

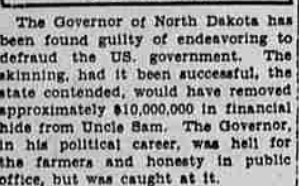
MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. 5th St. Phone 15

ROBERT W. MUIR, Editor
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOENNES & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
The Governor of North Dakota has been found guilty of endeavoring to defraud the U.S. government.

The Jackson County Democracy, like Gaul, now seems to be divided into three parts: Old Democrats, Young Democrats and Mad Democrats.

Our burglarizer, assigned yesterday, after giving the city an administration in keeping with his first name, which is Ezra.

"Dry cleaners' delivery boys, driving at 30 miles per hour, give an impression the customer is waiting in a barrel."

Formation of a Business Club is contemplated. The purpose of this organization is to get up and see the sunrise. The members will drink in the beauties of the dawn, and if Old Sol experiences any difficulty in making it over the mountain, will be on hand to render what assistance they can.

DON'T BE SILLY ITEM. (Congressional Record)
Mr. Blanton. Theoretically, every good American has taken it; but for a teacher, who is a public official and who is getting part of his pay from the United States Government, to refuse to take the oath of allegiance to this government, he is a sorry kind of teacher.

REMARKS ON WHISTLING
We do not know when man first discovered that he could whistle, but there is no doubt that the chap who first did it—probably by accident—must have been considerably astonished. No doubt he whistled again with amazement. Since then men have acquired the art without much trouble.

In early years one longs to be able to whistle like father, and therefore all finds one can whistle even worse than father.

Generally speaking, whistling means that the person who is whistling is cheerful. The chief practical use to which whistling can be put is to convey that we are quite happy and unembarrassed. When you have been made to feel extremely foolish, for instance, and know you are looking it, you strive to show that you are neither feeling foolish nor looking foolish by whistling in a nonchalant manner; whereupon you look more foolish than ever.

It is natural for every happy man to whistle. When the millennium arrives and we are all happy, the noise will be frightful. For this reason one is glad to think the arrival of the millennium probably will be delayed.—(Boston Transcript).

Justice, which has been ducked by playing sick, had a new wrinkle creased in its horn last week, when an alleged malefactor pleaded he had to go home and milk. The moral is: A cow is cheaper than a lawyer.

Editorial Correspondence

PRINCETON, N. J., June 17.—The best stand of corn we have seen since leaving Medford is between Newark and Elizabeth, N. J., about 100 acres, which as the Pennsylvania train rumbled by was being cultivated by a tractor. It was nearly waist high, a rich dark green and in a few weeks should be tasseled out. No doubt on a clear day the man on the tractor could see the top of the Empire State building.

Our last visit to Princeton was nearly 30 years ago at a Yale-Princeton football game. We can remember little about it except a man by the name of Dewitt played a star game and Yale won. How Princeton has improved since then! Perhaps a wet spring and a warm summer had something to do with it. Princeton undoubtedly has the most beautiful natural setting of any college in America. The buildings are most attractive, stately, venerable, ivy grown,—huge elms meet high above, thick green grass below,—it looks just as a great and ancient college should look.

Unlike Harvard and Yale, no large city has grown up around the college, to spoil it. Princeton is still in a country village, without subways, street cars, or traffic cops. The place has an atmosphere of quiet contentment, and pastoral exclusiveness. It was class day and the campus was deserted, as everyone had gone to the Princeton-Yale baseball game. It was very hot and humid, the walk from the railroad station necessitated frequent moppings of the editorial brow, and aroused a terrific thirst. There was a cool and inviting tap room at the Princeton Inn, but alcoholic beverages did not appeal. We had to walk half a mile to find an ice cream soda.

The colored population of Princeton must be very large. There were colored mummies and top-knotted pickaninnies much in evidence. At the coffee shop where we finally found an ice cream soda all the waiters were black—and real southern blacks, too—not the New York type at all. It was another half mile to the baseball field, but while the one village cop we found said there were taxis to be had, we never found one. We had to walk.

