

# Herald and News

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Entered as second class matter at the post office at Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906, under act of Congress, March 8, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 Month \$ 1.35	1 Month \$ 1.25
6 Months \$ 6.50	6 Months \$ 6.10
1 Year \$11.00	1 Year \$10.20

## BILLBOARD

**By BILL JENKINS**

A lot of work and preparation went into the puppet show at J. W. Kerns. And from the response it was getting last weekend from the children, not to mention parents, who attended, Ben and Phylis Kerns can well be proud of their achievement.

The two of 'em turned out the whole show, from making the puppets and learning how to operate them to writing the script.

A real good deal for Christmas. And on top of that they have a full fledged Santa to take requests from the children after the show.

turned in to him at least several ruddy ducks that have flown into the wires and broken a wing or otherwise crippled themselves.

It seems that ruddy's just don't have the control in the thick weather that some of the other breeders do.

Every winter there are at least two and sometimes more ducks, usually spoonies, who get hung up in the power line across Link River at the Fremont Bridge. They fly in between the power line and the messenger, wedge their necks in the tiny space and hang themselves.

But so far this year there have been no tragedies. A few ducks have killed themselves on the wires and hit the pavement, but we don't have any grisly reminders of the dangers of living hanging there as yet.

First on-the-scene report of the recent snow storm was handed along to us by Dean Beckley the other day. He was telling about going down south with a load of cattle just as the storm hit. Said he'd never seen it snow harder then it did in the Mt. Hebron area, and then he had to hole up in Mt. Shasta and wait for the road to be opened again after a load of Christmas trees squawed off the road and blocked traffic for several hours.

The November 19th issue of Men's Wear has just come across our desk with even more bad news. Most disheartening announcement of the lot was the introduction of a new mess jacket type suit for casual wear. This one comes with a one button jacket that pulls in at the waist and has a high lapel. Looks very much like a woman's bolero jacket. Made of polyester fiber (whatever that is) and sells for a neat \$110.

We know from past experience that the road around there can be a real holy terror in winter. Last time we were in Weed it was raining hard and the wind was blowing a small gale. So hard in fact that the service station attendant had quite a lot of trouble getting the hood up on the car and keeping it there.

Glad we live in such a mild climate up here in the High Desert.

I sadly fear me that the days are coming when we men who are built for comfort, stability and long wear are going to be put in the back room. The showcase will be filled with those chaps who have no waist, sport long eyelashes and consider a creme de menthe highball the ideal afternoon tipple.

Once you've lived in Klamath Falls you just keep on being a native. That has been proven a good many times. Last example was a visit last week from Bus "Crooked Creek" Thompson. Bus, who has been one of the better known auto salesmen around here, not to mention his hunting, fishing, flying and other things, now makes his home in Prineville. It was good to see him again.

Was also shocked to notice in the picture coverage of the Ivy League tussle between the Harvards and the Princetons that the time honored crew cut seems to be giving way to the south of the border duck tail.

Head for the hills men, the handwriting on the wall says the new fashions are going to be even more uncomfortable than last year's.

Jim O'Donahue tells us that every time the fog comes down he can count on finding or having

## HAL BOYLE

**NEW YORK (U) "Down with office Christmas parties!"**

Each year about now this crusade cry rings across the land, and lurid pictures are painted of wild pre-Yuletide orgies indulged in by the white-collar peasantry before they board the last bus home on Christmas Eve.

got to get in any ice. "Cheers," he says. The boys gulp down their drink, then stand around with their cups in their hands like Oliver Twist waiting for more porridge.

"Merry Christmas," says the boss, banging in the cork back in the bottle. "Take the rest of the day off."

Sin in foreign boudoirs always holds a certain attraction. But to Mrs. Jones, the average housewife, even the thought that a holly wreath has been hung up in the workaday atmosphere of her husband's office conjures up scenes of far-wilder abandon.

So the gang troops out together, goes down to the nearest bar and has a couple of rounds while they feelingly discuss what a grand old something or other the boss is.

"Well, my boss is better than none," said one. They all laugh and start home.

She has heard all about those revolting office Christmas parties. Here is what she imagines:

Promptly at 5 o'clock the office desks sprout leaves and turn into tall oak trees hung with mistletoe. Champagne begins to bubble up magically from the office water cooler.

"And where have you been, big shot?" asks the wife as Jones comes through the door.

"Oh, the fellows at the office just had a little party," he replies amiably. The next moment Jones feels a high-heeled shoe beating a tattoo on his skull, and he hears his wife's voice crying:

A door opens and out comes the boss, dressed in goatskins. Over his shoulders are draped two giggling stenographers, wearing nothing but bright red lipstick, vine leaves in their hair, and a filmy white veil.

