

# The Herald and News

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## Proper Spirit

By BILL JENKINS  
There is so much good in the air around Christmas time, so many people doing so much, to make the season a happy one that it is impossible to mention them all.  
So I'd like to pick one small group as an example of what the people of Klamath Falls are doing to make and keep Christmas what it is. The young men of the Jaycees chose as one of their projects this year the holding of some 21 children of the community on a shopping tour during the Christmas season.  
The youngsters, who probably wouldn't have had the opportunity otherwise, were provided with a few dollars to spend, transportation and the company of a few members of the club on their jaunt. The only limitation was that the money was to be spent only for gifts to be given to their families or their friends. None was to be spent on personal purchases. After the shopping tour the Jaycees had made it easier all the way around by arranging a wrapping party at the YMCA so that the purchases could be all done up in festive Yuletide colors and made ready by the morning of Christmas.  
As I say, that's only one example of many. But it is certainly a bright spot in the season when we see people doing good things and expecting a return in happiness, not dollars, and making it with their own hands. To tell of all the projects that have been carried out, mention all the good deeds that have been done. They are so numerous that it can't be done. So let's just say "well done" to all those who helped make this Christmas a little brighter for others. And take this opportunity of wishing everyone a very merry Christmas.

Friday we were mentioning what a wonderful thing it would be if we already had plenty of small dams to hold the runoff that comes with every change of winter weather. Since writing that piece we have learned of half a dozen of these small dams that have been carried away by the pressure of the water during this last wet spell. I think it's probably appropriate to mention that here and now that the fact of losing a few of them shouldn't serve to discourage people from putting them up. There are going to be washouts every so often and they are certain to be Christmas. But little or any other region, ever built up a system adequate to our needs there would be less likelihood of washout because of more control at higher elevations.  
I guess the reason I keep on this subject so much is that it grips my soul to see our water, the stuff that fell in the form of snow or rain on the slopes of our high mountains and on our mountain meadows at high altitude, go whirling down the valleys to be caught and held by the people in the valley for their use. I can't help thinking it would be a lot better if we used the water first and then let it find its way to the valley level and finally the ocean.

I am overcome with curiosity to know if anyone in Klamath Falls gave or received a mint trimmed ship for Christmas? I saw 'em advertised in one of the swankier magazines and have been intrigued ever since. If anyone got a slip for a Tule gill and it had a mint trim on it will you please let me know? I just can't bring myself to believe that an item like that would sell, but I could be wrong.

After all, I got a jewel studded bar tool for a gift this year, which I thought was going pretty far.

## Acknowledgement

By DEB ADDISON  
What better time could there be than Christmas Day in the morning to acknowledge some of the fine things that have happened to a person in the course of another year's time?  
I'm thinking particularly of the year's tour of duty as president of the Klamath County Chamber of Commerce. It officially is the county chamber but the interest naturally is in the whole Klamath Basin.  
The first acknowledgement then must be for the opportunity of living in this favored-above-all places, the Klamath Basin, and of associating with its wonderful people. We may wrangle and single back and forth but when it's all over we remain friends with the loveliness of a common interest.  
Membership in the Chamber itself has increased a third this past year and those members, individually have done the things that, all put together, make the organization a going concern.  
Never has a chamber president had a better group of directors to work with. These people lent their time and best thinking to problems of the area, and individually have directed the activities of the various committees of the members.  
Furthermore, it has been wonderful to have an efficient, efficient office force and a man like the manager, Frank Tucker, to work with. A chamber organization has to be a combination of volunteer officers and members on one side and professional staff on the other. Neither one can function right without the effective cooperation of the other. That, we have had.

There's another side to this past year's business of chamber duty. No person holding down a regular job in business could do much as a chamber president without the complete backing of his own organization.  
Acknowledgment is made to my

boss, Frank Jenkins, for taking the long range view that work for the community comes first. He never let on at least that he held a grudge against me for being manager absent on some mission stemming from that other office at the other end of town.  
Also, there are 11 members who carried on and got the job done time and time again when the ad manager was a chamber man instead. These jewels now are asking if it's going to be "Back to Work in '56." (The answer has to be "yes.")

You probably have gathered by now that it has been a wonderful experience and privilege to serve a community for a year as chamber of commerce president and also that whatever may have been accomplished is entirely the result of what a lot of other people have done.  
You are absolutely correct in both cases.  
I'll finally have to come clean and confess to some very strong regrets over leaving so many matters of unfinished business, of business that we never got to at all, and of matters that we just plain failed to accomplish.  
These regrets are lessened though with the knowledge that the chamber program must always be a continuing one and that its direction is in good hands. Under the directors and officers who are taking over, I will make you forget '55 in no time.

