

The Herald and News

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Here And There

By BILL JENKINS
The signs of the times are no longer written in the skies. They appear in the printed words of the various trade magazines.

Like for instance, just the other day in a quote from Gentlemen's Quarterly, which is a fashion magazine for men, I learned that there are today four major styles for men. The standard American silhouette, the natural shoulder (Ivy League) suit, the Continental and the California Ambassador model.

I'm not sure I recognize all these but there are some pointers to go by. The Ivy set is favored among two classes. The actual students and those perennial undergrads who turn their hat brims up when their wives aren't watching and in any gathering at all among college sons. This is unfortunate. Not that the style looks so bad but these middle-aged rah-rah boys invariably remember all the words to all the verses.

The Continental style features a shorter jacket and is worn by those who like to think of themselves as being pretty much. Of what they seldom say. Just pretty much. The fellow who abhors a smelly magazine but thinks Peyton Place is the hottest thing since Cap'n Billy's Whiz-Bang.

The Standard American and California Ambassador are both "flat-fering to the more mature man." That's what it says. They feature soft rolls, high lapels, lots of pleats for more room. What they really do is cover up at least a portion of that paunch that suddenly sprang into being. Nobody admits that he likes these styles but they are the two best sellers.

Signs of the times? Well, I don't know. I guess it just proves that women's preferences in men's styles keep on changing. Just look at all those selections she has to choose from.
Me, I'm sort of the rag mop silhouette myself. Despite what the pretty boys who dream up the fashions say I still maintain that comfort should play a part. About ninety five percent. And the other five should be durability.

One good thing about having a whacking great state organization is that you are never out of reading material. There are always three or four reports in the mail. The latest one I have comes from the state board of health and carries the ominous introduction that Oregon's dental health record is one of the nation's worst. Moreover, they gloomily continue, there isn't much of a show for improvement in the near future.

Seems that addition of fluorides to the water is the answer but the people don't seem to come around begging for this service. In fact they oppose it.
Oh yes, there was one other item. "Programs . . . to seek solutions (to the problems) have been hamstrung by lack of funds and personnel."

Which puts the state board of health in the same boat with all other state and governmental agencies. Too few with too little dealing with too much.

Or at least I think that's how the song goes.

Cheating

By FLOYD L. WYNNE
MAYBE I've been in seclusion too long, or perhaps I'm literally "out of this world." (There are those who will agree that both are true).

However, a statement made in a recent article carried in "Look" magazine aroused my ire and gave me some anxious moments trying to evaluate myself and these about me.

THE ARTICLE started something like this . . . "If you're an 'average' American, it's quite possible that you're cheating on your income tax, your expense account, your local traffic laws or on your spouse. Maybe even on all of them."
The article went on to explain that this impression was gained by a team of researchers who recently conducted a nationwide survey of present-day American morality.

It continued, "Their findings indicate that Americans are creating a fifth freedom to go with the famed four freedoms pronounced by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.
"It is the freedom to chisel."

I VIOLENTLY DISAGREE with any flat statements of this type. It's easy these days to sample 10 people and when you find five of them fit a pattern you immediately adopt that pattern to the majority of the nation.

I'm not so naive as to say that there are not chislers in our midst. Nor will I deny that our

probably are those who cheat, whether it be income tax, expense account, local traffic laws or what.
But to label the "average" American as a cheat . . . that's the height of absurdity.

I FRANKLY ADMIT that in today's complex tax world, it's nearly impossible to fill out your own income tax forms. It almost takes an accountant to make certain that you get the advantage of special situations and deductions permitted by the government.

In many cases, individuals try to apply common sense and common logic to deductions on income tax forms, only to find out that common sense and common logic have nothing to do with whether or not an item or an expense is deductible.

It is possible that a number of persons have come to the opinion that if they are not certain of an item, then they put it in, figuring that if it isn't deductible, the government will throw it out.

There is no element of cheating in that. It's a form of self-protection forced on the populace by an over-demanding government bureaucracy.

I'LL ALSO ADMIT that there have been times when, as an individual, I may have slipped through a yellow light, or adopted a Hollywood-type halt at a stop sign, or maybe dragged my foot on the accelerator a little too heavily. Can you classify me as a "cheat" because of that?

In this complicated age of anti-hill traffic, the only person who hasn't clipped a traffic law at least once is the person who doesn't own a car and wouldn't know how to drive one if he did. And, that person probably jaywalked at one time or another.

LET'S FACE THE FACT that America has become the victim of chronic confusion. We've gotten too big, too fast, in too many ways, and are reaping a reuel harvest of too many laws, too many government bureaus, too many complications.

If trying to find your way through this jumbled maze in the least confused fashion is cheating . . . then, I guess I'm a cheat.
But, in my book . . . cheating means dishonesty, and the practice of being dishonest.

On this term, if called a "cheat" . . . I resent it, sir, on behalf of myself and the overwhelming majority of my 170 million fellow Americans.

AS AN AMERICAN . . . and an "average" one at that, my honor has been wronged, and I demand justice.

