

ON DISPLAY SOON — The XM-Turnpike Cruiser, an experimental model created by Mercury division, will be on display Wednesday and Thursday at Medford Motors, Sixth and Ivy sts. Styled to give motorists maximum driving pleasure, comfort and safety as

they travel the new turnpikes, it features virtually unobstructed vision in every direction. Transparent plastic "butterfly" roof inserts lift up automatically when doors are opened. It stands only 4.4 feet high.

780,595 Persons Registered To Vote In May Primaries

Salem—(U.P.)—A total of 780,595 persons are officially registered for the May 18 Oregon primary election with Democrats showing a 13,350 lead over Republicans, according to Secretary of State Earl T. Newbery.

Total Democrats registered in Oregon's 36 counties were 392,128. Republicans totaled 378,778.

Some 4076 persons registered as independents, 59 as progressives, 132 as prohibitionists and 80 as socialists. All other parties totaled 5,342.

Final figures showed the total registered for the primary was below the 785,285 recorded in 1954, Newbery said. That year Republicans out-numbered Democrats 394,821 to 378,781.

In Multnomah county figures showed Democrats leading Republicans 137,597 to 115,534. Over the state, Republicans had an edge in 14 counties and Democrats in 22.

Lane county reported 31,290 Democrats and 31,010 Republicans while Marion county showed 28,659 Republicans to 18,285 Democrats.

Newbery said Democrats had registration leads in Baker, Clackamas, Columbia, Coos, Crook, Curry, Deschutes, Douglas, Harney, Jefferson, Klamath, Lake, Lane, Lincoln, Linn, Multnomah, Tillamook, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, Wasco and Wheeler counties.

Mrs. America Has Busy Slate

Daytona Beach, Fla. — (U.P.) — The new Mrs. America, 31-year-old Mrs. Cleo Maletis of Portland, Ore., today plunged into 10 days of "work" and personal appearances that go with her title.

The brunette mother of three sons took over the title as "Mrs. America of 1956," Sunday afternoon from Mrs. Ramona Deitemeyer of Lincoln, Neb., last year's winner.

Mrs. Maletis said she felt "like a queen. It seems wherever I turn today, someone is popping a flashbulb at me. But it's exciting, I'll admit."

Some 48 other contestants started home Sunday after the big ball Saturday night climaxing the annual pageant to choose the nation's No. 1 wife. But Mrs. Maletis, who was accompanied by her husband, Chris, was just starting her activities.

At least two balls will be held in her honor during the next few days and she said promotion and publicity men had lined up "hours and hours of jobs" which she expects will keep her busy for another 10 days.

Columbia Flood Threat Seen Reduced

Portland — (U.P.) — Officials of the weather bureau said here Saturday that the prospect of a disastrous Columbia river flood this spring is being reduced every day.

Elmer Fisher, the weather bureau's expert on river forecasting said "Every day it appears less likely that we will have a combination of flood waters out of the Snake and upper Columbia rivers as we did in 1948."

The high water forecast for the Portland and Vancouver harbors still stands at a minimum of 24 feet and possible maximum of 28.5 feet, Fisher said.

The exceptionally heavy runoff during April and the early part of May were pointed out as the basis for the optimistic outlook. During the past three weeks the Columbia has remained some 5 to 12 feet above the stages for the same time in 1948 when disastrous flooding wiped out Vanport village and damage ran into the millions of dollars.

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Gloria Swanson Recalls First Bull Fight and Meeting With Little Torero

By GLORIA SWANSON
Written for United Press
Madrid — (U.P.) — Two years ago in Madrid I saw my first bullfight and I swore, my last. I had never fainted in my life, but . . .

Seventeen-year-old Raphael Mariscal-torero tossed his hat to me in the grandstand, thereby dedicating his opponent, the bull, to me. Heck, I didn't want the bull or any part of him.

In an attempt to win honors of an ear or a tail or something, I was sure the youngster was going to get killed. Three times he was tossed into the air . . . the last time I thought, was really the end of me, too.

As he was being carried out by two attendants — and I was passing out — he suddenly leapt from their arms and rushed toward the bull, kneeling down 10 feet in front of him. Now I was

certain he had lost his mind. So, before completely losing mine, I tried to escape. But my friends, whose arms by now were black and blue from my clutches, held me, saying that the torero would be unhappy if I didn't remain until the finish.

"Whose finish?" I weakly muttered. Then, closing my eyes I bravely stayed, whilst brave little Mariscal won and the big bad bull bravely died.

