

Out the Other

By DON BISHOFF

The good people of St. Thomas Episcopal Church have a woodpecker problem.

It all started back in 1958, when the church's new building was constructed at 1635 Coburg Rd., according to Father Edgar Tainton, the church's vicar. The woodpeckers, he says, moved in right afterwards.

"They seem to be working harder, lately," he reports. "There's millions of them—well, not millions, but a large number. They just settle down and hack away at the place."

"They keep making holes in the building and we keep covering the holes with wire netting. But one recently went right through the side."

Aside from marring the appearance of the building, the "peckers" action plays hob with the church services, Father Tainton says. "I have to send an acolyte out to wave his arms at them and frighten them away."

"I tell all my acolytes that that's one of their duties—to flap their arms at the woodpeckers. But there's one of the birds that gets down in the hollow ventilating column and barges around, and he can't see the acolyte to get scared."

The interruption of services brings to mind the time in Richmond, Va., when a screech owl got into the belfry of one of the Methodist churches. The pastor's wife said then that the situation was so bad that you couldn't hear the preachin' for the screechin'.

But meanwhile, back to the Woodpeckers of St. Thomas. (You know, that has a musical ring to it—sort of like the Bells of St. Mary's or the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Might make a good book or song title. But we digress.)

"I'm not sure what they're after," says Father Tainton. "They work again and again at the same spot. It may be that they like the taste of the (cedar) wood. We've got filbert trees on the church grounds but I never hear them pecking at the filberts."

The church called the city manager's office, where most of the bird preoccupation of late has been with pigeons. Secretary Donna Thatcher thought about it a while and then referred them to Don Dickey, the city-county rodent control officer—working on the theory that he's the nearest thing the city has to a woodpecker control officer. But Dickey hasn't acted yet.

Someone recommended a smelly chemical to apply to the wood surface, but Father Tainton says he's afraid that "it'll smell up the place," and create a situation even more undesirable than the woodpeckers. "They say that the sight of a gun will scare them away, but I tried it and it doesn't work," he says.

"Westminster Presbyterian, down the street, had them for a while, but seems to have gotten rid of them. I'm not sure how they did it—maybe they sent them up here, I don't know..."

SOMEONE CONNECTED with the Douglas County Fair has to be credited with a real sense of humor. Witness the press release they recently dispatched:

"Piercing the sky above the 1962 Douglas County Fair and Exposition, Aug. 15 through 19, will be the world's second tallest space needle... the 50-foot structure will be only 550 feet shorter than the famed Seattle needle."

"Douglas County's own needle will be manned continuously during the five-day fair by KYES disc jockey, who will broadcast from a rotating platform at the top of the structure... A public contest to suggest a means for the man to get to the top of the needle is in the planning stage, fair officials said..."

KVAL HAS a new teacher on its Romper Room show. Name's Miss Sue. Miss Mary, who is really a Mrs. Mary off-screen, has retired to await impending motherhood.

Reliable source reports her departure was hastened by complaints from parents who were afraid their kids would get the wrong idea seeing a Miss in an obviously Mrs. condition.

TWO ITEMS NOTED this week in other papers that come under the heading of reporting the obvious, or "We Certainly Hope So Dept."

One is lead on story in The Axe, South Eugene High's prize-winning paper. It says, "To date, checks totaling nearly \$100,000.00 have been written by two South Eugene students—and they're legitimate too!"

Other is headline from The Oregonian's sports section, reading, "Muddy Streams Dim Fish Outlook."

Man Who Confessed to Murder To Take Psychiatric Examination

BEND—Donald Ben Doran, 34, who confessed to a killing that police say he did not commit, was taken to the state hospital at Pendleton Saturday for psychiatric examinations.

A farm worker, Doran told police he killed Judi Reeder, 17, in a Bend city park in February. Police said they established that he was in Watertown, S.D., at the time.

They still are looking for the slayer of Miss Reeder. Owen Panner, court-appointed attorney for Doran, said Doran had agreed voluntarily to enter the hospital.

Doran made his confession after police had stopped the car in which he was a passenger. Police said the car had been stopped because it had only one headlight.

