

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
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BILLBOARD

By **BILL JENKINS**
Frugalists, the people who make so many kitchen appliances, have come out with some figures to prove that unless you own one of their new dish washing gadgets you're working too hard.

These figures, presented here merely as a public service for overworked housewives, claim that the average woman spends 73.2 minutes per day in washing dishes and cleaning up the range and work counters. In her lifetime she will wash an average of 3,500,000 cooking and eating utensils. If all these various pots, pans and plates were stacked up they would make a total of 70 stacks as high as the Empire State Building. I presume they were unable to make one stack stand up without toppling over so they broke it down to 70 stacks. I might add that I think their figures are a little off. Frequently after a party at my hillside home I have had three stacks of dishes as high as the US National Bank Building, and all in just one short evening.

Anyway, if you consider yourself overworked just show these figures to your husband when he comes home tonight. If he is a typical American husband he'll do one of three things: (1) Black your eye, (2) remark that he didn't realize that and then bury himself in the paper, or (3) go down to the club and play poker until midnight.

As long as we are on the subject of new releases we'd like to say that it was with a sigh of relief that we picked up the latest scoop from Mademoiselle, the slick paper fashion magazine, and read the statement of Betsy Rabbot Blackwell, the editor in chief. Occasion for all the hullabaloo was the awarding to the "Dior bra" the honor of being named one of the "ten young women of the

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—Sidewalk reflections of a Pavement Plato: "Save Greenwich Village!" This anguished cry has arisen again, as it does at least once a year.

Progress just won't let Greenwich Village alone. Nobody ever suggests moving the Statue of Liberty to the Bronx or burning down Brooklyn Bridge.

But time and change are always nibbling away at old Greenwich Village, which is in some ways a real civic landmark and in other ways is just an attitude of mind.

The cries of the moment are the members of the city planning commission. The site they have selected for a new junior high school playground in the village may require the raising of one of the most picturesque old dwellings in the Bedford Street area.

Residents have rushed to the ramparts anew with the old cry, "Save Greenwich Village!" Whether they win or lose this particular battle, the partisans appear to be fighting for a lost cause in their long campaign to keep Greenwich Village intact from the "roads of the Philistines."

It seems a real shame, too. What the cable car is to San Francisco, what the French Quarter is to New Orleans, Greenwich Village is to New York City—a symbol of the past amid the bustle of today.

Troubled by the nation Greenwich Village has a legendary reputation as the Palm Beach of Bohemianism, the Goney Island of the long-haired intelligentsia, and the sinful paradise of those who believe in free love and free verse.

It really hasn't lived up to that flamboyant reputation for some time now, not since the end of prohibition spelled the death of the speakeasy. Playboy tourists who go there now in search of

year." Just how they get around calling a piece of wearing apparel a young woman I don't know. But the meat of thing, and the statement that should end this whole furor that has been going the rounds of the clubs is the following:

"In making the award to the exception, Christian Dior's bra, whose unveiling startled the entire world in July (Mrs. Blackwell) cited it as 'the most revolutionary fashion change since Dior's New Look in 1947.' Contrary to the first press report (Dior Abolishes Bosom) M. Dior, working from a subtle, honest foundation has only raised and minimized the bosom, released the whole silhouette into a younger, easier, longer line. We salute the master and the bra that's given the new year a new look."

We, too, salute the master. The master who wrote that piece. Congratulations, Betsy Blackwell!

While maybe we don't understand all about bra's and things like that we're glad to hear that bosoms aren't going to be a thing of the past. We're kind of used to seeing them around.

In case anyone is interested the other nine winners, all of them young women, were Genevieve de Galard Terraube, the heroic French nurse of Dien Bien Phu; Eva Marie Saint, actress from back New York way; Matti Wilhelms, an Atlanta singer; Anne Klein, NYC designer; Diana Adams, another New Yorker; and a dancer; Marilyn Bell, a Toronto swimmer; Irene Osborne, Washington D.C., a specialist in inter-group relations; Carol Haney, New York again, a comedienne and Sally Liberman Smith, researcher and writer who makes her home in, of all places, New York City.

They'll Do It Every Time



The Doctor Says

By **EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.**

Mrs. A. in requesting a discussion of your paper send this Christmas message for animals, which should be for them as for man a season of goodwill.

There is such a crying need to rectify all this cruelty meted out to dumb defenseless animals, so let us organize in order to set them free from cruelty and misuse. To protect their liberty and rights as living creatures of God; for it is time for the people generally to recognize the assault which has been committed on animals for so long.

Peace on earth and goodwill to all.

Mrs. Sheila Steadman
The World League of Animals Lovers,
9 Lyngate Poval Road
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

ANSWERS
For answers to Louise Hannon's letter and other facts in the current discussion over the district attorney's office, listen Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock on Station KFLW.

