

*Offices could close

(Continued from Page 1A) carriers can sell stamps and take packages, he said. The towns would keep their zip codes, but would just be served by carriers out of a larger office.

It depends, said Mr. Sperry, but in some places mailboxes are put up in front of the houses, and in others, cluster boxes replace the post office boxes for customers in town. In any case, he said, the postal service still delivers the mail.

The post offices in Herndon and Norcatour are among 3,700 being studied nationwide. Most on the list, said Mr. Sperry, have less than two hours a day of workload, although they may be open longer than that.

In the past five years, said Mr. Sperry, First Class mail volume had declined by 25 percent, or by 43 billion pieces, due to a poor economy and growing use of e-mail and on-line alternatives. The amount of first class mail is expected to continue to dwindle, he said.

Previously, Mr. Sperry said the Postal Service lost \$8.5 billion last year and projects to lose \$8 billion this year. The agency operates on fees and revenue, not taxes, and needs to make a profit, he said.

*Money is safe in bank

(Continued from Page 1A) "The safety and protection of our customer's information is the No. 1 priority," he said. "I want to tell all of our customers that ... the Bank's records have not been compromised by any unauthorized parties.

"There has been a breach of security," he wrote in a statement, "most likely in a yet unknown payment processing company, which has allowed some, but not all, of our customer's debit card numbers to be obtained and fraudulently used. It is important for all our customers to know that they will not be liable for any loss for any of the fraudulent transactions."

Mr. Walter said it's important for people to monitor their accounts and report any unusual activity to the Bank or their own financial institution if fraud is suspected.

Martin Burton, senior vice president at First National Bank here, said on Monday that cards issued by his bank have not been affected. First National cards, he said, are set up so they can't be used outside the country.

Realty office to move

R.J. Metcalf Real Estate will soon have a new place to call home.

Owner Kris Randel said she bought the building at 201 N. Penn Ave. as a new location for the realty and appraisal office. It had held a quilt shop in the south half and a beauty shop in the north.

Since buying the building from Sherri Kyte, Mrs. Randel has had the old partitions stripped out and new offices and windows installed. She said they have done some of the work themselves and hired out the rest of it.

With luck, she said, Metcalf Real Estate will be in the new offices later this month. The other side, 209 N. Penn, will become Teresa Diederich's hair salon.

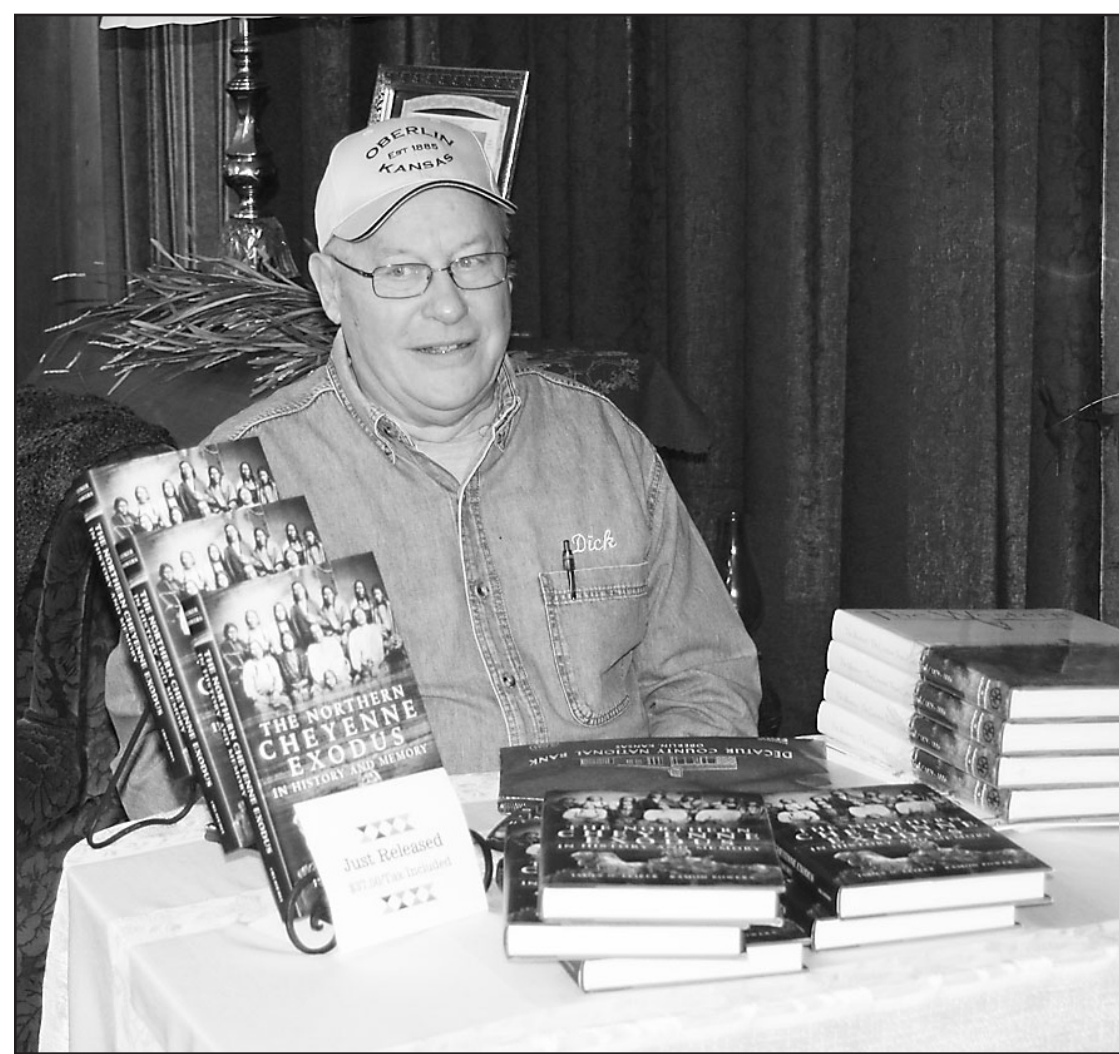
Mrs. Randel said she rents the agency's current office.

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ON SATURDAY, Dick Carman (left) sold books during the Decatur County Last Indian Raid Museum-sponsored Mini-Sapa Day observance at the museum. Gary Anderson (above) pulled a cover off a Western Cattle Trail marker during one of the stops on the bus tour.

— Herald staff photos by Kim Davis and Carolyn Kelley-Plotts

*History comes to life during Indian Raid tour

(Continued from Page 1A) p.m. from the Last Indian Raid Museum, following a route that would take them to the southwest side of Oberlin.

Tour guides on each bus pointed out the location of a long-gone log school house where the bodies of those killed by the Indians were taken.

The buses went south to the marker site, then followed the path of the Great Western Cattle

Trail as closely as allowed by roads and fences. Mr. Kraisinger said the cowboys would have kept the herd moving along the ridges, not allowing them to wander into draws and ravines.

Museum Director Sharleen Wurm said the band of Cheyenne Indians had more or less followed the cattle trail, where they knew there would be water and grass. As the buses headed north, a band of mounted "Indians" sat atop a ridge.

The passengers had a brief glimpse of a what those early settlers might have seen.

At the rural home of Shari Brown, about a mile from the site of the original Keefer/Anthony homestead, Joy Russell portrayed Mrs. Anthony.

She told of how almost a dozen people took refuge in her home after eight men had been killed within a mile.

A Native American, Steve Ervin,

and his wife Sue, both dressed in full, hand-made Indian regalia, presented the Indians' side of the story. Mr. Ervin said the Indians were just doing what they had to do to survive.

Arian Arnold presented the story of Julia Laing, whose husband and three sons were killed in the raid. Indians entered her home, abused her daughters in front of her and were about to burn them alive when one of the chiefs, thought to be Dull

Knife, stopped his men.

The last stop of the tour was the dedication of the second cattle trail marker in Decatur County, on the west side of the driveway at the KSNK television studio west of Oberlin on U.S. 36.

Mrs. Wurm said she was pleased with the number of people who took the tour, saying the museum plans another in two years.

Appraiser's office to look at all rural properties

Employees at the Decatur County appraiser's office will be busy looking at rural improved properties, including houses and farm buildings, from now through next month.

Appraiser Alan Hale said they actually started with the process in September and have already looked at the properties in the north half

of the county, from the Nebraska border to U.S. 36.

Someone from the appraiser's office will do a brief on-site inspection of each property, said Mr. Hale, and interview with the owners if available.

"Property owners' cooperation and understanding will be greatly

appreciated during this required phase of the appraisal program," he said.

The appraiser, said Mr. Hale, has to look at every residential, commercial and agriculture property in the county every six years. He said they split those properties up, looking at around 16 percent each year.

The staff does still try to drive by all the properties each year for a quick look, he added. During the inspection, said Mr. Hale, they will make sure all the buildings that are listed are there. All the data the county has about the property will be verified and changed if needed. If the owner is home, he said, then the

staff member will talk to them. If no one is around, however, that's OK.

If anyone has questions or concerns about the inspections, he said, they may stop by or call the appraiser's office, 475-8109, on the second floor of the courthouse. The office is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday.

There's No Place Like Home

By Eunice Boeve
Illustrated by Michelle Meade

Chapter 7 Osa Johnson and Snowball

Last Chapter: On their last adventure in the time machine, Jack and Mollie visited an old man who brewed medicines from local grasses and weeds. A rural Clay Center resident, Indian John had many devoted patients. He claimed to have been raised by Indians and learned his skill from the tribe's medicine men.

"Just when Pa's set to interview the most famous woman ever born in Chanute, I've got to run an errand for Ma," the boy groused as he came out of the door to the newspaper office and dashed past Jack and Mollie and took off running down the street.

"Well, I guess we're in Chanute," Mollie said. "I wonder what year it is?"

"There's still buggies and wagons on the streets," Jack said. "The cars look like the ones we saw in Indian John's time."

"So do our clothes," Mollie said. "So it must be the 1920s or the '30s. Anyway, let's go in here and see this most famous woman."

Inside the newspaper office, a pretty, brown-haired woman was sitting and talking to a man the twins decided must be the boy's father. But what startled and delighted them was that on the woman's lap, sound asleep, was a little black ape-like creature.

"A gorilla?" Mollie whispered. "A baby gorilla?"

Hearing them, the man turned from the woman and frowned at Jack and Mollie. "Yes? Is there something you need?"

"No," Jack said. "We'd just like to listen and watch that little animal, if you don't mind."

"Well ..."

"Oh, let them stay," the woman said. "They won't hurt a thing."

The newspaperman turned back to the woman and the twins settled in to listen. Jack cross-legged on the floor and Mollie in a straight-backed chair.

As they listened, the twins learned that this "most famous woman ever born in

Chanute" was Osa Johnson, who along with her husband, Martin, had traveled to the Solomon Islands and Africa to study and film the people and the animals.

"Before Martin and I made these films," Osa Johnson said, "Few if any people in what we might call the 'civilized world' had ever heard a lion roar or seen a herd of elephants, or knew of the people who live among them."

"Kind of like an early 'Animal Planet' and Discovery Channel," Jack whispered.

The twins were enjoying her stories of Africa and the South Sea Islands when the small animal on her lap woke up, stretched and yawned.

Osa Johnson laughed. "This is Snowball, a gorilla baby." She picked him up and hugged him. "Like all babies, he needed his

nap."

Suddenly the little gorilla spied Jack and Mollie. In a flash he jumped from Osa Johnson's lap, scrambled across the room and leaped up in Jack's lap. Instinctively, Jack reached in his pockets and was surprised to find a small yo-yo. He dangled it in front of the little animal and laughed as it tried to catch it in its tiny hands.

Realizing Jack did not have the glasses in his pocket and there were no pockets at all in her dress, Mollie wondered where they'd

find them, but the antics of the baby gorilla were so amusing she soon forgot to worry about them.

When the interview was over and after hearing a made-up story from the twins about how they had arrived on the train to visit an aunt and that she must have misunderstood the day for she wasn't at home and the neighbors told them she was out of town, Osa Johnson invited them to stay overnight at her mother's home.

"My husband is out of town, but my mother and I would enjoy your company. Besides," she added with a smile, "it would please Snowball."

The twins had a wonderful evening with Osa Johnson and her mother. The famous adventuress kept them enthralled with stories of her and her husband's adventures in those faraway lands.

"Once we barely escaped from cannibals," Osa Johnson said. "They'd captured us and I imagine were thinking how best to have us for their dinner when a British patrol boat came by and scared them so they ran off and left us." She laughed about later meeting some headhunters and about how surprised they were when they came upon the small people of the jungle, the Pygmies, who, she said, were only 3 to 4 feet tall.

She told them about the elephants. "They seem so wise, so gentle. Martin loves that they are easy to photograph because they are so unsuspecting."

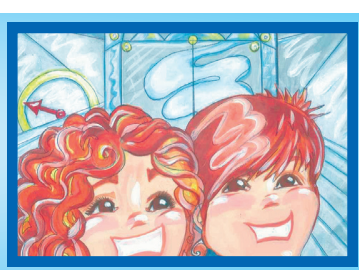
"Martin has to get very, very close to the animals to film them, so I stay behind him with a rifle. Once I had to shoot a charging rhino and another time a lion." She shook her head. "I didn't like to do it, but it was to save Martin's life."

"Tell us about Snowball," Mollie said.

"We were in Africa when we met some black men with this sweet little gorilla baby. We saw right away that the poor little thing was sick, and when he looked at me, his eyes were so sad, so pleading, I told Martin we must buy him. I wasn't sure we could save him, but he finally recovered and is the sweet baby you see here."

"What will you do with him?" Jack asked, grinning as the little gorilla climbed up on his shoulders and picked at his red hair. "You can't keep a full-grown gorilla can you?"

"Oh, my no," Osa Johnson said. "Eventually we will have to turn him over to a zoo, for even if we took him back to Africa, he would not fit in with the wild



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