

Illinois Valley News

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Thomas Nast, who drew this cartoon, wrote on the bottom of it: With Charity to All, With Malice Toward None.—Abraham Lincoln.

This Memorial Day

by Lois J. Hurley
in *Malheur Times*

THERE is something in the air on Memorial day that grips the heart. With lumps in our throats, we see the time-scarred Civil war veterans ride by, and wonder how many will be left in the ranks for another year. With our tears, we water the flowers on the graves of our soldier dead on Memorial day. We think of those who fell in the fray of all wars and are infinitely sad.

But, while we muse, a band sweeps down the street to a stirring martial air. The glorious stars and stripes float before our eyes. Our pulses quicken and we thrill through and through with patriotism. For the moment, we forget the sorrow and futility of war and the pitiful mounds in which our soldier boys are sleeping.

Truly, our emotions are at war on Memorial day. Then, as at no other time, we realize that our intellect is a mere atom afloat on a sea of feeling. Intelligence tells us that war never settled anything. Emotion tells us that when the band plays and the flag floats by, we can do no less than join in the parade and be the first to step forth for our country when we are challenged.

While we stand beside the heroes' graves and reflect, we should make a solemn resolve that, inasmuch as we are able, we shall see that "these dead shall not have died in vain." The lad in blue or olive drab would have fallen joyfully if he could have gone with the assurance that he was giving up his life that those at home would have their future safety assured, and that boys to be born after him would be spared the horror he had known on the battlefield.

They, dying, threw the torch to us. This Memorial day, let us resolve anew to hold it high and work for abiding peace in all nations.

Taps

FADING light,
Dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky,
gleaming bright.
From afar
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Dear ones, rest!
In the West,
Sable night hushes the day
on her breast,
Sweet goodnight!
Now away,
To thy rest.

—Army Bugle Call

DECORATING HEROES' GRAVES



The Unknown Soldier

By Emmet Glazner
In *Indianapolis News*



"KNOWN but to God,"
Engraved in marble deep.
Within a noble lad—
A soldier boy asleep.
Borne in tender arms
From lands across the deep,
And given honored couch
In the last long sleep.
Angels sent by God,
As in that other day,
Await but the command
To roll the stone away.

A GOLD STAR MOTHER
THE Gold Star Mothers' association defines a Gold Star mother as one whose son was killed overseas during the World war or who was killed on the sea while serving in the war.

Fishing Bulletin From Grants Pass Chamber of Com.

Rogue River Fishing Report
Grants Pass, Oregon
May 24, 1937

FLASH—Since writing the following a new run of salmon arrived. Big school.

Changeable weather and fluctuating water conditions during the past week made fishing rather uncertain as to results. Early in the week, before the heavy rain which put a rise of about three feet in the river and a deluge of discolored water from the snow banks, salmon fishing was good and hundreds of fine fish were brought in and reported. During Wednesday, Thursday and Friday there was a strong movement of salmon through the Grants Pass section, and thousands passed over Savage Rapids into the upper river. With falling and clearing water, fishing was fairly good over the week end, but not quite up to what it was in the early part of the week. Every rise and freshet stimulates a movement of the salmon upstream. The schools that were in this section moved farther up and we should hear of good salmon fishing between Gold Hill and Gold Dam within a few days.

There should be another run in from the sea as a result of the recent freshet and we should have reports of good fishing again within a few days along the Grants Pass section. Water conditions below the Applegate have materially improved and the fishing zone has extended to the mouth of Jump-Off-Joe creek, about 15 miles below Grants Pass. The river below that point is still too roily for any fishing except with salmon egg bait.

Present indications are that there should be good salmon fishing during the week from May 24 to 31 in that section of the Rogue between Savage Rapids dam and Jump-Off-Joe creek, and possibilities of good fishing between Savage Rapids dam and the Gold Ray dam above Gold Hill.

During the past week all streams were still too high for good trout fishing although some very fair catches were made in the main river with salmon egg bait. A week or two of seasonable weather will put all streams in good shape for fly and spinner fishing.

The road into Diamond lake was opened the 22nd and that fishing will be available from now on.

JOE WHARTON,
For Grants Pass C. of C.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Pullen, now residents of Portland, an 11½-pound baby boy. Mother and babe are doing nicely and Melvin is the proudest man in Oregon. They are moving back to Illinois Valley about June first.

Dr. A. N. Colleman made a trip to Grants Pass Monday and brought Mrs. Colleman home from

Coming Attractions At Cave City Theater

"Cash Night," Friday, May 28, at the Cave City theater, with Jean Harlow and William Powell in "Libeled Lady."

Saturday, May 29, Anita Louise and Dick Foran in "Guns of the Pecos."

Sunday and Monday, May 30 and 31, "Gold Diggers of 1937," a musical extravaganza of rhythm and a bevy of beautiful girls, featuring blonde Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Always selected shorts and news reels.

Don't forget, "Cash Night," every Friday night.

Soldier of 1812



In 1812 America was young, cocky and had a chip on its shoulder. It defied the greatest seapower on earth. Men like this one helped make the defiance good. Statue by Lee Lawrie at New Haven, Conn.

