

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
If we were any hand at making similes we'd say that this country is very much like a cup of coffee. It's been sauced and blowed.

Today is Mark's Day up in Alaska. It's the anniversary of the purchase of Alaska from Russia for the then staggering sum of \$7,200,000. Referred to as Seward's folly because the chap didn't think it would pay off. Chap by the name of William Henry Howard was secretary of state at the time. The year was 1860.

A new word has been coined by the people down at the Stanford Research Institute. "Magineering." A combination of imagination and engineering, and a good word it is. A guy has to have both vision and background to cope with the problems of modern day production whether it be power, utilities or soft goods.

Klamath Falls is back in the news again, this time with a story in the spring issue of The Highway Traveler, put out through the courtesy of Greyhound. A story by Dolores Jeffords mentions a great number of things, including a mistake by her about Link River. It is not the shortest river in the world. The Deek River over on the coast is. Link River is the shortest within the limits of a city, a fact which she mentions later on in the story. The Upper Lake comes in for a pic-

ture, showing Mt. Pitt and a corner of Pelican. There are also shots of the Spring Creek bridge, the museum there, two of the lake and pelicans, one of a boat dock at Lake of the Woods and another of Crater Lake.

The yarn also mentions the hot grid, although the author says it is for sidewalks when actually it is for the street.

Always glad to see the old home town up in the news.

Speaking of hot grids wouldn't it be wonderful if we were all blessed with foresight instead of hindsight? If that were true our forefathers would have seen to it that every street and sidewalk in the town was underlaid with hot water pipes and we would really live in a banana belt. At least it's safe to conjecture about it. Too late now.

Sam Coon, who is making quite a name for himself and Oregon back in Washington as our congressman, has been included in the latest edition of the Who's Who in America series. An honor which is not hard to come by, but at least it fills up space in this column.

Of much more importance is the news that Sam is still stumping for an increase in funds for agriculture research. That might mean something to us out here in the High Desert. Specially that portion dealing with grains and with forest research.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

In following John Muir's hunting party after mountain sheep, we left them yesterday, at the moment they had shot a ram and an ewe in the lava break east of Mount Dome, the ram was merely stunned, came to and escaped. John continues his narrative:

"We went up to the ewe. She was all that was left of them - left of the fifty. She was breathing still, but helpless, and I pitted her. A moment before, unarmed as I was, I could have worried her like a wolf, but helpless, and with so gentle an eye, she inspired pity as if she were human. Poor woman sheep! When bounding along with her neck curved high, she was shot through the head and never knew what hurt her. Bremer drew a big knife and coolly shed her blood, which formed a crimson pool in a hollow of the gray lava.

"It was near sundown and we were five miles from camp. The stars came out, and every trace of excitement faded from our minds. Van Bremer tied the ewe skillfully on old Bob's back, and we hastened on.

"Blason reached camp just as we did and reported more blood. He had killed a ram on the mountain and a couple of mule deer. The aggregate of today's hunt was two sheep and two deer. Both the ram and ewe were said by Van Bremer to be considerably below the average size.

"On the fifth and last day of the hunt, the f a s t e a s o n of Mount Bremer were moved once more, but no blood was shed. Brown's 'luck' was as unique as ever. He had shot elephants in Ceylon, yet not one of these Modoc sheep seems to have suspected him of being a hunter, and whether crashing through the brushwood or hammering over the lava blocks with his iron shod shoes, they still seemed to welcome his approach. Today, after laying his gun beyond his reach, he sat down on the lava in a lonely place and deliberately took off his shoes. Presently he heard a footstep, and, looking round, there stood a ram as if for sacrifice. The grounds of this animal trust, so conspicuous throughout the hunt, are not easily guessed. Perhaps the secret lay in the color and general brightness. For everything about Brown was bright. His coat, of glossy moleskin, was nearly the color of their own. His gun, also unnaturally bright, lay shining on the frosty ground like an icicle. And the nails in his English shoes glittered like crystals of ice.

There stood the ram; there sat the hunter. He dared not move toward his rifle for fear of breaking up the meeting. Big Horns therefore gazed on the brightness undisturbed, then quietly disappeared into the thicket. Brown, however, sat still four hours longer waiting for another, until the evening shadows grew out over the plain. Then he returned to camp declaring that the shooting of wild sheep was a matter of time, and the still hunting was easier and better. After describing the gestures and immense horns of his visitor, he added with great animation, 'I would give twenty English sovereigns to shoot one of these noble animals.' Someone hinted that an ounce of lead was price enough if he only knew how to pay it.

"This had been a fine snuff day, crystals on the sage and a rose glow on Shasta. And the sun went down in that delicious purple so common in 'deserts.' But the next morning the wind blew stormily, and the air was dark with snow-flowers. We had intended hunting two days longer, that he might get horns wherewith to adorn his English halls, but, having a pass six thousand feet to cross, (Deer Mountain), with the danger

of being winterbound, we hastened our departure. Therefore all our game - sheep, deer, antelope, fox, geese, and sage hens - were packed and crammed into the wagon, and our hunt was done."

This ends one of the few accounts of hunting wild sheep in the Klamath Basin, this account was in November 1874. From time to time there have been suggestions that Mountain Sheep be re-introduced into the Lava Bed area and a few years ago, it is my understanding, the Modoc Lava Beds National Monument had to turn down an offer of Mountain Sheep. The chief reason why Mountain Sheep could not be accepted is that the Monument could not provide suitable protection for the animals from a horde of avaricious human wolves since the Lava Beds National Monument is only a small part of the Mountain Sheep range. Mountain Sheep can only be brought back to the area if Mount Dome and the vast lava plain to the east, adjoining the Monument and the Wild-Id Refugees of Lower Klamath and Tule Lakes is set aside as a Mountain Sheep refuge. Then and only then will it be possible to bring the Mountain Sheep back to the Klamath Basin.

A Mountain Sheep refuge under such an arrangement would have a reasonable degree of protection from the Fish and Wildlife Service, the National Park Service, the U.S. Forest Service and the California State Department of Fish and Game.

Telling The Editor
US TOO

In answer to Mr. Hill's letter in last night's paper, March 28, 1964, Portland too must have stinky (if you can call Klamath Falls that) parking ordinances. Last March 1953, we were in Portland on business and since we were staying with friends who lived in an apartment building they only had garage space for the people who lived there. Naturally we parked on the street. The next morning we found a parking ticket too, for some city ordinance. We paid it, did we gripe? No, but like you, we'll never stay overnight in your fair (?) city again.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. William George

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



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