A few hours later I met Raphael Mariscal. He was a baby, not within three inches of my five-foot-one-and-a-half inches.

"What was he doing in a bullring? Where was his mother? He was too small, too young — and a lot of typically maternal dialog. "He must stop bullfighting. Yes, I'd adopt him if he would. When I pouted for breath I was stopped cold. What was

he saying? He had already killed 250 bulls? And you are still here? He answered with a beautiful smile and more of his story.

Raphael Mariscal, at the age of 13, when really tiny, had as a spectator jumped into the arena in his home town of Granada. Because for years he had practiced cape passes on a big police dog, he made an exceptional showing with his first bull.

Only Prayer
All his mother's prayers could not win him away from that first crowd's cheers and applause. All she could do was pray. She is now a bullfighter's mother, on her knees in constant prayer while her child plays dangerous tag with a bull — and his life.

To the youth with six years of answered prayers behind him, the applause means money — money to fulfill his dreams which all evolve around what he can give his mother.

This year, his lovely but not so boyish face lighted up when he proudly told me of the house he had bought her in Granada. I can understand what his mother would prefer rather than possessions . . .

LONG BLOCK
Pompton Lakes, N.J. — (U.P.) — Police said a man from nearby Midvale walked into an auto agency and asked if he could take a British sports car around the block for a trial spin. He drove to Massachusetts, where he was arrested.

Population of the U.S. increased 26,000,000 in the 1945-1955 period, which was more than the gain in the 21 years spanning the 1924-45 period.

Most of the main east-west federal highways are even-numbered.

Is That So?

With the fishing season in full swing, mind if I dust off a few stories pertaining to fishing?

Like the one of the traveler who strolled up to a fisherman. "Having any luck, partner?" "Yup, pretty good," responded the angler.

"How many fish?" "None, yet?"

"Any bites?" "Nope."

"What's so good about your luck?" persisted the traveler.

"Well, you see that guy over there. I've been fishing three hours but he's been here six and hasn't had a bite yet."

Which reminds me of an incident which happened to Ben Rice of Oakland three years ago. With a group of steelhead fishing friends, I drove up to Salmon creek, arriving at daybreak.



Ben sloshed ashore, blue-lipped and shaking with the cold. "How long you been here, Ben?" I asked. "Three hours." "Any luck?" "Not yet."

"Tough," I said, as he warmed himself by our fire and inhaled a cup of hot soup. Then he dutifully waded back into the river while I went upstream. When I got back that noon, I met a furious man. "What's wrong, Ben?" I inquired.

He finally managed to explain: "Around eleven, I got my first strike and hung a steelhead. A fine jumping fish. Would have gone over ten pounds. Then these two guys see me with a fish jumping. One of them cast over my leader. . ."

"Did the fish break?" I asked. Ben nodded mutely, unhappily.

"Then what happened?"

"Naturally, I called the guy everything I could lay my tongue on . . . and when I took time to catch my breath, his partner says: 'Look mister, it won't do you no good to cuss my friend. He's left his hearing aid at home.'"

Reminded of Concert
A story on Fritz Kreisler, the famous violin player, goes like this: Walking past a large fish shop with a friend, Kreisler looked in at a big catch of codfish, arranged row and eyes staring, with mouths open and eyes staring. Grabbing his friend's arm, he exclaimed: "Gott in Himmell! This reminds me: I should be playing at a concert!"

The late David Starr Jordan, famous president of Stanford University, the greatest fish expert of his day, spent altogether too much of his time raising funds for the University at the expense of his research. Once asked the name of a certain fish which he could not recall, he commented: "Every time I find a new benefactor, I forget the name of an old fish."

Ever think about the decided advantage a golfer has over a fisherman? He doesn't have to show anything to prove his score.

According to the Saturday Evening Post, the late Robert Benchley took a course of International Law at Harvard. In his final examination, he was confronted with this question: "Discuss the arbitration of the Inter-

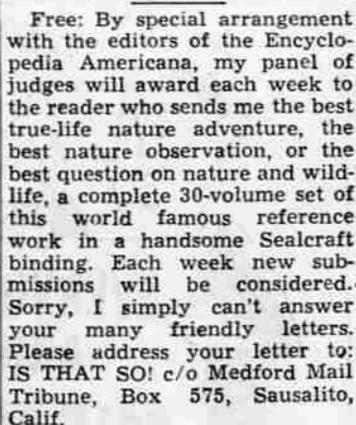
Montgomery Clift Injured in Accident

Hollywood — (U.P.) — Movie actor Montgomery Clift was in "satisfactory" condition in a Hollywood hospital today with injuries received when his car ran into a telephone pole after a glamorous movieland party.