What a contrast to that football game a couple of decades ago. There were probably 15,000 people at the baseball game,—a sea of straw hats, parasols and white linen suits. And there they sat in silence, while Yale garnered 4 runs in one inning, knocking the Tiger twirler out of the box—much to that gentleman's disgust—and Princeton proceeded to get a run in each of the four next innings to tie the score. There was a little scattering applause, but no cheering and no cheer leaders. As far as we could determine Yale was not represented at all except on the field. We walked completely around the side lines, and the only enthusiasm detected was in a group of uniformed chauffeurs, mostly colored, who were lying on the grass, near the left field foul line. They were rooting lustily for the Tiger.

Princeton has changed for the better in outward appearance but certainly not in baseball playing or in baseball enthusiasm. Imagine a Princeton baseball crowd walking out on a team that had tied the score 4-4, and continuing to walk out when Yale knocked another Nassau pitcher out of the box and garnered 9 more runs! This was a class day game, mind you, and a Yale-Princeton game to boot. During the last two innings there were not 50 people in the stands, including the town band. Everyone had gone over to the Palmer stadium to wait for the big invitation track meet to begin. (Just fancy THAT, doctor!)

Our advice to old Nassau is to drop baseball as a major sport. The final score was Yale 15, Princeton 5. True, the Princeton boys couldn't play ball, but what team could, with support like that? We met one Princeton grad with a '99 hat band on his Panama, and asked him for an explanation. "Oh the kids that go to college nowadays, don't know anything at all," said he, "the only exercise they indulge in is cocktail shaking and the tango!"

It was class day, and as above mentioned very hot and humid. The old grads were there in the usual carnival costumes, dating back to the class of '74. There were African hunters in pith helmets and white shorts, Scotch Highlanders, coal miners, pink pajama cuties, French poilus, and one class in sack cloth marked "NRA." We concluded they had been having a gay time, but the parade came a little late on the program, and for the third time we mention it was very hot. So hot that many of the old grads were overcome by the heat and dropped out of the parade to lie down and go to sleep. Others staggered as they walked, and while there were several bands no one appeared able to keep time to the music. The casualties indeed were appalling. Several little colored boys followed the procession. Near the gate to the Palmer stadium two of them, black as coal, exhibited a collection of bottles of all shapes and sizes that would have filled one of the Eads brothers' trucks. After the ball game, which we sat through, we walked across the field toward the stadium. In the shade of the score board, still showing Yale 15, Princeton 5, three old grads were stretched out fast asleep, one of them with a beard had his mouth wide open. A young man from the class of '24 came along a glass of beer in one hand. Apparently he knew one of the prostrate alumni for he stopped beside him and poured the glass of beer, slowly and reverently, on the upturned face and forehead. If he expected this ceremony to waken the sleeping graduate, he was mistaken. Fortunately there are no flies in Princeton. At least we saw none.

We did not travel to Princeton to see the Class Day parade or the Yale baseball game. We went to see our old friend Ben Eastman of Stanford run the half mile against Chuck Hornbostel of Indiana and Bill Patterson of Columbia; also Princeton's famous miler, Bonthron, take on Glenn Cunningham of Kansas and Gene Nenzke of Penn. It was an invitation track meet, between the greatest cinder track stars of athletic history. There were 25,000 people in the stands, it was a beautiful warm day, and the races were broadcast over the radio from coast to coast. Everyone went hoping to see world records broken and they were not disappointed. The fastest mile and half miles ever run by human feet, were chalked up on the record books during the afternoon.

We had a seat in a group of Princeton undergraduates—nice, clean-cut, attractive youngsters—they were there to see Princeton's track hero, Bill Bonthron, hang up a new world's record for the mile. Coming from the coast we were naturally for the entrants west of the Mississippi and invitations to back our western pride with cash were accepted—just to add interest to the gala occasion.

