

MISS FAIRBURN OF JACKSONVILLE TO STUDY AS NURSE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., June 1 (Special).—Miss Sybil Fairburn left Thursday evening for San Francisco where she will go into nurse's training at the St. Francis hospital. She will be in Oakland and visit William Miller, and will also visit her cousins, Dean and Arlyn Smith, in San Francisco before returning for duty Saturday.

Mrs. Ed. P. and daughter Virginia attended the commencement of the high school at Ashland Wednesday evening to be present at the graduation of Mrs. Dick's nephew, Duane Malone.

Mrs. Fred Butcher and Mrs. George Trautman were Medford visitors Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. William Beardsley and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zash took dinner with Mrs. Beardsley's sister, Mrs. Nettie Jones, Thursday. All motored to Sterling in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver have returned to their home in Portland after a short visit at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Vivian Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Knox and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fick and son Lawrence motored to Williams Creek Thursday, visiting friends and making a trip to the cemetery there.

E. E. Severance and family and Kenneth Merrifield and family were guests at the E. S. Wilson home at a 6 o'clock dinner Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rader and daughter, Mrs. Ashpole of Eagle Point, were callers at the home of Miss Jessie McCully Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Mamie Venable of this place is spending this week at Silverton, Ore.

George Maxwell of the Sturges mine had the misfortune this week of breaking his thumb.

Mrs. Laura French is nursing on a special case in Medford this week.

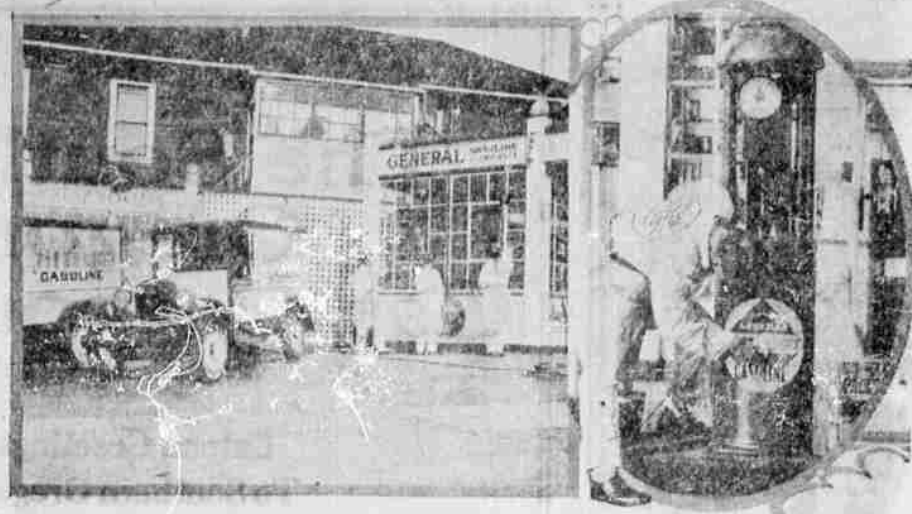
Mrs. Mae Marks returned home Wednesday, after having cared for little Milton Williams, who was very ill at the Sacred Heart hospital for several weeks. Mrs. Marks accompanied Milton to his home at Hornbrook, Cal., before returning here, and reports him much improved.

Mrs. Cora White and daughter Lavera and son Wayne left Wednesday for Dorris, Cal., where Mrs. White has employment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Greenwood and Wayne has work in a box factory.

Ernest Olson is spending a few days at the Leonard McKee home on Big Applegate.

Mrs. Allan Maxwell recently received the sad news of the death of her father, Millard F. Scholl of West Newton, Pa. Mr. Scholl died at his home on May 29, at the age of 79 years. He was born in Williamsburg, Pa. The deceased was a lifelong member of the United Presbyterian church of West Newton and also a lifelong Republican. He was in the lumber and contracting business in West Newton.

Spring Has Come!



