

Herald and News FRANK JENKINS Editor BILL JENKINS Managing Editor Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906 under act of Congress, March 3, 1879. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all the local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news. SUBSCRIPTION RATES MAIL BY CARRIER 1 month \$ 1.35 1 month \$ 1.35 6 months \$ 6.50 6 months \$ 8.10 1 year \$11.00 1 year \$16.20

BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS Wandering around this country we are continually struck by the number of plants and trees that we don't know anything about. Too many of us tend to be careless in our thinking about things that are close to home. I found the other day that I couldn't identify even a small portion of the shrubs around my house, nearly all of which are native to the country. I can tell a ponderosa pine from a jackpine, but can't tell you what the little blue flowers are that are carpeting the hills now, or tell one kind of brush from another. I suppose it holds true anywhere you go that the natives know less about their own country than those who come for a visit. But think I'll do some boning up, anyway. Yesterday was a typical day in the Basin. Out our way it didn't rain a drop all day, but when mother and dad came out later on in the day we found that it had rained very briskly indeed up their way—which happens to be Pacific Terrace. This country can have more handkerchief-sized rain storms over a huge area than any other one place I know of. All it did out Lakeshore way was to threaten. And then clear up for a beautiful evening.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON DR. BILL ODELL, Stanford University educator, who was guest speaker at the Rotary Club honor student-Mother's Day banquet Friday night, made a point which many of us have been trying to get over to certain individuals, for these many years. He had been telling, at some length, that there has been a tremendous improvement in our schools in the past generation, and then candidly added that schools aren't perfect, that teachers aren't perfect, and that teachers don't think that schools and teachers are perfect. To clinch the point, he mentioned that Stanford graduates are taught everything possible at Stanford and that some of them still don't know much. All you Stanfordites kindly note!

One remark heard after the meeting was that after all the banquets to football, baseball and swimming-in-the-tank stars, it was about time that the honor students were given some recognition. They were given that recognition Friday night and appropriately enough, the principals and mothers along with 'em. Dr. Odell related that, his daughter now being a senior in high school, he had been the prediction made when she was a youngster. If she amounted to anything, it could be credited to her mother, and if she didn't, it could be blamed on her father never being home. Mother's Day and Honor Students' Day appropriately go hand in hand. With Klamath being subjected to Stanford Football Coach Chuck Taylor and to Stanford Educator Bill Odell on successive weekends, you might say that Stanford took Klamath without firing a shot. Each of the Stanford specialists impressed us extremely well, and with the shocking and official admission that all Stanford graduates are not perfect, we're happy to report that as being the case. Whether there was method in the scheduling of these guest

TELLING THE EDITOR

INVITATION Last week you printed a letter in your column from teenagers. Their complaint was the lack of the adults to furnish them any place in town where they could dance. I know it is bad that they have to go clear to Dorris to dance, however, I would like to extend them an invitation to attend the dances sponsored by Midland Grange. These are held every week at the grange hall on the old Midland road. True they still have to go out of town, but not nearly so far. For the parents' peace of mind, there is a nice group of chaperones and a deputy is always present. We have a fine group of teenagers who attend each week and more are always welcome. Girls are asked to bring pie and a charge of .25 is made to the boys. So it really isn't expensive. The doors open at 1 p.m. Adults are welcome at the same admission. Proceeds from our dances go into our building fund. We have just added a modern kitchen and rest rooms to our hall and are soon to start construction on a dining room. This will also be the meeting room for our fine juvenile grange. We would be very happy if a group of you fine young people would stop in Saturday night and give us a try. Thank you. Minnie Andrieu Juvenile matron I am not "foolin'" when I say I can save "good ricks" money on fire and auto insurance. Hans Norland, 627 Pine St.

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They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo B-BUT, MAC-- THE BOSS GAVE ME THE JOB OF PUTTING ON A SHOW AT THE OFFICE DANCE. HOW ABOUT YOU GETTING UP A QUARTET? EDDIE DOES MAGIC, BUT HE'S NOT COMING TO THE PARTY--WELL, WHENLL YOU LET ME KNOW? TIME IS SHORT-- HARRUMPH! WHERE'S THAT SPRINGLESS MATTRESS CO. REPORT, ANSON? POOR ANSON--BISDOME GIVES OUT THEM EXTRA CURRICULAR DUTIES-- BUT DON'T LET IT INTERFERE WITH YOUR WORK! WHY HIRE ENTERTAINMENT? WE GOT MORE JOCKERS AROUND HERE THAN A PLAYING-CARD FACTORY! BISDOME WILL ONLY HEAR HOW THE SHOW GOES-- HE'LL BE THERE-- BUT NON COMPOS-- BOSS EXPECTS ANSON TO GET AN ALL-STAR CAST TO WORK FOR NOTHIN'-- BUT HE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE FOG OFF HIS BIFOCALS-- SYMPATHIZING WITH THE BOSS'S WHIPPINGS-- BOY WITH THE THANK-LESS ASSIGNMENT-- THANK AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO CLAUDE COONEY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HUGH PRUETT Hal Boyle

