

Is That So?

By EUGENE BURNS
Ranger-Naturalist

Tokyo, with Japan Air Lines—An inherent love of nature is a strong national characteristic of the Japanese, shared by all, from the humblest to most exalted. As a result, there is not a month without some evidence of this—celebrated by national festivals and small parties.

Throughout the year, for example, there are many kinds of flower observances: in spring, cherry blossom viewings; later, when wild flowers cover the hillsides, wild flower parties—none to pick wild flowers, but to see them in their natural settings; in the fall there are chrysanthemum-viewing parties.



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Of another kind, in late summer there are national insect-hearing contests: people take their own cages; insects to hear them compete. During winter evenings, there are incense-smelling parties, and not to be forgotten, at the drop of a hat, tea ceremonies in which you drink, at one sitting, three to five different kinds of teas.

But best of all, I think, are the autumnal moon viewings. Not looking at the moon, two by twos, but in large parties in which the whole family participates.

Let's go. The only thing required is that you cleanse your mind of worldly cares and abandon yourself to the beauty about you. Then, properly moved, join the host in writing a 31-syllable poem to the moon. Even this will come easy once you are thoroughly at peace with your surroundings and have put away inside you the contents of a bottle of sake (warmed rice wine) and delicious viands, daintily served.

Must Attend Second
There are two moon-viewing evenings in the year—in September and October, when the glorious mid-autumn moons are at their best. I tell you this, because if you intend to attend the first, the "bean" full moon, then it is "most bad luck" if you do not attend the second, the "chestnut" full moon. And with the same host.

On these prescribed nights, a tiny altar is placed in the darkened garden or on the veranda where the rising moonlight will fall whirring. Tasting offerings are made on it—flowers, fruits and food—including beans for the first moon-viewing, and chestnuts for the second. While you, happily, are tasting special moon-viewing dumplings and fruits of the season. Along with sake.

These viewings naturally demand festive clothes. Men are dressed in handsome dark kimonos while women and children wear colorful kimonos—their figured designs in harmony

with the season. And to be sure, someone will be playing a tinkling tune on the samisen. As the time for the moon-raising approaches, the gaiety seems to increase—perhaps because the fireflies seem to dance to a livelier tune, given out by the cicadas. Then, as the great temple gong begins to sound, the hugest and goldenest moon you have ever seen will lift and begin its march across the sky. **Doesn't Seem Round**
You wonder, for some reason the moon doesn't seem round—and when you ask your host, he answers in a roundabout way: "Japanese people believe in the beauty of imperfection. In a painting our painters always leave a space untouched. Japanese people also prefer half-open flowers to those in full bloom. And so, our moon-viewing festival dates are always two days before the moon is fully round. Slightly imperfect. We love it that way much better. Then as the moon rises higher and changes from gold to silver, amid the dim stars, and the sake is running its course, too, the host if he has poetic leanings will take out his ink, and then write in the light of the moon a poem about the full moon. . . .
But first, he may pause and ask: "What do you see in the moon. . . .
You'll think better than to say green cheese, and tell about the woman. . . .
"Strange Japanese people see in the shadows of the moon the figure of a hare pounding rice in a mortar, and heaped around and about unlimited supplies of rice. . . .
Then he writes. Upon urging he translates.
"Month after month there is a moon for moon-viewing. But the moon for the moon-viewing is the moon of this month."
His adoring wife is transported and their daughter comes up from the garden all smiles. She announces she has succeeded in threading a needle in the brilliant glow of the full moon. (A fairly large needle perhaps.)
"This forecasts," her father

Lennie Ross' Bid for \$64,000 Question Lands Him in Position for Big Jackpot

By WILLIAM EWALD
United Press Correspondent
New York—U.P.—Ten-year-old Leonard Ross, has proven stylishly adept at financial matters on a TV quiz show in his quest for \$100,000.

But young Ross once would have settled for \$64,000. It was back on Dec. 20 of last year that the Tujunga, Calif., youngster wrote a letter to the producers of TV's most popular quiz program, "The \$64,000 Question." The precocious Ross, a student of the stock market, asked if he might compete on that show.