It's a clean-up day for General Petroleum Corporation's advertising department crews, who keep facilities of dealers shipshape throughout the Pacific Coast territory. The crew in action here shown is finishing the cleaning of windows and exterior paint. The small photo shows last touches being put on the Violet Ray gasoline sign on one of the pumps.

Perhaps the most colossal "Spring Housecleaning" task in the West—to cost, before it is concluded, in the neighborhood of \$100,000—is being undertaken to further improve the appearance and service facilities of all Violet Ray gasoline dealers handling products of the General Petroleum Corporation throughout California, Arizona, Oregon and Washington.

Manned each by three men, service units of the corporation are covering the entire territory in a spring Clean-Up campaign that is of interest to every buyer of service station products. Spending a day or more with every General Independent dealer, the crews apply lavishly water, soap, polish and

paint to make every station in the organization gleam and span. Finishing that task, the next duty is to see that customers' interests be kept guarded through accurately measuring pumps, and that company advertising equipment, including interior and exterior signs, window transfers and decalcomania signs are in perfect condition. The job undertaken is one of the most thorough ever attempted in an effort of this kind. The service crew's equipment is complete in every detail and no material other than water is needed when they start their job. Each truck carries ladders, hose, brushes, painting,

In 1879 he married Ruth Ann Carothers, formerly of Fairbanks, Pa. Six children, besides Mrs. Maxwell, survive him. Mr. Scholl was a resident of Jacksonville a few years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hoofs of Butte Falls were visiting Miss Alice Hoofs and father of this place Sunday.

John Neidermeyer left Friday for Eugene, where he will attend the track meet at the university.

A. Babb is very ill at the Rogue River sanitarium. Relatives called to his bedside are his son, W. H. Babb, and wife of Napa, Cal.; his son, D. T. Babb, and wife and children of Weiser, Ida., and daughter, Mrs. S. C. Hanson, two sons, Martin Hanson and wife and Raymond Hanson, all of Silverton, Ore.

Mrs. Earl White and children are visiting with her sister, Mrs. Lewis, near Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Dodger, nee Anna Marzinger, from Klamath Falls was a caller of Mrs. Charley Dorothy Thursday.

Mrs. and Mrs. William Welsh of Bonanza, Klamath county, spent the week end at the home of Mrs. Welsh's mother, Mrs. S. K. Ogle. Mrs. Ogle accompanied them home and visited there until Thursday when she returned to Jacksonville.

using "Temptation" for her subject. Robert Sims and son, Harold, were Medford visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Combes from Medford were visitors at the Charley Youle home Friday evening.

David Gammond is spending the week end at his home here from his work at Altona.

Mrs. Abbie Van Winkle is making an extended visit with relatives in Idaho.

SALEM, Ore., June 1.—(Special)—Governor H. C. Baldrige of Idaho is to be a speaker at a meeting here June 7, for organization of the Oregon Dairy Improvement council, according to announcement by J. B. Mickle, state dairy and food commissioner, who is acting president of the organization movement, and Paul V. Maris of Corvallis, secretary.

Mrs. Bill Laws, who has been ill for a long time but who recently showed improvement, has taken a turn for the worse, and relatives are at her bedside constantly. Little hope is held for her recovery.

Una Melvinn attended grand lodge at Medford Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the past week.

Mrs. Swacker, who is past noble grand of the Rebekah lodge at Rogue River, received the degree of chivalry Monday night and was decorated with the pin.

GOLD HILL W. R. C. HOLDS EXERCISES IN MEMORY DEAD

GOLD HILL, Ore., June 1.—(Special).—A Memorial program was presented at 10:30 o'clock Thursday at the Gold Hill pavilion by the Woman's Relief Corps, James Lateral No. 14, in honor of the veterans of the Civil, Spanish-American and World wars.

