

OREGON STATE NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers

THE MARKETS PORTLAND

Wheat — Big Bend bluestem, hard wheat, 68c; soft white and western white, 60½c; hard winter, northern spring and western red, 58c.

Hay — Buying prices, f.o.b. Portland; Alfalfa, Yakima, \$14.50.

Butterfat—21 @ 22c.

Eggs—Ranch, 17 @ 18c.

Cattle—Steers, good, \$6.25 @ 6.85.

Hogs — Good to choice, \$5.00 @ 5.50.

Lambs — Good to choice, \$5.50 @ 6.00.

SEATTLE

Wheat — Soft white and western white, 61c; hard winter, western red and northern spring, 59c; bluestem, 69c.

Butterfat—19c.

Eggs—Ranch, 18 @ 19c.

Hogs—Good to choice, \$5.80 @ 5.90.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.25 @ 6.75.

Sheep—Spring lambs, \$5.00 @ 6.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, \$6.00 @ 6.60.

Hogs—Good to choice, \$4.75 @ 5.25.

Lambs—Medium to good, \$5.00 @ 5.50.

The city of Lakeview is perhaps in the best financial condition of any city in Oregon at this time, according to the monthly report of A. J. Swift, city treasurer. There are no warrants of any kind outstanding at this time. Tax delinquencies are about 10 per cent. Sinking funds are available with which to retire about 25 per cent of the bonded indebtedness of the city. This will be done within the next three years.

Business men of Curry county are jubilant over the unprecedented pick-up in trading so early in the tourist season. The auto camps and hotels are being pressed for space, filling stations and garages have been doing better than they have so early in the season for many years. All indications point to Curry county being a mecca for more tourists than it has been for some years past.

Concluding a ten years' residence in Bandon, during which time he has been director of the Bandon concert band and instructor of music much of the time in the schools, Charles F. Atwood has moved to Portland, where, this summer, he will be in charge of the organization of juvenile bands in the public parks.

The Pine Logging company of Grants Pass, with Robert Grinnett, formerly of the Illinois valley, as president, has just secured a contract to log between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 feet of lumber near Madera, Cal., and is taking about 35 men from Josephine county for this work.

The move on the part of the state board of higher education to remove the state high school basketball tournament from Salem to Eugene and Corvallis has been coldly received at Eugene. In some cases outright opposition is expressed.

Disgusted with treatment alleged to have been accorded Wasco growers by Portland commission houses, the Pomona grange has adopted a resolution asking for a study of the advisability of organizing a farmers' produce house in Portland.

All varieties of cherries were hard hit by the recent rains and cold weather, according to Marion County Fruit Inspector Vanthump. He said the Black Republicans probably suffered the most serious damage.

A dozen chittum trees in Hendricks park, Eugene, have been ruined by an unknown man who stripped the young trees of their bark and sold the bark.

A. T. Button, principal of the Newberg high school, has resigned to accept an instructorship in civics and economics with the Portland school district.

The 180 acres of strawberries in the Lacombe Strawberry Growers' district, in Linn county, have been sold for 5 cents per pound to Salem packers.

Dorothy McClung of 89 Portland boulevard, Portland, was severely bitten by a pet bear at Government Camp last Sunday while she was feeding the animal.

Lloyd Kelly, 35, of the North Fork district, was killed by Roy Swearingen, who mistook him for a deer, while hunting in the hills in the Big Creek section north of Florence.

A rattlesnake bearing ten rattles was killed in midstream of the Rogue river last week by Randolph Meservey, old-time riverman. Spying the reptile heading for the south shore, he slowed down his motorboat and struck the snake with an oar. In all his many years on the river, Ran says this is but the second rattler he has seen in it. The snake was three feet long and nearly as large as one's wrist at its greatest diameter.

The Willamette ferry over the Willamette river is now operated by the state highway commission with lengthened hours and an additional operator. The dangerous approaches have been made less so by the addition of large white gates at both landings. A highway fence has been put along the high western approach. The ferry is now free from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Business men of McMinnville plan an honest-to-goodness holiday over the Fourth. They are going to lock their shops July 1 and throw the keys away. They decided so and when they set out with their fishing rods, they aren't turning back until the Fourth is over, they declared at a chamber of commerce luncheon.