Here's a last thought passed on from "Cap" Collier's Christmas message to the Rotary Club:  
"If you could sift over all the problems in the world you'd end up picking your own again — you know them better."  
The problems of the Klamath Basin are well known to your new chamber president, Warren Bennett. If he picks one up and asks you for some help, give it to him to help make our country a better place in which to live and make a living.

## Suburb Problem

By MAX WAUCHOPE  
The flood conditions which occurred this week in the South Suburban area of Klamath Falls, certainly emphasize the need for adequate sewerage and drainage lines in that area.  
At one touring the area Thursday would have been confronted with a dismal picture of water-logged yards filled with rain water and the overflow from the drainage ditches which line most of the streets in that area.

This area is served by some 2,650 septic tanks. The runoff from many of these tanks must necessarily go into these ditches due to the low water table and flat terrain of the area.  
With this flood condition, the runoff from the septic tanks mixed with the rainwater overflowing the ditches and in many cases covered yards and flooded into floor-turn areas and basements.

Granted that this year's flood condition was an exceptional one, it still highlights the potentially unhealthy state of any area thickly populated as the South Suburb which doesn't have adequate sewerage or drainage systems.  
Everyone recognizes the main reasons why people prefer to live in any suburban area. The tax-free less and gardens and the keeping of chickens and livestock are permitted where this may be impossible within the city limits.  
When the South Suburban area began to be settled many years ago there was plenty of room and sunlight and health problems were non-existent. With the growth of the area, particularly since the end of World War II, problems of sanitation, drainage, fire and police protection and street maintenance have become increasingly acute.

I'm sure no one wants to force any resident of this area into a sewerage district or into annexation with the city of Klamath Falls against his will. However, some aspects of modern living simply cannot be ignored. Just stop and think what the life without police or fire protection or without sewerage or water systems.

There have been numerous attempts in the past to find some solution to the problems confronting the residents of the South Suburb. The formation of sewerage districts, annexation to the city of Klamath Falls, and other plans have been studied, so far, nothing of concrete value has come out of any of these efforts.

The Oregon Legislature, recognizing the need for action along these lines, passed in 1953 legislation with the sanitation problems of suburban fringe areas in its 1953 session.

One of these laws, House Bill 50, gives the county court authority to form a sanitary district within the jurisdiction of a public health officer that a sewerage problem exists. Senate Bill 133 clarifies this, and other steps, which the county courts can take in the formation of sewerage districts.  
The possibility of an epidemic caused by unsanitary conditions was highlighted in 1954 when several cases of typhoid fever broke out in this area. Fortunately, none of these was fatal but 2,800 inoculations against the disease were given by the office of Dr. Earl M. Kerron, Klamath County health officer. Dr. Kerron also reported that 60 cases of intestinal hepatitis, a disease of the liver, were treated in the South Suburb in 1954. As of early in November of this year Dr. Kerron said that about 30 cases of this disease had been reported in this area.

Sanitary authorities have pointed

out that with the new state law giving authority to county courts and other administrative bodies to solve the sanitation problems of suburban areas it is inevitable that something will eventually be done to clear up the situation.  
These same authorities' advice is not meant as a threat — it is given to arouse the people to a condition that cannot be solved by ignoring it.

## Christmas Story

By KEN McLEOD  
When we start out on a collecting trip into the desert we never know what we may bring home. We return laden with many objects, many which at times may be an anecdote of the Old West. Back in the thirties we were out in a rather desolate spot happily grubbing around in the bottom of the hole about two feet deep looking for traces of an ancient Indian village site. Little dreaming there was suddenly a voice from above startled me.

"What on earth are you doing?"  
Long ago we became resigned to the curiosity our unconventional habits created. "Digging for Indians," I replied as I looked up to greet the gaze of a livestock man standing on the bank above me. There was a twinkle in his eyes and the flavor of shamrocks touched his voice. His pickup stood half hidden in the sagebrush a couple hundred feet away and off in the distance a band of sheep was headed our way.

"I never knew that Indians lived out here," he said.  
So I went through my usual routine as to how these were not modern Indians but ancient people who had lived here some centuries ago and this led on into passing conversation. I learned that he had come to this land around the turn of the century and as a young lad from Ireland started herding sheep in the Warner Valley country. This interested me for I have wondered about the Indians of that area, the Northern Paiutes.