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Actor Trimmed

Don Porter, the long suffering boss of television's "Private Secretary" (Ann Southern), relaxes in the Eugene Hotel barber shop while Dave Peterson trims his hair for his appearance here in Saturday night's Broadway Theater League production, "The Best Man."

Crowd-Pleasing Political Play Closes Broadway Season

By DAN WYANT

Of the Register-Guard
The Broadway Theatre League polished off its initial season Saturday night with a crowd-pleasing saga of backstage political maneuvering. "The Best Man," by Gore Vidal.

Heading up the touring company were Don Porter, Scott Brady and Tom Gorman, all stage and screen veterans who conveyed a convincing illusion of reality to the tension-charged pre-convention struggle.

Packed in with the fast-moving action are loads of political barbs—many aimed at figures still in the national scene of politics.

Porter takes the role of William Russell, a man of wealth and high principle, and a former secretary-of-state.

His chief opponent for the presidential nomination, Sen. Joe Cantwell, played by Brady, is driven by a ruthless ambition that will use any means to obtain the presidency.

Gorman, cast as the outgoing president who sees the weaknesses of both candidates, drew a particularly choice role and played it to perfection.

Both men seek the President's endorsement. Senator Cantwell unleashes a smear campaign

against his opponent. The high-principled Russell is given an even more deadly opportunity to blast the senator to political oblivion. But he waivers, and in the surprising climax, throws the candidacy to a political unknown rather than stoop to the tactics of his opponent.

The wives of the two candidates, played by Peggy Converse and Donna Pearson, offer a convincing contrast of character. Mabel Cochran was outstanding as she bumbled around as the national committeewoman.

Vidal's drama, which played for almost two years on Broadway, apparently aims at no particular political party but it is intriguing to speculate as to whom he had in mind when some of the characters were drawn.

Some of his dialogue was priceless. One of the characters describes another as a man who "has all the characteristics of a dog—except loyalty." Gorman drew a round of applause in the middle of one scene when he inquired, "How are you going to keep them down in the Senate, after they've been on TV?"

With the close of its initial season, the Broadway Theater League is already preparing plans for next fall's series.

Edwin E. Allen, League president, said response from people of Eugene has been "exceptional," and a source of amazement to the New York representative of the United Performing Arts. "We've had some technical difficulties involving the productions," he observed, "which we hope our experience from

this year will enable us to solve next year."

He said next season's membership campaign won't start until a definite list of available productions is in the hands of the local group.

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Cars to Have Belt Anchors, Device to Cut Exhaust Vapor

DETROIT—This year for the first time every new American car is coming equipped with front seat belt anchors. Except in Wisconsin, which made seat belts mandatory, you can use them or not, as you see fit.

Next year every car will come with a new gadget on the engine. Not only will you have to use it, but you'll have to take care of it.

This gadget is a positive crankcase ventilation system, which the auto industry already is referring to as "PCV." Consisting primarily of a valve and a tube, the system is a concession to the growing national fight against air pollution. It traps unburned air-fuel particles which blow by the pistons of an internal combustion engine. Thus it also is known as a "blow-by" device.

The unburned fuel mixture consists of molecules of hydrocarbons which in turn form the bulk of photochemical smog—the kind which is troublesome in Los Angeles.

The U.S. Public Health Service, among others, suspects hydrocarbons contribute to air pollution problems elsewhere, too. So for 1963 you'll get PCV.

Will you be able to notice any difference? Probably not, although some studies show a fractional improvement in gas

mileage. Engineers also say that for vehicles operated for long periods at very slow speeds, such as in heavy rush-hour traffic, some slight extension in engine life can be expected.

What does a PCV system do? In your present car a vent,

known as a road draft tube, is connected to the crankcase. This allows unburned vapors to escape into the atmosphere. With PCV this tube is eliminated. The vapors are recirculated through the engine until they are burned.

JFK, Family Rest

MIDDLEBURG, Va.—President and Mrs. Kennedy and their two children, Caroline and John Jr., arrived here Saturday night to spend the weekend at their estate, Glen Ora.