Orders from the government for various types of handles has been received by the Woodburn Ax Handle factory. The factory is the only one of its kind on the Pacific coast. The orders included 45 dozen cutter handles, 45 dozen sledge handles and more than 1000 hazel hoe handles.

W. J. Williamson, who lives on the Redwood highway, in Josephine county, has suggested to the Isaac Walton league that it offer a bounty on skunks in order to conserve game birds. During the past few weeks skunks have eaten 200 turkey eggs belonging to Williamson.

Removal of James R. Brown of Eugene as appraiser for the federal farm loan bank in Southern Oregon is asked in a resolution sponsored by the Roseburg National Farm Loan Association. It is charged that he discriminates against Douglas county interests.

The city of St. Helens' application for a loan of \$25,000 from the Reconstruction Finance corporation, to be used in installing a new water main and larger water pipes, has been refused, on the ground of lack of adequate security.

Clatsop county bulb plantings are generally in good condition and the prospects for increase are good. The plantings in the county now include 3,000,000 bulbs. At least two carloads should be shipped out of the county this year.

The Oregon State Hotelmen's association has started a movement to have Governor Meier declare July 3 a holiday, in order that there may be a three-day holiday in connection with the Fourth of July.

Tillamook county will have no fair this year, according to the decision of the board of directors. Owing to the financial condition of the county the fair appropriation will revert to the general fund.

Declaring that taxpayers of Wasco county should have a break, Circuit Judge Wilson has assessed the cost of a trial to the defendant who was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon.

Commercial fishermen at the mouth of the Umpqua river are taking only a very light catch of chinook salmon. Many fish came into the river during high water before nets could be placed.

Salaries paid Pendleton school teachers during the coming school year will be 15 per cent lower than those of last year and 30 per cent lower than those paid from 1925 to 1932.

Umpqua valley fruit growers are looking forward to a banner crop this year. The prune crop will run from 18 to 20 million pounds. This is considerably above the average yield.

Inflow into Upper Klamath lake for the stream year, reckoned from October 1 to date, is next to the lowest recorded in a long cycle of dry years. The driest year was in 1930-31.

There now remains in the hands of the growers only 2800 bales of 1932 hops, dealers announced. Homer Gouley and Bert Jones sold 163 bales to the Wolf Hop company at 70 cents.

Ninety thousand pounds of wool has been sheared from 9000 sheep belonging to the Baldwin Sheep company, 12 miles from Madras. The wool has been put in storage.

Miss Eva Oakes, deputy county clerk at Hillsboro, suffered a broken nose and facial lacerations last Monday when she fell from a horse.

Voters of Wasco county are to vote, July 21, upon the feasibility of forming a port district at The Dalles.

PENGUIN MOST AMUSING BIRD

Life and Habits of This Queer Polar Resident.

Prepared by National Geographic Society,
Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THE penguin colony of the London zoo recently presented a new problem to its keepers when these natives of frigid Antarctica suffered from bronchitis. Among other things, mufflers were provided in an attempt to save the birds, which are worth several hundred dollars a pair.

While there are several species of penguins, the Adelle of Antarctica, which was a source of amusement to members of the Byrd South Pole expedition, is, perhaps, the most entertaining.

The Adelle penguin resembles nothing so much as a solemn, rotund little old gentleman in starched shirt and swallow-tail coat. And the bird's habits are as strange as his appearance. He spends his whole allotted span within the Antarctic Circle, supplying that desolate region of ice and snow with one of its few notes of life. His wings are water-wings, which serve him for naught in the air.

Like man, he proposes to the lady of his heart by proffering her a stone. He walks erect, toddling along with precise and preoccupied mien, as though bent on some most important business, but more often than not this attitude is only a pose. Time is really no object to him, and after hurrying away in one direction he is likely to turn and retrace his steps or dash away in some other. Perhaps he may even stop suddenly and, tucking his



The Penguin, Resident of Antarctica.

head beneath a flipper, go calmly to sleep.

If pursued or desirous of moving over soft snow in a hurry, he turns himself into a toboggan by dropping down on his smooth-feathered breast and skidding gayly along, propelled by both feet and flippers. Indeed his idiosyncracies are legion, and they make him the most interesting of Antarctic creatures and endear him to every explorer of the desolate South Polar regions.