The program, which was well arranged and presented, followed: "Ante-bellum" audience; opening prayer, J. W. Bryan; address, C. J. Shorb, "Ode of Decoration Day," Jeanne Quakenbush; recitation, Helen Dorman; "Our Flag," little folks; recitation solo, Larry Millspaugh; "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," Zella May Smith; steel guitar duet, Mrs. Earl Moore, Mrs. Paul Thompson; recitation, Yvonne Quakenbush; recitation, Billy Faren; song, Rena Ostrand; recitation, W. L. O. A. Shotmaker; dialogue, Sylvia Cameron, Roberta Mullen; dialogue, Donald Dunkey, Billy Betta; steel guitar solo, Mrs. Joe Blair, accompanied by Mrs. Melinger; recitation solo, Larry Millspaugh; drill, W. R. C. memory drill, corps members; closing number, "Star Spangled Banner," audience.

The exercises were well attended by people from Gold Hill as well as from neighboring communities. Flags were later taken to the cemetery and placed on the comrades' graves.

Harry Tresham, a former resident of Gold Hill, was visiting over a day or so in this city from his ranch in the Applegate country.

Mrs. J. H. Beeman of Portland is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Martin, in this city.

Vaughn Quakenbush, a retired home from California, where she has been for several days looking after his interests in the Imperial valley.

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GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Andrew Ogden, blackmailed 25 years for a crime he did not commit! Peebles concludes that "Dillon" leered his extortion against Ogden because the latter, in his days as Alex Peterson, had shot Joe Lundy and believed him dead. Visited by the "woman in black" a few days before he was murdered, Ogden learned she is Mrs. Lundy and her husband is still alive. Peebles decides "Dillon" killed Ogden after being confronted with the facts. Questioning of Mrs. Lundy completed, Peebles sends her to police headquarters and returns to his den and a surprise—Jerry Ogden and Lacey are there, with Henry Deacon.

CHAPTER 33. Prodigals.

"I leaned against the door jamb, my legs as weak as a newborn calf, and I saw that I would be



Uncle Jerry gasped—they're going to string me up!

making an ass of myself, if I didn't look out.

I managed to stumble forward and they swept towards me, simultaneous "Uncle John!" on their lips, and took me into their arms. None of us spoke until I suddenly remembered Deacon.

"Where did you find them, Henry?" I demanded.

"I didn't find them, John. They dropped in at headquarters."

Neither of them spoke. Haggard of face, Jerry whipped out a cigarette, made a bungle of lighting it, and flung it into the grate. At that moment he reminded me of the Andrew Ogden, the reckless Peterson, I had imagined, but had never known.

"Mrs. Lundy was here," I said, to help things along.

"Where is she now?" Henry exclaimed.

"On her way down to headquarters. She has a good deal to tell you."

Jerry broke in suddenly, addressing the friends: "I feel like a skunk!" And then, miserably: "You are entitled to take the hide off me, Uncle John."

At this Lacey ran to his side and slid her arm around his waist, chaf-

It would have broken a weaker man, that poker game—

"Poker game?"

"I flung the words back at him. 'There was a poker game, then?' 'The game that cracked the town, Uncle John.'"

His amber eyes held me rigid in my chair. "You mean—they played poker—for a man's life?"

"Yes, Uncle John."

"Who was the stake?" Deacon rapped out.

Jerry ignored the question and Deacon's face darkened, but Henry made no response.

"His stake? The boy couldn't be expected to feel any too amiably disposed towards him."

"Dad had a remarkable memory for details. Jerry went on, 'and he made those chaste six hours so vivid that I felt as if I were down there myself. Dad's six hours began just before sunset on Monday, July 6th, 1896. He was in his cabin on the Two Brothers pros-

pector. Dad had been doing some bookwork, but he was about ready to go into town himself when the door flew open and Uncle Jerry tumbled into the cabin. His eyes were wild and Dad asked him what was wrong. It took him a minute to get it out."

