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4— Salem, Oregon, Monday, February 6, 1950

Oregon's Mountain Musicians

Of all our numerous birds, the water ouzel or dipper, seems to embody more of the characteristics of the pioneer American than any of the others, embodying their freedom from convention, their industry, self reliance and independence.

The ouzel is a slate looking curious bird that frequents roaring mountain streams and nests frequently under waterfalls. Its body is as large as a robin's, but looks much smaller, because its small tail gives a chunky look.

The ouzel seems impervious to cold and never migrates. It flies about in the snow, dives under ice and sings as if it was summer weather, but never goes far from the stream.

Trout anglers who blame every creature except themselves for the shortage of fish, claim that these small crocodats are destructive of small trout, but Ira N. Gabrielson and Stanley G. Jewett of the U. S. biological service in their "Birds of Oregon," say that "stomach examinations have shown, however, that its bobbing and probing among the pebbles is to obtain aquatic insects and their larvae, not baby trout."

Mrs. Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher in her charming account of naturalists spending a winter in northern British Columbia entitled the "Driftwood Valley" (Atlantic Monthly book), speaks of the night singing of the water ouzels as follows:

"As we drank our tea and rocked in the easy chairs, the last daylight faded, and the world was locked in silence and glittering snow and moonlight of early northern lights, suddenly from outside came a burst of rippling notes. Birds singing a clear sweet song on a bitter cold night with the temperature at zero and two feet of snow. It couldn't be possible. But the music was still there, now just above the cabin roof, now down over the lake.

"We rushed out bareheaded, and there by the open water patch below on the bank were three fat little gray dippers, or water ouzels, with short bobbing tails. Neither of us had any idea that any bird ever sang at night in the depths of winter, much less a northern one. In vivid moonlight we could see them distinctly dipping and bobbing on the rocks in cold, shining water—and singing.

"Their song echoed back and forth so that all the lake was ringing with it. When we went inside, the birds flew above our roof, and poured their music down upon us. No European nightingale, singing in a hot, lusty summer evening, ever wove the spell of enchantment that the dippers did with their crystal tinkles, which matched so perfectly the icy purity of the winter night."

The ouzels remained all winter, says the author, became "our greatest source of music and gay company" and the colder it got the more they seemed to like it, spending most of their time in the open patches of water, swimming and diving among the rocks. Their powers of flight matched their aquatic feats, "flying high in the air, singing as they go and chasing each other in endless games, spiraling down from the sky showering music like the English skylark. They sing on and off all through the day and often some hours after dark."

Threat to Naval Air Facility Here

First it was United Air Lines that was in jeopardy at the Salem airport. The Civil Aeronautics Board last summer wanted to know why West Coast Airlines shouldn't be substituted for United at McNary field.

Now the Naval Air Facility at the airport is in jeopardy—because of a lack of interest shown by the 519 naval air reservists in the Willamette valley. With the navy looking for places to close in order to save money, it is understood the Salem facility is being eyed by the economy-minded.

When the navy authorized the air facility last spring, the Salem site was chosen because it was centrally located in the Willamette valley, where almost one-third of the reservists in the four Pacific Northwest states live. Another reason was that the Columbia airport in Portland didn't have the room, while the Hillsboro field didn't have a control tower nor the needed runways and hangar. Salem, however, had just what was needed.

As a result, navy personnel started remodeling the hangar on McNary field last April and seven planes were brought here in September. Air reservists were asked to come in to sign up. But, so far, only about 80 have signed up. The navy can figure rightly enough that only 80 out of a potential of 500 is not enough.

Another way to look at it, Salem could have the air facility become a naval air station with about 100 more officers and enlisted personnel added to the station force itself if 150 to 200 aviators sign up. That means a doubling of the present list of flyers. Probably about 30 additional planes would be brought here. That is based on the situation at Spokane, where the naval air facility there became in time a naval air station. In comparing the Spokane situation, it should be noted that the Salem and Willamette valley potential is even better than the eastern Washington situation.

Two inducements should bring about a pick-up in sign-ups here. First, better weather should bring back ideas of flying. And second, the start of two-week cruises with pay in March will offer a monetary inducement. That leaves out the obvious consideration that if the Salem air facility can't continue to grow, Oregon would not get another air facility for years to come and the area would get a black-eye among naval air reservists.

BY H. T. WEBSTER
The Timid Soul



KRISS-KROSS

'We-Buy-Old-Bridges' Could Be Slogan for Marion County

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

Like the fellow who makes a hobby of collecting false teeth, Marion county is always in the market for a good used bridge. The county bought a 39-ton bridge located at Scotts Mills from the state highway department last week at a bargain-basement price of \$3913.

Buying a second-hand bridge is no new experience for Marion county. A few years ago, it purchased the old bridge which crossed the Pudding river at Aurora... paid only \$2800 for that one.

