

# The Herald and News

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### Sale

By BILL JENKINS

If you are looking for something unusual in the way of edibles your chance is now. The Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, US Fish and Wildlife, are getting ready to sell off the surplus of the wildlife herds on some of the nation's refuges.

Now those so inclined can pick up buffalo, elk and longhorn cattle. There will be 272 bison on the block along with 68 elk and 198 longhorns.

What with the tremendous upsurge of interest in Westerns, modern style, it would appear that the American public should flock to the sales and bid high.

After all, due to Hollywood and television, everyone is familiar with the Thundering Herd. If we are to believe what we are told no man can consider this outfit complete unless he has at least one old-style single action thumb-buster, preferably two, and the market for quick-draw holsters has soared. Regrettably, it is still unlawful to strap on your six guns and go out and chop down a handful of innocents any more. But it is not illegal to buy or to eat the flesh of the legendary stock—such as buffalo and longhorns.

So if you want to really wallow in the flavor of the West and aren't just an anemic viewer of giddydays write the bureau in Washington, D.C. (25) and get on the list.

The sales will be made at various refuges in Nebraska, North Dakota, Montana and Oklahoma. If you want live animals take a trailer or truck with you when you learn from the bureau where the animals are. A mature live buffalo of not more than two years of age will set you back \$150. A yearling will cost \$125. Elk will be delivered to the truck for \$100—cash on the barrelhead. The release I have doesn't give the price of the longhorns, unfortunately.

I would like one of these to keep down the weeds in the back yard. But then it might not get along with the dogs, so I suppose I won't ever do anything about it. If you want to buy meat only a buffalo will cost you \$140 to \$180 for a whole carcass, butchered, which tips the scales at about 450 pounds. A whole elk, weighing 250 to 300 pounds, will cost \$90 to \$120 job at the refuge.

So there you are, if you want that wild flavor to go with your latest Western, here's your chance.

### Odds 'N' Ends

By FLOYD L. WYNNE  
Ever get one of those days when you have a lot of loose ends lying around ready to unravel you? Well, I've reached that point, and it might be well for me to clear up some of the odds-n-ends I've been collecting.

Three international notes have been collecting dust, and should be brightened up.  
First, I have a pen pal note I'd like to pass along.

A letter arrived a short time ago from: L. Gray, 12 Pennant Street, EBBW, Vale Mon, Great Britain.  
In his note, Mr. Gray wrote: "I am looking for American pen friend of all ages."

"Would you be so kind as to insert my urgent request in your valuable paper 'The Herald'?"  
"My interests are the exchange of friendly letters, stamps, view cards, papers, magazines, souvenirs from Wales."

Come to think of it, I wonder if he would know anything about my great great-grandfather. From what I hear he came to Wales to stay with an aunt back around the 1730s.

Might be a little before his time, though.

On second thought, if someone wrote me from Wales and asked me about a member of their family tree that roamed these United States about 1790, I'd feel a little helpless for information also.

However, any of you who want to trade Welsh stamps, papers or souvenirs, here's your chance. If you do write, let me know what response you get.

While I'm in the general neighborhood of the European continent, let me pass along a note from the French Consul General in San Francisco.

He wanted this message passed along to all French Nationals abroad.

"The French Consul General in San Francisco announces that all French Nationals wishing to participate in the French Constitution referendum, September 28, 1958, should contact, as soon as possible, and before September 6, the French Consul General, 740 Taylor Street, San Francisco 2, California."

Pass that along to any French

Nationals who might be around locally, will you?

A third overseas note, this one from Olive Cornett, 509 Eldorado Avenue. Olive is indulging one of her life-long ambitions and is spending some time in a trip abroad.

She sends a postcard from Florence, Italy.

In part she said, "If I had a tape recorder, would make interesting listening. These lingos and odd phraseology; their inflection difficult to understand. My head is filled with beautiful paintings, statues, tapestries, mosaics . . . seems impossible these things I've read of are now 'come to life' so to speak."

Olive, who recently declined to run for reelection to the post of Oregon Republican national committeewoman, a post she held for some time, closed with this pointed remark, "Hear no local political talk."

Could be that's known as really "getting away from it all."

Speaking of getting away, here's a note on arrivals. The new city manager, G. S. Verzeur, is due to arrive in Klamath Falls any day now with family and all.

Unless someone shows up with a two or three bedroom unfurnished home for rent he may have to park his family and baggage on the steps of city hall.

