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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO Jan. 23, 1945

Deputy Sheriff Verne Hastings captured two German prisoners of war who escaped from work detail at Camp White.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: Signs of spring are showing up in the Willamette valley. In Linn county, the first move to establish a FUD district bloomed.

20 YEARS AGO Jan. 23, 1935

Local furniture store advertises "the finest world-range radio ever offered" for \$42.95, complete bedroom suite for \$29.88, and davenport and chair for \$64.88.

Jim Stevens, director of Medford Gleemen, reports singing group is rounding into shape during final rehearsals for first 1935 performance.

30 YEARS AGO Jan. 2, 1925

Medford school district voters turn down bond issue for new high school building by vote of 315 to 267 with only 50 per cent of the voters turning out.

The eighth beauty shop to be established in Medford opens for business.

40 YEARS AGO Jan. 23, 1915

Local residents start planting sweetpeas and spading gardens as weather turns warm.

Page theater advertises "the presentation of authentic and authorized European war pictures" doors to open an hour earlier than usual, and pictures to be shown until midnight.

What's the Answer?

(Can You Get 4 of the 7?) Copr. 1955, Editorial Research Report

- 1. The President's budget message gives income and outgo for this fiscal year, next fiscal year, or next calendar year?
2. Americans at present are eating more pork than beef, more beef than pork, or about the same amount of each?
3. More than half the people who buy new cars replace them in less or in more than five years, or in five years?
4. What public office is now held by Fred A. Hartley, co-author of the Taft-Hartley act?
5. Bat Galim is a flying mammal, bat for softball, Israeli ship seized by Egypt, political leader in Viet Nam, or new jitterbug step?
6. Which of these averages the highest temperature in January: Houston (Tex.), Miami (Fla.), Los Angeles (Calif.), New Orleans (La.) or Phoenix (Ariz.)?
7. Pedal-pushers is a term for cyclists, chiropractors, effeminate men, narcotics dealers, or a type of woman's sports pants?
The Answers: 1. For the next fiscal year and also this fiscal year. 2. More beef than pork. 3. In less than five years. 4. None. 5. Israeli ship seized by Egypt. 6. Miami. 7. Type of women's sport pants.

At Eldorado, on Beaverlodge Lake in northern Saskatchewan, a main shaft descends 1,300 feet into one of Canada's largest uranium deposits.

Who Wants to Risk War?

We fear the basis of the Knowland China policy is wishful thinking.

It is a policy that would have worked in the days of John Hay and Richard Harding Davis, but unfortunately won't work now.

Fifty years ago, as has been recalled, getting tough with China, or other weak nations, was the proper course to pursue under such circumstances because it brought results.

BUT today China is not a weak nation, but in a military sense, one of the strong ones. With Russian aid and contiguous to it moreover, it is doubtful if a naval blockade of Chinese ports by this country would be at all effective.

It is about as certain as anything can be, that it would not result in the prompt return of the 11 American air men, but might result in their extended incarceration and even their liquidation.

So the more cautious policy of President Eisenhower, while less dramatic and to some less appealing, is the more realistic, and promises to be the more effective. Moreover it will not risk war—and who wants another world war as a result of this incident, or any other, until as Secretary Dulles pointed out every peaceful means of settling the matter has been exhausted.

BUT now Admiral Radford has joined Senator Knowland in favoring a blockade of China. And the Chinese lobby has seconded the motion. Even Secretary Dulles believes there is a strong demand in this country for such direct U.S. action.

Well, there may be in Washington. But we haven't observed any here and we doubt if there is any in this part of the country.

FROM what we have heard hereabouts the statement of President Eisenhower that such a drastic step would be "an act of war," settled it as far as the people of Oregon as a whole are concerned.

The overwhelming desire of the rank and file out here is to keep world peace, to avoid as far as it is humanly possible any risk of another war—not peace at any price, but there is a strong faith, that the administration, by restraint and consideration and self control, can work things out and secure the release of these airmen, without serious loss of national prestige honor or self respect.

And on that sort of faith and confidence they are resting and remaining calm, not paying much attention to the "get-tough" talkers, or the flag-wavers, but going about their business as usual, pretty generally disposed to follow the slogan of the Boys of '76 at Bunker Hill, not to shoot off their family shotguns—or their mouths—until they see the "whites of their enemies' eyes."—R.W.R.

More Work for the U.N.

From one point of view the Hammarskjold mission to China was a success, regardless of the immediate outcome.

For it handed over to the United Nations for settlement, an issue that, not so many years ago, would have been a "causis belli."

This shows a considerable moral advance. And in a few years.

