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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Your corr. was bawled out by the esteemed Portland Oregonian, and Hon. Al Piche, within a 24 hour period. We are no good. An editorial writer on the metropolitan sheet rushes to the rescue of the gooseberry, and Mr. Piche drops his fishing pole to defend the tourist and the scenery. If the editorial writer had to pick a gallon of gooseberries, which are amply protected by thorns, and otherwise inaccessible, and then eat a piece of cooked beanery gooseberry pie, he would not feel so kindly towards them. Tourists and scenery are wonderful. Too many tourists, however, think a necessary part of the scenery is a county commissary, with no restrictions on the grub-grabbing. This is the type that is more interested in agitation, than the beauty of the snow-capped peaks. They want Beans for Bums, while the worthy poor get the worst of it.

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The col. to the west reports that the "saloon will never come back." It also looks like the bootlegger would never go away.

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One of our lady autoists scored a ten-pin Sun. The ten-pin was a phone pole. The lady limps, her vehicle is being mauled by monkey-wrenches, and the phone pole is still a silent sentinel of the highway.

• • •

The cigaret-makers are still publishing ads showing how a magician, aided by a beautiful lady, does his tricks, and cling to the slogan, "It's fun to be fooled." A straw vote shows that many would sooner be fooled by his assistant, than by the magician.

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People are still hoarding gold. It might as well be buried beneath the hen house, as dangling from a watch chain, as of yore.

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The United States navy has been ordered to quit swearing. In time, the order may be broadened out to include cussing the government, and everybody, on the street corners.

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Bear creek is still a trifle high and clean, for boys to run away from home and go swimming in, mothers report.

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"The rare liquor disappeared as if swallowed by the earth . . . (Klamath Herald.) Or, an inhabitant thereof.

• • •

It begins to look like the state would have more candidates for governor, than Jackson county had candidates for sheriff last year.

• • •

A move is afoot to move the state high school basketball tournament from the Willamette university at Salem to "Old Oregon" one year, and Corvallis the next. The Salem press designates this move as one of the higher grades of robbery, and announces it will resist the filching That is exactly what it is. The tournament has now developed into something worth-while, so the mightier schools want it. In its struggling years the tournament was beneath their notice, and Willamette university needs the advertising and the cash accruing therefrom, as badly as "Old Oregon" or Young OSC. Many times in the past, this town has suspicioned that the drawings for the games were held in the penitentiary.—so much luck did Salem high have in miraculously falling in the soft spots. Now the home fans feel they would rather be rained on in Salem, than either Eugene or Corvallis.

• • •

STREET BEGGARS

This is the depth, the end of all despair:
That man for whom the planets toil and sing—
Inheritor of earth and sea and air—
Should come to be this starved, forsaken thing
Whose soft, obsequious words and pleading eye
Invoke the heedless masses of the street,
Hoping that in the crowds that pass him by,
Some fat-faced god may deign to let him eat.
Here is the deepest wrong, the darkest deed
That man must answer in some distant dawn;
That in this fecund earth there should be need
For such as these—the beggars that pass on
Down dim-lit streets and byways of the night,
Asking of man what should be man's by right. (Harper's)

Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocer's. The quality is fine and the price is right.

Uncle Sam Should Crush Crime

THE government always gets its man. This was demonstrated in the D'Autremont case.

Had the D'Autremont boys not held up a U. S. mail train, and consequently had Uncle Sam on their trail, it is doubtful they would ever have been caught.

The San Francisco Chronicle is advocating that the government take over the job of crushing out organized crime.

It points out crime is no longer a local problem but a national menace. "Organized society must curb organized crime, or else organized crime will destroy organized society."

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WE heartily agree with this view. The restriction of police powers to the states was well adapted to the early days, when each state was more or less an independent unit, jealous of every other state. But long since we have become a closely knitted nation. Criminals recognize no state boundaries; why should the police?

To quote the Chronicle:

> The murder rate in America is three, five, ten times that in other countries regarded as civilized. Racketeering strangles many lines of commerce, taking toll from business and from the produce of the farmers in centers of distribution. It keeps paid apies, ambassadors in political circles, bribes public officials, corrupts public servants and finances campaign funds. It operates with a retinue of bondsmen and shrewd lawyers retained as big corporations retain counsel, foxy in technicalities, writs and interminable appeals.
>
> Meanwhile the nation stands helpless, crying for aid to the local governments that are paralyzed—helpless but for the strong hand of the federal government, which alone has the force to destroy organized crime.

