season
The robins are as busy as ever with their melodious assurances, but it is not on their account that we vaunt our faith in spring's return. We have a surer sign. The dandelion pickers. You see them with their baskets, stooping in the vacant lots, gathering a mess of greens for the evening meal. And you see them on the aristocratic lawns, wedding them out with ruthless and unpoetic determination. And you see the little children plucking them for their flowers and for their stems that make such beautiful curls. For the dandelion pickers are of all classes and conditions, and they toil for various ends and aims—including dandelion wine.

JACK, ETHYL, DON AND "MIKE"



Jack and Ethyl, popular radio entertainers, watch a tense moment of the Missions versus Angels baseball game at Recreation Park, San Francisco, while Don Thompson (at the microphone), famous sports announcer, tells the world all about it over Station KFO. All three are featured on Associated Oil Company broadcasts throughout the coast territory.

The dandelion opens the door for spring, but you cannot be absolutely sure that the season has come until the dandelions have come in such quantities as to allure the pickers. One swallow does not make a summer, or a dandelion or two a spring. But when they come in crowds—when you can look out upon the greenward and see them marching across the fields and their myriads of yellow banners fluttering, you may put all doubts asleep—spring is here.

A cautious but sudden invader of the soil is the dandelion. As one poet has expressed it: Upon a showery night and still

Without a word of warning, A trespasser surprised the hill And held it in the morning. We were not waked by bugle notes.

No cheer our dreams invaded, And yet at dawn their yellow coats On the green slopes paraded.

Very pleasant pictures the dandelion pickers present, moving about on the lawns or on the rugged slopes of vacant lands—pictures that awaken dreams of old days when our hearts were full of natural yearnings, before the shadows of the world's prison house began to close us in. Sometimes we see them in groups of two and three, bending and picking, and then we recall Millet's "Gleaners," and Ruth, "amid the alien corn."

The School of Survival
Do the dandelions go to school? By some curious means these same little dandelions learn some very cunning tricks.

In the early spring when the blooming yellow things appear among the grass, almost welcome because of the colorful relief, the man who keeps a lawn buckles on his coveralls and drags forth his lawn mower to battle. Whirr goes the engine of destruction and off come the heads of dandelions long before the golden threads have had a chance to turn to gray. The next act is a repetition of the first. Those dandelions come back, perhaps not so tall and stately as was the earlier generation, but with impressive strength and number. The man who takes his lawn seriously mows the lawn again.

Three or four more mowings. The dandelions continue to die and at the same time continue to live and, what is worse, bloom. Yes, and the wise little plants bloom on such short stalks that their smiling faces are right down on the ground. The lawn mower comes along; it passes over; and the dandelion keeps on smiling.

By this time the late pusher of the lawn mower resorts to the grubbing hoe or dynamite, according to his temper. But the dandelion keeps a sunny disposition through it all.

How did the little dandelion learn to bloom on such short stems that only the most extreme measures can keep it from pushing through? It must have learned that most valuable lesson some place.

And this school where the dandelions go is the one where the burdock children learn the same

lesson to the discomfiture of the American farmer. The burdocks are stupid folks, but they must be given a high grade in the longevity test. Hasn't every farmer boy found out to his sorrow that continual cutting of burdock only makes the nuisance grow closer to the ground so that it is harder to cut? Hasn't every farmer boy been sent back to do the job over and told to take a pickaxe or a spade to keep him company? How sad memories do linger.

Many queer folks go to Nature's school and many are the queer lessons they learn. There the cocklebur learns to produce its burrs before the killing frost comes, no matter how small the plant may be. There the corn plant learns to tassle if it is only a foot high, and the oats and other grasses to make their flowers and seeds despite the drought and poor soil. True, the seed may be hardly more than chaff. It may not grow. But the plants have learned how to struggle against adversity, and they do the best they know.

NEW DURANT IS PROVING POPULAR

Since the new Durant four went on display a few days ago in the showrooms of Sabin & Rindt, local Durant dealer, many have called to see this new Durant creation and they have been busy demonstrating the riding qualities, the power and the ease of handling of the new Durant.

Word has been received from Norman DeVaux, presiding and general manager of the Western Durant factory that everywhere throughout the west the new Durant four has won favor with the public. "The factory has more than 400 orders on file now and because they are increasing so rapidly 100 men, in addition to our regular forces, have been added to the payroll. The Western Durant plant in Oakland is operating at capacity and there is every indication that May will be one of the biggest months in our history."

"The majority of those who already have visited our show rooms have been amazed at the roominess of the new Durant four cylinder five-passenger sedan, which accommodates six with ease," said Mr. Sabin. "The public has shown much interest in the fact that the new Durant is a big car but that its price is that of a small one. For instance, the sedan, with 112-inch wheelbase, fully equipped and delivered here, is priced within \$20 of the corresponding model in the Ford line."

"The new Durant, with its 200 cubic inch Red Seal Continental motor, has ample power for 70 miles an hour and for climbing hills with ease; its new steering gear has a high ratio which eliminates the fatigue of driving long distances and its striking appearance has won for it much favorable comment."

GENEVA, May 24.—(AP)—The

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Graham Standard Six Town Sedan. Four wide doors. Beautiful body design, upholstery and finish. Sixty-six h. p. engine; 7-bearing crankshaft; 115-inch wheelbase; full five-passenger capacity. Price at factory

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Value Features of the Graham Standard Six Town Sedan

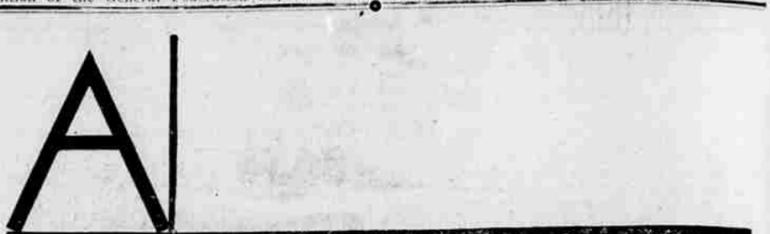
- 115-inch wheelbase—which gives spacious comfort, and full size.
- 6-cylinder—66-horsepower motor, 207 cubic inches displacement which gives limitless power.
- 7-bearing crankshaft—81.4 square inches main-bearing area—which gives sweet, smooth operation.
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International Labor Office has announced that 45 strikes took place in Palestine last year, 17 being for increased wages, six for recognition of the General Federation of Jewish Workers and the others for scattering causes.



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THE public has wanted a car that would have speed, ride easily, steer easily, be roomy enough for the whole family, possess real beauty of line and finish, yet cost no more than mere transportation. » » The new DURANT Four, announced a week ago, is just such a car. » » It will go 70 miles an hour, climb steep hills to high gear, ride easily over rough roads and flatter any owner's pride with its appearance. Yet it sells at such a sensationally low price that the big sedan, seating six persons comfortably, fully equipped delivered here, is within \$20 of the world's lowest priced sedan.

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