"Here, Jones, have one on me," cries the boss, tossing him the prettier girl, Jones, who by now is clad in a goatskin, too, catches her easily.

"Well, don't think you can come reeling home to me, you beast! I know what you've been up to — you and that smirking Miss Smith."

What I say is, fellows, we can't win. Too many wives now believe in the legend of the wild office Christmas party. Even if all us desk jockeys quit our jobs and went to work in factories, you know what would happen? Some chip-based dreamer would start yelling a new slogan.

The other men and girls in the office, all decked out in goatskins and veils, then join hands and circle the water cooler in a game of ring-around-rosy, pausing now and then to dip their warm muzzles in the cool bubbling champagne.

"Down with factory Christmas parties!"

**CRASH**

**MASON, Mich. (U) —** Three persons were killed in the crash of a single-engine private plane near Stockbridge last night. The dead were identified as Ed Gilmore, the pilot, about 37, of Gregory, and Royce Porath, about 22, and Thomas Whittaker, 24, both of Munith.

Hidden pipes play a mad tune... the laughter and the squeals grow louder... goatskins pursue the veils in a merry chase across the desk tops.

Jones catches and holds the coyly struggling stenographer, and panting hard murmurs, "Miss Smith, you never told me you had freckles on your shoulders. Let me count them."

"Oh, we're right under the mistletoe, Mr. Jones," she whispers, "but aren't you married?"

"What is marriage?" says Jones, behind her upturned face... the music swells... the champagne bubbles higher... higher... Fadeout.

Now here is what actually happens at the "office Christmas party":

The boss calls in the fellows half an hour before quitting time. "It's been a good year, boys," he says, "and I want you to join me in a little celebration."

He gets out some paper cups and a bottle of Old Grandson. He moistens the bottom of each cup with a few drops from the bottle, then fills the cups to the brim with water and says he's sorry he for-

**Wild Men and Tame**

Geo. N. Taylor

At the coming of day, wild men in the jungle and the cultivated folk also, begin to stir around to get our daily bread. And beyond our little day, God has his plans. He plans to win you for his eternal home. But you say you are not good enough to go to heaven. Quite true. Your curses, lies, hates and all the rest, stamp you an unfit. But for all that, God will not throw you out. Receive Christ into your heart as dying for all your sins and God counts them blotted out. Then he gives you eternal life. The Bible pictures God as standing with wide-open arms waiting to receive you. — "Reconciled" is the word. 2nd Corinthians 5:18. Having eternal life, live by the Bible, pray and grow up. This space sponsored by a Portland Lumberman & Wife.

Creates special kind of heat needed to relieve **ARTHRITIS ACHES-PAINS** rub on **MUSTEROLE**

## They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



## ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

At the Izaak Walton Meeting in Portland a week ago the old perennial question of game law enforcement reared its head and was tabled for further study at the advice of Waltonians who live out in the country. As usual the chief agitation for return of game law enforcement to the Game Commission from the State Police had its most vocal exponents in the city of Portland, opposition to this action appears to gain as the distance extends away from this congested area and within which the State Police do not function. Likewise, the Wildlife Management Institute was present with its sneering innuendo that the Oregon system of game law enforcement was a failure. The Oregon system of Game Law enforcement is frankly an experiment, no other state in the Union handles its game violations just exactly as we do this state. Granted, in any new venture off the beaten path of traditional action, there will be rough spots as we well know every pioneer must face. Usually there are helping hands to smooth over the ruts in the trail by people who are sincerely interested in seeing a good job done but not in Game enforcement.

Washington, D.C. attempt to dictate to them how Oregon should run its business.

We conservationists are only human and we have our disagreements on such comparative minor matters and over which we can fight amongst ourselves when we are not out fighting the common enemy — it keeps us in shape and fighting trim, a sort of exercise as it were. Thus we can excuse "Gabe's" attitude to some extent but he has cast the challenge — will Oregon meet it?

It would seem to me from all my casual reading, that one of the greatest challenges today in the field of wildlife management is the problem of game law enforcement, yet in spite of all the arguments attempting to convince us as to the "efficient" enforcement being obtained by other states who do not have Oregon's "queer" system as they refer to it — I find that my sources of information, all complain of failure of their states in this department. Everything is far from being rosy in this game law problem elsewhere across the nation so on the count the Oregon experiment is not unique even though it attempts to accomplish its task with different machinery.