Belongs to a First Family.

This strangely manlike bird is truly an F. F. A. (First Family of the Antarctic), tracing his ancient lineage back to those halcyon days of the earth's youth before the coming of the great glaciers. Then, in a temperate or perhaps even tropical climate, it is probable that his ancestors flew like other birds. But as centuries passed into ages and cold crept over the land, killing all vegetation, the penguins were forced to seek sustenance in the sea. Eventually their wings adapted themselves to the new mode of life and became the flippers that they are today.

Adelle is a gregarious creature, and in October and November (the Antarctic spring) he congregates, along with countless thousands of his kind, in great rookeries. There the age-old business of choosing a mate is his first consideration; but, as with true love elsewhere, the course of his romance is not always smooth.

After deciding in his own mind on the fair lady he would wed, he must not only win her favor but also vanquish whatever rivals may present themselves. In achieving the first of these designs, he takes a small stone in his beak and lays it humbly at the lady's feet. This gift is accompanied by a soulful gaze from his white-rimmed eyes and an unmelodious "quaark" from the bottom of his heart.

Very likely he will have to repeat this performance a number of times before he succeeds in breaking through her bashful feminine reserve; but he is nothing if not persistent, and finally she yields to his importunities to the extent of giving him a critical glance. Thus encouraged, he assumes his grandest posture and invites further inspection. If he pleases her, the lady squawks her approval, he adds his

vocal efforts to make it a duet, and both away and stretch and gaze heavenward in an ecstasy of penguin bliss.

Rivals Have Vicious Fights.

But gentlemen penguins are not only good lovers, they are extremely pugnacious as well, and when more than one Romeo is attracted to the same Juliet, a merry fracas is likely to ensue. With beaks and flippers they go for each other, delivering vicious cuts and stabs and raining blows about them with such speed that the eye can hardly follow. If the fair object of all this excitement has a preference for one of the combatants, she may enter the fray on his side; but more often she will sit serenely by while her admirers do battle. Eventually one of them will beat a forced retreat and leave the spoils of war to his conqueror.

After courtship comes the important business of nest-building; and this, too, is accompanied by much ado. An Adelle's nest consists of a loose pile of small stones, quite unadorned or softened with lining; but, unfortunately for the peace of the avian community, there is not in the near vicinity a sufficient supply of such building material to go around. Then does temptation enter into the life of a penguin. His soul is filled with a great desire and he longs to supply his wife with more and better stones for the construction of their little love nest, but there are none to be had, with honor.

Soon he covets those within his neighbor's stone pile, and, having thus broken one commandment, he skids farther along the downward path and before long is engaged in taking what he can while the neighbor isn't looking.

Constant vigilance is the price that must be paid for keeping a stone bungalow under one's feathers in a city of penguins.

After the newlyweds have become proficient enough at the gentle art of purloining stones to be able to maintain a nest, two eggs are laid and the process of incubation commences. This lasts about a month, with both birds participating, for they have a strong parental instinct and sit patiently for long hours at a time to protect their eggs from the harsh Antarctic blasts.

While sitting on the nests, hen birds amuse themselves by attempting to reach out with their beaks and lift a stone from the pile next door. If detected, and they frequently are, this is a signal for a squabble, and, without leaving their nests, the two ladies try to bite out each other's tongues. Happily, they seldom succeed.

Chicks Are Always Hungry.

When hatched, the chicks are little balls of sooty down, and they wear their "baby clothes" for some weeks before exchanging them for suits of feathers. They start getting hungry soon after they are hatched, and continue in a state of unappeased appetite as long as there is the smallest empty space within their elastic young bodies.

Adelles live largely on a small, red, shrimplike crustacean which occurs in amazing numbers in the Antarctic seas. There is little or nothing for them to eat on the land, and therefore, until the chicks are fully developed and able to take care of themselves in the water, they must be fed. This their elders accomplish by means of regurgitation.

The bogy man for baby penguins takes the form of a skua gull. This unpleasant bird conceives its mission in life to be the prevention of overpopulation among the Adelles, and woe be unto the unwary chick which wanders away from its comrades. A marauding skua will drop down beside it and with a few savage blows of its strong beak end the chick's earthly career and feast upon the remains.

