

The Herald and News

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Puff-Puff-Puff

By BILL JENKINS
I may have the only dog West of the Mississippi, perhaps in the whole world, who thinks he's a motor boat.
I must admit that this is a strange delusion for a dog to be suffering under but it is nonetheless true.
It has come on rather suddenly this spring.
There is a certain mountain meadow where we frequently go in the early hours of the morning for a run. This meadow turns into a pretty respectable lake every Spring. Not deep, but with enough water on it to support a band or two of mallards, several score of waterfowl, and a few water snakes and a quite respectable clutch of turtles.
It never gets very deep and the grass grows up through the water over most of it. The shores are fringed with trees and big rocks that serve as ideal perches for bluejays and at least one kingfisher.
In the flats near the lake are scores of old stumps that act as sounding boards for the morning activities of the woodpeckers.
Anyway, my dog, the St. Bernard, has discovered the pool. Or lake. Or whatever you wish to call it. He loves to play in it. He chases blackbirds but not ducks. I don't know why.
And recently he has taken to making like a motor boat.
Perhaps this is because he spends so much of his time lying on his personal hillside back of the house watching the boating activity on the Upper Lake. I see him up there, particularly on weekends, following the antics of the boats with great attention. Their least move is recorded on his brain. You can almost hear him think — a rather ponderous process. Much like his master.
Well, anyway, I think this long watching of the boating fraternity is what has done it.
Now when we get to the meadow and he has done his morning checking of all the trees, stumps, rocks and grass clumps, his attention turns to the water. He warms up with a little foot stomping, tail wagging and a bark or two and then launches himself full force for the water. It is just deep enough that he can keep going a dead run through it, the water splashing in a magnificent wake behind him, flying ahead with all the glitter of the morning sun on it, and the dog all the time cutting fancy curlicues, just like a fast boat with a hot rod at the wheel.
The only thing he hasn't learned to do is trail a faint cloud of smoke. But I expect he'll manage that sooner or later.
And he enjoys it so. He isn't chasing anything or taking a bath or anything like that. He's just out there in the water making like a boat.
He even runs up on shore once in a while, backs off for a fresh start and plows in again. Refueling? Could be.
The little dog, a boxer sport, tries to understand and even take part. But it is beyond him. He's like a three-horse outboard competing with a class C hydroplane. He just hasn't got the power to split the water like the other pup does.
I am wondering now if it would be possible, in view of his obvious interest in boats, to teach the big dog to water ski. If I could we could hit the summer circuit of the boat shows and be assured of a job here and there.
And it shouldn't be too difficult. He learns easily. He has already learned to open the refrigerator door, tell time and spit between his teeth.
I'll have to give this a little more study.

ized a facility that fills a much-needed void in the community.
I was astonished to read the figures of activity for the mission for the first year. During the year, they provided shelter for 11,101 men and served 28,492 free meals. They provided 6,257 articles of clothing for unfortunate men, gave 3,405 shaves, 415 haircuts.
In addition to taking care of the unfortunates, physical needs, they also provided spiritual care in nightly services held in the mission of which 12,405 men have attended.
Guiding light behind the mission's activities is John Pedersen, superintendent, a man to inspire confidence in the mission and its purpose. He has been aided by a fine group of men, in most instances, men who came to the mission for help and remained to administer help to others.
Reuben Larson was first president of the board of the mission and one of the steering influences in its organization. A new board of officers was recently elected, and includes Grant March, new president; Willard Cedarleaf, treasurer; Leonard Burkart, secretary, and a board made of Reuben Larson, Bob Steele, Rodney Larson, Lew Reimer, Eugene Hallie, O. English, Charlie Drew, Del Stepp, Art Everly, Lowell Anderson and William Powell.
There are those who claim the mission is a soft touch for panhandlers, vagrants and such. If the furnishing of a free meal, a hair cut or shave, or perhaps an item of needed clothing, along with some spiritual help is a soft touch, then it is a touch that is most welcome and most needed.
While the mission does not beg for your cast-off clothing, and other items, it does and will welcome your support in its work in any way you see fit.
They have done an excellent job in the community and deserve both our commendation and our support in their future work.