Nature seems to have been at the best of her artistry when she fashioned the bewitching and charming forms which we find in freshly fallen snow crystals. Most of our readers have doubtless seen occasional photographs, greatly enlarged, of these beautiful arrangements. Most of the pictures show six-pointed or six-angled forms, but with various differentiations among the individual crystals. Ready for sale after May 3 by the Harvard University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, is one of the finest books ever published on this subject. The author is Professor Ukichiro Nakaya of Hokkaido University. Twenty years of study in the mountain regions of his native Japan and in his laboratory have produced what seems to be the most authoritative work ever put out on the forms and formations of snow crystals. The Harvard Press says with enthusiasm, "It is rarely that a publisher receives a book undeniably scientific in purpose which is also of undeniable interest to men in general. This book, besides being a record of factual physical discovery, is a gallery of beautiful structures and designs, a gallery of photographs of the crystals of such a mystical and enchanting thing as snow." "Snow Crystals" contains a few over 500 pages. The first 300 pages constitute the text, but it is profusely illustrated by many full-page pictures. The final 200 pages are entirely pictures, six to a page. Those who might not care to read the textual part, such as younger pupils, will surely find delight in the wonderful photomicrographs contained in this beautiful book. It would well be a desired addition to any library, grade schools, included. Professor Nakaya mentions that until fairly recently it was taught that all snow crystals examined under a microscope showed hexagonal tendencies. This meant they were six-pointed stars with various beautiful trimmings on the points or that they were flat plates with six-angled edges. But he has found that other forms are about as abundant. These include needles, bullets, columns, besides irregular shapes. He says the star shapes are usually depicted as they are the most beautiful. After studying natural snow for a long time, the author attempted to produce artificial crystals in his laboratory. In nature the crystals start on a nucleus of dust or other matter. In the laboratory Professor Nakaya started them on a stretched rabbit hair. He finally produced all the types found in the natural state. He found that any certain type depended principally upon the air temperature and the amount of supersaturation of the vapor. Nakaya defines a snow flake as a combination of from 10 to 1000 individual crystals. His work included ascertaining the average diameter, thickness, and mass of the various kinds of crystals. This and many other interesting details are given in this fine book.

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D. A problem of significance to a good many married couples is presented in the following question: Q— I have been married nine years, and am 41. My husband is 45. Is it too late to consider the possibility of having a child? What are the risks? G. E. A— It is not necessarily too late to have a child. With present obstetrical methods, and other aspects of medical care, the risks are not ordinarily excessive. Of course, the chances of conceiving are lessened as compared with more youthful couples. The first step is for you and your husband to be carefully examined to make sure that you are physically in good shape. The second is to discuss with your doctor all of the factors involved, so that you can be reasonably sure that if you do have a child you are not running any unnecessary risks, and that your chances of successful parenthood are good. Q— How does the digestive system react to the removal of the gall bladder? Must one avoid many foods? Reader. A— In many people the digestive system works quite well following the removal of the gall bladder. Generally speaking, some dietary restrictions are indicated, particularly at first, and with regard to fatty foods in the diet. Q— After a physical examination, I was told I had a small fistula. Sometimes this gives me an uncomfortable feeling. I wonder if it may become more serious? Mrs. J. A— A fistula, presumably around the outlet of the bowel, is quite common. It is a passageway which has a tissue, which has to be completely eliminated before cure is attained. It will not heal itself, and it almost certainly will not lead to cancer. Ultimately, you may be faced with an operation, and you should be forewarned that sometimes the

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ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

Those conservationists who are staunch defenders of our outdoor recreational resources have been at a disadvantage with the other users of natural resources because in dealing with these outdoor recreational resources they can speak only of intangible values while competing interests deal in terms of dollars. Every one can realize the necessity of everyday living—the intangible values, however, sound much like theories to those who give such things but little thought. I cannot blame the average person, therefore, if he should ask: "What practical value are these values you call intangible?" Are they important? In dealing with this question we are face to face with one of America's most pressing problems—perhaps the most important problem of all. A big part of our national effort, the ingenuity of our inventors, our manufacturers, our merchants, in fact, our whole economy is based upon making our physical life easier for the individual. What are the results? Most of us struggle nearly every waking hour in the mad scramble to keep up with the Joneses in the acquisition of material things aimed at giving us an easier way of life, and if you do not join in this mad scramble you are considered to be exceedingly queer, indeed. Nearly a year ago we were astounded by some statistician who figured out that our national consumption of aspirin was fifteen tons a day and far in advance of any European nation. By now the amount of aspirin has undoubtedly increased considerably. A growing number of people need help from the prescription counter to fall asleep. Juvenile delinquency is a big and growing problem. A study of the physical fitness of our youth, compared to that of youth from southern Europe shows an impressive result. American youths failed 78.3 per cent of the tests; the Europeans failed 83 per cent of them. Recently, Brig. Gen. Louis H. Retrow, deputy director of Selective Service, said that easy living habits are steadily reducing America's stamina to the danger point. Other entertainers have disappeared when they lost the central core—strength, incentive, vitality, and the stamina necessary to withstand strain and extreme shock in emergencies. "No one can estimate what the automobile has cost the American people in muscle, or the radio, television, and motion picture in active participation in recreation. In this mad scramble to improve our standard of living we seem to have overlooked the basic needs of life itself. And in this basic need of life we encounter the "intangibles" that are so important for our consideration. "Civilizations have disintegrated at one time hunting and fishing were considered merely as a means of getting some meat for the table and a lot of our early day settlers looked upon these human activities as merely a dignified way of doing nothing. Undoubtedly there are many people today who think the same, yet, times have changed and so do our sense of values. Today the pursuit of an outdoor recreational activity