The intense interest that seems to be placed by other Game Departments in other states to get Oregon back into the traditional fold of enforcement (which has a long history extending far back and beyond the Sheriff of Nottingham who was continually parading the old poacher Robin Hood) is a most interesting subject — it would seem as if these other states were almost afraid that Oregon might make her "queer" system work!

The chief difficulty apparently in the Oregon system has been the lack of a harmonious cooperation between the State Police and the Game Department which pays for the enforcement cost. Without Game some criticism can fall upon the Game Department but apparently the greatest amount must fall upon the State Police it-

self. Sportsmen likewise are to be blamed in this affair because the most influential politically are often strong proponents for enforcement — against the other fellow, they do not like too much impartiality. From this group we have had a number of boys who strongly urged that Oregon stand by tradition and kick the State Police System in the teeth. On the other side of the fence we have an equal forceful group who want to protect themselves from the Gun-Goons of the City who have urged the State Police to ignore many of the game problems. Thus we seem to be caught within the framework of a structure of our own choosing with no one honestly saying: "Come on boys let's get this straightened out." We are a great bunch of side-walk superintendents so long as we do not have to shoulder any burdens.

One particular gripe, and a legitimate one on the part of sportsmen is that two many people are now getting a "free ride" on our wildlife resources without contributing one thin dime to the kitty—the sportsman must bear the whole burden. If he gripes at the tremendous bite taken from the game fund for enforcement he should not be condemned because he well knows how far that money can go towards the vital problem of restoration of our wildlife resources. Since all the people of Oregon share in wildlife benefits whether sportsmen or not it would only be fair that the burden of law enforcement be born by the State's general fund and not out of the threadbare pocket of the Game Commission.

Perhaps one of the strongest workers in the attempt to tear down the Oregon system of Game Law enforcement is Ira Gabrielson, President of the Wildlife Management Institute, one of the nation's outstanding conservationists. "Gabe" has a phobia over Oregon game law enforcement, he has said: "It won't work," and the fact that it has been working and has gained strong acceptance among a powerful segment of Oregon's population has been a source of constant irritation to him. We have not forgotten his attempt to force Oregon to change its system a few years back by attempting to have federal funds cut off unless game law enforcement was returned to the jurisdiction of the Game Commission. "Gabe" lost that battle because the people of Oregon got slightly irked in having an ex-bureaucrat back in

Doctors Warned By Congressman

**SALT LAKE CITY (U) —** Rep. Walter H. Judd (R-Minn.), a physician himself, says the country will turn to socialized medicine because of the high cost of private medical care, unless American medical associations "police" their member physicians better.

"If the doctors of the nation will cooperate by keeping fees down," he said, "socialized medicine will never be necessary. If they do not, the people will demand government-controlled medicine in an effort to gain more care for more people, even though such care would be mediocre."

Engineers Plan Christmas Gifts

**AGANA, Guam (U) —** The 322nd Aviation Engineers Battalion isn't forgetting.

In Korea, the earth-moving soldiers and sirmen built the Dong Chong orphanage with voluntary contributions while stationed near Taegu.

Recently transferred to Anderson Air Force Base on Guam, the 322nd has assembled a big package of Christmas toys for the 45 children in the orphanage. There'll be something for each one.

## SAM DAWSON

**NEW YORK (U) —** Santa pack may hold a billion dollars worth of toys this Christmas for the first time.

The new accent this year is on do-it-yourself toys. Prices are thoroughly scrambled, but only in rare cases higher than a year ago.

There seems little doubt that there'll be more toys than ever sold this year to dotting parents and uncles—the only question is what effect price cutting here and there will have on the final retail dollar sales total.

The Toy Manufacturers Assn. of the USA reports today that wholesale sales of toys this year to stores will be between 500 and 55 million dollars, against last year's previous record of 450 million. In past years this would be translated into retail sales to consumers at a billion dollars or more.

Last week widespread toy promotions by stores—notably some big city department stores plagued by competition of discount houses—drew crowds to toy counters but scrambled the retail markup figures across the nation.

Toy promotions have started earlier this year, and the war between discount houses and the old-line stores has heightened the competition, and increased store traffic.

Association spokesmen say the group has taken no official stand on the question of "fair trade"—a legal device for maintaining the manufacturer's listed retail price on his branded products. Some of its members fair-trade their toys, but the majority do not, the association says.

Some stores are reporting delays in deliveries on late orders, and the association predicts a complete cleanout of stocks this year. Many stores had large inventories of toys left over last year, and were hesitant about ordering units late this year.

The continuing high birthrate is the toy manufacturer's chief joy. Frederick W. Doepke, president of the association, says there are 16 1/2 million children under 3 this year, four million more than 10 years ago.

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