No Alarm

By FLORENCE JENKINS
It's the time of year again for reports of falling planes by persons who believe they saw a parachute drift to earth.
It's also the time when weird and mysterious burning objects are reported traveling at a rapid rate through the heavens.
Every year it is proved that, mostly, people are seeing the signal flares provided by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to discourage congregation of waterfowl on growing farm fields. Two types of signals are free to farmers and ranchers from the wildlife office at 311 Post Office Building. The game management agents will also provide the loan of a gun with which to launch the flares.
One type is visible as a little parachute with flare attached and the other consists of four or five brilliantly colored balls of light trailed by a plume of smoke. The unusual spectacles in the sky impel the birds to flight away from the locality without harming them.
The flares are most often used during the dawn hours when the birds are moving. In the deceptive early morning light, one of the little parachutes, seen rather close at hand, may appear to be a big parachute seen from a distance, according to Tom Garratt, game management agent. The illusion is so real that many motorists driving along a stretch of farmland become convinced they are seeing a real parachute and so report there has been a plane crash in the vicinity.
Some supplies of the signal flares have been distributed and the first one reported was seen early Tuesday morning. They will be used from Macdoel and the Butte Valley area to the northern part of Klamath County as the

early growing season gets underway.
"A thousand geese settling into a field of tiny growing plants can trample and smother the crop in a short while," the game management agent explained. "This is particularly true when the ground is moist."
There has been less damage than normal so far this year because of the unusually dry weather, but the use of the flares increases each year.
So if you see mysterious colored balls of light in the heavens or what looks like the aftermath of a plane crash with a single survivor floating to earth in a parachute, take an extra look before becoming alarmed. Maybe the farmer is only scaring away a flight of geese.

Off-Beat Notes

By TOM STIMMEL
The 1959 Oregon road map just released by the State Highway Commission features Crater Lake on its cover, much to the delight of the Chamber of Commerce.
But a look inside reveals a less fascinating fact. The latest population estimates give Klamath Falls 19,500 residents, up 1,200 from last year. Rival Medford is credited with 24,300 residents, an increase of 3,217 souls over 1957.
The chamber's unofficial estimate for Klamath Falls is 21,181.
Ever wonder why it's Kingsley Field instead of Kingsley Air Force Base, as most Air Force installations are called?
Sgt. Charles Bennett says it's because the government leases the land, doesn't own it.
Just who has the "Luck o' the Irish," St. Patrick?
The landlady did a little picking up after Dave "Irish" Cohen, our news editor, and left the results in a box on his dresser. The collection included \$30 Dave had left here and there.
On the other hand pressman Tom Burk, a genuine son of Erin, ordered tickets for San Francisco Giants games. Dave offered to help but Tom said he'd count on his Irish luck — and wound up with seats way out there, a few feet short of outer space.
County Clerk Charley DeLap and his office staff stayed open late to sell dog licenses. It was well that they did, too. In the rush before deadline, Charley and the girls sold licenses at a rate of one every two minutes for two hours.
Sometimes telephone service to Crater Lake National Park is interrupted by ice. But it isn't ice that breaks telephone lines, it's ice that forms on the radio antenna.
The facilities, recently sold by West Coast Telephone Company to Columbia Utilities, is one of two in Oregon where all telephoning is done by high frequency radio.
City police were called to a downtown business one night to pick up a woman described by the irritated caller as either drunk or crazy.
The arresting officer observed on his report that "both suspicions proved to be correct."

Travel Notes

By NELSON REED
ANTIGUA—For almost a hundred years Britain was at war with Spain, France or Portugal. Even during the short periods of peace the privateers roamed the Caribbean, preying on any foreign flag. The only difference between a privateer and a pirate so far as we can see is that the privateer had a hunting license.