Any suggestions can be passed along to city hall, please.

### Flattery

By HAL BOYLE  
NEW YORK (AP) — What this world needs most today is a little more flattery, a revival of the good old art of apple sauce.

A great deal of ridicule has been directed at the "yes man," but he fills a great need in society. We might do well with a few more of them.

Colleges now teach everything from bridge playing to how to cook an omelette. Why don't they have a course on the technique and use of flattery?

There is a saying that "flattery will get you nowhere." That saying is out-of-date and inaccurate. The truth is that the pendulum has swung the other way. If flattery won't get it for you, nothing will.

Flattery is the banana oil that greases the wheels of progress. It never was more needed than right now. Mankind today is homesick for applause, and crying for a pat on the back.

We live in a century which, for one reason or another, goes in for too much self-hate. Practically everyone is afflicted with a sense of guilt—from panhandler to millionaire—and has a secret feeling he's a bum.

Time was when most people knew their own motives were pure but suspected the motives of others. They liked to think of themselves as being just a bit better than their neighbors—more honest, more sincere, more charitable, more moved by tolerance and good will.

No longer. Everybody seems to suspect himself first of all now. He needs no accusers. He not only casts the first stone—he casts it at himself. If he does a good deed, he asks himself cynically just what dark reason is really behind it.

The new psychology has turned us from self-applause to self-criticism. This wouldn't be bad in itself, if we didn't go overboard. But we have gone overboard. We are in danger of going on from self-questioning to self-hate. We are in danger of forgetting we are potential heroes as well as potential villains.

This mass sense of guilt has some odd aspects. The fat man becomes afraid to enjoy a good meal, for fear this shows he may be harboring a secret desire to commit suicide. The wealthy man hesitates to endow a charity, for fear he may really be doing it only to show off.

What we need now is a return to common sense and self-respect—and maybe a few career admirers to tell us we aren't really as bad as we think we are. We've run ourselves down long enough. Flattery, apple sauce, banana oil—call it what you will—it's what we need. It's far better than tranquilizers.

Everyone at heart today is yearning for someone to clap him on the shoulder and say: "Pal, you're real. The world wouldn't be the same without you."

If you can't get someone else to tell you that, tell it to yourself, over and over. In time you'll come to believe it, and feel better.

### Lightning Bolts

By ERIC ALLEN  
In Medford Mail-Tribune

When the lightning flickers on the horizon, and when the spectacular strikes hit closer at hand, ripping down into the hills and timberland of the county, what is it like to be on top of a mountain in a forest lookout cabin?

Watching this week's storms, with the constant play of lightning around the horizon, the frequent bolts visible at closer range, and the grumble-rumble of thunder interrupted every so often by an earth-shaking blast up close, we were happy not to be on a lookout.

However, Curt Nesheim, district warden for the state department of forestry, claims he's never "lost a lookout" to lightning.

"They get pretty scared sometimes," he said in what must be an understatement.

Ferris Simpson, son of L. L. (Doc) Simpson, was knocked down this year in his lookout post on top of Mt. Isabelle, Nesheim reported, but he wasn't injured.

And he said that such things happen so fast that the "victim" is never sure whether he was knocked down by a bolt which hit the cabin, or by one that struck close, or by the force of air blasting out from a strike, or by an irrepressible and instinctive reaction to "duck," which bowls him over.

Nesheim told about the time he and another forester were in the woods during a thunderstorm. A lightning bolt hit an old-growth tree some 200 feet away.

The suddenness of the flash, the tremendous noise, the shockwave of air, all combined to make it an experience he'll never forget, he said. And recent storms in the valley, which have sent bolts crashing down into the city, confirm his story to those who have been nearby.

Actually, a forest lookout is a fairly safe place to ride out a storm, despite the fact that their locations subject them to rather more frequent lightning bolts than less exposed areas.

Each is protected by a lightning rod (first invented by Benjamin Franklin, incidentally), which is grounded by heavy copper wire to the earth. If a lookout building is struck, the electrical charge is conveyed harmlessly into the ground.

But the lookouts, nonetheless, do get nervous.

And we would too. During electrical storms they have instructions to turn off their radios, and disconnect the antennas. They stay away from the telephones. And most lookout buildings are equipped with special

cially constructed insulated stools on which the lookouts can sit or stand.