But the Aurora span later turned out to be a white elephant. The gimmick came in moving the bridge from its old site to McKee, where it is now located. The moving job cost the tidy sum of \$25,000.

The county doesn't know just what it will do with its latest surplus bridge. But, as United Press correspondent William Warren points out, "nothing like having a spare bridge saved up for a rainy day."

Come to think of it, that bridge could come in pretty handy during the thawing-out season.

Being called by a radio network telephone quiz program is getting to be almost a common occurrence for the Loring Schmidt residence at 1717 John street. For the second time in recent months, the Schmidts' number was called by "Tel-e-Test," a Mutual Broadcasting company give-away program.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

A Call for Help Years Ago That Still Haunts a Fellow

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

Today's reminiscence has to do with a tragedy which has haunted me these many years—a nightmare of mass-death and calls for help which had to be ignored.

The German submarine campaign of early 1917 was at the awful peak which all but brought the allies to their knees.

Our skipper almost never left the bridge. I recall one stretch of 48 hours of duty which he did without rest. All the passengers were assigned to the submarine watch in pairs. It was no time for slacking, for thirteen ships were sunk near us as we plowed on towards England.

It was on a black midnight, as I was standing watch on deck with a ship's officer, that we encountered the tragedy with which this account is concerned.

We were, of course, running without lights. Not even the glow of a cigarette was permitted. It was an eerie business, for we couldn't see much as we leaned against the rail.

Suddenly a steamer loomed up only a comparatively short distance from us—and she had all her lights blazing. I don't know why we hadn't spotted them before. Perhaps they had just been turned on, or a belt of fog may have been between us. Anyway, there they were, turning into a suicide ship.

"The damned, crazy fools," exclaimed my officer. "They're asking for it!"

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when a torpedo hit them. It was a mortal blow, and their wireless began to beg for help, word spread through our ship. Men gathered by the rail and there wasn't a mother's son who didn't want to go to the rescue. And the stricken ship was so near!

Still, that iron-clad admiralty order hung over us. And we knew that there wasn't a chance in the world of our escaping a torpedo ourselves if we didn't clear out.

So we steamed away as fast as we could go. The pity of having to do it! No wonder that call for help still haunts a fellow after all these years.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Discussion on Dogs Steals Lead From Politics at Lunch

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Harry Truman has frequently said that the two men he would most like to see retired from congress are the republican senators from his home state—Forrest Donnell and James P. Kem of Missouri.

However, the president leaned over backward to be polite to these bitter foes when he and Mrs. Truman lunched with the Missouri congressional delegation. In fact, politics played a minor role at the luncheon, giving way to a discussion of dogs, led by charming Mrs. Bennett Champ Clark, wife of the Judge and former senator from Missouri.

There was a time when a legendary dog played a famous role in the life of Mrs. Clark's late father-in-law, Speaker Champ Clark, whose theme song when he ran for president was: "I don't care if he is a houn, you've gotta quit kicking my dog aroun'."

But Mrs. Clark, a former English actress, probably did not remember that famous convention battle of 1912 in which Woodrow Wilson finally beat out Champ Clark. For she dominated the conversation with a eulogy, not of her hound, but of her smooth-haired fox terrier which, she boasted modestly, outshone everything in Washington canine circles and was practically out of this world in pedigree.

This went on for some time, with Mrs. Truman saying nothing. When Mrs. Clark finally ran out of adjectives about her pooch, the first lady broke in gently: "We used to have a dog, too."

"How wonderful," enthused the Judge's wife. "What kind?" "Oh, just a plain dog," replied Mrs. T.

TIDE OF TOYS Every Christmas I hear some folks arguing that Christmas has become too commercialized, that we give presents chiefly to those who we think are going to give us something in return, that we should not merely practice Christ's teachings on His birthday, but every day.

I have heard quite a few people talk this way, but until now I haven't known many people to do much more than talk about it. This year, however, it's been different.

Christmas has been over more than a month now, and at Philadelphia tomorrow an event will take place showing that several million people have been following the above advice and are trying to make Christmas come not once a year but in January, February and March too.

For tomorrow the U. S. Lines' steamer American Adventure embarks for Rotterdam carrying the first installment of one of the most precious cargoes ever collected in the U.S.A.—The Tide of Toys. These friendship toys are being donated through the tireless efforts of the American Legion to the children of Europe.

Of course, this column is supposed to report the closed-door meetings of congress and the backstage maneuverings of diplomats. But no story is more important than the backstage account of how the American Legion collected some 3,000,000 toys in the short space of five weeks, got them sorted, packed for export, and shipped to Philadelphia.

On the surface, this may have seemed easy. But it wasn't. It took days of careful organizing, plus a lot of courage on the part of Legion leaders, to start such a gigantic project—especially at a time when everyone wanted to relax after Christmas.

