

The Herald and News

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Tree Cutting

By BILL JENKINS
Now that the frost is on the punkin' and the leaves are turning to their holiday colors there is a sure and certain hint in the air that Christmas is just around the corner.

And just around the same corner waits a major headache for the owners of timber land. The problem of the family Christmas tree harvest.

It seems that each year the situation gets worse. People who ordinarily exercise at least a certain amount of common sense are likely to go out in the woods and toss caution and good judgment to the winds.

Perfect examples of this can be seen on every hand as the Yule season draws closer. Just step out into the woods along any road and see for yourself. Here you see a stand where some eager axeman cut six or seven trees, only to abandon all but one, leaving the rest lying on the ground to shed their needles, like tears over futile waste, on the ground.

Over the butt of a six inch tree, felled and the top cut out, all too often only to be abandoned because once it was on the ground the coniferous of conifers found it had a bend or a double tip or some other slight defect. Out in the country really rich in good trees you all too often find a wanton trail laid through the land, a tree being cut and the trip back to the car started only to have a better tree show up, whereupon the first is abandoned and the second cut, only to be thrust aside as still a better one shows up. One for Daddy, one for Mommy and then Junior finds one he thinks better. Oh well, throw both away and satisfy Junior's whim.

And so it goes every winter. Good timber going down the drain at the rate of thousands and thousands of board feet as potential saw logs are sacrificed to the greedy wastrels who claim it as their right to cut any tree where they are in the spirit of Christmas.

And these are the same people, mind you, who cry bitterly about the price of lumber.

I don't know what the answer is, but I can at least hope that the day will come when people will use some judgment when it comes to the supposedly free and inexhaustible resources of our forests.

Take my word for it, around the Christmas tree harvest time the pine beetle and spruce budworm take a back seat to humanity when it comes to destruction in the forests.

Indian Policy

By FLOYD L. WYNNE
Indians of the nation were advised Monday to hold on to "every bit of land we own if we are to survive."

This bit of advice was given to delegates to the National Congress of American Indians meeting in convention at Claremore, Oklahoma, by the group's president, Joseph R. Garry, Plummer, Idaho.

Garry went on to declare that Indians throughout the country have one problem in common: The proposed termination of relations between the various tribes and the federal government.

A member of the Couer d'Alene tribe, Garry said, "Every nation or group is determined to survive." He roundly criticized House Concurrent Resolution 108 which was adopted in 1953 as a measure to free the Indians from federal supervision.

"These are great words," he said, referring to the resolution, "but they are misinformation. The real result of HCR 108 is to disband American Indian tribes."

He continued, "By permitting individual Indians to sell their allotments, it is slowly dissipating our land and our identity."

Garry said the purpose of the NCAL National Congress of American Indians, now must be the adoption of a Senate concurrent resolution which would reverse the policy and continue preservation through purchase of land.

He suggested a 200 million dollar appropriation by Congress would permit tribes to buy Indian land whose owners sell because of economic necessity, personal choice or other reasons.

This advice comes in contrast to what is happening now to the Klamath Tribe members. The bill for termination is already a proven fact, and there seems to be little indication that any suggested changes in it would meet with very much favor in the upcoming session of Congress.

It is true, however, that termination proceedings undoubtedly will cause the gradual dissolution of the Klamath Tribe as such. They will thus lose their identity as a tribe, and become just plain American citizens.

solving of any tribe is the lost traditions and culture which goes with such action.

Again, however, it boils down to still another point. One cannot expect to be terminated from federal supervision on the one hand, and yet expect to retain special privileges that the remainder of the people do not possess, on the other hand.

It does seem somewhat incongruous, however, that officials are talking of asking the federal government to put up 100 to 150 million dollars to purchase the Klamath reservation, and yet, here is the president of the National Congress of American Indians suggesting that they ask the federal government to put up 200 million dollars to permit the Indians to buy land for the Indians that the Indians themselves already own.

Another example of the confusion that seems to dominate the Indian termination picture at the present time.

It might be enlightening to know just who requested the termination of the Klamath reservation in the first place, and why the matter was pushed so far so fast.

Tax Talk

By JOSEPHINE KITTREDGE
October 27—The Tax Legislative Interim Committee met this afternoon in the Senate Tax Committee Room.

It was fairly obvious from watching the preliminary sparring, and attempts to gain advantage in the matter of laying the blame, and making a determination on the possible projected surplus to be dealt with by the special session that convenes tomorrow that the battle lines are pretty well drawn already.

The Republicans are caucusing now, and the Democrats are also making medicine. It looks as if the old deal of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object may be a "soft touch" compared to the battling that will go on in Salem. During the fight of "is there or ain't there" a surplus and if so . . . who can we pin the blame on?