Let us meet on the field of honor . . . the middle of Main Street on a busy day . . . with my favorite weapons . . . a copy of the city charter, an armful of law books, a late copy on how to make out your income tax, and a psychologist.

We'll battle until one or the other of us cheats.

Langendorf

By FLORENCE JENKINS
Seeing the copy for the new series of Langendorf United Bakers' newspaper advertising reminds us of a true story.

Some years ago in Portland, when Oregon's economy was not quite as rosy as it is today, C. B. (Bill) Stephenson, president of First National Bank of Oregon, was chairman of the special gifts committee for the annual American Red-Cross drive for funds.

The special gifts committee always made contact with the major firms in the city and got them signed up for contributions in advance of the starting date of the person-to-person campaign.

Mr. Stephenson was conscientious but the going was a little

rough. He was devoting all of his energy and time he could spare from his banking duties and, three days before his committer's deadline, was still running behind schedule on the Red-Cross quota.

It preyed on his mind to the point he began to dream about the campaign while he was sleeping fitfully at night.
Langendorf Bakeseries was one of the last firms on his list. The night before he was to call on the Portland manager of that firm, he had an especially vivid dream which he related to Mrs. Stephenson at breakfast the next morning.

"I dreamed I went over to see the Langendorf manager," Mr. Stephenson said, "and told him how much money we hoped to get from his firm."

"The manager sadly shook his head and explained what had shone the bakery business was in."

"Then, he brightened and exclaimed: 'We can't give you any money this year, but I'll tell you what we'll do . . . we'll bake our bread so it will come out with a little red cross running through the middle of each loaf and when it is sliced, every slice will have a red cross in the center. Look at all the free advertising that will give you for the Red-Cross drive.'"

The Lighter Side

By DICK WEST
WASHINGTON (UPI) — On the first day of springtime my true love gave to me: Five packs of seed, four sacks of fertilizer, three cans of weed killer, two bottles of insect spray and a pruning knife for the pear tree.

On the second day of springtime, I began wishing it were still wintertime.

All those happy hours I spent curled up before the fireplace with my faithful old seed catalogue at my side abruptly came to an end a few days ago.

Over the weekend, the weather took a turn for the worse—warmed up, that is—and suburbia became awash again with short-sleeved, shorts-clad human beings.

As I looked out the window, female posteriors that I hadn't seen since October were looming up out of the flower beds all over the neighborhood. I wish there was some way for women to tend to their peonies without bending over.

Few things are more unsettling than a landscape filled with ladies simultaneously jack-knifing to transplant a peony. I mean, dig those crazy mushrooms!
The reason I looked out of the window was I wanted to see what had disturbed my sleep. Suffice to say, the area adjacent to my bedroom apparently is going to be the neighborhood playground again this summer.

Reeling into the kitchen, eyes still heavy with sleepy dust, I found my gardening partner putting together with the potted plants. "It's a nice day out," she said omnisciently, and I needn't draw you a picture of what happened after that.

I just hope that next year spring will delay its arrival until I've had a cup of coffee.

This feeling, I have about backyard agriculture is one of the reasons why I was not overwhelmed with gratitude when an agent of the Republic Aviation Corp. stopped by my desk and deposited a press release on "moon gardening."

The document contained a progress report on the experimental "lunar farm" which the company established at Farmingdale, N.Y., last year in the interest of space-manship.

Republic is growing such things as: turnips, carrots, beets and snap beans under low pressure conditions simulating the thin at-

mosphere found on the moon. It hopes to point the way for space-men to raise their own fresh vegetables when they get tired of dining on algae and lichens.

I suppose all of this comes under the heading of scientific progress but I'm afraid the company has plowed under any ideas I might have entertained about non-stealing on the moon.

I mean if they're going to plant gardens up there it can only lead to one thing—crabgrass.

Wasted Money

By LYLE C. WILSON
WASHINGTON (UPI) — Joseph Campbell is hereby nominated to let the voter-taxpayers in on the best kept secret in town.

Joseph Campbell is comptroller general of the United States. He is boss of the General Accounting Office which was created by Congress to audit the spending of public funds.

Campbell's secret is this: How many billions of the taxpayers' dollars are wasted each year by the spenders in the executive departments of government? If Campbell has the secret figure handy, it would be appropriate for him to make it public just about now when the voter-taxpayer is sweating over his income tax.

Another good publication date would be in the week before next November's general election. Either way, the wastage report probably would be such as to cause the voter-taxpayer to paint his legs red and go loith to pillage and burn.

The comptroller general makes an annual report to Congress. It is a neat volume of more than 300 pages, citing by title and number, and otherwise describing, individual investigations and reports and other agency operations. Never, however, does the annual report come up with a paragraph simply stating that X-number of treasury dollars were wasted and by whom.

Occasionally a dollar estimate of waste in one category or another will pop through the calm prose, but not often. Thus it was that the 1959 annual report tagged the Navy with some costly errors.