CROW TALK
Some months back I wrote a letter to a number of newspapers saying that I was compiling material about old crows, mentioning casually a beverage called O-C-C-O.

To my surprise this caused quite a to-do. A few editors wrote suggesting that I was putting the material together for a commercial concern (which was, in fact, the case). But most saw the affair as a lot of fun. The result was that I received a wealth of information and anecdotes some of which seem to me to be sufficiently amusing to be of interest to readers.

Many newspaper readers got into the act, some 30 of them sending or offering me live crows. Hundreds wrote me about crows, their habits and sagacity with the result that I must concur with Thoreau's estimate: "If men had wings and bore black feathers very few of them would be clever enough to be crows." Except in the matter of mathematics. Crows can't count to two. Two hunters enter a woods, one emerges while the other lies in wait. The crow sentinel sounds the all clear and bang!—more fatalities as the result of arithmetical ineptitude.

However, it also works the other way round. Two crows fly toward a woods to rob bird nests of eggs and/or fledglings. One flies over the woods cawing loudly. His partner sneaks into the woods. When all the mama and papa birds take off after the cawing crowd the nests are robbed. The crows reverse assignments at the next wood lot.

A farmer reported that after he began planting his corn in rows instead of easily identifiable hills, the crows were puzzled at first. Then one of the wisest opened a row until he could measure the distance between kernels of corn. Thereafter, the farmer said, the crows paced off the correct distance to the next kernel. A Massachusetts fisherman said that crows robbed his hooks of their minnow bait when he left his fishing holes unattended. One crow pulled in the line until its mate could steal the shiner. And crows will slyly follow a hunting fox until it kills a rabbit, then dive bomb until the fox deserts his meal— which the crows then share.

Crows regularly post sentries to warn of danger. If a sentry detects its post the elders of the flock immediately organize a punishment party which literally knocks the feathers off the offender as a lesson to him and other sentries.

How little blue-eyed crows grow up to be such ruthless thieves no one explained. Blue-eyed crows, yes sir! Several readers reported that all crows are born with blue eyes that later turn to a magnificent dark brown.

I hope you have noticed that I have not even once mentioned the beverage named after an aged member of the crow family.

Stuart Little

TELLING THE EDITOR

ANIMAL PLEA

May I, through the kind courtesy of your paper send this Christmas message for animals, which should be for them as for man a season of goodwill.

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ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by **KEN MCLEOD**

"Bird listing," or just plain "birding," or call it what you will, is becoming one of the popular national vocations. People of all walks of life are to be found going for this newest outdoor game and the ranks of "bird watchers" are being filled by many professional people who have only Sundays to spare. The "bird watchers" cruise the roads, scan the lakes, investigate new places, and keep a year-to-year record of what they find. Housewives and invalids, who are more confined, keep lists of what they see from the windows of their homes.

The late E. R. Driver who lived on the Old Stage Road between Jacksonville and Gold Hill over in "easy valley" was the dean of all the bird watchers in this great area we like to call the State of Jefferson. "E. R." as he was known to his friends, in his younger life was a great sportsman. In fact, he was what we would have termed a sportsman in a sportsman's way with ample funds to spend a life in the pursuit of game wherever seasons were open, to belong to exclusive gun clubs in all sections of North America. He spent years following the lure of the gun, until one day in a Minnesota duck blind he started to think. Here he had been for some sixty days, religiously shooting his daily limit of birds which had run his bag into hundreds, he mentally asked himself "what am I doing this for?"

The more he sought the answer, the less tenable he could find this sport, he had become satiated with the kill and no longer did it hold any thrill for him, and, as he pondered the question he looked at the ducks before him blind. Suddenly he began to see the birds in a different light and for the first time in the long life of a sportsman he suddenly realized that birds were interesting for themselves. That day he and his hunting companion discussed the subject in the duck blind and made the resolution to hang up their shotguns and only keep their binoculars so starts the genesis of what is so called "nature-doving" whom sportsmen today speak of in sneering terms. One man who probably shot more game, traveled more distance to the choice hunting grounds, in a period of forty years than probably a hundred modern day sportsmen will be able to do in a lifetime—turned to "watching" instead of "shooting" the wildlife he so ardently pursued.

"E. R." had discovered a new avocation and he followed it with even more ardor than he ever did when he stalked game in the field with a gun or shot birds from a blind. A pursuit of wildlife that carried him around the world with his binoculars and developing a new sense of spiritual satisfaction not found in his old pursuits. In his later years in the Rogue River Valley when he no longer could carry his sport into the strenuous life of the field, that wildlife then came to him and in the comfort of his cottage he could sit and watch through the great picture windows the bird life of the valley pass before him.