I heard one reporter taking bets that he would get home nearer Thanksgiving than to the 13th of November. Even the Democrats are laughingly talking about the "five day session" that the governor thought possible. Perhaps it will be possible, but as of this afternoon, I surely wouldn't bet on it.

I paid a visit to Umatilla County this past week. . . They organized a Nonpartisan Tax League, and are very anxious to have a better tax structure for the state of Oregon. J. W. Forester, the publisher of the East Oregonian, has written an excellent editorial saying that he believes that a study of the Oregon tax structure should be made and then that it would be a good thing to allow the people of Oregon the chance to make a choice.

But if you put a window in the head of most middle-aged people and let a teen-ager peek at the dreams therein—well, the kid would bust his duodenum from laughing.

The hidden goals of the middle-aged American are as odd as those of any other juvenile delinquent a third his age. Here, for example, are a few hoarded ambitions one man would like to achieve who has crossed the 4th milestone:

To become a passenger on the second space ship that makes a successful round trip voyage to the moon.

To scratch his initials on the Taj Mahal when no one is looking.

To open a Chinese fortune cookie and find therein not a printed proverb but a large and lustrous black pearl.

To open an oyster and find the same thing.

To be able to eat as much as you want . . . and still lose as much weight as you want.

To meet again the girl who jilted you in the 7th grade and have her break into instant tears

as she realized the horrible waste she had made of her life.

To work for a boss you can understand, but who finds in you depths of character he can never hope to plumb.

To have that kind of a wife, too. To discover two kinds of instantly effective hangover cures. (Everybody has friends who can't be content with one remedy, even if it works.)

To develop a new kind of toothpaste that will not only clean old teeth but also sprout new ones.

To be given a cat that has inherited money . . . and the first thing the cat does is to make out a will leaving its fortune to you.

To enroll at Notre Dame and become the first Irishman over 45 to throw a winning touchdown pass in the last second of play.

To buy a crew cut toupee, glue it to your skull, and discover a week later that it is actually taking root.

To hear a good funny story about a nontalking horse.

To meet an interesting stranger at a cocktail party who didn't wind up by trying to sell you stocks, bonds or life insurance.

To see Bali again. . . the Bay of Naples. . . the Ardennes in Belgium. . . Kasserine Gap. . . but with the same people you were with before.

To come upon a new vitamin that would make you feel as good in the morning now as you once felt in that morning prime when you didn't know what vitamins were.

To know for sure the life ahead will hold as many pleasant memories as the years ahead.

Those are one man's hedge-podge dreams. What are yours?

Women Only

By UNITED PRESS
A truly gallant package engineer believes that American women are too smart to buy a pig in a well-wrapped poke.

What he means is this—it isn't necessarily true that our women-kind can be "hoodwinked, bamboozled and otherwise flim-flammed by pretty packages."

According to the chivalrous Jerome Mitchell, vice president of the Walter Frank organization — "Anyone who thinks a woman can be tricked into buying something she absolutely doesn't want just doesn't know much about women."

Mitchell is in charge of design and development for his company. He says his interest was aroused by recent publication of psychological studies that claim women are influenced into buying products by the design or the color of the package.

He indicates that most members of his craft believe far more basic scientific criteria must be the basis for the package design.

Says Mitchell — "Even a woman's product need not be in a pretty package if market testing indicates otherwise."

"You can have a comparatively ugly duckling package"—says he — "but if its use can be seen clearly and the price is right . . . chances are good that it will go into the lady's shopping cart."

Mitchell believes that packaging is an art and a craft and a science rolled into one.

Says he, firmly — "It isn't any business for half-baked generalizations about buying motives. Let's not underestimate the intelligence of American women."

You don't have to be unbalanced to wear an uneven hemline. This slightly wiggly line — also known as the harem hemline — is another high-fashion steal from Paris. The gowns are generally almost floor length . . . rounded in the style of harem pants . . . and tilted above the ankles in front.

legislators for such an action . . . instead we should commend their integrity and courage.

Trick Or Treat

By JOHN GUERNSEY
A recent notice from the Klamath Falls chapter of the United Nations Association cautioned residents of the Basin to give contributions of money only to those authorized youngsters wearing official UNICEF arm bands or tags when the children move from house to house with their Halloween trick-or-treatin' Thursday night.

Taking part in the collection movement will be young church people, Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts. The money collected by the children will be used to purchase medicine, food and clothing for the needy children of the world.

There's no question in the world that the cause is a meritable one, and there's equally little doubt that the persons sponsoring and working with the drive are sincere to the marrow and should be commended for their humanitarian efforts.

However, and at the risk of being regarded as one who would drive flaming wedges under a child's fingernails to make him confess having stolen a melon from his patch, there might be some question as to whether this collective drive, or any other, should become a part of the annual celebration enjoyed by the youngsters.