Girl Served Three Years With Continental Army

DEBORAH SAMPSON was born in Plympton, Mass., 18 years before she cut off her hair, put on men's clothes, took the name of Robert Shurtleff and succeeded in enlisting in the Continental army as a common soldier. A sabre cut in the forehead and a shot in the shoulder did not take her out of action and it was three years before an attack of brain fever, while she was serving with Washington gave her a discharge and his thanks. Congress voted her a grant of lands and a pension. She married Benjamin Gannett, a farmer, near Sharon, Mass., and settled down to being a good wife and mother.

the hospital where she underwent a minor operation. Dr. Colleman said his wife was making a rapid recovery.

THE BARBER

Bart McCue

CAVE CITY, ORE.

AFTER THE DANCE

LET'S EAT

AT THE

Owl Cafe

FRANK HATLEY, Prop.

Cold Plate Lunches

and Sandwiches

Ice Cream and Soft Drinks

WARDROBE

CLEANERS

& DYERS

TRUE SHEEN—

MOTH PROOFING—

FUR STORAGE—

Free Pickup by Grants Pass

Laundry

Grants Pass

Groceries

Fresh Fruit and
Vegetables
In Season

Radio Tubes
and Repairing

Illinois Valley Grocery

C. Y. Arnold, Prop.
CAVE CITY



IRENE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

Cave Junction, Ore.
Open Evenings by Appointment
Phone

Enjoy a smart hairdress at Irene's Beauty Shoppe. Permanent, refreshing facial and all beauty aids Remember

"IRENE'S FOR BEAUTY"
Permanents \$2.95, \$3.75, \$5.00
Fingerwaves 35c, 50c
Marcel 75c, \$1.00

Not So Good



What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Gabble of Tourists.

GRAND CANYON, ARIZ.—It gets on your nerves to stand on the rim of this scenic wonder and hear each successive tourist say, "Well, if any artist painted it just as it is nobody would believe it!"

After I heard 174 separate and distinct tourists repeat the above it got on my nerves and I sought surcease far from the maddening round-tripper, hoping to escape the commonplace babbling of eastern sight-seers and revel in the salty humor of the unspoiled West. And I ran into a native who said, with the cute air of having just thought it up, "Yes, sir, I never felt better or had less."

And I encountered a gentleman who in parting called out, "Say, kid, don't take in any wooden nickels." And then, speaking of someone else, remarked, "If I never see that guy again it'll be too soon."

Renaming Hors d'Oeuvres. THE controversy over giving a more American name to hors d'oeuvres—which some cannot pronounce and none can digest—rages up and down the land. What Sam Blythe, that sterling eater, calls these alleged appetizers you couldn't print in a family newspaper, Sam's idea of a before-dinner nicker being a baked ham. A sturdy Texas congressman calls them doo-dabs.

But if I were living abroad again, I know what I'd call them. When you behold the array of this and that, as served at the beginning of luncheon in the average table d'hôte restaurant over there, and especially in France, you are gazing upon what discriminating customers left on their plates at supper the night before.

Scrambled Cooking. DOWN below Flagstaff, Ariz., but somewhat to the eastward, in a picturesque city which saddles the international boundary, I found a unique condition.

The best American food available is across the Mexican line at a restaurant owned by a Greek gentleman with a Chinese cook in the kitchen. But the best Mexican cookery is done well over on the American side by a German woman whose husband is an Italian.

So our own native-born citizens, when hungry for the typical dishes of New England or Dixie, journey beyond the border patrols, passing on their way many of their Spanish-speaking neighbors bound four miles northward for a bit of superior tamales and the more inflammatory brands of chili.

Dueling a la Europe

UNTIL Dr. Franz Sarga, the dueling husband of Budapest, really serves one of his enemies en brochette, as it were, instead of just trimming off hangnails and side whiskers, I decline to get worked up. You remember the Duc? He set out to carve everybody in Hungary who'd snooted his lady wife and found himself booked to take on quite a large club membership. But so far he hasn't done much more damage than a careless chiropodist could.

Once, in Paris, I was invited to a duel. I couldn't go, having a prior engagement to attend the World war, which was going on at that time, so I sent a substitute.

He reported that after the principals exchanged shots without peril, except to some sparrows passing overhead, all hands rushed together, entwining in a sort of true-love knot.

The Forgotten Man.

THOSE whose memories stretch that far back into political antiquity may recall the ancient days that seem so whimsically old-fashioned now, when our present President was running the first time on a platform which, by general consent, was laughed off immediately following election. He promised then to do something for the forgotten man. Remarks were also passed about balancing the budget right away. We needn't go into that.

But the forgotten man figured extensively in the campaign. Then, for awhile, popular interest in him seemed to languish. So many new issues came up suddenly, some, like dyspepsia symptoms, being but temporary annoyances, and some which lingered on and abide with us yet, including Mr. John L. Lewis, the well-known settler.

And now, after these five changeful, crowded years, we have solved the mystery—we know who the forgotten man is. The name is Tugwell, spelled as spoken, but you can pronounce it "Landon" and get practically the same general results.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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