



**INSTRUCTION IN VARIOUS FIELDS** of special interest takes up a large part of the typical afternoon at Camp Totton. On the BB shooting range, instructor Gerry Herman shows Doug Ward how to hold his rifle while Craig Long waits his turn to fire. Kneeling behind them are, left to right, Jim Monteith, Alan Meritt and Tim Hansen.



**NO INSTRUCTION IS NECESSARY** for these boys, who are amusing themselves at bridge-building on the creek at Camp Totton. Left to right are Mike Ryser, Rudy Gorsch, Lynn Abernathy and Douglas Ward.



**HEADQUARTERS FOR YMCA** Camp Totton is this well-maintained, authentic old log cabin. Its maintenance is one of the projects of the "Y's Men," a group of young men affiliated to the "Y." YMCA Director Paul Campbell, right, who is in charge of the camp, explains some points of campcraft to, left to right, Jim Walker, Billy Cool and Carl Pepper.

## Camp Totton Enters Final Week Of 'Y' Summer List

The third and final 1958 session of the YMCA's Camp Totton takes place this week.

Each session consists of a day camp on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, with an overnight camp beginning Friday afternoon.

For the day camp, a bus leaves YMCA headquarters at 9:30 a.m. for the 45-minute ride to Camp Totton, which is located 21 miles from Klamath Falls, off the Lake of the Woods Highway.

The first half of the daily schedule includes assemblies, wood-gathering expeditions, fire-building and cooking, with the afternoons divided between instruction—in marksmanship, archery and handicrafts—and activities such as boat sailing, hiking and tree climb-

ing. The boys bring their own lunches, and milk is provided by the "Y." The bus starts back to town at 3:45.

The youngsters have the possibility of acquiring leadership experience; a captain and fireman for each group is designated daily. All activities are supervised by experienced adults.

On Friday, the bus leaves Klamath Falls at 3 p.m. and returns at 11:30 Saturday morning. Dads are urged to accompany their sons on this overnight experience.

There are still a few vacancies open for any boys 7 to 9 for this last session, which will accommodate 25.

The accompanying photographs were taken at the camp's second 1958 session.



**COWBOY JACK SCHULTZ**

## Cowboy Jack Schultz Full Of Adventure Memories Along Early Day Trails

By J. O. McKINNEY

**MOUNT SHASTA**—"The Last of a Vanishing Race" is an epitaph that can well be placed over the last resting place of Cowboy Jack Schultz when that old timer finally consents to cross the Great Divide. Last of the old time freight wagon drivers of the Siskiyou, Schultz, not old by standards of years, but ancient in the years of experience, has seen several eras come—and go.

The teamster was driving a two-wagon, six mule rig for John Daggett away from the Black Bear Mine near Forks of Salmon about the turn of the century. He was then a veteran of 15 years of age. He has also taken his two-wagon, six mule outfit into every mine in Northern California that had a wagon road. And taken pack outfits where there were nothing but trails.

Born in Henley, near Hornbrook, January 31, 1885, Schultz was too old for the draft in World War I. He enlisted in the 164th Oregon, California volunteers, and saw much service in many of the hot spots in Belgium and France. It was while carrying a disabled comrade out of danger at Chateau Thierry that he earned a gold acorn, an emblem he wears today.

This still enthusiastic old-timer has followed many occupations. But, he stresses, he never did a lick of work that didn't call for a horse or mule. "When it's too tough for a horse or mule, it's too tough

for Cowboy Jack," he says firmly. The life of a cowpoke is well known to him, as well as running a pack string for the U.S. Forest Service, freight rigs, and even the racing and rodeo circuit.

It is while discussing the two latter lines of endeavor that Cowboy Jack appears on the verge of being sorry for himself. He says:

"My 135 pounds was too heavy for a jockey, and not heavy enough to handle the rough string, or bulldog big steers. But I gave both a good try."

One feat that Schultz wants to see some modern teamster try is to turn a two wagon, six horse rig on Yreka's Miner Street, as he did many times. He says today's freighters couldn't drive a hay rack past a Volkswagen without upsetting both rigs.

Now convalescing in Yreka, the old mountaineer is awaiting deer season, and a trip into the high country. "I'll come back chawin' jerkey," he says, "and it won't be doe meat, neither."

Cowboy Jack has no time for either sex deer hunters.

### BAD BREAKS

**LIBERAL, Kan. (AP)**—The day before school was out, 12-year-old Gary Curry fell out of a tree. Both arms were broken below the elbows. He still was wearing casts this week when, while riding his bicycle, he fell and broke his left arm again, this time near the shoulder.