

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
Gib Fleet, who happens to be an assistant construction superintendent for Copco, has come up with a new idea. He says it might be a good idea if his company would furnish each hunter who buys a box of deer rifle shells next fall with a free target.

Then maybe they would stop smashing up the insulators on the various power lines around the countryside.

What brought the whole thing to light was the recent survey of the firm's Diamond Lake cutoff line, some sixty miles of power lines strung out through the middle of the hunting country. This survey is taken each year just before hunting season and again just after it. This year's survey, as usual, showed a pretty fair amount of damage done by high power rifles.

Only bright spot in the picture being that stretch of line that cuts through the reservation. Not one single insulator was shot up within the bounds of the Indian reservation. Thanks for that can go to the cooperation of Wendell Palmer, the super up there, and the Indian officers.

Everywhere else, however, despite efforts of state police, special line crews and everyone concerned, eager hunters sighted in their rifles on the big porcelain insulators. And those little jobs come at the price of \$3 per copy.

Big idea behind Gib's suggestion was that hunters could sight in more satisfactorily with a target than they can on the insulators.

I might say, if they aren't worried about poles being shot clear off, that it might help if they would tack the targets on the poles and let the nimrods have at it.

If they can't shoot any better than most hunters do at deer I don't think the poles will be in any great danger.

Walt McIntyre, who is now with the AAA office, has done his good deed for Christmas and can now go about celebrating the holiday with a clear conscience and a happy smile.

Seems that a day or so ago a young couple from down Yreka way ran into trouble on a trip from their home to the Tygh Valley, where they were going for Christmas. Through a series of circumstances having to do with early morning hours and what not they had managed to get this far on their way when they ran into difficulty with a spider monkey they had along.

The creature, a pet of the woman's while her husband was on duty in Korea and now almost like a member of the family, was all dolled up in baby clothes and set for a holiday, too, but it had no passport.

And the law frowns on monkeys traveling without the necessary papers. Well, anyway, this couple got here, found the difficulty, and also the fact that they couldn't even get back to Yreka, so they called on Walt.

He didn't hesitate. Overriding (and no pun intended) the lack of available schedules he arranged with Chet Simpson to get them at least well started on their way home by air.

Just goes to prove that travel troubles will always be with us. And that maybe the age of flying is here after all.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

The man who probably holds the world's record in the "bird watching" game is James Murdock, of California, who by adjoining this year from August to August, holds the record for a twelve month period of — 510 species — about as many as Audubon saw during his entire lifetime. Men like Murdock, Allen, Cummings, Morton and Helmut travel to the far corners of the country in order to be able to build up such records. However, local lists of 250 species or more are made by birders each year without too great travel.

As in any other sport, "scores" seem exciting chiefly to those who play the game. Those who play the game are not all amateurs for even professionals in the field of ornithology follow the lure of the sport of seeing how many different species of birds they can observe in a year. Ludlow Griscom who is one of the best of the museum men has played the game for years, back in the twenties he made the rash statement that it was physically impossible for one man to see 250 species of birds in the region of New York City in one year. On the very last day of the year that Griscom made his scientific appraisal of the impossible, Frank Watson, an ornithologist in the American Museum saw his 250th bird, Griscom, likewise, eventually duplicated the feat himself.

Griscom left the American Museum and moved to Boston where the pickings were considered to be considerably poorer than in New York City. In due time he was getting lists of 250 there, and eventually 290! Later, he developed a state-wide grapevine. His friends telephoned him immediately when they discovered anything rare. They tipped him off to all the strays: birds from Europe, the far north, the south and the far west. Thus he did not have to travel outside the state to run up a large list of birds, they came to his door and in 1941 he attained a list of 304, all in Massachusetts; but even that did not end his potential for the numbers gradually climbed 307 — 317 — 318 and so the lure goes even though the scientific mind considers such lists to be a relative unimportant side of ornithology.