• • • • •

THE moral angle of organized crime is the chief consideration,—the destruction of life and property, the lowering of moral standards within the nation. But the economic burden crime imposes is also an important factor.

Here in Jackson county, we now have a striking demonstration, of what crime costs the taxpayers. Not only does crime destroy, but bringing criminals to justice, places a heavy financial burden upon the community where crimes are committed.

The federal government is aiding states, communities and individuals in countless ways, during the present crisis. Why not give them aid also, in checking crime, which has made this country a paradise for criminals for nearly a generation and day in and day out costs the people such an appalling loss in blood and treasure?

It Must Be Done

PREMIER RAMSEY McDONALD may be slipping politically. But he isn't slipping oratorically. In his official pronouncement at the opening of the London economic conference, he demonstrated again that he is one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers in the world today.

Here is a statement of his for example which should be engraved upon the minds of all spokesmen for civilization at the present time:

> "Life revolts against hardship and the gains of the past are swept away by the forces of despair."

For nearly four years the human race has been in the grip of a world wide depression, unprecedented in its extent and severity. The wonder is not that civilization has finally reached its supreme crisis; but that it did NOT reach the parting of the ways long ago.

If what we call civilization is to survive, the processes of disintegration must be checked, sufferings and hardships must be lessened or "the gains of the past WILL be swept away by the forces of despair."

Fortunately economic conditions are improving, not only in this country but abroad. But unless the competing nations of the world get together, in a union of cooperation, better feeling, and more genuine friendship, the start on the road to recovery will never proceed to the dawn of a better day.

As Premier MacDonald truthfully says:

> "A self sufficient nationalism in economics is the death knell of advancing prosperity."

If the present crisis is to be successfully surmounted, the various nations must do, what the individuals within those nations, have done—subordinate their selfish interests to the good of the whole.

That familiar phrase "unless we all hang together, we will hang separately" certainly applies to the civilized world at the present time.

To the extent that the London conference contributes to this new spirit—a spirit of human brotherhood it might be termed—it will be a success; to the extent that it fails to do so, it will be a dismal failure.

The Reds Are Here

THAT line "Life revolts against hardship and the gains of the past are swept away by the forces of despair," has another important application.

It is the basis of communistic activity against the capitalistic world—particularly against the United States.

What has been a devastating panic in this country, has been a boom for Brother Stalin of Moscow and the Third Internationale. They have made more progress in their effort to destroy this government in the past three years, than they could have made under normal conditions, in as many decades.

• • • • •

COMMUNISTIC agents have been busy right here in Southern Oregon. In the larger cities they have been recruiting members night and day. They have told the suffering people their only hope of betterment,—escaping their sufferings and hardships—lay in violence and revolution, and because life revolts against hardship they have drawn thousands of misguided people to the standard of the red flag.

This isn't sensationalism, it is a known fact. The enemy is here and boring from within. Communities torn by dissension and strife, are marked for particular attention, local trouble makers being given moral support and funds.

The danger is real. As has been previously stated in this column, it is a time for those who believe in the government under which they live, who don't wish "the gains of the past to be swept away by the forces of despair" to be eternally on their guard, prepared to smash the dragon head of revolution the moment it appears.

The mocking bird is Florida's official state bird.

Attendance at Toledo's municipal playgrounds totaled 334,206 in 1932.

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 of The Mail Tribune.

MODERN DISTRIBUTION AND HEALTH.

From Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, an expectant mother writes to ask for advice about conservation of the teeth—her teeth and the teeth of her prospective baby.

She makes a remark which strikes me as odd. She says:

> There is a lack of green vegetables in this country in the winter time and my ordinary diet consisted of potatoes, meat and home-preserved fruits. Should I take cod liver oil to supplement this diet?

Saskatoon is not farther than Chicago or New York is from great garden truck country, where fresh vegetables and fresh fruits are plentiful in the market the year around. With all the wonders of modern transportation methods it seems strange that people should continue to live as most of us lived forty years ago when fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, greens were to be had only when they grew in the home gardens, for a few short months in summer. I wonder if some petty tariff bickering between Canada and the United States accounts for this failure to use the gifts of better transportation and better preservation of food for the benefit of everybody's health, not to mention everybody's prosperity.

