MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily and Sunday

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 28-27-30 N. Fir St. Phone 76

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
E. L. KNAPP, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, year $7.00
Daily, month ..... .75
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, month ..... $ .75
Daily, one year 7.50
All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also to the local news published herein.
All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arth r Perry.

Household hints advises "that frayed shirt cuffs and collars, tiny results of the depression, keep the thrifty housewife busy with her needle." This is a complete exoneration for the laundry.

After the delicious supper, the guests were unable to resist the temptation to climb Mt. Baldy.—(Hebron Items.) A muffled knock.

To date, nobody—not even a university boy—has pulled a shotgun through a barbwire fence, snoot first.

Next year, it looks like the "intelligent voters" would be offered free telephones, "without-cost-to-the-taxpayers." The notion is appealing, but the result won't stop $21,000,000 worth of development work.

Sunday is the last opportunity the nimrods will have to get legally shot for a deer. The rains have made conditions ideal for the hunters, but tough for the coroner, as the underbrush will be soggy and dripping, overhead and underfoot.

The Portland whale is cutting more didoes than a Portland politician on a swing around the Grange halls.

King street speed idiots will soon have sufficient finesse to get killed at the intersection with Oakdale, another chic speedway.

Colds are as plentiful as dandelions in May, or the last two weeks of April.

One of our most vocal communists, who has been gibbering about Moscow all summer, will not be able to get any farther than San Diego, again this winter.

The Espee sees no need or demand for excursion rates to the hanging next Friday.

A 13-year-old lass, armed with a full-grown lipstick, yesterday accomplished the startling feat of getting it all on at one daubing.

THE "O, YEAH!" BUREAU
(Shelbina, Mo., Democrat)
The most interesting sight we know of is to watch a young couple "petting." It may be disgusting, demoralizing, primitive, and all the other descriptions so frequently applied to a display of affection between members of the opposite sex, but nevertheless it is interesting. As yet we have never found anyone that wouldn't look when attention was called to a "petting party." We are not maintaining that such an affair is good for anyone, nor encouraging it, but we don't cover up our eyes when they fall upon such a spectacle. Of course we never did anything like it ourselves, and know that none of our readers ever did. That's why we don't come right out and approve of it.

Col. Clay Pigeon, and retinue of 75, evicted from the Washington-Belfry Apartments by the march of progress, are comfortably housed in the awnings not occupied by the 12 Lost Tribes of Sparrows.

The precipitation has caused mushrooms to spring up overnight. Owing to their striking resemblance to the toadstool, a mushroom can not be trusted, when eaten. They (mushrooms) are viewed as a delicacy by dare-devil eaters. Our favorite mushroom enthusiast is a citizen whose conservatism hurts him, and will not take anybody's word for anything until he has personally conducted a quiz, probe and investigation. Yet this same bulwark will take a 10-year-old boy's word for a bushel of mushrooms, and never suspect there might be a treacherous toadstool lurking in their midst, later to be in his own. Once a mushroom addict has been betrayed by mistaken identity, he never again is able to eat mushrooms with relish, or without a chilly, empty feeling. There is supposed to be a way to tell mushrooms from toadstools. It is often erroneous, resulting in a rush to find the phone book and the doctor's number therein. The only sure way to tell, seems to be after eating.

Oral Scott, well known Blackhorse wheat farmer, was transacting business, if any, in the county seat Tuesday. Everybody is very quiet along the western front these days but what with some talk of better prices on sheep and wheat, residents are looking up.—(Heppner News.) Ye cheery note and snappy observations.

Georgia leads all states in the production of turpentine and rosin, with Florida second.

The High Cost of War

LAST spring Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, spoke to the bankers of foreign countries who were attending the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington. He spoke of the present economic depression and what he said needs this winter to be kept constantly in mind:

The present crisis is more severe because it follows a war in which the whole world was involved. The sweeping readjustments, which were inevitable in a society that had witnessed revolutionary changes in technology, would have come gradually and less painfully under normal peace-time processes. Unfortunately, they were first delayed by the war and then precipitated suddenly on a world already thrown out of balance by the vast and violent dislocations which the war left behind. The economic depression that followed is, in part, the price we pay for war.