Always, and at every season of the year, the feathered visitors could find anything their hearts desired to feed upon at the numerous feeders scattered about the yard within sight of the windows of the cottage. It is said that "E. R." carefully tabulated the number of birds and the species that came to visit him, a record, which is without parallel in the history of "bird watching."

Guy Emerson, a financial expert, is another "bird watcher" who engineers his business trips to distant cities so that he will be there at the best time for warblers, shorebirds or ducks. Birds, he says, give him a closer tie with America than any other medium, for through them he meets people in walks of life with which he would otherwise have no contact—people with long vistas before their eyes (the starry-eyed nature lover?) And he sets foot in places that are untrod by the multitude—from remote groves in our National parks, the most beautiful places this side of heaven, to city garbage dumps.

Even the seamy places appeal to some birds and to those who pursue them, which often lead to amusing incidents. One day, Geoffrey Carleton of New York set out in his rattletrap of a car to see a rare rail that had been reported on one of the city dumps. He became lost and, chugging up to the nearest policeman, called out over the asthmatic sobbing of his engine:

"How do I get to the dump?" The policeman, visibly indignant, replied, "I'm sorry—you can't leave that old hack here. It's not a junk yard, you know."

Mr. Carleton, an inveterate bird-listener, has become callous to brushes with his uncomprehending fellow man. Even the scientific ornithologist is not too sympathetic and often looks down his nose at such goings on, but nevertheless the ranks of "bird watchers" each year swell in number and where once they could be listed in hundreds today we use millions.

For expert office machine repair, call Volgh's School and Office Supply, 628 Main.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

You know very well the clothes dryer I saw in the Herald and News Want Ads—wasn't a rope!

Chicago Bids For Conventions

CHICAGO (AP)—Chicago, host city to both the Republican and Democratic national conventions in 1962, is going to bid for both meetings in 1956.

Business, political and civic leaders met with Mayor Martin H. Kennelly yesterday to map plans to raise \$500,000 to bring the conventions to Chicago. A committee will make a bid for the Republican convention at a meeting of the GOP National Committee in Washington Jan. 8.

Other cities reported seeking the conventions are Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Houston, Dallas and San Francisco.

INVITATIONS

MIAMI, Fla. (AP)—Harry Nichols, a professional Santa Claus here, thought it would be nice to have all the other professional Santa Claus at a party. He sent out invitations, bought refreshments and waited expectantly. Three newspapermen and a small boy showed up, but no Santas.

White Heather

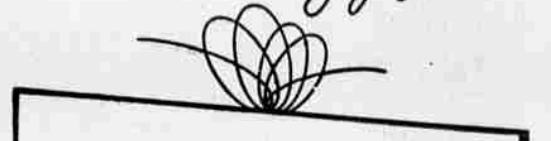
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World's smoothest-writing pen point! Only Parker has the amazing new Electro-Polished Point. It makes writing absolutely smooth—not a trace of scratch or snag!

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Extra-large ink capacity! Parker's exclusive Pili-glass (not rubber!) ink sac holds almost twice as much ink as other pens similarly priced!



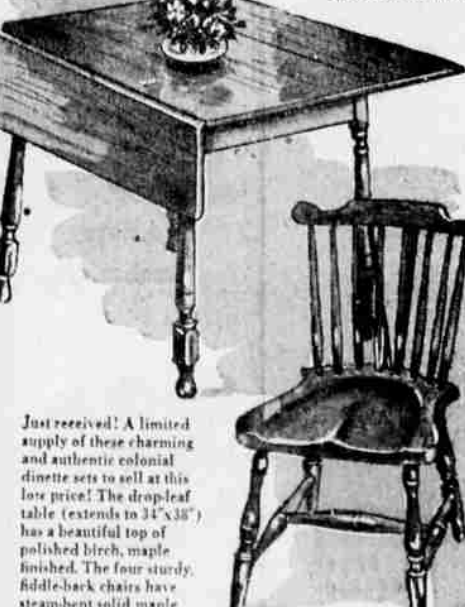
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• All Hardwood
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Req. \$79.95 Value! 4 fiddle-back chairs and drop-leaf table... **\$59.95** Dec. Sale Price \$5.95 Down \$5.95 a month



Just received! A limited supply of these charming and authentic colonial dinette sets to sell at this low price! The drop-leaf table (extends to 31"x38") has a beautiful top of polished birch, maple finished. The four sturdy, fiddle-back chairs have steam-bent solid maple backs and shaped saddle seats. Come in—order yours now during this special event!

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Want Ad Wonders

Want Ad Secures Knickers of 1925 For School Play

To secure a pair of 1925-vintage knickers for use in a student play, Sister Vincentine, of St. Stephens High School, placed a Classified Ad in the New Orleans Times-Picayune and States, got just what was wanted.



Want Ads Get What You Want

Here In Klamath Want Ads Work Wonders
HERALD & NEWS
In the Ph. 8111

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