Such an expectant mother may well take a daily ration of cod liver oil even if she can have a more adequate diet.

The correspondent does not mention whether her diet includes, as it should, of course, fresh milk and fresh eggs. Egg yolk is second only to cod liver oil as a source of Vitamin A and Vitamin D. Fresh raw milk, cream and butter come next. Milk, even if it has to be pasteurized, and cheese, are valuable staples in the diet of an expectant mother. Better than pasteurized milk, in my judgment, is raw milk which, if you have no assurance of its purity or freedom from contamination, may be made perfectly safe for anybody by simply bringing it to a boil for an instant, then immediately cooling. This takes care of any disease germs in the milk quite as dependably as does pasteurization of the milk, and it has less destructive action on Vitamin C than has the process of pasteurization.

Vitamin C is the factor in certain foods that prevent scurvy. But the prevention of scurvy is only one reason why the diet of prospective mother or the diet of a baby must furnish Vitamin C. This and perhaps other vitamins maintain an optimum degree of health, and shortage of vitamin in the diet may account for impairment of health which cannot be definitely diagnosed as scurvy, rickets, beri-beri, ophthalmia or pellagra, perhaps, and yet is preventable or amenable to correct diet.

Here is a brief outline of functions and sources of vitamins:

A prevents ophthalmia, sinusitis, cri. Butter fat, raw milk, cream, cheese, yolk of egg, carrots, sweet potato, liver, kidney, sweetbreads, greens.

B prevents multiple neuritis, constipation. Fruits, leafy relishes, tubers and root vegetables, natural grains.

C prevents scurvy. Raw milk, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, greens.

D prevents rickets. Liver oils of fishes, yolk of egg, butter.

Our knowledge of Vitamin E (promotes fertility) and F (prevents pellagra) is still too vague to tabulate.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Goitre.

Can I cure a goitre without having an operation? How long does it take to get well after an operation for goitre?—M. M.

Answer—Most cases of goitre recover under good medical treatment. You should place yourself under the care of your physician.

Scar.

A small red scar left from a burn by the curling iron 15 years ago disfigures my forehead just above the eyebrow. Can this be removed in any way?—B.

Answer—If not too extensive it may be excised and the normal skin edges brought together for healing, or if more extensive the cosmetic appearance may be improved by removing the entire scar and covering the surface with a skin graft.

Foot Itch.

Please give again the formula for that ointment for foot itch. It gave Mr. ——— wonderful relief . . .—Mrs. E. L. A.

Answer—

Salicylic acid	15 grains
Benzoic acid	25 grains
Soft petrolatum	2 drams

Cocoanut oil, enough to make 1 ounce

Apply to affected patches of skin nightly for a week, then rest a week, and resume if necessary.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

EARL LEE KELLY, director of public works of the state of California, is a colorful figure—tall and commanding, with a magnetic and pleasing personality. He is almost as well known in Southern Oregon as in his own state, for his duties bring him often to Northern California, and he always finds plenty of invitations waiting to cross the border.

He is quite at home in this state, for he is a native of Oregon, having been born at Coquille.

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ONE of the activities of Mr. Kelly's big department, which spends, on the average, around fifty million dollars a year, is the construction of a new bridge over San Francisco bay. He tells an interesting story of this huge enterprise, which is the largest construction project to be begun IN THE WORLD this year.

It will cost 78 million dollars, and will provide employment for an average of 6500 men over a period of three and a half years.

When completed it will eliminate the system of ferries that has been so much a part of the life of people living around San Francisco bay. They'll hardly know what to do when they no longer have to gauge their lives to ferry schedules.

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THIS vast new bridge will be eight and a quarter miles long, and will have SIX traffic lanes on its top deck, which will carry automobile traffic.

In visualizing that remember that our highways here in Oregon, with one or two minor exceptions down near Portland, have only two traffic lanes.

The San Francisco bridge will be three times as wide as our average highways.

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THE concrete piers on which this bridge will rest, will go down 235 feet below the surface of the water, which will be another world record, concrete never having been poured that far below the water before.

