

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS Editor BILL JENKINS Managing Editor

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They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



WATCHING PAPA TRY TO MAKE ANOTHER BERTH ON THE GRAVY TRAIN FOR ONE OF THE FAMILY... THANK AN A HAT TIP TO 'OFFICE FEEDS', SO B'WAY, N.Y.C.

Frank Tripp Sage Sideglances

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Wife Shoots Self, Walks

KAMIAH, Idaho — Deputy Sheriff Ralph Schwartzkopf said a wife who shot herself through the stomach with a .22 rifle Friday...

Man 95 Seeks Security Card

BUTLER, Pa. — Frank P. Bingham, hardware store merchant, applied for a social security card Saturday at the age of 95.

Army Passes News Break

WITH THE U.S. 40TH DIVISION, Korea — The Army does not plan any disciplinary action against 60th Division soldiers who broke military security in writing home that they were on their way from Japan to Korea...

Frank Tripp

PRINTED OUTSIDE? KLAMATH FALLS — An article you published a few days ago about the new telephone directory...

In previous years, when the announcement came that the new telephone directory was ready, the story usually stated that it had been printed in Klamath Falls by a local business firm.

The current directory is larger than ever—more subscribers listed—more local merchants buying advertising space in the yellow pages—17 full pages of advertising more than last year—all paid for with money earned locally.

It's not a new trick—nor a safe alibi. One time a story was printed about a local man and his sweetie being tangled in an automobile accident not far from his home the night before.

His loyal wife indignantly phoned for a retraction. She had a telegram from him, filed in Albany at almost the very hour of the crash-up; so it surely was some other man. Her trust must have been slightly shattered when hubby returned from his "business trip" with a new car and a couple of plaques on his forehead.

It isn't always phony postmarks that can bring surprises. I once got a post card mailed in Portland, Maine, from a woman who wanted the beaches red with lobsters.

Though now a whiskered gag, it printed was a brand new idea and I printed it in The Growler, a fly and saucy column which I wrote. At least a dozen letters and as many phone calls hurried to tell me that lobsters aren't red until they're cooked.

Humbly, I ran a correction, explaining that I only worked in a fish market one Summer.

Every now and then, some unrequited soul gets fed up with the restraints imposed by civilization and gives way to one of those impulses we all have.

The results, for the most part, aren't happy and more or less help prove that the path of the non-conformist is as hard and dreary as fact, it frequently turns out to be the same path, leading to the jail house.

A couple of years ago, a New York bus driver simultaneously became a fugitive from justice and something of a national hero by acting on an impulse. Fed to the teeth with the monotony of traversing the same stop-and-start route day after day, one Spring-like day of right, and off he went to Florida, company equipment and all.

Obviously, this kind of conduct can't be countenanced by large corporations with responsibilities for transporting the public. However, the action of a route-bound driver in breaking out of his rut enchanted millions of similarly situated average citizens who had dreamed of some day flinging caution to the winds and breaking out of the traces.

When they caught up with the wandering bus driver, public opinion was so heavily weighted on his side, and so many people understood his motives, that he got off with an admonition to remember his responsibilities in the future and a mandatory slap on the wrist for running against our system.

A few days ago, in California, a woman actually got around to doing something every other woman in the world has considered and talked about for years.

She took a look at her house, which was in a mess, and then, local police said, set fire to it. At this writing, she's in jail, charged with arson.

Personally, I wouldn't bet on Mrs. Kathleen Tossey's chances of getting off with the same gentle treatment which was given the bus driver. For one thing, our courts of law are pretty well dominated by members of the male sex and I think Mrs. Tossey was committing a feminine-type crime.

Judges and lawyers, if they are men, can understand a man getting fed up with the same job. They can understand Spring fever and wanderlust, because they've all been victims of it. But I doubt very much whether they can understand Mrs. Tossey's impulse to get rid of an accumulation of odds and ends in one beautifully simple, dramatic gesture.

As a matter of fact, she even started the fire in just the place I would mark my own scrotum in arson: the attic. Our attic, and almost everyone else's, is loaded with strange items which can be disposed of in no way but a fire. Ours contains a wide assortment of garments which aren't good enough to be worn, yet too good to be given or thrown away. We have enough furniture to fit out a couple of rooms—chairs which need a complete upholstery job, mirrors which need restorative, pictures of assorted relatives, baskets of medicaments including prescriptions for long forgotten illnesses, old curtains complete with poles.

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