

Sd. *Corvallis* *Mar 19-1939*
They Took His Apples Away

Naturalist William L. Finley is latest among those residents of Oregon who have been irked by the somewhat Graustarkian tactics of the California border guards. It is getting so it is almost as difficult to enter California as to cross a troubled frontier in Europe. Mr. Finley has made complaint to the California department of agriculture, and has addressed a similar protest to Mayor Joseph K. Carson here at home. He may reasonably expect nothing remedial in the first instance, but he probably will obtain spirited conversational results from the mayor, who some years ago vainly initiated the same crusade. This time it was apples.

The naturalist and his wife were returning from the east, and had provisioned themselves with a number of Oregon apples to stay the pangs of heimweh as of hunger. At the boundary of Graustark—that is to say, California—the border guards held them for the customary searching examination, which is attended by much severely solemn poking and prying. Ha, apples! And what were the Finleys intending to do with those apples? No matter, each apple must undergo thorough destruction. Mr. Finley wanted to know why.

Somewhat plaintively he remarked that he had purchased the apples to eat, and that he resented their confiscation. There might be worms in those contraband apples, the inspector told him with a shudder. But there weren't any worms in the apples, mister. Anybody could see that there weren't any worms. A citizen of Oregon would stake his reputation as a naturalist on this assertion. But it made no difference at all. The border guards of Graustark took all Mr. Finley's apples away from him.

Now Mr. Finley appeals to Mayor Carson somehow to arrange it that motorists who intend to travel to the San Francisco exposition may be fully advised, ere they step on the starters, "as to the terms upon which they will

be permitted to enter the state." The appeal, one cannot help observing, is largely rhetorical, quite as will be the mayor's response—but it does considerable good in these matters merely to relieve the mind. And at least the latest clash at the border serves to illustrate again the unreasonable, arbitrary, bumptious and rather silly nature of the quarantine California imposes. You may not be able to estimate the damage this release does to California—but there is warrant to suppose that it doesn't improve her repute.

SWALLOW THIS!

LOS ANGELES, Mar. 18—With St. Patrick's day due tomorrow with its ensuing hangover and two days later St. Joseph's day with a much greater headache, spare some sympathy for southern California in the vicinity of San Juan Capistrano Mission, where swallows are said to have arrived annually March 19 for over sixty years, according to one priest, who claims to have watched them that many years.

I read in an Oregonian editorial that Mrs. Grace McCormac French, who resides on a farm near Carlton, has kept annual records of swallows' arrivals for a few years and discovered that they arrived on a different date each year.

Many familiar with San Juan Capistrano swallows agree with her; one is F. J. Clifford of Milwaukie, Oregon. But it's hard to change a story after sixty years; even for a priest! Would that swallows were parrots so they could tell us. San Juan Capistrano Mission is far too delightful a place to have an annual shadow hovering over it. If anybody disagrees they can visit the place for 25 cents any day in the year.

Dr. William L. Finley, Oregon's great naturalist, was originally known as an ornithologist. His present scientific endeavor is to preserve salmon for Oregon and he may supplant flying-fish for salmon if the proposed Willamette river dams are constructed without fish runways. But who can enjoy eating flying-fish?

Digressing: Dr. Finley went to San Clemente Island nearly 30 years ago to study bird life there. After some weeks research he fell and broke his jaw, a terrible predicament for a future lecturer! Now the island is a secret military preserve as difficult to visit as Alcatraz; a number of fishing boats got too close to it recently and their owners were fined and lost their licenses for a while (of course they were not French military observers or friends of Harry Bridges). But the government has relented in relation to scientists, whom it doubtless considers as harmless as Frenchmen and alien union communists, and has granted permission for a large scientific expedition, headed by Dr. Thomas Adams Comstock, scientific director of the Los Angeles museum, to make its headquarters on the island to study its birds and other wild life and its history in relation to man.

But returning to the reverend fathers of San Juan Capistrano Mission; can't you hear them explaining angrily in reference to the arrival of their swallows always on the same date—and their departure too—"Please don't give us the bird!"—Joseph Patterson.

Corvallis
Gazette-Times
Mar. 20, 1939