We had seen Eastman run before and knew what he could do. When they lined up on the mark for the half mile however, the ex-Stanford star as usual looked like anything but an athlete. He is thin, pale, peers wanly through gold rimmed specs, like a student, who had spent the past few weeks burning the midnight oil. With the crack of the gun however, Eastman sprang into the lead and never relinquished it. As of yore, those legs of his seemed attached to a mechanism detached from the upper part of the body,—he seemed to be sitting down, calmly unperturbed,—while that pedal engine did the work for him. He didn't pound around the track, he skimmed over it. This Hornbostel, never before beaten in the half, is a beautiful runner too, and he made a gallant spurt in the final 50 yards, closing the gap materially, but student Ben was too far in front. Both men broke the world's record. Eastman's time 1:49.8. The crowd gave him a tremendous ovation, as he trotted back.

In spite of local pride, we found ourselves wishing Bonthron

would win. He is such a fine looking chap,—has such a youthful winning way, and he was there to do his job for the Princeton crowd. A victory would mean so much more for him than anyone else.

But it wasn't to be. This chap Cunningham from the corn belt, ran his race just as Ben Eastman did,—with no regard for the others. He knew what he could do and was there to do it. We have seen many mile runs, but never such a final quarter as the Kansas star put on. He simply ran away from the field,—finishing a good forty yards ahead of Bonthron. To be beaten in such a race was no disgrace however. The time was 4:06—another new world's record. But the Princeton boys were inconsolable. To have Bill beaten by 40 yards—that was not right! However Bonthron has another year and will be captain of the Tiger track team in 1935.

Coming back on the train, the boys in the press car got word that California had won the boat race at Poughkeepsie, with Washington second. It was a great day for the Pacific coast! R. W. Coar!

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

MALARIA SPREAD BY THE NEEDLE.
In New York city the chief medical examiner did autopsies in 16 cases of fatal tropical malaria in a period of four months last year. The malaria was of the tropical (estivo-autumnal type). In every instance the victim had been a drug addict.



I call this epidemic of malaria particularly attention to the attention of fed heaters and cultists who do not believe in germs or microorganisms as the cause of disease. It would be interesting to hear such a "doctor" explain these cases of tropical disease in a northern city. In every case the drug addict injected heroin into his vein—what is called a "main-line shooter" in the parlance of the dope world. Nearly all of the deceased addicts, it was discovered by detectives, had frequented the same lodging houses. Many of them had never been outside of New York, but a few had been to the Tropics.

It appeared that the heroin addicts improvised a syringe from a medicine or eye dropper inserted into a hypodermic needle. They call this contrivance the "spike." It was frequently used by a number of addicts in quick succession, for injection of a dose into a vein. When the needle is inserted into a vein a small quantity of blood nearly always flows back into the syringe. Thus some malaria parasites in the blood of one of the addicts who had been infected by malaria-carrying mosquitoes in the Tropics got into the syringe and was immediately transferred to the veins of the next user of the "spike." He in turn became a carrier of malaria, in-oculated with his heroin.

Such an odd mode of infection has been reported from several other parts of the world. Thus there have been outbreaks of malaria among drug addicts in Egypt, in Omaha, New Orleans, in Chicago and at Fort Leavenworth Penitentiary, all traced to the same agency. A freak of cut hair would have you believe that malaria is due to some waste matter or rotten product of metabolism which the body is striving to "throw off," and that the logical remedy is fasting, and all that hackneyed line which so strongly appeals to the great Wisconsin population.

Sensible folk now understand pretty clearly that malaria is naturally contagious disease spread by the handling of mail, papers or money that has been handled by one with the disease? (S. G.)

Answer.—There is no evidence that disease is spread in that way. (Copyright 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, June 20.—No entertainer seems to retain the hold on typically Broadway crowds as Harry Richman. He goes inland time after time for long stays and returns for the same brand of enthusiasm. Other performers, after such lapses, have to re-establish themselves with press agent build-ups.

But Broadway seems always ready for Richman. He puts over a song in a masculine way in the same fashion that made Nora Bayes so lastingly popular. His songs taunt with contagious energy. Each one halloo: "Boys, this will be my greatest triumph!" Egotism riding rough-shod.

