

"I WANNA RUN THE GRADER..."

Councilman Phil Engle will be one second. Councilman Pete Petrie will be the other. It is probable that Mayor Dengler will be the judge of the court on the field of honor.

Councilwoman Magerle will undoubtedly be the nurse.

The time has not yet been set for the duel of the century in Rogue River.

The contestants, who have chosen blades, are Councilman Harry Rose and Street Superintendent Roland Stiehl.

The dispute arose while the new grader was being tried out on Magnolia street - which now is minus ruts, rocks, fence posts, and some say a few trees. Rose wanted to try the contraption. Stiehl did too.

Anyway the street was complete with scraping before nightfall and the contestants decided to delay further alterations with the blade.



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BEAUTIFUL HEIDELBERG IS PAINTED



Mrs. A. V. Hardy of Medford, artist, who painted this week's picture for the Times, writes of experiences in Germany and what inspired her to take up her brush. The painting is a water color and is sharply beautiful.

HEIDELBERG, THE BEAUTIFUL

Pleasant surprises awaited us - the three curiosity-filled school-rooms from the Pacific Coast, U. S. A. - as we wended our way northward from Munich, a much-bombed city of southern Germany, where the saddened populace still search among the rubble for their dead - a city we were glad to leave.

We were traveling by private car, ably driven by a stalwart, young German, who said that more than anything he would wish to spend the remainder of his days in America. He was working for the American Express, and was bent on giving them - or us - our money's worth in consideration and effort. He stopped at many historic spots, and would even lay down his blackbread sandwich to answer questions, or to take us to an old 'kirche' or castle, to give us a short travel talk in his broken English.

It was while touring a town in the foothills not far from the Bavarian Alps, that I likened the location to that of Medford. "Medford?" he asked, almost unbelievably. "Oregon?" was his next question. "You live there?" Having already told us he had been a prisoner of war in a country outside of Europe, where the food was good, and treatment in general, very fine, it was easy to add two and two and make a likely deduction. He had been a prisoner of war at our own Camp White!

We had eaten our lunch at Stuttgart, where the railroads were a mass of twisted rails, and where we had raw eggs in our cold soup. I went outside to sketch while the others persevered with their lunch. A sign pointed toward Heidelberg. I was beginning to lose interest in Germany, and wished that we might 'skip' Heidelberg, and that it were the date for me to take the Pan-American plane out of Frankfurt.

During the late afternoon we passed over some velvety-green hills between the Main and Nectar Valleys, and all at once, found ourselves following a good highway along one of the most beautiful rivers I had ever seen. It was the Nectar River, and a veritable "Artists' paradise". Families along its banks picnicked or cooled themselves by swimming or rowing. Old river boats, resembling the showboats on the Mississippi, went leisurely upstream, or down as the case might be, whistling whenever they met. Gayly dressed youths danced to stringed orchestras, and concert bands wafted heavenly music from one of the two decks. The youth of Germany - this part of Germany - were enjoying themselves again.

As we rounded a gentle curve, we came suddenly upon a city of simple, but beautiful, architecture nestling serenely against the hillside along a placid stream. An ancient stone bridge, having endured many wars, spanned the water. "Five-hundred years old", we were told, and could easily believe it. The quaint

town was flanked on the right and left by a couple of picturesque old castles. A spire arose from a Gothic structure built at the foot of the hill in the fifteenth century - St. Peters of Heidelberg.

Once there, one would wish to remain for months - years - and endeavor to record in poem, song or pigment, some of the beauty of this city and its surroundings, cherished by a sincere and appreciative people. The coloring was exquisite, and the vegetation was luxuriant in growth.

If one never before had even attempted to record the beauty of nature, or the fine handwork of man, he would be led to do so in such a setting.

The car took us up an avenue of spreading trees and flowering plants to the 330 foot castle overlooking the town. This, we learned, was the royal castle built by Frederick V, for his bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of James I of England, making a much-desired tie between Scotland and Germany at that time, for you will remember James was England's only king from Scotland, and it was he who brought for his coronation, the Stone, recently taken from Westminster Abbey from under the coronation chair.

But, back to the German castle. It was in a fair state of preservation, with the exception of the rear wing, where German ammunition had been stored and scuttled by the guards, when surrounded by the French in 1688.

At the front of the castle was the old clock tower, with place for a huge timepiece, high over the town, but now only a hollow hole, to show where the clock had been. Following the guide up narrow winding stairs to rooms and corridors, where before the last war, attempts had been made to restore and refurnish, we saw huge, white pot-bellied stoves instead of the usual fireplaces. There were quaint designs in the Dutch motif, done in Delf Blue. All art in the castle was Flemish, with only a smattering of Italian.

Back of the castle in the courtyard was an immense funnel made of stone. What was it, we asked. The conduit for wine to a 50,000 gallon vat in the basement of the castle. Incredible! So, we went to look. The vat proved to be an immense 'keg', with a dance pavilion, atop. A German version of the 'god of wine' - a wooden figure in colors - stood ludicrously near the spigot.

The grounds surrounding the castle contained every kind of tree or shrub we could imagine, or mention. The prehistoric Ginkgo-tree was represented with its leaf-like flattened needles, as well as others seldom heard of in America.

As we left, musicians began to assemble in the courtyard. They were to rehearse, we were told, for the yearly pageant commemorating the days of kings in the old, historical setting.

(Cont. on page 14, col. 3)

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bruce entertained the Norman Bruces and Frank Bruces of Central Point at dinner Sunday at their home on Highway 99 S, Gold Hill.

TO ROSEBURG

Wally Irwin of Rogue River has gone to Roseburg where he will be employed by the Safeway Co.

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- 21 Zylpha Zell Burns of Multnomah County**
- 25 Robert A. Elliott of Jackson County**
- 35 Mark O. Hatfield of Marion County**
- 47 William M. McAllister of Jackson County**
- 48 Douglas McKay of Marion County**
- 53 Wayne L. Mbrse of Lane County**
- 54 H. Clay Myers, Jr., of Multnomah county**
- 58 Gordon Orput of Multnomah County**
- 65 Lamar Tooze of Multnomah County**

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