The great danger facing the UN has been disuse. Like a muscle in the human body disuse ends in atrophy and decay.

But here a very important matter did not result in side stepping the U. N., but was handed over to that international organization designed to settle such issues by peaceful, rather than warlike means.

The effort may fail. But until it does—and even if it does—there is good reason for rejoicing that it was TRIED.

AND if this effort should be a success, and the 11 U.S. airmen released, then the next item on the UN agenda should be Formosa.

For, unless there is some peaceful adjustment of this complicated and explosive controversy, we fail to see how war between the United States and China can be avoided. And that undoubtedly would plunge the world into World War III.

For the two nations have taken stands which are diametrically opposed. Red China declares she can't tolerate an enemy on Formosa and intends to take the island, as long as Chiang holds it. The United States has declared she will defend the island with the 7th fleet, and of course unless one or the other backs down, that would mean war.

WHO owns Formosa anyway? Except, when it was conquered and occupied by Japan, China has owned it, ever since Columbus discovered America.

As a result of World War II China was given complete possession. But who and what is China today? Mao and his Red armies or Chiang Kai-shek and his "native legions"?

Without going into further details, here certainly is a "hot international potato" if there ever was one.

And if the UN perhaps assisted by the Hague Court of arbitration can't settle the matter, then we fail to see how World War III can eventually be avoided.

It isn't too early we believe for the United Nations to give the problem most serious consideration, and see if a peaceful solution can't be worked out, before it is too late.—R.W.R.

Matter of Fact

By Stewart Alsop

THE RACE WE'VE GOT TO WIN Washington—By those who should know, this country is now given about an even chance



of beating the Soviet Union in the race to be first to get an inter-continental ballistic missile into the air. Although this whole subject may seem impossibly remote to most people, this should rate as about the best news the country has had for a long time.

For until rather recently, intelligence studies of the Soviet effort in the field of long range guided missiles strongly suggested that we would almost certainly lose the race for the intercontinental ballistic missile—the I.B.M. And this is a race which the United States simply cannot afford to lose.

The I.B.M., married to a hydrogen warhead, is the true ultimate weapon. It can be fired from one continent to another to destroy a great city, in much the way that a murderer fires a bullet through his victim's head. The difference is that a man can hide, and a city cannot.

As of today, at least, there is hardly even a theoretical defense against the true inter-continental guided missile, except to get the weapon first, to make it better, to make it in greater numbers. Until recently, the effort to win the I.B.M. race was strangled in red tape and hobbled for funds. Today, a greater effort could, and undoubtedly should, be made. But at least the effort is now a serious one. And it is already beginning to pay off.

If we beat the Russians to the I.B.M.—and thereby avert what would surely be world catastrophe—a good share of the credit, according to those who know, should go to a youngish California engineer, businessman, called Trevor Gardner. Gardner was brought into the Air Force by Secretary Harold E. Talbot to get the long range missiles into the air.

In the process, Gardner has stepped on a great many toes—so many that his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Air Force has been held up in the Senate. But Talbot and Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining have backed him up, for which they also deserve credit.

BY dint of toe-stepping, much has been accomplished. Pentagon red tape has been slashed. An able Air Force man, Brig. Gen. Bernard Schriever, has gone to the West Coast to ride on the big companies like Northrop, North American, Convair, and Lockheed, which are doing the actual work on the missiles.

Totally unrealistic requirements—like the requirement limiting the margin of permissible error in an inter-continental missile to 1,500 yards—have been rescinded. And funds for the missile efforts have been fairly sharply increased. The amount of increase is hidden in the over-all Air Force budget, but it is said to be substantial.

As a result of all this effort, the timetable for our entry into the age of the long range guided missile has been revised downward all along the line. Most significantly, the State Department and the British Foreign Office are now negotiating for a 5,000-mile missile firing range, extending into the Atlantic from Florida to the Ascension Islands.

The immediate reason for this negotiation is the SNARK, the jet-propelled, pilotless aircraft guided by the stars, and which flies just under the speed of sound. But the SNARK is only the fore-runner.

After the SNARK comes the NAVAHU, the ram-jet which is a true guided missile, flying more than twice the speed of sound. Then comes the mighty ATLAS, the true inter-continental ballistic missile which climbs an incredible 600 miles into space before it plunges to the kill. And at some point—depending on a decision which has not yet been made—there comes the first man-made, artificial earth-satellite. But, for the immediate future, ATLAS is the decisive weapon.

There will be a further report in this space on these strange and terrible gadgets. Here it is enough to say that in each case the prospects for early success are measurably brighter than they were a year ago. But there is still no cause for complacency. Our chances of winning the I.B.M. race have improved—but they are still no better than even.