It's not a question of giving or not giving to the United Nations sponsored drive. The campaign is a good conscientious effort to help other persons. The question is whether or not collecting as a part of the trick-or-treat fun degrades the significance and intent of Halloween.

The campaign for trick-or-treatin' has worked out wonderfully well, a great deal of maliciousness and vandalism has been removed from the yearly celebration, and it's a lot of fun receiving the youthful spooks and goblins at the door each Halloween night.

They come clad in hideous and thoroughly amusing masks, take great delight in scaring the daylights out of the home occupants, and provide an evening of perfect entertainment when reaching into the candy bag, cookie jar, or stopping in to have a piece of cake and a bottle of pop with you.

It's a thoroughly enjoyable evening for both the youngsters and adults and it just doesn't seem right to dilute the colorful significance of Halloween with the United Nations campaign or any other cause or fund drive.

It's a night for trick-or-treatin' and should be left at that.

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If you live in an unpredictable climate — your best choice for a winter coat should be a deep pile fabric. These fabrics are known for their bulkless feeling. They have warmth without weight.

Here's today's good grooming tip: When you travel . . . wrap your powder, perfume and medicine in aluminum foil to protect clothing.

Not that women are mercenary — but they just might be interested in hearing about J. Paul Getty. J. Paul Getty would be just like every other American — except that he's richer. He is believed to have more money than the Rockefellers, Fords or Mellons. Oilman Getty — who was rated No. 1 in the money parade by a leading magazine (Fortune) — has something just under one billion dollars. But he defines being "really rich" this way: "If you can actually count your money, then you are not a really rich man. I'm glad to say" — says Getty — "I have never been able to count mine."

One of the world's outstanding markswomen has become an American citizen. She is Mrs. Leon Mandel — wife of the Chicago department store owner and a native of Cuba. She has won scores of women's titles in trapshooting. In 1943 — when she had been married for five years and finally become eligible for citizenship — her husband was in the Air Force. After a special hearing in Chicago — the new citizen said she had always felt she was an American.

Mrs. Ria Carmelle of Chicago wasn't too upset when her cat wouldn't drink milk — since most cats do. Now she is worried. The cat has started to chew tobacco.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

BELOW—THE COMPARATIVELY NEW OVERCOAT THAT TREMBLECHIN STORED IN A CLOSET DURING THE SUMMER SEASON



ABOVE—STORED IN SAME SAID CLOSET, THE SHAGGY OLD WOOL JACKET THAT HIS WIFE HAS BEGGED HIM TO GET RID OF FOR THE LAST 15 YEARS

Illustration of a shaggy wool jacket.

AS USUAL—YOU'RE WAY AHEAD OF ME. THE MOTHS DEVoured WHICH? BUT THEY DIDN'T EVEN GLANCE AT WHAT? CORRECT! DO YOU WANT TO TRY FOR \$128?



Weather Table

By UNITED PRESS
Temperatures and rainfall for 24 hours ending at 4:30 a.m.

	High	Low	Rain
Albuquerque	61	42	
Atlanta	68	47	
Bakersfield	81	56	
Boise	58	42	
Boston	61	45	
Brownsville	76	63	
Chicago	55	47	
Detroit	54	43	.12
El Centro	78	62	
Fairbanks	36	25	
Fresno	79	51	
Helena	55	38	
Kansas City	60	43	
Los Angeles	81	64	
Miami	73	64	
Minneapolis	32	38	
Oakland	72	54	
Oklahoma City	64	40	
Phoenix	75	58	
Pittsburgh	54	46	
Red Bluff	78	45	
Salt Lake City	57	32	
San Diego	78	62	
San Francisco	72	53	
Stockton	76	47	
Tucson	74	56	
Washington	63	48	

Shipping Strike Hits Japan Ports

TOKYO (AP)—The biggest shipping strike in Japan's history today tied up 157 Japanese vessels in 60 ports throughout the nation. No foreign ships were involved. The 84,000-member Seamen's Union went on a five-day strike Monday, demanding an average pay raise of 20 per cent over the current monthly average of \$77.64.

Lt. Marvin Jenkins, end coach of the Air Force Academy football team, played defensive end at Alabama in 1951. He's from Eufaula, Alabama.

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AL'S DRIVE-IN
1850 Main (Across from Swimming Pool)

Driver Rides Runaway Roller

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—George Rickett started up steep Douglas St., on an eight-ton paving roller, but quickly found the monster sliding back down — although the rollers still were turning forward. "There wasn't much I could do," said Rickett. "These things don't have brakes; just clutches." After backsliding one block, the roller cracked a telephone pole and hit two parked cars before stopping. No one was hurt.

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Pogo
THAT'S HER FATHER? YOUR BROTHERN LAW? DINT HE GROW NONE?
HONEY BOO!
YEP... HE GREW PLENTY... BUT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.
WELCOME HOME, FOLKS.