Recent economic history seems to confirm this. Those of us who lived through the Crisis of 1873 remember how both Europe and America were affected by conditions which followed the too rapid expansion and industrial development after the Civil War in this country and the Franco-Prussian War in Europe. I have lived through several crises since that time and the conclusion I have come to is that they have been caused, either directly or remotely, by serious dislocations which were due, as a rule, to wars and their aftermaths.

So long as wars are permitted to occur, economic depressions are inevitable. This fact must not be forgotten.

The coming Disarmament Conference affords the world its chance to choose between war and economic depression on the one hand and world cooperation and prosperity on the other. There may be no other opportunity. The peace forces have need to put on such a campaign this year as they have never waged before. The danger is that the demands of immediate distress may tend to weaken the attack on underlying causes. This must not be allowed to happen. Behind the depression we must continually visualize war—the destruction of war—the cost of war—the cost of the maintenance of the war machine.—News Bulletin National Council.

A Cow for New York

TO OUR desk comes a printed folder from a Kansas insurance company warning us against sending our money back East. The city of New York," says the folder, "reported more income for 1930 than all the states west of the Mississippi. "A city," continues the folder, "that does not raise a mouthful of food! A city with not a single cow within its limits!"

This puts it squarely up to Mayor Walker. Either New York must acquire a cow at once, or we cancel our policy. A soft-eyed, low-voiced Jersey picketed along Park avenue, would restore public confidence in New York as a financial center.

And why not two cattle? Station the Jersey outside Pierre's where she could eat out of the garbage can artichoke leaves and wilted orchids from debutante parties. A fine Angus bull might be parked somewhere conveniently near to Trinity church, where his coat would grow sleek and fine from munching juicy easter lilies left over from weddings and funerals.—Emporia Gazette.

Some Sportsmen!

TYPICAL of the spirit that animates some sportsmen we cull from the news items of one day, the following:

Arrest of four hunters in Cow Creek canyon for hunting deer with spotlight, killing two does and a fawn, one of the does being a pet animal wearing a bell and a large red flannel collar to protect her from hunters.

Arrest of twenty chinese pheasant hunters at the Jefferson bridge for law violations, 13 of whom paid fines, one went to jail and the other seven await trial. Some of them had exceeded the limit, some had shot female pheasants exclusively, some had bagged farmers' chickens, ducks and geese, others Hungarian partridges.

Near Rickreall a hunter shot a boy's pet white rabbit in the family yard. Others potted barnyard pigeons. A farmer's wife and daughter received a peppering of bird shot and several cows in pasture are carrying loads of shot.

It is this sort of sportsmanship, of the primitive lust to kill, no matter what by the irresponsible and careless, that has caused the farmers east of Salem to form a game preserve embracing 10,000 acres, covering a district three miles wide and six miles long, on which hunting is prohibited. Their example will be followed in other sections, as it seems the farmers' only protection—and the only protection for domestic animals and poultry as well as wild life. The "sportsmen" have brought it on themselves.—Salem Capital-Journal.

SUNDOWN STORIES

JOHNNY PENGUINS
By Mary Graham Bonner

Now they went to pay a hurried call on some Johnny Penguins.

They left the King Penguins, with whom they had had such a good time, and they thanked these Penguins for all the history they had been told.

They found the Johnny Penguins building nests of stones. They were having banqueta, too, of cuttlefish. One of the Johnny Penguins had found an old nest and was living there with his family but they did not object to that.

Peggy became very much excited all of a sudden, for she saw a Mr. Penguin walk along to call upon a Miss Penguin, and he was carrying a stone on his feet.

Peggy knew now from having heard so much Penguin history, just what it meant. He was offering Miss Penguin the stone as a kind of engagement ring.

If she took it she would mean that she would then go off and start house-keeping with Mr. Penguin.

But to Peggy's great disappointment Miss Penguin did not take the stone. She turned her back on that of Mr. Johnny Penguin.