THOSE in a position to judge I believe that we could be almost certain of winning this race we must win, on one condition. This condition is a national sense of urgency, leading to a major effort on a war time scale to win the race. This would involve greater expenditures. But the concentration of energy and talent which a national

sense of urgency brings forth is a more important element in the equation. And this sense of urgency is now lacking for a very simple reason. The secrecy syndrome from which this Administration suffers has made the I.B.M. an unmentionable subject. This in turn makes it impossible to acknowledge that the problem of winning the I.B.M. race really exists—or even to take credit for the genuine advances which have been made. Copyright, 1955, New York Herald Tribune, Inc.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS What of the shooting in the islets that dot the East China Sea between Formosa and the Red China coast? Will it drag us into war?

ON THAT point (which is terribly important to us) let's quote the top military authority in the world—President Eisenhower.

He tells his press conference that he doesn't know of ANY military authority who considers either Yikingshan (pronounced Ee-kyong-shahn) or Tachen pronounced Dah-jen) islands as ESSENTIAL TO FORMOSA.

(It's FORMOSA around which we have drawn the line and dared the Reds to cross it.)

THAT is to say: If these little islands aren't essential to the defense of Formosa there is no reason why we should go to war to defend them.

HOW about Malta, which is a mere speck in the Mediterranean but for generations has been an anchor of British power in that area?

That was in pre-atomic-war days. I suspect that one hydrogen bomb, accurately placed, would put Malta out of business.

The same is true of these little islands in the East China Sea.

ANSWERING a question, Ike says at his press conference that he'd like to see the United Nations use its offices to get a cease fire between the Chinese commies and the Nationalist Chinese.

So, I think, would we all. The cease fire in Korea is a shaky affair, but it's better than the shooting that preceded it.

WHILE we're talking about the Orient, here's something to turn over in our minds: Japan's foreign minister Shigemitsu lays on the diplomatic table (which, in many ways, is not dissimilar to a poker table) a statement to the effect that his government wants to make peace with the Soviet Union and restore Tokyo-Moscow relations to the pre-war level. He doesn't commit himself on recognition of Red China, but he adds: "JAPAN WANTS TO ENCOURAGE TRADE WITH THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS."

NOT so good? We'll see. The rough, cold economic fact of the situation is that Japan must TRADE OR STARVE—and we won't let her trade much with us because her production costs are so low that she can undersell us disastrously. Communist Russia and Communist China, between them, control the trade of Asia.

ANOTHER straw in the wind: At a place called Maebashi (Ma-BAH-she), northwest of Tokyo, police had to be called in to CONTROL A MOB that was protesting establishment of an American military training area in the Maebashi area.

Until the police arrived and took a hand, the local citizens were ready to USE FORCE to prevent surveyors from laying out the camp.

A THOUGHT: Our troubles with the Japanese began about the time that General MacArthur was "busted" (to use the colorful GI phrase) and brought home in disgrace.

Dale Vincent Story In Field and Stream

An article, "Big Bucks of the Rimrocks," by Dale Vincent, a well-known Jackson county rancher-writer, appears in the current issue of Field and Stream.

Vincent, whose home is the Iron Kettle ranch on the Old State road a few miles south of Gold Hill, wrote about mule deer hunting in the Pueblo mountains of southeastern Oregon.

The story tells about a four-man expedition into the high valleys of the isolated mountains. It is illustrated with two photographs, one showing the jeep used by the party in the rugged country, the other showing the four men and their kills. Adding interest to the yarn is the author's account of how near he came to losing the one buck he cared to shoot at when the animal fell half hidden by a rocky ledge.

Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although the use of a pen name or initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with an eye to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

His Pal Appeal Worked To the Editor: Last Sunday you printed my letter about needing a daddy-pal and I want to tell you that I didn't know there were so many swell fellers in all the world as have called me and sent letters and visited me. Letters came from all over southern Oregon, and phone calls too. There was even one pal in Berkeley, Calif., who called me long distance and we talked so long, and he calls me every afternoon, and writes too!

So I wanted to say thank you, Mr. Editor, and thank you to every one of you real swell pals who have called. I just wish I were a dozen Bennys, but I have a good idea: I know several other little boys just like me, with no daddies, who could be just as happy as I am now, and I'll bet there are lots of boys, and maybe girls too, who would like to share my pals with me. (I tell you kids, all these wonderful people are just as lonesome as you are.)

Because my pals are bringing me so much happiness, I want to share it so other little boys and girls can be happy too, so if you don't have a daddy, just call me or my mom and tell us and I know that one of my pals would be your pal too.