Back in Massachusetts there are so many people interested in bird life that few stragglers to the state go undetected. A good example of how they do things in that State is to be found in the experience of two women, Mrs. de Windt and Mrs. Searle, they were newcomers to the fold of the bird watching fraternity, these women were scanning the trees on Marblehead Neck when they made a discovery. A small bird flitting among the branches, they searched their eastern Field Guide of birds but could not find it, so they called up Russell Mason at the Massachusetts Audubon Society. He could think of nothing that fitted their description but suggested it might be a towhee. The two ladies were indignant. They knew towhees. Then Mason had a hunch. He called up Griscom and the following morning they both went to Marblehead Neck. Within two minutes after their arrival they found the bird — a painted redstart — 2400 miles from its home in the desert mountains of Arizona. During the day this rare visitor was seen by 100 to 150 observers from all over the State, including a busload of Massachusetts Audubonites on a scheduled trip. Even Kodachrome movies were taken for the record.

That is the way it is getting to be in the East where civilization has grown up and the interest of people in bird life is growing with incredible speed. A few years ago, the only interest in birds was for those who could be shot and placed in the pot. Today, however, let the word go out that some stray visitor is at hand, immediately hundreds of people are interested and many travel miles to see the visitor with their own eyes. When a straggler shows up, so many people see it that there is no question as to its authenticity.

One winter a Sea Eagle from Europe was studied by forty people on the ice of the Merrimack River. In January, 1946, an Ivory Gull was discovered sitting disconsolately on a rooftop by a busload of Audubonites. They thought it was a pigeon and kept right on. The second bus stopped and forty people made the acquaintance of this rare gull from the Arctic whose scientific name, "Pagophila alba," means "white ice-lover." On the very last day of the same year, a Green-tailed Towhee, an olive-backed bird with a rusty cap that lives in the Rockies and here in the Klamath Basin, during the summer but which should spend its winters in Mexico, switched its directions, detectors and turned up on a feeding tray in Northampton, Massachusetts. For three months, the Rialto, who entertained this distinguished finch, did not have a Sunday to themselves. At least one hundred New England bird students dropped in to pay their respects.

Every state in the Union has its quota of rarities, stray birds out of their range. Dr. Joseph Grinnell once remarked that given enough time, every North American species would be recorded in California.

They'll Do It Every Time



TELLING THE EDITOR

A PRECIOUS GIFT
In olden times blood letting was a medicinal procedure. It had its benefits, but to-day blood letting is not only a tonic to the giver, but a gift beyond measure to perhaps a hundred fellow-humans. Space forbids but a brief outline.

Our early forebears thought our blood slushed up and down in a couple of closed systems. On the right the darker blood from a reservoir in the liver took care of one side of the body. The left side was another closed system with heart as the center. Harvey, an English physician about the time the Puritans landed in Plymouth, discovered that the blood circulated. The circulation of the blood-wonder of wonders with its laws of hydraulics and the propelling organ. We know that 1-1/2th of your body weight is blood, that all the blood passes thru the heart in two minutes and other facts wrought with spell-bound interest.

Dr. Holmes' verse about the double pump, our heart, a four room complicated evolution of a blood vessel:

"No rest this throbbing slave may ask,
For ever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill a woven net,
Which in unnumbered crossing
tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart."

Your blood is a colloid liquid fluid and vital fluid, like milk, containing life giving medicines, that cannot be seen with the naked eye. A colloid? I'll tell you what. They are substances so small that only the electronic microscope can see them. When you give your blood, you give these small wonders — wonder drugs for your neighbor and your country.

If you were to cut an inch cube of gold a million times one way and then a million times again at right angles you would have colloidal gold, used in rheumatism. Each particle is still gold but a light microscope cannot see it. The six square inches of the cube of gold is now an acre of more or less area. Some gold ore is rich colloidal gold. Don't throw it away.