De Gaulle Causes Row

PARIS.—Gen. Charles de Gaulle's pilgrimage to the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier touched off a fight yesterday between police and Gaullist supporters. A number of civilians and 11 police were injured. De Gaulle boycotted the official observance of V-E Day Saturday to dramatize his opposition to the European army treaty. Instead, he said, he would go alone yesterday to the tomb at the Arch of Triumph. Some 15,000 spectators gathered in the plaza around the arch. Almost as many police were ordered out to forestall demonstrations. Authorities feared might grow out of public feeling aroused by the fall of Dien Bien Phu, in Indochina. De Gaulle's visit to the tomb went off without incident. Only moderate cheering greeted the tall and greying general as he was driven to and from the arch. But after he left the plaza, some 400 persons tried to break through the police barrier and the fight ensued. There seemed to be no ordered direction of the crowd, which finally was dispersed.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

est circus animal in his lifetime, and that an American, Charles Selgrist of Canton, Ohio, was the finest all-around performer. "He was fabulous," said Pat. "A self-taught kid who became an acrobat, acrobat and bareback rider. Without using a springboard he could run, leap up, and turn a double forward somersault. "Once Charley fell into the net and broke his neck. But as soon as he recovered he went right back active. He was working until he was 65, died about a year ago." Pat looked up at a young performer swinging gracefully on a trapeze high under the canvass. So many performers come and go... and the memory of his vanished friend kindled in his eyes. "In the air," Pat said softly. "He was like a bird." For a moment, Pat stood there, feeling the loneliness known to all birds of passage. Then he smiled and set about the 1,001 tasks of getting the big show started on the long road.

Frank Tripp It all happened after we returned from a week's absence. Everything looked normal until 'Fanny' found one of her choice antique glass doodads, that litter on the tile floor—but it was not broken. There was only one way it could have happened. "Someone placed it there, for it is a dainty thing; couldn't have fallen without breaking. Another was tipped over atop a radiator grill, also unharmed. The kids, of course! Those window sills intrigue them. Some of our darling little grandchildren had paid us a visit in our absence. Miraculously none of the treasured items was broken, inventory showed. But over the breakfast table our guests had been less considerate. The window panes were peppered a bright red. You'll guess the sort of Indians our offspring are when you learn that we immediately identified the red as ketchup, from a bottle swung with perfect aim. Now, why in the world would they do that? The little devil! Questioned, Mr. Breeze, who who keeps an eye on the place, was sure nobody had been in the house, particularly none of the children. Their parents gave five of them sabbas and suggested we call the police. Maybe the meas was hooked up with some screwball housebreaker with a strange sense of humor. The unbroken vase added credence. That grotesque suspicion indicated a housewide search, which netted a telltale discovery. All around my bed the carpet was irregularly dotted by little white spots. So that was it. The young demons had been there after all, for those spots were droppings of toilet paste, no doubt about it. Not only that, we knew then who was the culprit, from past experience with toilet paste. Just as we were ready to prefer charges, I pushed back a drape and knocked all of our deductions into a cocked hat. There it was, all the way down the folds of the drape, with unmistakable evidence on the window sill. The liberal clue suggested an eagle; surely nothing smaller than a pigeon, or a nice fat robin. "But the vase?" puzzled Fanny. Okay, another search is organized, this time for a bird. So we go over every room, look under everything, behind pictures, in shoes, hats, cooking utensils, every tiny spot where an injured bird could crawl to die. Because that wasn't ketchup on the windows. It was blood. All day the posse stayed vigilant, now augmented by the once suspected Turk, who was for bringing in his dog. Now that we knew what to look for, "evidence" showed up all over the house; in so many places that Anna took along a mop pail, and thanked heaven that cows don't fly. It had to be somewhere, but it wasn't. The search became a game and a challenge. So much so that at the second sunup, when I heard a woodpecker outside, I went around my shirt tail to find if he was boring a hole in the house. When about ready to give up, Anna appeared, proudly displaying her chest. "Meet Sherlock Holmes," she said. Suddenly she had remembered that Mr. Breeze was not in on the hunt, and that he had been questioned only about the kids. Anna asked him if he had seen a bird in the house. "Sure," said the old fellow. "I caught a grackle in the kitchen and chased him out." Still unsolved is the deep, dark mystery: How could a bird knock a frail glass vase off of a high window sill onto a tile floor, and not break it? Fanny must live right. Anyway, we've had a thorough look at our property — and so did the grackle.

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