And you pals, keep calling because there are many little boys and girls, right here in our valley who would be mighty proud to be your little friend.

Mr. Editor, thanks to you for printing my letter, for now I have a pal to build model airplanes with, and one who takes me to help clean the barn and feed and ride his pretty horses, and one who lets me go to the woods with him to get wood for the big fireplace, and a pal to go to Sunday School with me, and so many swell pals I can't write them all here. So thank you, and the Mail Tribune, an especially all of you really wonderful pals whose hearts are big enough to include a little boy like me.

Benny Card Jr. (Phone 3-5464) 1817 1/2 N. Bartlett, Medford, Ore.

False Beliefs Die Hard To the Editor: Strange how people cherish beliefs. Somehow, the subject of snakes, hoop-snakes got into our breakfast discussions. Our elderly guest told how her brother was a near victim of one. Seems he was hoeing when a strange noise came to him, looking up, to his horror was a sizable hoop-snake wheeling down the corn row at him, so close he barely had time to jump behind a hickory tree. The deadly reptile unable to change its course, drove its pointed bone-tipped tail into the hickory tree. Unable to free itself, it wiggled and wiggled and at sunset, gave up the ghost. And morning found the tree leafless and dead.

It brought to mind a hoop-snake story Grandpa Clifford told of how he was nigh done in by one of the pesky things while hoeing in a cornfield where they always seemed to be. How they ever escaped my notice in the weary years put in there is beyond me. Anyway, Grandpa Clifford hearing the odd noise, saw one a-comin' at him. He had no handy tree, so just jabbed his hoe firmly down and stiff-armed it out in front of him. The snake dead-centered it. Grandpa never did say what became of the snake but he did claim that the hoe-handle swelled up big as his leg instantly, or almost. Never did go down righty so he had to make a new one.

The silvery-haired one listened with avid interest to my grandpa's close call, but balked sharply at the hoe-handle version. "Now, you're storying and you know it," she told me, her Irish eyes bright with disbelief. "Just as much truth in it as there is in yours," I told her. But no, no, no. "Wasn't it her own brother who was there?"

So it is. Nothing can change her belief in hoop-snakes. And it is so surprising the number of people who believe the same, despite the fact that there is not the least shred of evidence in all natural history of the "deadly human hatin' hoop-snake."

F. J. Clifford, 1211 W. Main st., Medford, Ore.

Man Goes Berserk In Portland Tavern

Portland—(AP)—An unidentified man suddenly went berserk in a Portland tavern Friday night and severely cut a man and woman with a broken beer glass, police reported.

Injured were Winifred J. Henderson, 33, of Vancouver, Wash., and Virgil L. Flatter, 30, of Portland.

Witnesses said they were seated at the bar when a man next to them suddenly broke his beer glass and slashed the couple around the head and neck. The assailant fled.

Victims of the attack were taken to a Portland hospital. Both said they had never seen their attacker before.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

This story happened about a year ago. Only the name has been deleted to protect the innocent.

A well known young Medford man, who has an office in the courthouse, tried to get an Oregon State college basketball game broadcast by station KOAC in Corvallis.

He had no luck at home, so he got into his car, turned on the radio and drove around looking for a spot where reception was good. Finally, in north Medford, near a small park, he found a spot, pulled to the curb, and leaned back to listen to the game.

A city policeman went by. Then the cop went by again. The third time he stopped and with obvious suspicion wanted to know what was going on. "Oregon State's ahead," the young man replied.

The cop, obviously a Beaver fan, didn't run him in.

City hall employees were seeing red Friday. It was all because of City Engineer Ed McKinstry, who showed up for work in a gaudy combination of bright red vest and red bow tie.

During the opening of the First National bank's new branch, we are informed, a careful of boys wanted to inspect the premises. They drove by the bank, found no parking place, circled the block and drove by again. Still no parking place. They tried a couple of more times, unaware that they were beginning to become conspicuous.

Finally, they found a place to stop the car, and all but the

driver piled out and went in the bank for a glass of punch. The driver stayed in the car, and kept the motor running to keep warm.

All this was taken in by a policeman in a prowl car, who, when the other boys came out, got in the car and drove away, gave chase, stopped the youngsters and checked thoroughly to make sure that doughnuts and punch were the only loot they'd made off with.

Ray Johnson, manager of radio station KMED, is co-chairman of the weekly roundtable of the chamber of commerce. The idea of the roundtable is for mutual discussion of the valley's problems, but last Monday, Ray came up with a simpler answer.

"Most of us hate to eat alone," he said.

