

Forensics Squad Speaks at School

Ashland - The forensics squad of Southern Oregon college spoke at the Coquille High school recently on a variety of topics including after dinner speaking, interpretive reading, oratory, original poetry, debate and discussions on "What to Expect in College." More than 100 separate speeches were presented.

Representatives from SOC included Don Benson, Eagle Point; Karen Edgar, Coos Bay; David Desmond, Spokane, Wash.; Carole Gwaltney, Ashland; Bobbie Gysin, Phoenix; Linda Hale, Hawthorne, Nev.; Christine Lindner, Roseburg; Jim Manuel, Myrtle Creek; Ruth Osike, Coquille; Faye Palmerton, Rogue River; Bob Russell, Medford; Carole Sandberg, Coos Bay; Al Sherman, Jacksonville; Gary Waits, Ashland; and Bruce Lattin, Klamath Falls.

Dr. Harold Barrett, assistant professor of speech and coach of the forensics squad, stated that the trip and the speaking experience before the high school students was beneficial.

Liverpool, England - (AP) - Six hundred ministers and elders solemnly opened the 87th General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of England Monday. Then, on a police complaint, the assembly adjourned for 10 minutes so that 100 of those gathered could park their cars properly.



Small Worlds Around Us

By LYNN M. WATKINS
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Worm Should Have Known Life Cycle Always Constant

The moon in the soft, summer sky was full - so bright it cast a faint, yellowish glow on the naked body of the cutworm as it pushed its blunt nose against the mellow garden soil.

Its sensitive nose brought appetizing odors of growing plants, each filled with delicious juice. Through the inch of earth above him, remained the leftover warmth of the day.

If the worm had had the ability to reason things, he would have appreciated the position and convenience of the orderly rows the gardener used when he set out the plants. For the hungry, active cutworm, it was but a few easy inches of crawling from one tender plant to the next.

Met Other Worm

Occasionally he met another worm. Sometimes they crawled side by side, but soon each branched off to go his separate way, both still following the well ordered rows.

All night the cutworm chewed and moved on. By the time the morning sun cast its warming glow on the earth, the cutworm turned downward, reaching the depth his worm knowledge told him was the ideal position. He

then curled himself into a tight ball and slept.

The process of digestion continued, turning the chewed plant tissue he had eaten into nourishing juice. By the time evening came again he would be ravenously hungry.

Afternoon Rain

It rained during the afternoon. The water seeped down into the ground and awakened he uncoiled slowly. As usual, he was hungry. He began pushing his way up through the damp earth.

The faint glow that had alerted him to descend into the earth a little way was absent now. The world above was cloudy and darkness would be early.

Suddenly his head came into contact with a hard, unyielding obstruction. The gardener had left the blade of a shovel imbedded in the soil, and the cutworm had run into it.

For the worm it was the moment of decision. He instinctively knew that he should crawl upward or to the right or left. Many times before he had encountered stones and other hard objects. He lay motionless for several minutes. The empty feeling in his stomach pushed him to a decision. He began to crawl toward the surface.

Instinct, balancing delicately against hunger, prompted him to proceed cautiously. Dangers of many kinds existed above. He always tried to keep at least a half inch of earth above himself, but now there was an overpowering urge to find a tender, green plant stem.

No Warning
Even his old friend, instinct, had no way of warning him that an early bird, or perhaps one that hadn't gone to bed yet, was perched on the limb of a tree within a few feet of the shovel handle.

The bird waited, eyes alert and focused on the ground where the shovel blade entered the earth. The smooth, gray body of the cutworm broke through the surface.

There was a faint rustle of wings... the sharp beak of the bird grabbed the soft, warm body. The worm twisted, but the bill held.

Then the worm saw the wide open, red-lined mouth of baby birds. He was forced down a dark and warm throat.

Unknowingly, he was completing the cycle. The plants which nourished the worm created the tissue which now was feeding the baby bird. The wheel of life had made another full turn.

They'll Do It Every Time