The 35-year-old film star narrowly escaped death early Sunday when his sedan smashed into the pole shortly after he left a gay dinner party at the home of actress Elizabeth Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding.

Clift was dragged semi-conscious from the demolished car by actor Rock Hudson. New York stage star Kevin McCarthy and others at the party. The actor was rushed to Cedars of Lebanon hospital where doctors said he was suffering from a possible concussion and numerous cuts and bruises about the face.

Officers said Clift apparently lost control of the car while driving down a steep road in Benedict Canyon overlooking Beverly Hills. The police accident report made no mention of whether Clift, who lives in New York between pictures, had been drinking.



SUSAN'S TOPS—It's a smiling Susan Hayward at Cannes, France as she is announced as the winner of the Cannes Film Festival's top award. She won the international honor for the best performance as an actress for her interpretation as an alcoholic in the film, "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

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Various Stars, Planets Are Visible in Skies Now

By FAY VAN SCHOIACK
Would you like to spend a restful evening hour during which the manifold cares of the day seem to fade into the background? Then find a place which affords a broad view of the sky with a minimum of city light, and observe the "forget-me-nots of the angels" deepen from silver to gold.

Low in the northwest, beautiful Capella sparkles in the deepening darkness. Castor and Pollux, the Heavenly Twins, stand comradely side by side, a trifle north of due west and slightly higher in the sky than Capella. Procyon, in Canis Minor, is nearer the horizon than the Twins and somewhat south of due west. These four stars form a broken line just above the western horizon.

Leading Role
The leading role in this celestial drama is played by the planet, Venus, a spectacular object high in the west, outshining everything in the night sky but the moon. The "goddess of love and beauty" will adorn the celestial sphere only a few more weeks before its nearness to the sun renders it invisible to earth-dwellers. After a brief absence it will appear in the east as a morning "star."

Jupiter, king of planets as far as size is concerned, though less brilliant than Venus, now shines brightly high in the southwest. It is west of the meridian at dark and before midnight has slipped beneath the western horizon. Regulus, a beautiful white star twinkling at the bottom of The Sickle, lies to the left and slightly lower in the sky than Jupiter.

It is somewhat overshadowed by the steady non-twinkling light of its royal neighbor. Turning to the south we recognize Spica, its remarkable blue-white light glowing like a gem in the early evening. This first magnitude star is easy to find as there is none other of equal brilliance in that part of the heavens. Spica lies a little east of due south and less than one-half way between the horizon and the overhead point.

The golden-yellow beauty of Arcturus gleaming high in the southeast is in direct contrast to the blue-white glow of Spica, but is none the less lovely. Each of these giant suns is a gem in its own right. Antares, a giant red star, scintillates rapidly low in the south-east. It will be a thing of beauty in the southern heavens during all the months of summer. Vega, a sun 50 times brighter than the center of our solar system, glows and sparkles low in the northeast. It is easily identified by its great brilliance and blue-white color.

There are no brilliant stars in the northern sky. Polaris, the Pole Star, which we all know as the North Star is only of second magnitude. But because it appears to remain stationary while all the other stars move, has been of greater service to mankind than any of its more attractive neighbors.

"Why do the stars vary in color?" someone inquired recently. Astronomers say this is due to a difference in surface temperatures. Antares is a giant red considered to be fairly cool with a surface temperature of about 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. As the colors range upward through orange and yellow to white and blue-white, the temperatures become progressively higher. Blue-white stars like Spica have a surface temperature of approximately 25,000 degrees Fahrenheit!

Hood River, Pond Dragged for Child

Hood River—(U.P.)—Searchers dragged the Hood river about four miles south of here today and were draining the Oregon Lumber company mill pond on the stream in an attempt to recover the body of 10-year-old Josephine Sedgwick, feared drowned yesterday.

The little girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sedgwick of The Dalles, was fishing on the stream with her eight-year-old sister yesterday afternoon. Her father, who was fishing nearby, heard a scream from one of the two girls and rushed to the scene to see his elder daughter vanish in the swift flowing water.

Some 30 men searched the bank and drug portions of the river last night in a vain attempt to discover the body.

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