"Lundy—the bunch are after me," he gasped. 'They're going to string me up—'

"Uncle Jerry got his wind, then, and he started to pour his yarn out on Dad. It seemed they'd taken him down to Lundy's and given him a miners' trial. Lundy had been judge. Jerry had made a break for it—got away. Alex had treated him white when he ought to have taken a ravelite to him. Now he was coming Alex into it, low-down hog that he was. Alex must hand him over to Lundy."

"To let your funeral, Alex. I'm going back," Jerry said.

"What have you done now?" Dad roared at him. 'Uncle Jerry had been up to every kind of deviltry imaginable.'

"Jerry had started in to tell him when they heard shouting off toward the town. Half the town was racing towards the Two Brothers—scram mad, by the way they were coming. It looked bad and Dad knew it."

"Come on, son! Pronto!" he shouted.

"But Uncle Jerry shook his head. 'I shouldn't have come here, Alex,' he said. 'I'm going back. It isn't right to rope you in on it. You've always treated me a darn' sight better'n I deserved. So long.'"

"He dragged open the door he had burst through a moment before and was for making off across the desert when Dad jumped on him from behind and swung him towards the flank of the Skeletons behind the mine buildings."

"Dad just had been pretty husky in those days. He grabbed Uncle Jerry by the shoulders and hustled him towards the mine tunnel and damped him into an ore car."

"Keep your head out of sight and shut up!" he growled, running the car into the mine."

A bullet flattened against the overhang of rock above the tunnel entrance and the crowd let out a faithful yell as they saw what Dad was doing. Dad shut the door of the tunnel entrance and pad-

locked it. Then he set his back to the door, dropped his hands to his gun belt, and waited."

"Jerry's vivid account of those thrilling six hours in Torridity 30 years before is continued in Monday's installment.

FAYAL, LAND OF OCEAN CABLES AND EARTHQUAKES

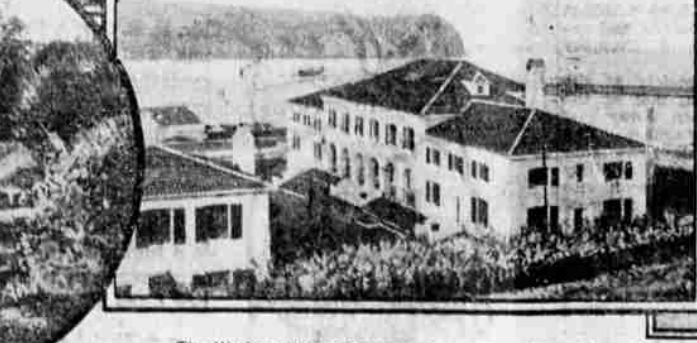
Telegraph Island of Azores Archipelago Has Been Scene of Turbulent and Interesting Happenings Since Before America's Discovery.

RISE precipitously from the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, out of which it was erupted during some vast upheaval of centuries ago, Fayal, the land of ocean cables and earthquakes, is at last attaining a place in the sun of world business. Trans-Atlantic airplane flights and earthquakes have insinuated its name into the news in recent years, and from time to time word has flashed undersea of another ocean telegraph cable brought to its harbor of Horta from Europe, Africa or America. But in the last four years it has risen in importance to what is probably first place among the world's cable relay stations.

World business needed Fayal. Therefore, whether Fayal willed it or not, this little speck of volcanic lava has found itself thrust bodily into a position of decided prominence in the scheme of world communications. Its population of about 25,000 souls has not worried a great deal about its involuntary attainment of fame as yet. But the little island is nevertheless changing—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Calling steamships are dropping more automobiles on the quay, even though the entire island can be circled in less than three hours at moderate speed. The time-honored "popote," curious headpiece affected by the womenfolk for centuries, is giving way to chic toques from America, London and Paris. Oxford "bags" flap nonchalantly around the feet of the male youth, and ice cream has appeared in the cafes where it vies for favor with native wines and imported beers and liquors. And crawling up the hillsides above Horta are the proprietors and housing facilities of four great telegraph cable companies—facilities which have grown tremendously almost overnight.