It seems that Navy shipyards have consistently overestimated their needs for material for ship overhaul and conversion work. The report says:

"During the last three fiscal years, a sizable amount of Navy inventories (material on hand) have been classified in excess to its needs. This included nearly 250 million dollars worth of electronic and shipboard equipment and ship repair parts which are used almost exclusively for overhaul and conversion of ships."

There was another item: "Excess quantities of binoculars valued at \$2,400,000 that were in ready-for-issue condition, were scheduled for disposal while quantities of similar binoculars in need of repair were being retained in the supply system to maintain adequate supply levels."

"After this was called to the attention of the Navy, the binoculars in ready-for-issue condition were removed from disposal lists and replaced by binoculars in need of repairs."

"This action saved about \$225,000 in estimated repair costs."
The whole story would be a blockbuster exposure of waste and inefficiency in a government grown so large as to be unmanageable.

The Almanac

By United Press International
Today is Thursday, March 31st, the 91st day of the year, with 275 more to follow in 1960.

The moon is approaching its first quarter.
The morning stars are Mars, Mercury, Jupiter and Saturn.

On this day in history:

In 1732, Austrian composer Franz Joseph Haydn was born.
In 1840, President Martin Van Buren issued an executive order establishing a 10-hour work day for government employees.

In 1860, Wabash, Ind., became the first incorporated community to be completely illuminated by electrical power.

In 1913, daylight saving time went into effect in parts of the U. S.

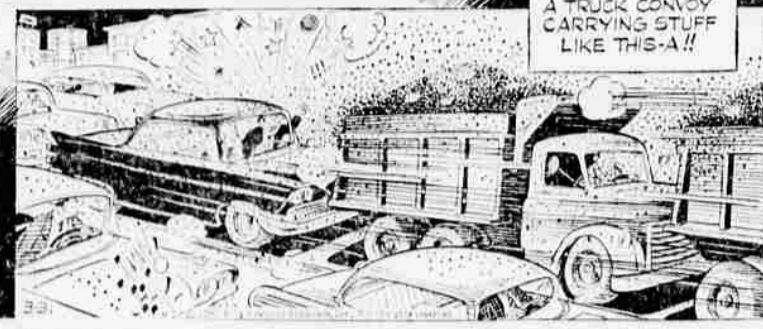
In 1933, Congress created the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC).

In 1943, enthusiastic New York audiences cheered "Oklahoma," a new Rogers and Hammerstein musical comedy.

A thought for today: English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray said: "Next to the very young, I suppose the very old are the most selfish."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Medford Lad, 7, Mishap Victim

MEDFORD (AP) — A youngster on his way home from school dashed onto a highway Wednesday and was struck and killed by a car.

The victim was Charles Edward Gilchrist, 7, of Medford, police said. The accident occurred just

north of here. Police said the driver of the car was Robert Graham Gresham, 47, of Medford.

It was Oregon's 70th traffic fatality of the year in the Associated Press tabulation. Eighteen have died in March.

• People Read SPOT ADS — you are

MOOSE LODGE CRAB FEED
Saturday - April 2
Buy Your Tickets Early!



Grand Marshals of the Easter Parade: Hart Schaffner & Marx

Style leadership, infallible guidance in launching your Spring wardrobe for over 70 years, that's HS&M. Easter is April 17th . . . let us show you the clothes that will set the pace for this year's Easter Parade and long after.

- HS & M Suits from \$79.50
- HS & M Sport Coats from \$50.00
- HS & M Slacks from \$25.00
- Curlee Sport Coats from \$29.50
- Curlee Slacks from \$16.95

Stetson's Springaire: a lightweight fur with the very mild and flattering telescope crown, drap bow and antique silver flight of swallow. Spring shades. \$13.50.

from our **Boyswear Dept.**
Spring is bustin' out all over for the young man—all wool flannel suits in a host of new, soft spring shades, age size 14 to 20, at just \$29.50.
There's boys' wash 'n wear white shirts, too, 6 to 12 \$2.95 and neck sizes 13 to 14½, \$3.50.
Ties for boys, just 75c and \$1.00.

Nunn - Bush Cholet last in luxurious deep-tone brown. Vamp seams turned for smarter appearance . . . buoyant "featherweight" lightness. Just \$21.95.

Shop For Graduation!

Our complete stocks are now in — priced from \$42.50 to \$59.50 to fit the young man's budget. New charcoal tones with olive green shades and stripes. Popular new hopsacking and worsted materials.

A special note to ladies: It's easy to dress him up for Easter when you charge your purchases on our "automatic" charge account. Pay in 30 days or take 6 months to pay the Revolving way. Pay no money down.

OPEN A 30-DAY CHARGE ACCOUNT OR USE OUR NEW . . .

REVOLVING CHARGE PLAN
Set Your Own Monthly Payment! Example:

For A Shopping Limit of	\$30	\$45	\$60	\$75	\$90	\$120	\$150
You Pay Each Month	\$5	\$7	\$10	\$12	\$15	\$20	\$25

DREWS Manstore

732 Main

— and —

Town & Country

SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