During that time it became necessary for the English to have a naval base where they could repair their ships operating in the Caribbean; they particularly needed a place where they could "careen" them, which meant either pulling them up in dry dock or, in the case of the larger vessels, tipping them over till their bottoms were exposed, first one side and then the other, so the barnacles and sea growth could be removed. Large ships were tipped over by tying their cannon to the yard arms till they laid over.
It was during these years that English Harbor here was built into a sizable naval base. It is a beautiful little landlocked harbor that must be entered through a narrow passage, protected by high hills all around. When the heights were fortified with cannon in the commanding spots it was impossible for a foreign fleet to capture the place for the cannon on the ships could not be elevated enough to hit the heights. Then too the high hills all around the harbor made a fine refuge from the hurricanes which occur frequently throughout the Caribbean in the fall.
It was here at English Harbor that the great Admiral Lord Nelson (no relative) was in command as a captain. It was shortly after leaving here that Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar which made him so famous. Today only the ruined walls remain, with some old capstans and huge anchors to remind us that once this was England's most important naval base in the New World.
Antigua today is largely a sugar island with some cotton, and like all the sugar islands is horribly overpopulated with colored people, who can find very little employment. They raise a few chickens and goats and have miserable little gardens of cabbage and yams. They live in tiny, ugly little shacks that bulge with children. Old men and old women hoe the sugar cane with great heavy long handled hoes similar to those used in Spain.
They ride tiny little donkeys on top of a load of sugar cane till you can scarcely see the donkey and you are sure his burden weighs more than he does. But, compared to the most miserable little bony horses we have ever seen, the donkeys are fine looking animals. You can always tell a poor country. It has donkeys and goats instead of horses and cows.
All over the Caribbean Islands the population is increasing at a terrifying rate, for we have done away with the epidemics and diseases by which Nature once kept a balance. As the population increases so does the poverty, except in the American Islands, where we subsidize heavily, and ruin the morale as we improve the living conditions. Until some very cheap method of birth control can be sold to these people there seems no answer. One of these days this huge black population will boil over and there will be trouble in the Caribbean.
Meanwhile, we try to forget about it and enjoy the many lovely beaches, the balmy breezes and the delightfully warm water. It would be a paradise if the sight of so much poverty weren't forever nagging at your insides.

Public Unions

Medford (To the Editor)—Your column is the first thing I read and enjoy in the Medford Mail Tribune. I am hoping you will write on the subject of House Bill 138 which deals with unionizing all state, county, district, city and all entities thereof employees.
I can not imagine a more chaotic situation than fire departments, police, school officials, courthouse employees being engaged in union membership.
The proponents of this bill assure that these departments will not be allowed to strike. Then why should they join? Most of these people are already connected with a union-type federation of their own. Those I have talked to since the appearance of this bill feel that they would prefer not to change.
It was pointed out to me that they like belonging to a voluntary group, especially since it offers such advantages as honest elections, secret ballot, accounting of all funds, everyone with dues paid allowed to vote and being allowed to remove any officer should he be found to be derelict, or corrupt, in his duties. With their little group they are permitted to trade any place they desire, consequently they have built up an organization they are proud of and join it because they believe in it rather than through coercion.
Can you add any light to this?
Roma Humphrey

SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal



They'll Do It Every Time



Russians Plan Europe TV Net

VIENNA (AP)—The Soviets are planning a television network linking Europe's Communist capitals with Moscow.
The Hungarian news agency MTI said work has already started on relay towers 90 feet high to bring Soviet programs to Budapest. This link is to be completed by 1961.
TV relays will also connect Moscow with Warsaw, Prague, and the capitals of Romania and Bulgaria.

Cuba Seeking Aid From FBI

HAVANA (UPI)—Cuba has asked for FBI aid in tracking down a racketeer-directed ring smuggling black market Cuban pesos into Cuba from the United States, an army spokesman announced Tuesday night.
Capt. Miguel Duque de Estrada, judge advocate at the Habana Fortress, said the ring was buying up Cuban pesos at a discount from refugee supporters of ousted dictator Fulgencio Batista and trying to smuggle them back into Cuba.
He said several Americans were being held on suspicion of smuggling and that some "may have been used as tools by racketeer interests in Miami and other cities in the United States."

Discover '59 Plymouth's



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