E. K. Hewitt, 829 Boardman st., found an oddity in a sack of potatoes (Klamath variety) he bought recently. In among the big plump ones was a wizened specimen, measuring about 2 by 1 1/2 inches—and practically petrified.

How it missed being sorted out by the grading machines remains a mystery.

Tom Shepard, manager of the Big-Y, was explaining a feature of the store, a small TV table which clamps on the legs of the user.

One of his auditors, Vic Milnes, asked: "How does the coffee keep from spilling when you walk?"

Victor!!!

Is That So?

By Eugene Burns Ranger-Naturalist

Despite the coexistence of hundreds of kinds of animals throughout the world, one of the most widespread beliefs of our civilization is that all animals are in a constant state of "warfare" with one another. "Nature, red in tooth and claw" said Tennyson—and, unthinkingly, we repeat that pat phrase. "Survival of the fittest," says Darwin—and, in agreement, we add that this life belongs to the strongest, the swiftest, the cunningest.

That is not true. Certainly, an aggressiveness exists among animals and there is killing—one would be blind not to recognize it—but even more, there is a very strong drive towards cooperative behavior, a sort of natural nonconscious working together between species. Isn't the very presence of the thousands of kinds of animals living a testimony to their getting along?

From the lowest forms, there is a tendency to come together for mutual advantages. In recent experiments it has been shown that benefits come from a certain amount of crowding—not overcrowding—while isolation appears to be fatal.

Protozoans, a simple form of life, when introduced in large numbers in a sterile medium of relative simple salts grow more rapidly than if the cultures are started with only a few. Among a group of worms exposed to ultraviolet radiation those which were isolated a few minutes after irradiation suffered a much higher death toll than those which were left together.

Perhaps it is for this reason that among the very lowest forms single-celled animals work desperately to get together: remove amoebae some distance from a group of their fellows and the separated ones immediately begin to make their way back to the group. Higher up the scale, take apart the cells of a frog's eggs during an early stage in its development and place the separate cells some distance apart in water and the separated cells will slowly but surely approach each other until they re-establish contact.

In the higher forms, these same co-operative drives are operative and if anything, stronger. Among herring gulls, it has been observed that members of larger colonies commence courtship activities earlier than when the colonies are smaller, with a speeding up of the egg-laying process and hatching. Under such conditions, a greater number of young gulls survive than when the colony is small and the spread of hatching time is longer.

Likewise the common sea urchin shows that the development of the fertilized egg, with a few exceptions, is more rapid in the denser cluster of eggs than is isolated fellow eggs.

With even more advanced animals, the isolated members generally prove to be retarded in growth and suffer an earlier death whereas the animal living co-operatively with others tends to increase in size and in the speed of its reaction, besides showing a tendency to recover more quickly from wounds and to survive more often.

Perhaps that is the reason why most animals and plants live in associations, herds, colonies, or societies while even the so-called solitary species live more or less as co-operative members of groups or associations of individuals of different species.

Would Diminish Food Supply If co-operation did not exist extinction would always be just around the corner. It is self-evident that a predator, like a lion, must not appropriate on the average, any more than the surplus of animals such as antelopes, upon which it preys. Should it do so it would continuously diminish its own food supply and thus indirectly, but surely, exterminate itself. As a result, a really close community of interest exists between the predatory lion and the timid antelope and in the wild you will see them, quite frequently, living side by side.

More than this, without such sociability among animals, the progress of life itself, the improvement of the organism, and the strengthening of the species would become utterly incomprehensible. It is co-operation—not tooth and claw—which must be the very basis for the evolution of our more complicated animals from the simpler forms.

Could there be a lesson in this for the human?

Free: By special arrangement with the editors of the Encyclopedia Americana, my panel of judges will award each week to the reader who sends me the best question on nature and wildlife a complete 30-volume set of this world-famous reference work in a handsome Sea-craft binding. Each week new questions will be considered. Sorry, I simply can't answer your many friendly letters. Please address your questions to: IS THAT SO? c/o Medford Mail Tribune, Box 575, Sausalito, Calif.

Boise—(AP)—Oregon and Utah have expressed a desire to send their women prisoners to Idaho if Southern Idaho College of Education facilities can be converted. It was announced Saturday.

L. E. Clapp, chairman of the State Board of Correction, said the federal government also has expressed an interest in such a proposed institution.

He said the board had suggested that such buildings could be used as a reformatory, thus putting the idle facilities to a useful purpose.

A reformatory could be started with 100 prisoners, Clapp said. Since the federal government pays about \$3 for housing such prisoners, he added, it was possible the institution could be put on a self-supporting basis.



Oregon Studies Use Of Idaho Facility

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