An electrical storm is an awe-inspiring thing. It is raw, elemental nature, powerful and somehow mysterious, and frightening. And while Curt Nesheim has "never lost" a lookout to lightning, we'd just as soon be somewhere else when a bolt hits.

### Ambulance

Klamath Agency (To the Editor) — A recent editorial by Floyd Wynne on ambulance service in Klamath County brought forth a righteous roar of indignation from many residents of this area. Mr. Wynne presented the side of the story as given to him by the private ambulance service. Now, with his kind permission, I will try, as objectively as possible, to present the side of the Chiloquin residents. I believe the facts will speak louder than opinions in this case.

Prior to 1957, the northern part of Klamath County was served entirely by private ambulance. Even in the summer months it is an hour's drive from Klamath Falls to the northern end of the county. Winter, with inclement weather and icy roads made the trip much slower, sometimes even two or three hours for the ambulance to arrive at the scene of the accident. In 1956 a life was lost that might have been saved if there had been a more rapid means of moving the injured person to a hospital.

After the unfortunate death, citizens of the northern part of the county became acutely aware of the need for an ambulance based nearby. A civic group in Chiloquin presented a proposition to the owner of the ambulance service— if he would base an ambulance in Chiloquin, they would man it with volunteer help, and he would retain the proceeds. This offer was refused.

As there was a great deal of public sentiment, donations poured in, and by March, 1957, the ambulance was overhauled, equipped with the necessary items, and ready to go. On March 4, 1957 the initial run was made. From that time until January 17, 1958 the ambulance made 54 runs. These runs were: 19 motor vehicle accidents, 18 sick calls, three industrial and 18 other accidents.

Early in 1958, local citizens began to feel that since their ambulance had made so many calls, it was time for a newer and better vehicle. A fund raising campaign began, and also the search for a suitable vehicle. As the public ambulance was often called to logging accidents, and to calls on back country roads, it was felt that an especially sturdy vehicle was needed.

Finally, a specially built ambulance was located in Los Angeles County, California. It is equipped to carry seven persons, four stretcher cases, and three ambulatory cases.

The ambulance carries a supply of oxygen, a resuscitator, and all the other necessary equipment. The drivers are especially trained in Red Cross first aid. However, the ambulance does not carry plasma, only members of the medical profession are permitted to administer plasma.

A matter as vital and precious as human life should never become the subject of childish quibble. As the Chiloquin ambulance does not charge for its services, it would be a rather absurd contention that they are competing for business. One breakdown in 102 runs (the number to date) hardly makes the Chiloquin ambulance a makeshift.

Nelson Sharp

Quotes  
United Press International

LONDON — Symphony conductor Sir John Barbirolli, on the death of composer Ralph Vaughan Williams:

"He was one of the most complete men I have ever known. He loved work, he loved food, he loved drink and he loved good company and his fellow musicians."

IVYBRIDGE, England — The father of British naval officer Michael Coles, on his son's efforts to get out of the navy to marry American teacher Joan Collins of Cambridge, Mass.:

"I'm all in favor of the marriage. Of course, my boy has been in the navy since he left school. He's been trained for no other profession and I don't know what he'll do when he leaves."

### They'll Do It Every Time



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### Weather Table

United Press International		San Francisco	
Temperatures and rainfall for 24 hours ending at 4 a.m.		67	56
High Low Rain		73	55 T.
Albuquerque	92 67	Spokane	85 59
Atlanta	85 66	Stockton	98 71
Boise	90 63	Thermal	112 81
Boston	63 60 .10	Washington	76 61
Brownsville	90 72 .01		
Chicago	76 64		
Denver	91 62		
Detroit	75 56		
El Centro	109 82		
Fairbanks	60 40		
Fort Worth	95 71		
Fresno	100 70		
Helena	86 61		
Kansas City	84 67		
Los Angeles	86 66		
Miami	98 81		
Minneapolis	74 57		
New Orleans	72 61		
New York	72 61		
Oakland	77 62		
Oklahoma City	90 —		
Phoenix	109 84		
Pittsburgh	70 49		
Red Bluff	102 71		
Renov	83 53		
Sacramento	98 65		
Salt Lake City	95 67		
San Diego	78 69		

### COMES IN HANDY

RICHMOND, Va. (UPI)—Superintendent of State Police Charles W. Woodson revealed Tuesday he has added to a 16-week training program for prospective state troopers a course in baby delivery.

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### Pogo