In a few moments, another Mr. Johnny Penguin came along and Miss Penguin picked up the stone and off they went—along the beach.

Peggy thought it was such fun to see them. After they had walked a little distance they settled down and began making their nest.

They seemed to be quite devoted to each other. Mr. Penguin was making such a fine foundation of pebbles for their home.

Now it was time for Peggy and John to leave, but they both said they wouldn't have missed their time with the Penguins for anything and Peggy was completely happy because she had seen Mr. and Miss Johnny Penguin become engaged!

Monday—"Young-Old Jack."

2 Inches Rainfall In Williams Creek

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., Oct. 24.—(Sp!.)—The long drouth in the Williams creek valley has been broken, with over two inches of rain here Wednesday night.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: Peak Abbott is besieged by temptation to make love to Sam Sherrill, the lovely stepdaughter of an eccentric, aristocratic inventor. Peak has technical rights, for she has promised to marry him. But he hopes to win her love by expressing only friendship, until she has forgotten her interest in Freddy Munson. Sam would have married Freddy if he had been wealthy, as Peak is; but at the time her family was in severe need of money, and so she accepted Peak. Recently her stepfather, Fourth Alderson, has found someone to back his invention, and money suddenly rolls in upon the family. Peak offers to set Sam free, but she determines to stand by her promise. He believes she may be growing fond of him. Delighted with her new freedom to spend as she pleases, Sam concentrates on having a good time.

Chapter 24

FLOOD TIDE AND EBB

ON the Thursday night of the first week of April the Wayne Holcombs gave a party.

It was a cold, blustery night. The calendar called for a moon and a moon there was, but it was a pale, chill moon riding high in a tumultuous sea of scurrying clouds. The wind blew fiercely across the Holcom's deserted gardens and hurled itself upon the brightly lighted windows of the house.

In the Holcomb's cleared living room there was warmth and light. The floor was crowded with dancing couples. A fire was burning brightly in the huge fireplace, and near it stood Peak Abbott.

He was engaged in the profitable pastime of observing Sam Sherrill without being observed. Sam was dancing with Tod Markham, a tall rapid individual.

Sam's dress was blue; a vivid kind of blue. Peak could not name the shade. He only knew that its vividness enhanced rather than dimmed the whiteness of her shoulders, the blackness of her hair. He realized all at once that Sam was beautiful.

The sudden thought shook him from his composure. If Sam was beautiful, what was she doing dancing with that oaf, Markham? The thing was preposterous. It must be stopped. Peak moved across the crowded room.

All at once she was in his arms, and was looking up at him, smiling. He tried to speak but the words tangled themselves hopelessly before they reached his lips.

Sam had not noticed his difficulties. "Let's get out of here for a minute," she said. "I want a breath of air."

He found himself being led across the polished floor, and down a long hall to the garden door. In a moment the door was closed behind them and the Wayne Holcomb's party had vanished completely in a tremendous gust of wind.

The moon had been blotted out by a heavy bank of cloud and as a result the darkness seemed more profound than that of an ordinary night.

The wind was very strong. It rushed at Peak and buffeted him. It tore at his hair and at his half closed eyelids.

Sam looked up at him, laughed, and reached out her hand. Before he was fully aware of what was happening he found himself running by her side, her hand in his, across the grass.

The spring turf was treacherous; soft and squashy under foot in places and hard as flint in others. In the end, however, the bulk of the summer house loomed darkly. With his free hand Peak wrenched at the glass door. In another instant they were across the threshold and there was peace.

Sam moved across to the black square that marked the window looking over the valley. Peak followed, and as he reached her side the clouds vanished from the face of the moon and there was light.

The abruptness of the thing made them blink. The whole of the little valley was in view, a panorama in black and white. It was an orderly, neatly trimmed, sophisticated little valley, but it was no less pleasing because of that.

"Beautiful," Sam murmured the word, watching. "It's beautiful, Peak," she repeated swiftly, "and I'm happy!"

Peak looked at her and tried to speak. He half turned away, and then, suddenly, something stronger than himself took possession. A swift, savage sweep of his arm brought Sam close to him. He was holding her tightly in a rough embrace. He was kissing her mouth.

That kiss was in no way the tentative, hesitant caress of a doubtful lover. It was fierce, possessive, compelling, elemental. It marked the breaking of a dam against which the rising waters had been beating for weeks and months.

It was only when Sam at last turned her face away that the roaring in Peak's brain gradually began to ebb.

He held her all the more tightly. "Sam!" he whispered. "Sam!" Don't go away. Kiss me again!"

"No, no!" She managed to slip free, taking two or three quick steps backward until she was leaning against the wall, breathing hard. He followed her grimly, but she held him at arms length.

"No! Please don't!" She was pleading. "Peak! Stop! Please be sensible."

With the sound of her voice all the hot madness slipped away, leaving him drained for the moment of all emotion. He dropped his hands and stepped back.

"I'm sorry, Sam," he said quietly "I don't know what happened."

"It's all right.' She managed an uncertain little laugh. "I don't know what happened, either."

"I kissed you." He stared at her dully. "I didn't mean to do it, but I did. You kissed me, too, do you realize that? You kissed me just as much as I kissed you."

"I know."

"I wonder why you did." For a moment a gleam of light came into his eyes. "I suppose it was the moon—or maybe it was a sense of duty."

"No." Sam was calm again. "No it wasn't the moon, and it wasn't because I felt that I should. I wanted to kiss you, so I did. I enjoyed it."

"You wanted to? You enjoyed it?" He swallowed with difficulty. "Why?"

"I don't know. Why does anybody want to kiss anybody?"

"Why?" Once more the light flamed in his eyes. This time it flamed fiercely to match the sudden flame in his brain. "There's only one answer to that question, Sam, and you know it!"

He drew a sharp little breath. "You love me, Sam."

She looked up at him, her eyes grave and troubled. "Do I?" she asked quietly. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," he replied gently. "Aren't you?"

"No." She shook her head. "I'm not sure of anything."

"Then let me help you," Peak said. "Answer a few simple questions for me. Why have you been so different for the past month or more? Why have you been so much more happy than I've ever known you to be?"

"Have I seemed so very happy?"

"Of course." He made an impatient gesture. "It has been as obvious to everybody else as it has been to me. It's been weeks since I've seen you have one of those proud streaks that you used to have so often. There's only one possible answer to the change. You've been happy. Don't you know, Sam, that you've been happy?"

"Yes." She nodded. "It's true. I've been happy."

"Of course you have! And now I want you to give me the reason for it."

"Yes," she admitted. "There's a reason, of course. But I'm afraid it isn't the reason you hope. I'm afraid you'll think it is a very silly reason."

"I won't think that. Tell me."

"The reason why I've been so happy lately is very simple." She said the words slowly, with an air of defiance. "It is just because of money—the money Fourth made out of his invention."

Peak stared at her in bewilderment.

"I *must* make you see!" Sam said desperately. "I won't have you thinking I'm superficial and selfish; that I want money for money's sake. It's just that I'm sick and tired of being a charity patient!"

Peak shook his head wearily. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you?" she asked with sudden heat. "Well, I can tell you, because I've been one all my life and I know!

"You admit that it isn't my fault that my friends have always been people with plenty of money. I didn't choose my friends and environment. I didn't choose my poverty either. It was foisted on me along with my friends. What has the result been?"

Sam asked the question fiercely, obviously demanding an answer.

(Copyright Freeman Lincoln)

Has Sam been treacherous to Freddy Munson? What new realization does she have, tomorrow?

LOST CREEK CLUB ADOPTS NEW PLAN

LAKE CREEK, Ore., Oct. 24.—(AP) Ladies of Los Creek Community club met Wednesday with Mrs. L. J. Rohrer of Brownsboro. Mrs. Mabel Mack was present and gave an interesting talk on projects the various clubs will take up during the next year. The club adopted several projects which they expect to work out at their meetings.

Next meeting will be with Mrs. Ted Hoefft, Nov. 18, at which the preparation and cooking of vegetables will be demonstrated by Mrs. Rita Meyers and Mrs. Vera Wright.

Those present, besides Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rohrer, were Mrs. Earl Tucker, Mrs. Walter Marshall, Mrs. George Hanson, Mrs. Rita Meyers, Mrs. Vera Wright, Mrs. Emma Messal, Mrs. Alma Meyer, Mrs. Mary Moore, Mrs. Amy Grissom, Mrs. Maysel Hoefft, Mrs. Ethel Hoefft, Mrs. Anna Short, Mrs. Minnie Fox, Mrs. Edith Jones, Mrs. Mack and Mrs. Anna Tonn.

FINAL ARGUMENT ON GASOLINE FREIGHTS

SALEM, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Final arguments in one of the most important cases to come before the public utilities commissioner this year—the controversy between rail carriers and trucks regarding lower tariff schedules on gasoline, will be heard here Monday, Commissioner Charles M. Thomas announced today. He considers the case a forerunner of others of similar nature in the contest between these two carrier types of business.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care the Mail Tribune.

HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE THO BATHED.

One of the innumerable popular misaprehensions about health and sickness is that the itch (scabies) arises from lack of personal cleanliness. This notion is quite as sensible as that other popular misaprehension, that various ailments vaguely called "colds" come from exposure to some kind of weather or sudden change of temperature.

Scabies is caused by the parasite called the itch mite, Acarus scabiei, and it makes little difference whether one is well bathed or not bathed at all, one is just as likely to catch scabies or to give it to others. The frequency or thoroness with which one bathes has no appreciable relation with one's freedom from disease.

Some skins are harmed by excessive bathing. Thousands of persons suffer with puritus which is due mainly or wholly to excessive bathing. Pruritus is just one of those imposing terms we doctors like to use to impress the public. It is like the term "cardiac" which we often use when we mean heart. To say a patient has heart trouble is not worth more than a couple of dollars, but to inform the patient that there is a cardiac condition brings from $5 to $10 or more if you're a specialist. Pruritus is a Latin word which doesn't mean any more than just plain itching, but it costs more. There is a tendency to restrict the significance of pruritus to itching of the skin without evident skin disease or rash, but Dr. Noah Webster has not yet sanctioned this, any more than he has sanctioned the word cri.

The majority of sufferers from bath pruritus are over thirty, in their tissues, no matter about years. About thirty-five most people reach the peak of physical growth and perfection, and thereafter they slide slowly down to senility.

Dryness of the skin is an early sign of approaching senility. In youth the skin is soft, warm and oily and smooth, sometimes too oily. As age looms the skin begins to become dry, rough, harsh and irritable.

In youth all creams, greases, oils are best avoided, and plenty of soap and water used for the skin and complexion.

After thirty the less soap and water the better for the skin and complexion, and pure fresh oil of one kind or another improves the condition of the skin and the appearance of the complexion.

People who bathe only to itch should keep on hand one or another of the following and apply it to the skin immediately after every application of soap and water.

(1. Dr. Bukley's Skin Cream)

Lanolin	2 drams
Boroglycerid	1 dram
Cold Cream (made with white petrolatum	6 drams

(2. Dew of Sahara.)

Powdered tragacanth	1 dram
Phenol,	
Glycerin,	
Oil of Bergamot, of each	5 drops
Olive Oil	4 ounces
Distilled Water to make	One Pint

This is to be agitated into an emulsion.

(3. Ointment of Rose Water.)

Ointment of Rose Water is officially called Unguentum Aquae Rosae and is commonly known as cold cream. It must be made up fresh by your own druggist, after the formula in his official Pharmacopoeia. No stock proprietary preparation purporting to be cold cream can be used with satisfaction when one has pruritus. The making of a satisfactory Ointment of Rose Water demands the skill of the pharmacist. Amateur efforts at compounding this are disappointing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Boy Wanted.

I noticed what you said about sons and daughters and how you wish you had a son to leave behind as Doc Brady the Second. Tut, tut, doctor, those daughters of yours can solve that problem for you. . . (Mrs. L. G.)

Answer—Make me an offer.

Old Nature on the Job.

Thanks for your clear and convincing exposition of the truth about constipation. Since the first two or three days Nature has attended to her business unhampered by pills or bran. Even without a "call" I expect results soon after breakfast, and Nature is responding like a well trained child. (C. W. A.)

Answer—Certainly. Nature controls and regulates the bowel function as well as she does the heart or lung function, if the blockhead can only be persuaded to cease interfering.

Cross Eye.

I am contemplating marriage. I had a slight cross in my left eye which has been corrected thru an operation and glasses. Is that likely to be transmitted to my children? That is, are cross eyes hereditary? (W. E. J.)

Answer—Only defects or abnormalities present at birth are likely to be transmitted to children. If the cross-eye was acquired after birth, it is not heritable.

Running Ear.

I had a discharging ear for several years, following scarlet fever. Ear specialist said only cure was operation on the bone, which he said was dangerous. Then I went to Dr.——— and he taught me to wash my ear out with peroxide and blow in some boric acid. I did that, and soon the discharge ceased, and it has never discharged any more—that was 10 years ago. I can hear about as well with that ear as with the sound ear, and before I could scarcely hear at all with the bad ear. (E. D. F.)

Answer—Thank you. If the ear specialist you consulted had had the experience and training in plain general practice which the country doctor had, he might have given you as good advice. But these big shot specialists are pretty narrow little chaps when it comes to a problem in therapeutics. If they can't operate they're at a loss what to do for a patient.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Talks To Parents

CEREAL EATING.
By Alice Judson Peale.

Cooked cereal has a way of becoming an unwelcome sight to the child who faces a bowl of it every morning of his life between October and June.

Here are a few ways of making it appetizing and attractive: Keep four or five different kinds and serve a different one nearly every day.

Let the child sweeten it himself with either honey or brown sugar instead of common granulated sugar. Serve it sometimes with butter instead of milk.

If the doctor permits nuts in the child's diet, a few chopped peanuts or almonds will make it a treat. Mix in either raisins or dates just before serving. Sprinkle it with dry cocoanut or some well liked dry cereal.

If the child has become very bored with his cereal, omit it for a few days or serve it now and then for supper instead of breakfast. Be careful not to give him over-large servings.

Be sure that it is well cooked, neither too stiff nor too thin and—above all things—not lumpy.

Look up recipes for simple cookies, breads and puddings, which can be made with cereal. Served to him in these forms he will be sure to eat them eagerly.

Don't show your child that you are especially anxious for him to eat his cereal. This makes it more amusing for him to refuse it, no matter how good it tastes. Don't hover over the cereal bowl waiting for him to finish the last spoonful.

If it is difficult for him to finish it one day, give him a smaller serving on the next. When you introduce a new kind of cereal give him only a small amount. If he asks for more tell him that tomorrow he may have a bigger dish.

Summons for Publication.
(Suit to Quiet Title.)

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.

Vernie Evans Childers, Plaintiff,
vs.
George R. Birdseye, a single man; Anna Pratt, Oscar J. Pratt, her husband; Fannie Grace Gregory, and Ernest Gregory, her husband; Addie Sherwood, and Elmer Sherwood, her husband; Mary McCrossin, and Hugo McCrossin, her husband; Pearl Jones, a widow; Harold Jones, and Robert Jones, minors, Mary C. Warner, and W. J. Warner, her husband; Donald L. Colvig, and Star Colvig, his wife; Vance DeBar Colvig, and Margaret Colvig, his wife; Helen M. Cook, and Floyd Cook, her husband; William M. Colvig, a widower; Victor F. Birdseye, and Nita Birdseye, his wife; Glen C. Birdseye, a single man; David N. Birdseye, a single man; Effie B. Birdseye, a widow; and all other persons and parties unknown claiming any right, title, interest or estate in and to the land described in this complaint, and particularly described in the Deed Records in Volume 78, page 232, for Jackson County, Oregon, Defendants.

To: George R. Birdseye, Anna Pratt, Oscar J. Pratt, Fannie Grace Gregory, Ernest Gregory, Addie Sherwood, Elmer Sherwood, Mary McCrossin, Hugo McCrossin, Pearl Jones, Harold Jones, Robert Jones, Donald L. Colvig, Star Colvig, Vance DeBar Colvig and Margaret Colvig; and all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, interest or estate in and to the land described in the complaint herein, and particularly described in the Deed Records in Volume 78, page 232, for Jackson County, Oregon; the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you, and each of you, are hereby notified and required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer the complaint of plainiff now on file therein against you, within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which date is the 10th day of October, 1931, and if you fail to so appear and answer within the time required, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit:

For a decree of this Court decreeing the plaintiff to be the owner, in fee simple, of those certain lands described in Volume 78, at page 232 of the Deed Records for Jackson County, Oregon, freeing same from the claim of each and all of the defendants named in this suit, and

For a further decree of the Court quieting the title to said premises in the plaintiff as the owner thereof in fee simple and that the defendants, and neither thereof, have any right, title, interest or estate in or to said premises, or any part therof.

This summons is served upon you by publication once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Medford Mail Tribune, a newspaper of general circulation, published in Medford, Oregon, in pursuance of an Order of Honorable H. D. Norton, Judge of the above entitled Court, which Order was made on the 9th day of October, 1931.

GUS NEWBURY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
P. O. Address: Medford Nat'l Bank Bldg., Medford, Oregon.

re and Bullion
Purchased
Licensed by State of California
Established 1902
WILDBERG BROS. SMELTING & REFINING CO.
Offices: 742 Market St., San Francisco
Plant: South San Francisco

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
October 24, 1921
(It was Tuesday)

American Legion issues appeal to orators to make their Armistice day addresses shorter than last year.

Attorney Gus Newbury and District Attorney Rawles Moore make the fur fly, in hot exchanges during liquor trial at Jacksonville.

Work or remodeling Copco offices starts.

Good prices received for local fruit in London markets.

General railroad strike called for October 30.

Police announce no nonsense by boys and girls will be tolerated on Hallowe'en.

Phoenix man places a classified ad in Mail Tribune for lost watch, and finds it right where he left it—on the dressing table. He praises Mail Tribune want ads in letter to editor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
October 24, 1911
(It was Wednesday)

Athletics bat great Matthewson from box in eighth inning to win fourth game of world series from New York Giants, 4 to 2.

Dr. Cook, pseuda North Pole discoverer, returns to Copenhagen where he was once feted and honored, to deliver a lecture, and is forced to flee from hostile crowd, and seek police protection.

Wireless station on roof of Hotel Medford completed.

Carnegie Library building to be completed December 1.

Phoenix plans to vote bonds to get water supply from Coleman creek.

Judge Colvig completes three-year term as secretary of Commercial club.

Deer Skins

Send your skins to us for tanning. Hair on. White Indian Tan or Chrome Tan Buck, $2.50 each. Other prices on request.

LEGALLET & O'NEIL
1099 Quesada Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

6-vlt. 13-plate batteries, 1-yr. guarantee $5
Battery Recharging 50c
Severin Battery Service
1522 No. Riverside

Radio Repairing
ANY MAKE SET
H. O. PURUCKER
ELECTRIC WIRING CO.
222 W. Main Phone 338

Generators, All Makes
$3.50 to $8
Expert Armature Rewinding
Prince Auto Electric Shop
1522 North Riverside

MIKADO
Have Your Scribblings Analyzed
The YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND

Louise Rice, world famous graphologist, can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what nots that you scribble when "lost in thought".

Send your "scribblings" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mikado head, cut from a box of Mikado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

C. D. WOOD
516 Dakota

You are invited to present this coupon at the Mail Tribune and receive two

FREE TICKETS

TO A TALKING PICTURE PROGRAM AT THE

[illegible] MATERIAS

As a Guest Subscriber of the

MAIL TRIBUNE

WATCH THIS SPACE. If you are a subscriber of the Mail Tribune your name may appear here tomorrow. Only subscribers' names will be published and, during the duration of this offer, all subscribers will be given an opportunity to enjoy FREE shows as GUESTS OF THIS PAPER.

NOW PLAYING
"Monkey Business"