"Didn't you meet any Indians over in Warner?" I asked.  
"No," he replied, "they were all gone years before I got there. I did meet one, however, and I didn't like him a bit."  
"Why?" I encouraged.  
"Well, sir, you see I was like this, I was out there in the desert with my sheep and it had been quite some time since I had seen another soul. It was Christmas day and I was mighty lonesome, a young lad thousands of miles from home and my family and thinking about the happy Christmas they would be enjoying. Here I was alone in the sage with only the dogs and sheep for company. I was dying for some human companionship and here he comes riding a most dejected looking nag, the biggest and blickest Indian I ever saw in all my life. He'lla' greeted me as he came up to my camp. I was happy to see anyone even an Indian though I had listened to many fearful tales about them.

"'Ugh!' was all the Indian retorted and sat his horse."  
"Get down and make yourself comfortable," I said.  
"Ugh!" he answered and that was all.  
"I tried to make conversation. 'Where are you from?' The Indian just waved his arm in a sweeping gesture to the south. 'Where are you going?' Again he waved in a sweep to the north and then suddenly he looked at me and asked:  
"You German?"  
"He had noted the burr of the Emerald Isle in my voice and had heard of Germans but not of Irish and so I went on to tell him about Ireland and the home I came from but all he would say was 'Ugh!' Then suddenly he said 'burle!'

"'Burle!' Oh yes, that bottle in my tent, a bottle of old rare wine the folks sent me for the holidays."  
"That's a bottle of wine," then he said, "I had a state as his name I inquired, 'Don't you know what wine is?'  
"Ugh!" was all the answer I got, so thinking to be social I picked up the bottle that I had been so carefully saving and I said, 'Have a sip.' He grabbed the bottle from my hand, lifted it to his mouth and in two gulps swallowed the whole contents. I stared with amazement for I had never seen such a demonstration then I got that my precious good wine swallowed by a dirty Indian and when I had seen it as certainly I didn't dare say too much ever though I was burning up because he was a big one and I was cast down as I was happy to see him ride off. I was.

"Well, sir, it was a year before I saw that blackguard come Christ-mas again and I was amazed to see the old man when over the horizon should come this same Indian he looked blacker and bigger than before and his nag more dejected."  
"Hello!" I greeted but he cordially he said was the blackguard who had stolen my precious Christmas wine and I was still holding my glass.  
"Ugh!" he replied and sat his horse looking down at me and searching my camp with a sharp eye, no doubt thinking about the last time and my precious wine. "I don't dare say too much ever," he said, "but he had spied the demijohn half hidden by the door flap of the tent. 'Oh that!' I exclaimed, 'is not for drink.' He hoisted his hand upon his forehead. 'Burle!' he said and was a note of menace in the tone of his voice. He looked down at his nag. He looked at me but I said to myself 'I'll let you— you blackguard— steal my good bottle of wine, will you?' I reached down, picked up the demijohn and handed it to him. I didn't dare do otherwise. The

Indian snatched the demijohn out of my hand and downed the biggest gulp I ever saw a man take in my life and then filled his cheeks for another greedy gulp, there he stood transfixed with the jug to his lips, the expression on his face turning from joy, to surprise, to pain was amazing to watch. 'Drink my good old precious wine will you, you blackguard!' was the thought that ran through my mind as I snatched the jug from his hands before he dropped it, but all I exclaimed was:  
"Good God man you're drinking the coal oil!"  
So it goes. I dig a hole in the desert searching for an Indian and though I was in that area many times after, the trail of the man from Ireland and my trail never crossed again unless it may have been as two rolling clouds of dust. I do not know his name.

## Christmas Poem

By JAMES MARLOW  
Washington News Analyst  
The Associated Press  
'Twas the night before Christmas, the usual time  
For abandoning prose and reverting to rhyme.  
It's the season when children look forward to loot  
Given free by the man in the red flannel suit.  
Their elders, of course, know that nothing is free,  
The daydreams are never fulfilled on a tree.  
They know that you're apt to be in for a shock  
If your hopes for the future depend on a sock.  
A rummy-nosed stranger might like to reach light  
If he fell down your chimney some very dark night.  
Yet each in his heart has an unwritten letter—  
If just to himself—asking next year to be better.  
And maybe it will. But years, like a river, run  
Warm up for a while and then give you a shiver.  
This year, going out, started cool, then got nice,  
And before it was over was covered with ice.  
Hostility melted, peace opened the door,  
When he met Bulgain and Bigelow and Fure.  
At least, it seemed, for a moment. And then  
The door slowly closed. There was cold war again.  
Had the door ever opened? Some doubt it. They think  
At Geneva the Russians just came out a drink.  
Dark point of the year was the sudden attack  
The President suffered. But he's coming back.  
The biggest sensation and biggest snafu  
Involved Salk's vaccine at the time it was new.  
Last Christmas old Santa, with contract in hand,  
Must have scented to two men as especially grand.  
They were Dixon and Yates. But this year they won't carol.  
Their contract is gone and they're over a barrel.  
Best gift the old man with the sleigh and the deer  
Could give the Republican party next year  
Is a surance that Ike will recover and then  
Make up his mind to start running again.  
They'll be awful uneasy if Ike doesn't run.  
Since he's been for the party combined moon and sun.  
The Democrats, trying to whip a winner  
Are busy as chefs at a president's dinner.  
The menu, it seems, is what has them in trouble:  
A moderate course? Or more zip? Or — more bubble?