He enclosed a letter of recommendation from his favorite broker in Los Angeles. **Another Wonder Boy**

The producers of "The \$64,000 Question" also package another quiz show, "The Big Surprise." At the time Ross' letter was received, "The Big Surprise" was enjoying much attention because of another wonder boy, 14-year-old George Wright.

Young Wright went on to win \$100,000 for himself and higher ratings for the show.

It was almost inevitable therefore, that young Ross should be asked to join "The Big Surprise" and serve as a sort of delayed follow-up to Wright.

Boyish Appeal
Like young Wright, Ross affects open-necked shirts on the show to add to his boyish appeal. Once, when Georgie Wright appeared for a show wearing a necktie, the producer yanked it off his neck.

Like young Wright, young Ross shows an amazingly retentive mind. But in other respects the resemblance ends. Wright was an all-round boy, a mixer. Ross shapes up more like the popular conception of a prodigy—retriving, bookish, almost frightening sometimes in his display of knowledge.

"By the time he was five, Lennie was fond of dipping into the encyclopedia," his mother recalls. "And when he was seven, you know, he was a licensed ham operator."

"I was the youngest ham operator in the world," the 10-year-old Lennie murmured as he looked back on his salad days. "I haven't given radio up exactly, but I'm really not very active at it anymore."
Stamps and Boxing
"I am interested in stamp collecting and in boxing, though I'm not very expert in the field. Politics is my principal interest,

however. I have been working in my precinct typing and distributing leaflets. I'm a Democrat."

"Perhaps you had better not say that, dear," cautioned his mother.

"A Democrat," said Lennie firmly. "However, of course, most of my energies now are directed toward the TV show. I have read some books on the stock market, "Wall Street" and "How To Buy Stocks." And I've made three very interesting trips to the New York Stock Exchange where I collected some pamphlets for study."

He helped open three bureau drawers in his hotel room full of ticker tape, notes and leaflets. Among some of the titles: "Understanding The Modern Securities Market," "Understanding The New York Stock Exchange" and "Dividends Over The Years."

Whatever Lennie wins on TV, at least 75 per cent must go into a trust fund to be administered by a bank, according to the show's producers. However, Lennie will be free to play with the rest.

"I will probably try to invest some of it in stocks," said Lennie. "It's good protection against inflation and may earn a substantial return. The money that goes into the trust fund is no protection at all against inflation over the next 10 years. What's more, it will only earn two per cent."

"I doubt whether the bank would like you to say that, Lennie," said his mother.

Lennie turned a bored gaze on his mother and then shifted it to the ceiling. "Nevertheless, mother," he said patiently, "it happens to be true."



JUNE DAIRY MONTH—Representatives of state organizations of the dairy industry met recently with Jackson county representatives and others interested to discuss plans for June Dairy Month. Leaders in the session included (above, sitting, left to right) Mrs. Lewis Clark, president of the women's auxiliary of the Jackson County Milk Producers' league; Miss Grace Workman, Oregon Dairy Council; and Victor Birdseye, Medford, president of the American Dairy association of Oregon; and (standing, left to right) Carl Hoyer, Central Point; Richard Westenberg, Ashland; John Kesler, Phoenix; and Glenn Lay, Portland, executive secretary of ADA for Oregon.

Lebanon Farmer Gored By Bull; Found Friday

Lebanon—(U.P.)—Leo P. Kowitz, 56-year-old farmer who lived alone nine miles east of here, was killed when gored by a bull Coroner Glenn Houston said Saturday.

Kowitz' body was found Friday. Search started after neighbors became concerned over his absence. He had last been seen Wednesday.

Seven in Family Die When Truck Blazes

Normal, Ill.—(U.P.)—Seven members of a family of migratory workers were killed Friday and six others of the family injured when the truck in which they were riding crashed and burned near here.

The family, of Mexican extraction, was headed from McAllen, Tex., to look for work in Princeton, Ill.

Their stake-bed truck crushed a tractor driven by Roy Howell of Bloomington, tipped on its side, slid 100 feet and burst into flames in a ditch. Howell was not injured.

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