Grow a Christmas Tree and you will learn more of colloids. Get an ounce of sodium silicate (Egg water) at your drug store. Put it in a glass of water. Drop in this a marble size piece of blue vitrol and set on the mantel shelf. See

Farm Credit Meeting Held

Meeting the credit needs of farmers and ranchers during the present squeeze between farm prices and operating costs was one of the major topics of discussion at the annual conference of PCA secretary-treasurers in Spokane, Lee S. McMullen, Secretary-treasurer of the Klamath Production Credit Association, said upon his return this week from the Spokane meeting.

Mr. McMullen said the conference, attended by the secretary-treasurers and some assistant secretaries and directors from the 30 associations in Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington, also featured discussions on annual meetings, membership relations, association capital and reserves, and credit legislation.

E. E. Henry, president of the Production Credit Corporation of Spokane addressed the group on the progress of PCA's in the 12th farm credit district; Henry Matthew, president of the Federal Land Bank of Spokane, told of the revision of basic policies regarding the appraisal value of land bank loans; Paul F. Mason, president of the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Spokane, discussed credit discounting problems, and Fred A. Knutsen, general agent and general counsel of the Farm Credit District of Spokane, reported on developments in credit legislation.

Mr. McMullen served as a member of the committee on annual meetings which brought in recommendations to the entire group.

The meeting was held December 8-9-10 at Davenport Hotel in Spokane.

ACCIDENT

KEY WEST, Fla. (AP)—Motorcycle Patrolman Lionel Soriano received a bruised shin when his motorcycle clipped an automobile at a street intersection. Soriano said the fact that it broke his 15-year accident-free record didn't hurt his feelings as much as that it had to happen on Safe Driving Day.



seamless stockings
heavenly nylons
in a heavenly gift box
day and dress sheers

\$1.50 Pair

La Pointe's
IT'S A WONDERFUL STORE

James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP)—At a time when the United States is trying to improve its relations with the non-Communist races of Asia, it is making progress at home in racial relations by broadening the protection of civil rights.

A catalogue of that progress over the past seven years was published this week by the American Jewish Committee in a 36-page pamphlet called "The People Take the Lead."

This week was the 163rd anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, those first constitutional amendments guaranteeing civil rights to American citizens. The committee issued the report in honor of the anniversary.

At the time the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution in 1791 its protection extended to only some of the American population. There was slavery then.

In time slavery was abolished. But it wasn't until 1868, with the 14th Amendment, that Negroes were declared citizens of the United States. And it wasn't until the 15th Amendment in 1870 that Negroes were guaranteed the right to vote.

But for more than half a century afterwards civil rights, so far as Negroes were concerned, were as often an abstraction than a reality while the federal government, including the Supreme Court, marked time.

Gradually—under the Roosevelt Truman administrations and then under the Eisenhower administration—the federal government, plus some state legislatures, widened the protection for Negroes' civil rights and in one way or another sought to reduce racial discrimination.

"Since 1947," says the Jewish committee report, "when the President's Committee on Civil Rights issued its historic report, new gains have repeatedly overshadowed events regarded as epochal when they occurred."

"Five years ago, the first edition of this report listed few fair practice laws. Today, 12 states and 32 cities have fair employment laws. Three states have fair education laws. Five states have public accommodation laws with administrative enforcement."

"Five years ago, this report listed the first Negro college professor appointed; the first Negro officerholder in the South; the first Negro doctor on the staff of a general hospital. Today such 'firsts' could probably fill an entire book."

"Five years ago the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital scored widespread discrimination in Washington. Today segregation in public facilities in the capital is the exception rather than the rule."

"Five years ago Negro students were rarely admitted to Southern state universities. Today some 2,000 Negro students attend integrated college classrooms in the South."

"And the most far-reaching advance of all—the U. S. Supreme Court's historic decision on May 17, 1954, banning segregation in the nation's public schools—was only a far-off dream, five years ago."

"In every area of American life the gap between ideals and practices is closing—slowly, to be sure, but steadily."

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—A nation that fails to remember in peace the lessons it learns in war runs the risk of sudden oblivion.

