

Medford Mail Tribune

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Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Ill., Aug. 18.—"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us! It wad frae monie a blunder free us And foolish notion."

The people of Medford and Jackson county now have that power—the power of the press—the power of the press.

For many years Medford has been marked for attack and has been pulled down.

Her loyal civic spirit, her energy and enterprise, her ability, at any time and under any conditions, to GET TOGETHER, to unite shoulder to shoulder for anything looking toward her growth and betterment.

Why? Simply because of this ring of disgruntled politicians and self-seekers, who by a persistent and never ending campaign of mendacious mud-slinging, character assassination, abuse and slander,—the broadcasting of vicious and absolutely unwarranted attacks not only upon public officials but private citizens,—has so torn this community asunder, that no inner harmony or unity has been possible.

But this much is certain. It WON'T, unless we as a community WAKE UP, snap out of the lethargy that surrounds us, throw off the indifference that blinds us, and adopt an attitude toward this Norton recall, entirely different from the attitude that has been adopted toward all the other efforts of this political ring, to gain absolute control of Medford and Jackson county, for their own political advancement and their own material benefit.

For years this effort has been going on. The goal has always been the same. The methods,—scattering the seeds of dissension, suspicion and hate—have been the same, also.

And unless—as the Grants Pass Courier points out—this Norton recall PROVES to be the last straw, DOES break the back of public indifference and arouse the people of southern Oregon, at last to the dangers which confront them,—who is the optimistic prophet to deny that these political efforts will continue indefinitely with the inevitable chaos.

No newspaper can prevent it. No public officials seeking election, can prevent it. ONLY THE PEOPLE OF MEDFORD AND JACKSON COUNTY—

Today

By Arthur Brisbane A California Picnic. 200 Miles Long, 15 Hours San Antonio's Mission. The Indians' Long Sleep.

Copyright King Features Synd., Inc. HEARST RANCH, San Simon, Cal., Aug. 19.—California does all things in a big way.

Perhaps you would be interested in a California picnic. First twenty miles of automobiling over new mountain roads built by W. R. Hearst across part of this ranch, leading eastward from the Pacific, over hills so steep that one car travelled backward to facilitate gasoline flow.

At the end of twenty miles, saddle horses are waiting, fifteen or twenty, with western saddles, Mexican bridles, horses trained to slide down steep banks on their hooks. They need the training here.

Then the first half of the picnic at one of the assembled Hearst ranches, "El Pleyto". Everything in the picnic grown on the ranch, except coffee, and sugar.

Then twenty miles by automobile to another Hearst ranch, "Milpitas", part of his five hundred square miles of land in this part of California.

On Milpitas ranch, W. R. Hearst has recently completed a new ranch house in the Spanish style, as long as three city blocks.

Time has done its work. The long mission house has fallen. Only a few massive brick columns remain.

At the far end stands the altar, with its sacred figures, nearly life size just as they were, one hundred years ago.

Marvels were wrought by the missionaries in those old days. They brought water for irrigation in a wide ditch, fourteen miles long, dug by the Indians.

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.

OUTBREAK OF HYDROPHOBIA PHOBIA. A hamlet in the mountains of Tennessee has lately enjoyed an orgy of hydrophobia phobia which was promoted by a yellow dog.

Individual who has been wounded by a rabid animal. Paralysis sometimes occurs, and may prove fatal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Mother Winks All the Time. Mother has developed a permanent wink or droop of one eye lid.

Trench Foot. I have water blisters on my foot. Every now and then a small blister appears on the ball of the foot or on the under surface of a toe.

Mr. Hearst having purchased all the lands above, excepting the mission site, has offered to restore the ancient mission buildings, replace the old roof of tiles on the chapel, and raise the fallen walls to their old places.

Woman Claims New Mark in Altitude. VILLA COULVAY, France, Aug. 20.—A new women's altitude record was claimed today for Margee Hill.

COME TO SEATTLE. Center of the Greatest Playground of the Northwest. HOTEL ASSEMBLY.

ORE AND BULLION. Purchased. WILBERG BROS. SELLING. SELLING. SELLING.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Year Ago. TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 21, 1922 (It Was Monday)

A good soaking rain would be welcomed by man and beast, a local item declares.