They will extend FIVE HUNDRED FEET above the water. So, you see, these piers will be over 800 feet high. Try to imagine that. You won't find it easy.

This new bridge will use 6.7 per cent of the entire steel output of the United States during 1933.

HERE is another interesting fact about this new bridge:

It will require 200,000 gallons of paint, and the job of painting it will be so huge that it will never be finished. That is to say, the painters will begin at one end and by the time they get to the other it will be time to go back and start all over again.

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IT IS a big project. But then California is a big state.

In number of automotive vehicles it is exceeded by only one state in the Union—New York. California, as a matter of fact, has more passenger cars than New York, but New York's commercial vehicles bring her grand total up above California's.

There was a time when we of Oregon were inclined to be jealous of California's greatness, but that time is past. We have come to realize that the bigger California is the more she will BUY FROM US.

—+•+—

MR. KELLY doesn't like depressions any better than the rest of us, but isn't frightened by them and doesn't believe that the present depression marks the end of our greatness.

Altogether, he points out, there have been 19 major depressions in this country. In 1857, conditions got so bad that the army had to be called out to defend the U. S. treasury.

Confidence in the future of the country had fallen just that low

—+•+—

IN 1893, 40 years ago, Mr. Kelly likes to tell his hearers, 153 railroads went into bankruptcy.

We think unemployment conditions are pretty bad now, but in 1893, Mr. Kelly tells us, TWICE as many men per thousand of population were out of employment as now.

Note the statement: "Twice as many men per thousand of population." There are more unemployed now than in 1893, but it is a bigger country. What he means is that the proportion of unemployment then was twice as great as now.

—+•+—

IN EACH of these crises, conditions seemed to be so bad that they never could get better again. BUT THEY DID.

The country recovered after each of these depressions, and went on to new heights of achievement. It will do so again.

Don't ever doubt that.

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IN THESE days, one meets many people, big and little, whose courage is at a low ebb. It is comforting to meet and talk to a big man like Earl Lee Kelly, with many responsibilities on his shoulders, whose courage remains high and undimmed and whose confidence in the future of his country is unshaken.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 12.—Diary of a modern Pepys: Betimes, falling in with Arthur Somers Roche for several blocks, as witty a commentator as I know. And at home find a note from Carolyn Wells and Frank Sullivan's "In One Ear," his autograph bestowing a high praise for my Sunday school attendance.

O. O. McIntyre

So piaffing on my typewriter but bohhledehoya barged in and I lacked courage to make them go, and a day ruined. Thence with my wife to Howard Chandler and Nancy Christy's and he had just finished as noble a portrait as ever I saw of Amelia Earhart and her wind-blown bob.

Dinner with the Frank Masons and the Edward L. Bernays and Karl von Wiegand there, Karl telling us learnedly of Germany and her dark problems. Later to a play talking to the Sam Goldwyns, Ellen Berlin, Herbert Swope and George Gershwin. To bed wakeful over this distraction and that.

As good claim as anyone's ti the title man about town could be advanced by the Dublin born incroyable Ernest Boyd, whose heavy walking stick, flaming red spade-shaped beard, inevitable bow tie and Latin Quarter hat are familiar manifestations along important Boulevards. Boyd, regarded an authority on life and letter of Guy de Maupassant, disproves the theory man cannot be in two places at once by being almost everywhere simultaneously. A boon companion is George Jean Nathan, with whom he frequently first nights.

Telegram: Enroute with Doug Jr., and nothing to think about but wonder why you use word estafettes for Chelsea Freight Train Paul Reveres. Everyone knows estafettes are things admirals' wives wear as shoulder straps to show they're admirals' wives. My sympathy over loss of magic outfit. My early ambition was to be Thurston's assistant. I may make it yet. Life is so full of promise—Lee Tracy.

Personal nomination for the most impish grin among the cartoonists—that of Will B. Johnstone.

In Washington Square is a walled-in garden, a tiny plot of fragrance, the retreat of a beloved novelist—who shies at publicity over his sentimentalism. But on the wall is a bronze of the Herrick poem:

> But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
> Not envying others' larger grounds;
> For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
> Of land makes life, but sweet content.