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On April 16th the John Robert Powers School present their Finishing and Fashion Modelling Course at the Eugene Hotel. To see what pleasant and amazing things will happen to you read this reprint from **MADEMOISELLE...**

the new refinishing schools

by Bruce Clerke

The need to turn her duckling daughter into a swan was probably first felt by Mother Eve Woman when she considered the inventor of the wheel as a possible son-in-law. We suspect that was where the "charm" or "finishing" school got its start. In great-grandmother's day pompous young ladies from well-heeled families spent the languorous years of their late girlhood at such an establishment, learning to paint a little, play the piano a little, how to curtsy to a duchess, or pour tea for the minister. Then somebody discovered that girls had minds, and college replaced finishing school. We learned to be whippers at calculus and Latin, but please, wasn't there someone who could tell us what to do with our hair and what to say during that deadly first hour with a blind date? Well, right now there is. You'll find her (and some him) on the "faculty" of what we call refinishing schools. These new schools evolved from those for fashion models, now tailor their courses to the needs of any girl who wants to be at her best-looking and most-graceful—not because she wants to become a model or a duchess, but just to be prettier and suter of herself. We spent several days observing at a refinishing school—the Powers School—and learned an amazing number of tricks.

The Size-up

The school is not merely interested in making you over in a day (any expert can do that, and the results last just about as long) but in showing you how you can help yourself. Most of us have a preconceived

notion of what we're like (underestimation is more common than a flattering image). The course begins with a clear-eyed look at you as you look to others. What's your figure really like? Probably better than you think, but who'd suspect it from your posture? And perhaps you need to lose or put on a few pounds. After the size-up session, diet and exercise are prescribed for you for repositioning. At Powers you also learn some wonderful exercises to help fight fatigue—these were originally devised by a doctor to help models who must stand for hours, but are also great for anyone who spends much time on her feet.

The Face-up

You dream about being as pretty as Shishkebab O'Keefe, the famous model, and though you spend hours using everything she does—you never come out looking like her. Remember that she has a bagful of tricks you've never heard of (that's what she carries in that huge satchel), and that she had to learn them before she became rich and famous. You spend some time with the Powers hair and make-up experts. You're taught to understand the shape of your face, so that within its basic framework you learn the rules for doing it and your hair—and variations on both you could try for a beach picnic or a formal dance. You have lovely eyes, but you hate your nose; you hadn't the faintest idea how fascinating your cheekbones were, or that your unruly eyebrows could become such smooth wings. You learn how to play up your good features, camouflage your less-than-perfect ones.

You can then tell your hairdresser exactly what you want and how to keep your hairdo intact. Or you can do it on your own. You're taught to give yourself a manicure and pedicure.

The Dress-up

Fashions change, but your bone structure doesn't. Then how do you keep from making expensive mistakes when you shop for something new? Now you stand in front of a mirror and see why you should avoid bulky collars, where your waistline should be, how short to wear skirts. You try on various basic hat shapes without the distraction of trimming. No, you won't have to give up pillboxes or brims—it's the height and width of the pillbox or the brim that make the difference. What exactly is a basic wardrobe? That depends on the life you lead—the Powers people will help you plan one within your budget.

The Speak-up

Have you ever heard a recording of your voice? Did you realize you had that nervous little gasp? Or that your telephonic "Hello" was so gushy or so cold? That if you were on the other end of the line, you'd hang up immediately? Voice and speech mannerisms can be changed. This, too, you learn how to do.

The Way Up

Here the course more closely resembles the young ladies' finishing-school idea. You're taught to walk, sit, and stand gracefully. You learn how to go up and

down stairs, how to get in and out of shrunken taxis and pint-sized cars, how to carry your gloves (you don't, you wear them) and bag, books or packages. And then the lessons go one step further: you're helped to handle nervous-making situations like job interviews, or that blind-date conversation we mentioned earlier. You're asked to look at snapshots of yourself. Why did you freeze? Have you odd little mannerisms that give you away when you're pretending to be poised? Do you use phrases that stamp you as provincial to the big-city man you're trying to impress? You learn these things—and what to do about them.

Upmanship

What impressed us most about the refinishing course is that nothing you learn is temporary or for a special situation. You can apply everything for the rest of your life—no matter what sort of life you've chosen. Whether you're embarking on your first year of college, your first job, or your first housekeeping venture, you'll be able to handle things with ease and assurance.

If there is anything else you'd like to know, write to the Powers School at 618 S.W. Park Ave., Portland 5, Oregon.

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