Intriguing Harbor View

Fayal is in the central group of the Azores, and while its entire



The Western Union Telegraph Company's cable station at Horta includes quarters for employees that embody every physical comfort of the most modern city. All of the buildings, of which the bachelors' quarters above are typical, are of earthquake-proof construction.



What happened to almost every building in Horta and the Flamengos Valley when Fayal was visited by the devastating earthquake of August 31, 1926.



The picturesque Capote, traditional feminine headgear of Fayal, is fighting a losing battle against the more decorative creations of Pavia's milliners. Photo by Gouliart.

area is only 63 square miles. It presents an intriguing prospect to the sea-weary traveler as the ship drops anchor in the harbor of Horta. Tier upon tier rise the houses along the hillside above the harbor, with whitewashed walls and red tile roofs, while occasionally the sameness is relieved by a more pretentious villa of blue or green or pink. Seen by moonlight from the waterfront, it might well be Mediterranean. And a few miles

across the water, looming like a surly sentinel over the Azores group rises Pico, an extinct volcano 7,660 feet high, snow-capped a part of the year, and usually obscured at the peak by heavy masses of clouds.

Horta appeared in the news of four continents recently when the cable steamer "Dominia" landed a new Western Union Telegraph cable connecting America with Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Africa. This cable, which will be operating to capacity will be able to transmit eight simultaneous

of Drake, Granville, and Frobiher against the Armada of Philip II.

Part of Lost Continent?

The origin of the Azores is still a matter of conjecture, and interesting and convincing argument has been presented to show that they were part of the lost continent of Atlantis—or at the very least were cast up in the same subterranean cataclysm that caused the "lost continent" to sink beneath the waves. Certain it is that they had their source in volcanic eruptions, and the strata beneath them is still uneasy. The latest serious disturbance occurred in Fayal, and almost totally wrecked most of the houses on the island.

At 8:40 o'clock on the morning of August 31, 1926, Fayal presented that appearance of serene beauty which, in earlier times, earned for these Western Isles a legendary reputation as an earthly paradise. At 8:45 the sun still shone, the sky was still a beautiful blue, but the view was obscured by a cloud of yellow dust which rose over the town of Horta and drifted slowly out to sea, bidding, like a for, the island mail boat at anchor and the cliffs of Espalmarat. In the meantime, at 8:42, an earth-

quake had in ten seconds rocked its way through Horta and on out through the Flamengos valley, leaving desolation in its wake. Not a house in Horta escaped, and most of them were almost totally wrecked.

Towns Now Restored

Today, two years later, Horta is rebuilt. Once more the colorful homes rise along the hillside, many of them with the gay tile fronts telling of the Moorish strain in the people. And out in the Flamengos valley, where the early Flemish settlers may still be traced by their windmills and the occasional blunder head or blue eyes, the countryside is restored to romantic Old World beauty.

The only buildings in Horta to escape damage were three residences for Western Union Telegraph Company representatives which were nearly completed. These houses were designed especially to resist earthquake shocks. Today, on the Western Union property stand two modern buildings, housing about 57 men who keep cable traffic moving—each house built to withstand far greater shocks than the one which wrecked Horta so recently.

messages over the single copper wire—four in each direction at once—represents a new scientific achievement, and will add materially to Horta's importance as a cable station.

Has Fifteen Cables

Fifteen cables are now concentrated at Horta, spreading out in a vast network to North and South America, England, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Africa. Concentrated in a single earthquake-proof building are all these cable terminals, operated by

four different companies, but interchanging traffic between the four corners of the earth. The Azores are located about 800 miles westward of Portugal, and are integral parts of Portugal instead of colonies as might be expected. The year-round temperature is so mild that it approaches the ideal—but the weather is quite uncertain at most seasons, and heavy and persistent rainfall is experienced at times. Pico is the baramber—for when dense clouds obscure the top of the old volcano, stormy weather usually follows.