Thingumabobs: The Julian Streets occupied the Frand Vanderlip estate in California for a vacation . . . Charlie Chaplin has finished a three-act sataric comedy on Napoleon at St. Helena . . . Harpo Marx has a harp illuminated in his new home, the former home of Pauline Fredericks in Beverley . . . Grover Jones, pioneer screen writer, recently sold his first fiction tale and spent $3,000 buying presents for friends in celebration . . . Tom Wise used to munch pound cake back stage between scenes . . . Mrs. Edward F. Hutton is society's most extravagant buyer of shoes . . . Gertrude Netcher has joined the American colony at Majorca . . . Will H. Hays owns Fred Stone's celebrated riding horse . . . Frank Buck is at Singapore hunting a lost cameraman with exciting reils of films for Buck's newest.

Nothing offers stark poignancy like an old woman in rags in a doorway—human offal flung on life's scrap heap. We passed one last night in West 47th—Leslie Bell and I. For many, and their number increases, the heart has outlived the body. They are dead to feeling. It is difficult to imagine that among a few at least their eyes 50 years or so ago were compared to stars. The claw-like fingers of this shriveled old woman's hand clutched a filthy newspaper upon which her head rested. The same fingers, perhaps once lovely and white, may have coiled the stem of a delicately flanged champagne glass around the corner. Or am I too strupy?

Indeed this has been one of those jittery days of uh-uh when I feel exactly like the hero of a book Fannie Hurst tells about, of whom the author wrote: "He came running out of his house, jumped on his horse and rode away in all directions!"

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Editorial Comment

The Gooseberry in Pie

The gooseberry is a product that even an English sparrow will not eat, and it is readily understood by the layman why the demand for gooseberries is not strong—Arthur Gordon Perry in Medford Mail Tribune.

Getting out on the wrong side of the bed the other morning, as has been his habit for years, journalistically speaking, the most gifted and amiable of grouches proceeded sunnily to the Mail Tribune office, where he at once perpetrated the foregoing slander of a most virtuous small fruit. A meritorious bit of paragraphing it is, too, in its way—as an artistic concept, you comprehend — albeit it smacks somewhat of the ex cathedra manner to which all gifted columnists are prone. Its only fault is found in the merest trifle, which one runs the risk of seeming censoriousness in everything to mention. It so happens that what Mr. Perry says of the gooseberry isn't so.

And in the most candid manner possible, with exactly nothing to gain or conceal, this newspaper would address a challenge to Mr. Perry touching upon the edibility of gooseberries. On the Applegate, a river beloved of Mr. Perry, and convenient to his labors, there is yet a shake-roofed fir cabin—mellowed by long residence—with a gooseberry bush in its yard. In this cabin there dwells a housewife so quaintly old-fashioned she wears a blue sunbonnet when she hoes corn. Her grandfather planted the gooseberry bush when Black Bert held the stages to toll with a sawed-off shotgun, but it still bears like a good one, as they say. And it is. It bears gooseberries.

In the interests of truth and of science will not Mr. Perry visit the cabin and ask the lone woman who dwells there if, please, ma'am, she will bake him a pie? She would take it right kindly. It is the hill country, and, as such, it considers the reasonableness of being hungry for pie. For to bake a gooseberry pie, Arthur, takes only a jiffy. The crust will be rich with flakiness, and crystal beneath with sugar, and the gooseberries will recline in their own aromatic, inimitable essence, and she will cut that pie with a steel caseknife—liberally, after the hill custom, the woman of the cabin will cut it. The helping should swim in its released juices, and it will, as the time-browned cracked china plate comes toward our investigator.

Now the milk—for there must always be a tall glass of it with gooseberry pie—will have been fetched from the spring house, cool as the chill clay, in which is pooled the gray water. Fetched in a graniteware pan or a yellow crock, for either will serve the purpose, with the golden cream seamed and wrinkled upon its surface, and poured into an amber tumbler—poured, mind you, cream and all, for cream is yet taken in milk on the upper river of the Applegate. Sit you down, you skeptical fellow, to the red table cloth, and the chipped china plate, and the gooseberry pie, and the milk which has the original cream broken in it. Draw up your buckskin thonged chair and sit down.

In the pervasive, soothing silence of the Applegate country, round about the cabin of this inquiry, will be heard the cock-quail calling to his covey, and the ordinary, natural sounds incidental to the consumption of a 'mighty generous helping of gooseberry pie and the quaffing of springhouse milk. Never thereafter, not ever, to speak or to write in dispraise of a berry that, properly supervised, is distinctly a sentimental experience.—Oregonian.