A local hunter, on the opening day of the hunting season, shoots two Portland hunters for a deer, on Sucker creek. Neither seriously injured.

Fair association to erect new fair buildings, which will be seen by the tourists on the Pacific highway.

Orville Wright, perfecter with his brother of the airplane, falls 30 feet when experimenting with hydroplane.

Gov. West's moral crusade gets underway, and he announces, "sin will be banished from Oregon."

Former Inmate Grows Violent. Giuseppe Capello, 48, is held by the state police, following an outburst in a house at Steinman, in the Siskiyou County.

Wildcat Stage Charge Lodged. Carl M. Lucey of Santa Barbara, Calif., is detained by the state police charged with operating a wildcat stage.

Room with Bath with Person \$2.00 Room with Bath with Two Persons \$2.50 UP

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Ye Smudge Pot

Hell continues to pop around here, more than force of habit than anything to pop about.

James Wesley Bates, the chinwacker, was seen in a new 4d Wed. and looked as happy as if he had just run over next year's taxes.

Nobody was shot while robbing a garden last week, owing to nobody robbing a garden.

Maws has started to look blue, as school will start September 8.

Del Getchell has a rising on his jaw.

There was a circus Wed. Sons and best girls made up most of the audience.

Jim Owen predicted the return of Prosperity ten days ago, and was not lynched, and will repeat the allegation.

C. Reames and G. Rhia, barristers, have returned from unearned vacations.

Fletcher Fish of Phoenix, the boom day tenor, is still eating his own cooking, with no apparent ill-effects.

Several of the Older Girls who feared they would have to turn their black skirt inside out for a new dress this fall, are flitting around in the latest black and tan and speckled creations, and look nappy.

A guy who got caught, returned from Salem, where he has been for the past year and reports that his work there was too confining. He says there are a number of former residents there, and all are disgraced and have a low opinion of the law and justice in Jackson county.

Prisco drummers are getting frequent on our main drag again.

Dusk sleeps down on the valley now about 7:15 p.m., and is a very good sign of the approach of winter.

F. Bybee, the J'ville serf, is having trouble keeping his fence out of the way of slow moving autotols, coming home from the shindig in an extremely cautious manner Sat. night.

The younger natives were thrilled last week by the arrival of a Northwest brunette, who gave the local social whirl an unexpected extra twist.

The rural intersections were inspected last week, and it was discovered that the rural speed idiots always stop at the highway intersections, if their competitor is a husky truck.

A pear packing contest will be held at the Holly. The trick will be done on the stage. A hellraising contest ought to fill the place to the roof.

A. Ganton Sherwood is back from his honeymoon, and a married man, and will soon be cutting the lawn evenings, and arguing that the water rate is too high.

Farmers have started sticking up trespass signs on their places, and all must be shot before a C. peasant can be killed legally.

One of the preachers blames all our troubles on Satan, but it's definitely known that a couple of local boys thought it up themselves.

L. Brophy is having his jewelry sign refurbished, and Enie Mohr is rigging up his hooley anew. There is not much use, others say, as they will just have to be re-painted in 50 or 60 yrs.

The I. Coleman girl was downtown Fri., and like a woman, had nothing to say of any importance.

Your eor. got into an argument with C. Furnas Thurs., and scared him back into the Republican fold.

The new cot, that is being occupied by the duly elected scalliwags.

14 men who have been looking for work since there was none, were suddenly confronted with a job one day last week, and were too astounded to take it.

Editorial Comment

Filing of libel suits against the Daily News has almost become a habit with the people of southern Oregon. We confess we are not a bit surprised.

Close to the altar, just outside the thick chapel wall is the cemetery, where lie many generations of Indians. Their ancient habits are respected, large mounds of earth cover the bodies, above each mound a wooden cross, to prove the conquest of the old Indian gods, driven from these mountains and valleys, forever.

Southern Oregon for many years has enjoyed a reputation of being about the most progressive district in the west. Everywhere we have heard about how well they do things in Medford. But nowadays all we can hear is "what has become of the old Medford spirit?"

Now, we suppose, we shall be accused of belonging to that "subsidized press" we hear so much of. Maybe we do belong, but our material reward for advocating return to common sense has been too small to note. We are under no obligations to any corporation or clique but we do like to see fair play.—Arthur Powell in Central Point American.