## Citizens Offer KF Flood Aid

Offers of flood aid have been pouring in to the Klamath Falls office of the Red Cross from residents of other parts of the county who have confused Klamath Falls with Klamath, California, reported Mrs. Virginia Dixon, executive secretary of the Red Cross here.

Klamath, California, which lies at the mouth of the Klamath River in Humboldt County, was reported to be under 18 feet of water late Friday. The small city has been evacuated by its 500 inhabitants.

More than a half a dozen small communities have been deluged by the floods in this portion of Northwestern California by the overflowing Klamath and Eel rivers.

## Fescue Plants Stir Interest

New tall fescue plants under study at Oregon State College are stirring interest among Oregon grass seed growers who are feeling pressure of buying government stocks of present varieties. The commodity credit corporation is currently holding about 11 million pounds of tall fescue seed.

New hope in the OSG research plots includes grasses that grow in the winter, double top seed yields, double present feeding values, or yield twice as much as present varieties.  
A Ritchie Cowan, OSG agronomist who has been conducting the search with a "nursery" of 18,000 plants for the past six years, says several problems must yet be worked out before varieties are released. Promising genetic lines must be brought together into a common plant, and a quick inexpensive measure of forage quality must be found.

Cowan has found wide variations in the performance of tall fescue plants including ability to produce seed. Top alta fescue seed yields in Oregon are now about 1,000 pounds per acre. Some OSG test strains indicate possible yields of 2,000 pounds without irrigation or fertilization; others yield much less than the state average.

Protein content up to 25 per cent in some test strains is double that of present varieties. Some varieties begin regrowth within an hour after clipping; others wait 10 days before growing.

One test variety puts out about 15 inches of winter growth compared to little growth of most grasses during winter months but dies down in hot weather.

The agronomist also reports wide variations in hay yields of the test strains—some yield twice as much as current tall fescue varieties, others much less. Exciting possibilities for both seed growers and livestock operators are that Cowan may combine some of the desirable characteristics into one fescue variety.

## Airmen Play Santa In Korea

SEOUL, Korea (UP)—U.S. airmen and soldiers traveled by jeep, truck, helicopter, plane and even afoot today to play Santa Claus in more than 18,000 Korean war orphans.  
From Pusan in the south to the front lines in the north, Americans handed out food, clothing, toys and candy in one of the biggest displays of Christmas spirit ever witnessed in this war-ravaged country.  
To many of the children, the American soldier is the only Santa Claus they have ever known.  
Almost every unit in Korea planned a party for the victims of the bitter war which left them homeless and parentless. Many units were taking Christmas to the orphans.  
"Actually they do more for us

with their smiles than we do for them," said Pvt. Edward L. Almon, 21, Reno, Nev.  
The Eighth Army said its troops would play how to some 1400 children. Scattered Air Force units brightened Christmas for at least another 1000.

## Merry Christmas

CHEERIO!  
A pack of good wishes is headed your way, from us to you, for a merry Christmas day. May your Christmas dreams come true, and have a happy New Year, too!

Along with his gaily decked presents, may Santa bring into your home and into your heart the priceless gifts of peace and contentment . . . of enduring happiness and good will.

ANDY'S  
Blacksmith-Welding  
General Blacksmithing  
Rigging Making  
Welding  
4784 WIARD



## "Still No Time For Me, Son?"

## Airmen Play Santa In Korea

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"Actually they do more for us

## Season's Greetings and best wishes to All



HENLEY STORE  
ACME CONCRETE  
1920 Washburn Way  
Phone 3220

## Merry, Merry Christmas

Our jolly good wishes go out to all our friends and neighbors for this season of good will and cheer!

FROM ALL THE GANG  
GREETINGS

UNDERWOODS  
CAMERA SHOP  
706 Main Ph. 7063

KIMBALL'S  
GLASS SHOP  
521 Walnut Ph. 7378