MEMBERSHIP IN CHURCHES GROWS

NEW YORK, June 12. — (UP) — Church membership in the United States has reached its greatest total in history during the last year, according to an annual compilation announced today by the Christian Herald.

The statistics, prepared by Dr. Geo. Linn Kieffer, show that the churches and religious bodies gained 929,252 members during 1932, these members being 13 years of age or over.

The total membership of churches in the United States reached 50,037,209, according to the report, and the 25 largest protestant bodies showed a gain of 921,941.

The publication declares that growth in church membership has steadily outstripped growth in the country's population.

World's Fair Aids Business Of Cupid

CHICAGO, June 12. — (UP) — The world's fair has ended the marriage license depression in Chicago, Chief Clerk Sidney Summerfield of the license bureau revealed today. Summerfield disclosed that 172 licenses were issued yesterday. It was the largest number issued any day since before the depression.

Real estate or insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 696

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 12, 1923.
(It was Tuesday.)

Local civic clubs unanimous in support of high school bonds.

No hope seen for drop in price of sugar.

Caterpillar horde continues to ravage upstate vegetation.

"The Greatest of All Camera Creations," H. A. Snow's "Hunting Big Game in Africa," to be shown at Page.

Elmer Wilson and A. H. Miller enter race for school board.

Medford stores will close Friday to permit their clerks to attend the auto races at the fairgrounds, but the clerks must promise to attend the races. The receipts will be used to build a new grandstand.

Governor Pierce to make speech at Ashland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 12, 1913.
(It was Thursday.)

Three hundred dollars in prizes to be offered as prizes for Fourth of July parade.

Five million trout fry placed in Rogue river "For future generation of nature lovers to try and catch.'

Special train to Weed, Calif., Sunday for benefit of Medford baseball fans.

Ashland Normal alumni to stage campaign for re-establishment of the school.

"Oil on Troubled Waters" at the Star; "Winter in Switzerland," 10,000 feet of scenery, at the Ugo; and "Captain Mary Brown" at the Isis.

Prospects bright for railroad to Crescent City.

Will G. Steel urges all to "work to make Crater Lake a great resort."

Communications

Endorses Dr. Phipps.

To the Editor:

Petitions bearing more than 150 names were filed yesterday with Mrs. Rebecca Jensen, local school clerk, nominating Dr. I. D. Phipps for membership on the school board for the Medford district for the ensuing 3-year term. Dr. Phipps is well qalified for the position of school director, being a close follower of school affairs, a heavy tax payer and having served previously on the local board. Friends urging the candidacy of Dr. Phipps are doing so with the idea that there has not been sufficient change in the personnel on the local board in recent years to secure a fair cross section of public sentiment throughout the district.

To correct the impression that the local board has reduced the levy from 27.7 to 20 mills within the past year for strictly school purposes, it is pointed out that the levy of 27.7 mills was made by special election and provided a double installment for the sinking fund requirement incident to the large building program put on two years ago and which is yet unfinished. The budget operating costs for the ensuing year 1933-34, are approximately $6500 greater than for the year 1932-33.

A. W. PIPES.

Medford, June 12.

NOTICE

We will take City or County Warrants, Stocks and Bonds as part payment on new and used cars.

See Page 9 for list of cars.

Armstrong Motors Inc.

Headquarters for Chrysler, Plymouth, Hudson, and Terraplane, Cadillac.

We Develop FILMS FREE
West Side Pharmacy
THE Rexall STORE

Helman Baths
ASHLAND
White Sulphur Springs
Swimming—Tub Baths
Free Picnic Ground

MEMBER, THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN RULE
SERVICE MEASURED NOT BY GOLD BUT BY THE GOLDEN RULE

Often Essential

Many families find it rather difficult to meet the expense of a funeral service all at one time, and funeral directors as a whole realize this fact. Provisions are always made under such circumstances, and the family may meet its obligation over an extended period.

In administering the financial end of his business, the average funeral director is as thoughtful and sympathetic as in his professional activities.

PERL FUNERAL HOME
Morticians
OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER
SIXTH AT OAKDALE - PHONE 47