This would be a good time for every American soldier and sailor—and every schoolchild, too—to get a tablet and write on it 100 times the following sentence: "I won't be afraid of the other guy, but I'll never underestimate him either."

A decade ago today life entire free world awoke to the value of this lesson with a shocked dismay. This is the tenth anniversary of today morning when Adolf Hitler sprang a German Pearl Harbor on the Allies by suddenly smashing through their lines in the Ardennes.

Looking back now, the frightening thing about the "Battle of the Bulge" is that the German's achieved almost as complete a tactical surprise as the Japanese had three years before in their war-opening bombing of our bases in Hawaii.

The bitter lesson of Pearl Harbor—"never low-rate your enemy"—had been almost forgotten, certainly by the people at home and probably even by some of the top brass.

Final victory seemed so near in Europe. The Nazis, suffering terribly on every battlefield, appeared closer to the crumbling point. Some politicians, businessmen, and triple-dome economic crystal gazers were already worrying about a possible postwar depression.

Then Hitler's legions struck, and his waves of Panzers crashed through the thin, stretched out U. S. line as if it were an eggshell. In 48 hours the American public no longer was concerned about postwar problems. It was praying for the men at the front.

It is only fair to those men at the front to say they never had quite shared the unrestrained optimism of the rear area and home front. The doughboy in the foxhole is rarely given to unrestrained optimism. So long as even one enemy soldier with a rifle lies in wait on the hill before him, the doughboy must always regard the outcome of his next step as doubtful.

But even our most veteran battlefield troops were dazed by the might of the Nazi attack. And the Belgian people, who have the least

reason to underestimate the strength of Germany, were numb.

A nightmare quality of unreality hung over the entire situation.

"Where did the Germans manage to get all those troops and all those tanks?"

No one knew. After the war it was learned Hitler had secretly been planning the counteroffensive for months, had drained other battlefronts to flesh it with muscle and steel and cover it with the Luftwaffe's wings.

The thing is: He had been able to do the unexpected. He didn't win the Battle of the Bulge, but he threw a mighty scare into the Allies. He left sad memories in many American homes, and would have left a lot more if the luck of the battlefield had gone more in his favor.

Remember how many people jeered at Hitler's bombastic promises he would unleash secret new weapons? He did come up with a few—the buzz bomb, the V-2 rocket, the jet plane, and he had more planned.

Remember after the war the jokes about the supposedly mechanically ignorant Russians? How they could build great planes—except they forgot to build the engines?

But they produced a fine fighter plane in Korea, and came up fast with the atom and hydrogen bomb. It is never a mark of intelligence to laugh at the other fellow's ignorance. He may just be playing possum. Every pound of real common sense is leavened by an ounce of caution.

And so, on the anniversary of the morning Hitler delivered his surprise package, it is a good occasion to take up our pencils and write 100 times:

"I won't be afraid of the other guy, but I'll never underestimate him either."

It's something worth remembering—this lesson that as a people we often forget so easily.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



La Pointe's
for a
Merry Christmas

OOMPHE
• Black Velvet 6⁹⁵
• Navy Velvet

OOMPHE
• Black Velvet 5⁹⁵

YOU'RE
IN
THE
PICTURE
WITH

OOMPHE
• Black Velvet 6⁹⁵

JOYCE
• Black Velvet 10⁹⁵
• Gold Velvet
• Red Velvet
• Turquoise Velvet
• Pink Velvet

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a follow-up to the Western Union advertisement in the Herald and News on December 15, 1954. The following information is for the use of the advertiser only. It is not to be used in any other way.

WESTERN UNION
A. N. McLEOD

TO: SANTA CLAUS
J. W. KERNS
734 SO. SIXTH
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

YOU HAVE HELD ENOUGH PRETTY GIRLS ON YOUR KNEE IN KLAMATH FALLS. I'M COMING DOWN TO DO THE SHOW WITH YOU FRIDAY NIGHT. HAVE THE SLEIGH, MEET ME AT 6.30. OUR SHOW STARTS AT 7 p.m. AT J. W. KERNS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS