

Birdwatching

(Continued from Page 4B)

mellow, planting ferns and adding branches here and there. It had done well, and without posters.

When we came back the bird watchers had vanished. We sent out a few "hoo, hoo's" thinking we might give the bird watchers a cheap thrill. Pretty soon we heard a return call. "Hoo, hoo."

The song of a bird watcher has a distinctive tone, the tone of someone whose mind has been burnt out on birds. It is similar to the song of the linguist, the stamp collector and the economist — only higher. Once one has heard the song of a birdwatcher it is hard to forget, like the scream of a maniac in an asylum. This "Hoo, hoo" had a bird watcher behind it.

We followed the hooting to its source, and found an elaborate ceremony in progress. The bird watchers, congregation-like, were looking over a valley, while the guide, White-Swift, stood in front of them making loud "Hoo Hoo"

noises. I thought I saw a grain of humor in the situation, and fell to laughing. I must have been wrong. The bird watchers let me know in a subtle way that owls are not attracted to laughter. I went down the road and laughed some more.

I tried coming back several times, but the sight was too much for me. The 30 watchers just kept standing there listening to the guide call "Whoo Whoo shooee." It sounded like an owl on the wrong end of a rape. I went to the car in disgrace.

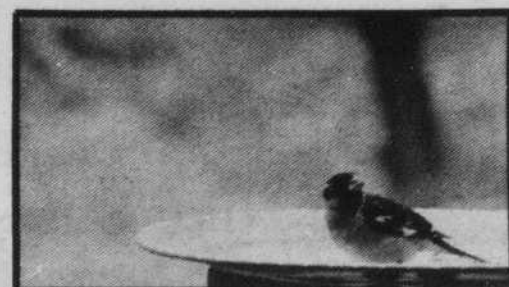
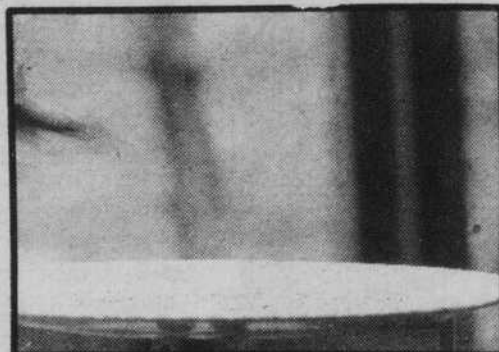
Bird watchers have an incredible patience. They stood out on that mountain-side hooting at the trees for another hour. God, two spirits and a politician dropped in, but the owls stayed away.

It was probably for the best. An owl that doesn't show up leaves its mystique intact. In a hike last week owl hunters

went out after a brand of owl on the lowlands. The guide hooted it in, and for one minute the crowd stood rapt.

But there's only so much aesthetic enjoyment to suck out of an owl. And this owl had no sense of timing. It refused to leave. After two minutes the crowd was bored. The owl sat on the branch for another half hour. The watchers ended up driving it away with a stick.

Story by Jock Hatfield
Photos by Erich Boekelheide



Even the pros meet their match in TV trivia

By Joe Walders
©1978, Dolphin Books
218 pages, paperback, \$4.95

I can remember when my father brought home our first television set. The year was 1952, and the set was a Zenith: a bulky, dark-stained box housing a 12-inch screen.

From the first I was captivated. I spent long hours watching Howdy Doody cackle as Buffalo Bob hurled wisecracks at the Peanut Gallery; Kate Smith sing "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" as a huge painted orb was slowly hoisted up the star-studded backdrop; and Buster Crabbe (as Flash Gordon) grapple with Ming the Merciless as Zarkov held off the vicious troglodytes with his laser-ray gun.

Like a true child of the 1950s, I grew up with all the stock characters and situations that jumped out at me from the vibrant gray screen. And I freely accepted what I watched as a reflection of reality; a reality much more easily coped with than a painful existence of nagging teachers, impatient parents and schoolyard bullies.

All of which may go a long way toward explaining why I have developed such an uncanny ability to recall who played whom, in what show, over the years.

As time went by, I grew proud of my dubious talent. As I continued to flunk out of school after school, I honed my abilities by engaging in so-called trivia contests whenever the chance arose, never consciously studying, mind you, just listening — and remembering.

And as I continued to win, I grew more and more confident. I became a king of the trivial.

wasted his time compiling. And it's truly a ball-buster.

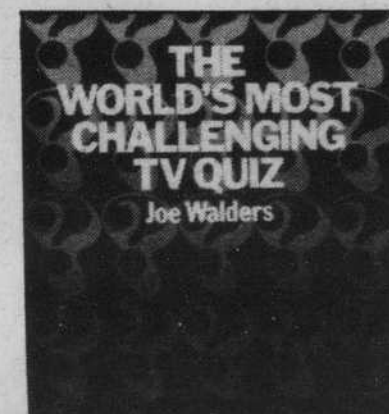
Now, as an amateur, I'm pretty good. When you ask me who played the title role in *My Little Margie*, I won't hesitate to say Gale Storm. Or if you ask me who played the obnoxious Eddie Haskell on the *Leave it to Beaver* show, I'll say Ken Osmond (who, by the way, is now a Los Angeles

writes in the book's introduction. "I won't begin by regaling you with the joys of our mutual addiction to nostalgia in general and TV trivia in particular. We both know why we're here."

With that challenge, I turned to page one, quiz number 1, "Just for Openers." The "easy" quiz full of the easy "classic questions." "Sail through it and collect an easy 50 points," Walders writes. Bullshit, I say.

Some, I agree, were easy. Who played Clarabelle on TV's *Howdy Doody* show? No problem. Bob Keeshan, better known as Captain Kangaroo. What was Sergeant Joe Friday's badge number on *Dragnet*? Again, no problem. Badge 714, the title of the show when it was first sold into syndication.

But others were simply impossible. How many people can recall the exact wording on Paladin's calling card of *Have Gun, Will Travel*? ("Have Gun — Will Travel, Wire Paladin, Hotel Carlton, San Francisco.") Or who was the head of the *Mission*:



Impossible team before Peter Graves? (Steven Hill.) Or what performer played at the Copa Club? (Danny Thomas.)

To make a short story long, I flunked the "easy" one. I scored a minus 16 and went no further. And I'm as you see me now: an abject failure.

I'll leave you with a question of your own. Who played the role of the saloon keeper on *Gunsmoke* before Amanda Blake? If you don't know, too bad. Buy the book and find out for yourself.

As for me, I'm going to go study. I've got a crown to recapture.



By DAN WEBSTER
The World's Most Challenging TV Quiz

That is, until now, for I've met my Waterloo. I'm dethroned. No longer the champ. Humiliated. I've discovered that I'm merely an amateur posing as a professional.

It's all Joe Walders' fault. Mr. Walders, it seems, has written a book entitled *The World's Most Challenging TV Quiz*, a collection of some of the most obscure information that anyone has ever

policeman). And even if you ask me where Steve McQueen got his start, I'll tell you as the tenacious but good-hearted bounty hunter Josh Randall on *Wanted: Dead or Alive*.

So when I was handed Walders' book, I felt ready.

"Welcome, fellow trivia enthusiast, to *The World's Most Challenging TV Quiz*," Walders

Brahms REQUIEM

featuring
Eugene Community Chorus
Rosburg Concert Chorus
Northwest Christian College Chorus
Eugene Opera Orchestra

and

Susan St. John, soprano
Neil Wilson, baritone
Philip Bayles, conductor

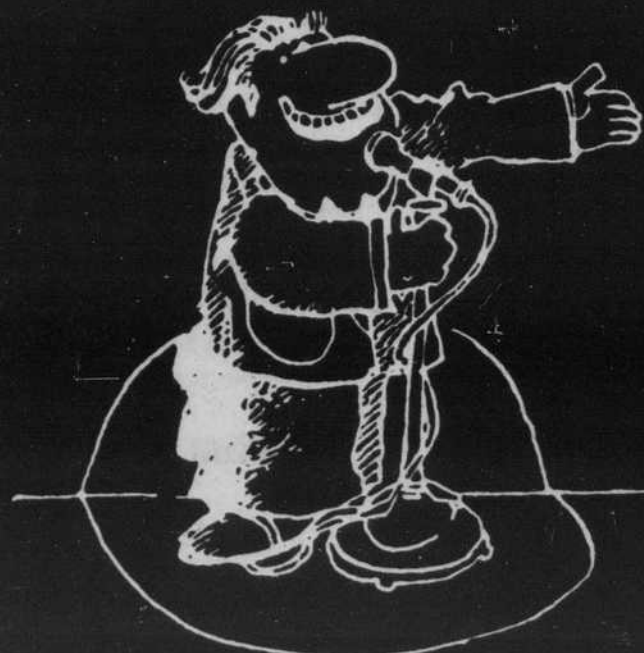
EUGENE OPERA!

8 p.m. Friday and Saturday
May 26 and 27
Churchill High School
Bailey Hill Road

\$4 General Admission
\$2 for students and seniors through a purchase by the City of Eugene Parks and Recreation Dept.
Transient Room Tax Fund.

Box office open 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.,
1192 High Street, or call
485-3985.

DUFFY'S TAVERN



Special Encore Performance of
The Gong Show
Thursday May 25th

featuring:
The Return of Elvis!
Blue on the Harmonica
The Unknown Comic!
& of course
Dave "Singin' in the Rain" Wiles

Limited seating so come early

The fun starts at 8:30 — Don't miss it!

Dance to Foxe and Weasel after the show