However, the men who have fought our wars in the past realized that there is only one way to win peace for the future—by working at it. For peace is not a beribboned parchment which diplomats sign after a war is over. It is a living breathing day-to-day document which the people of a nation must work at year after year.

Peace is like a successful marriage. The hardest part begins after the marriage license is signed. And the fact that so many Americans forgot to work at peace and retreated into their shell of isolation during the Harding-Coolidge days after 1918, was one reason why we had to fight again in 1941.

Wars, the American Legionnaires know all too well, come in cycles of about every 20 years. And the children of today can be our friends or the soldiers of tomorrow. That's why the friendship gesture of toys, the first installment of which sails from Philadelphia today, can be so important.

That's also why the distribution of the toys, which will be in the hands of the efficient CARE organization, will have to be distributed with a little publicity and fanfare to make sure that the people of Europe understand the full meaning of this carefully and patiently collected Tide of Toys from the veterans of America.

"INVASION" OF MARYLAND Twelve short years ago Democratic Sen. Millard E. Tydings screamed about a "collapse" of the democratic system when President Franklin D. Roosevelt personally invaded Maryland in an unsuccessful effort to purge the senator.

At that time a lot of people figured that the defeat of the elongated reactionary from Maryland would not be a blow to democracy, but Tydings demagogued his way through the crucial battle and was re-elected again in 1944.

However, Tydings once more is aspiring to election to the senate in 1950 and, this time, the shoe is on the other foot. This time Tydings wants the President to "invade" Maryland and recently urged Truman to accept an invitation to dedicate a new airport near Baltimore in June.

"You will have a great opportunity to help the boys on the ticket," expanded Tydings, not referring to himself. "By all means, you should accept this invitation to speak in Maryland."

"Now, just wait a minute," broke in Republican Congressman Glenn Beall. "I'm in the minority here, but I think if the President is to make this airport dedication a political speech, maybe he had better stay out of Maryland."

"Oh, you won't get hurt, and you won't be helped either if the President decides to accept our invitation," declared Tydings.

However, the senator wasn't happy when Truman broke in: "I may touch on international matters if I go to Maryland to dedicate the airport, but I won't make a political speech."

BY CLARE BARNES, JR.

White Collar Zoo



"After twenty-five years with the firm they gave me a lovely gold pin."

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Will Future Farmer Find It Necessary to Just Park Cars?

By HAL BOYLE

New York, (AP)—What shall we do with the American farmer? Shall we turn him into a parking lot attendant? This appears to be one forward-looking solution of a problem as old as the republic—the fight between the city and the countryside.

It looks as if the city has won. The next step is to pave the farmlands, leaving the United States one vast sea of concrete and asphalt, studded with parks, suburban lawns—and billboards.

This will give everyone room to park his car, and the farmer can make more money renting his acres as garage space than he can growing unnecessary potatoes.

At first glance this may seem a far-fetched solution of the present parking and traffic problem, but is it? Not if the present population and way-of-living trends keep up.

In 1820, the year Daniel Boone died, there were 5.5 persons to the square mile, and the old frontiersman felt the country was too crowded to live in. What would he think today when there are 50 to the square mile?

The population doubled from 75,000,000 in 1900 to 150,000,000 by 1950. And there are also some 50,000,000 autos and trucks cruising over the trails along which the buffaloes used to lope. And thousands more are being built every week.

For decades the rural areas have been losing to the city in terms of percentage of total population. For a long time country people complained about this. They said the cities weren't really self-sustaining in population—their bright lights just lured the boys off the farms.

This may have been true once, but you know what the census bureau has just discovered? It has found out that, man for man, the city dweller is now having more children than his country cousin. The farmer today is

going in for large tractors instead of large families. He has learned that one good machine is more of an economic help around the farm than five strapping sons used to be.

What does this mean? It means that instead of the farm boys going to the cities, the city boys are going to move out deeper and deeper into the countryside. But the water mains, the electric light lines, and the bus routes are going right along with them.

The cities are on the march, too—back to the countryside. There used to be a pretty sharp line between cities. There isn't any more. The city slicker and the hayseed are neighbors. Often they are the same guy—this is the fellow who has a day job in the city but goes home at night to an acre or two in the country. Or it is the suburban farmer who wheels five miles into town to sell his produce.

Gradually the cities are spreading like pools of water that eventually will unite into one vast American municipal lake.

What about food? Oh, the scientists are learning to grow that in the laboratories. And when they do, then the cities will only mushroom faster—as the amount of food available is the only real check on population.

So someday the whole countryside will be paved, the mountains levelled, the deserts gone, and only a little bush grass left here and there to keep the cricket's chirp alive, and a tree in each community to welcome a robin each spring.

There's to be no traffic problem, as there will no longer, be much need for streets. You can drive anywhere except across an airfield. But you'll still pay to park. I only wish I could live long enough to bid on the paving contract!

Capital Journal

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