Adelles have never been successfully transplanted from snowy wastes. However, some of their cousins have survived the milder temperatures of Europe and America and are to be found in certain of the larger zoological gardens.

One may visit a pair at the National Zoological park at Washington, D. C., and find them well disposed. As you enter the inclosure both of them come forward with grave and dignified demeanor and emit "quaarks" of greeting. Coming closer, they give you a careful inspection, out of first one eye and then the other, and then sit down with an air of resignation and an expression of utter boredom. Your feelings are a bit ruffled until the keeper assures you that their behavior is due to the keen disappointment they experienced on finding that you were not a fish.

When the new wing of the birdhouse at the Washington zoo is built, one end of it is to hold a large glassed inclosure. Within this, ice machines are to create an Antarctic atmosphere, in which it is hoped that a colony of penguins will live and flourish. Perhaps science will yet devise a means whereby those of us who cannot well travel to the South pole may nevertheless enjoy the captivating drollery of the Adelle penguin, most interesting residents of Antarctica.

Howe About:

Age of Reason Great Americans Luck

By ED HOWE

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CARELESS people had a specially terrible warning during the depression; everywhere one hears the careful did much better, although every one was injured. The same story comes from the California earthquake: those who built strong houses—realized that they lived in an earthquake section—suffered much less than the occupants of houses carelessly thrown together, and neglected after they were built. There seems no doubt that carelessness is one of the very worst of our human sins.

When the age of reason arrives if it ever does we will admit that the man who goes about turning off unnecessary lights left burning by careless people, is a better man than the mean persons who left them burning because the expense is not charged to them. We will also like better the string saver. Few families keep a supply of new string on hand; when string is needed, it usually comes from a saving woman who has a ball in the drawer of the kitchen table.

A man asks me: "Who in your opinion are the fifteen greatest living Americans?" I have written him I believe they are comparatively unknown men; some of them possibly hidden away in small towns or on farms. Most of the noted men of the present have been called to Washington to advise President Hoover or President Roosevelt in the present emergency. Not one of them measured up to real greatness in the recommendations I have seen in print. My correspondent also wishes me to prepare a list of fifteen of the greatest Americans in all our history. I have only three clearly in mind: Benjamin Franklin would head the list, followed by Alexander Hamilton and John Adams. If urged to add other names, possibly I should select John D. Rockefeller, Sr., J. P. Morgan the elder, and Thomas A. Edison. I have never believed George Washington was truly great, and doubt Lincoln was. We have never had a great soldier, except possibly some unknown man who never had a chance. Measured by world standards we have never had a great literary man. Henry Wallace, grandfather of the present secretary of agriculture, was a country parson and farmer, and came very near greatness. If an infallible list of the fifteen greatest Americans, living or dead, could be prepared, few would be widely known; perhaps two-thirds of them not known at all. I do not believe one professional politician would be on the list; several business men might make it. The manner in which we marched cheering into the present American ruin, and the weakness we displayed in efforts to get out, have greatly discouraged me as to American greatness.

No little fairy attends any man to bring him good luck; no little devil attends any man to bring him bad luck. In the course of a year or a life, what baseball players call the good and bad "breaks" are about even. Good breaks have come to all of us frequently, and we have not taken proper advantage of them; frequently we all fall to handle bad "breaks" as well as we might. This is the truth, and I know it well, but what I believe is I am the unluckiest man in the world.

I came to Miami, Fla., this winter, disgusted because Hannah, the colored woman we employ at home, never entered my room without putting the windows down, if I had them up, or putting them up if I had them down.

I have been disgusted all winter in Miami because Nancy, at the apartment house where I live, does the same thing.

I was walking on the streets lately with a white woman from Indiana. She learned bossy ways as a school teacher when young. The tilt of my hat brim didn't suit her, so she reached over and changed it. Occasionally (not often) I rebel, and said to her:

"Put that hat brim back where you found it."

She is probably telling around now that I am no gentleman, but she did it. I have never suited women; always there is something about me they want to fix.

As soon as a fool proposes another plan for more human betterment than is possible, the people should somehow have the power to say to him: "Now, now, we've tried that," and force him back to work. The certain thing seems to be we cannot afford to try all these plans as we have been doing some thousands of years to the violent disturbance of industry and peace.