Richman appeals to the minstrel in every heart. When he sings, every man in the audience is mentally out there singing and strutting. Eddie Leonard and Bill Robinson achieve the same effect with dance steps. Like Richman, they never give a sloppy performance. There are Harry Richmans in all lines. Their secret is simple—they love their jobs better than anything else in the world. Most all have extraordinary talents. But whatever they do, they are likely to sweep us off our feet by sheer force of fervor. So many of us negatives like the positive.

New York's nearest approach to the Cafe de la Paix is the clutter of tables flung along a St. Moritz corner sidewalk. The town is gradually overcoming its shudder at the leisure required for the correct slow sipping of drinks. Speakeasies caused everybody to bottle libation in case of the raider's ease. Even now they still sit on the chair edge expectantly.

Joe Zell is making a third effort to transfer a so-called "Parisian atmosphere" to the local scene. Zell has been wise in his way of appealing to finishers on the last lap of a night out. His rue Fontaine harum-scarum was long a down stop in the Montmartre hoop-la. But that was before a settled sedateness came to cafes in Paris and elsewhere and Zell's languished and died. The world, it would seem, has put on brakes and the Zellis must catch the muted tempo, one fears, to survive.

I ran into a small bit fool of the movie shorts today. He is a larrikin whose job it is to guffaw at his own recited puns and continually speak out of turn. To me he has always been somewhat a nuisance. In real life he is quiet, self-effacing and a devout disciple of Walt Whitman. Indeed, the only comedian I recall, as funny off as on, is Chaplin.

watch scrub nine's cross bats on a sunny Central Park meadow this afternoon. And in a flash of juvenile exuberance, when a fly popped my way, I tried to plant myself under it. It plopped two feet away from outstretched hands. The young catcher whose path I had evidently blocked, sneered: "Fatta athletes!" (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
W. A. SELLWOOD, assistant manager of the Klamath Falls transient relief bureau, presented an interesting picture of Russia to the members of a Southern Oregon Service club the other day.

It was interesting for two reasons: because it represents firsthand observation—Mr. Sellwood spent several years in Russia—and because it was fair.

He is able to see both the good and the bad in the Russian experiment.

WHAT really happened in Russia? Well, 175 million down-trodden people finally reached the point where they could stand it no longer and turned against and destroyed the five million who were treading them down.

That is about the long and the short of it, as Mr. Sellwood puts it.

DID they achieve liberty by doing so? Not at all. What the masses of the Russian people have now, after their revolution, "doesn't even faintly resemble liberty, as we of America know it. But it is better than what they had before.

CONSIDER this picture: Within the boundaries of Russia, you could put THREE United States of America, with plenty of room for them to rattle around. Russia, you see, is vast.

ANOTHER picture: On some of their great state farms—there is no such thing as rugged individualism in Russian agriculture—they start out in the morning with a tractor pulling plows, harrows and discs, and by the evening of the FOURTH DAY this tractor has completed ONE ROUND. That is to say, it has gone around the piece of land it is working on. That is another picture of vastness.

RUSSIA has timber. It has oil. It has almost every known mineral, including gold, silver and platinum. It has staggeringly immense areas of rich soil. It has a climate extending from the frozen Arctic to the sub-tropics.

AND listen: It has 175 million people whose leaders are bent upon raising them from semi-serfdom to a modern standard of living comparable to that of America.

DOES that frighten you. It frightens a lot of people. But it SHOULDN'T. Russia, raised out of barbarism to modern civilization, will provide a vast market for things we have to sell. Don't be afraid of progress. It has made the world steadily a better place to live in.

It will continue to do so in the case of Russia.

AND now a final word: Does Mr. Sellwood, who paints this interesting picture of the world's most interesting country, admire Russia and wish the United States were like it?

HEAR him: "I wish everyone who is discontented with conditions in America could see Russia—could live there long enough to become familiar with it if he could, he would spend the rest of his life giving fervent thanks that he lives in the United States of America."

REMEMBER, please, his statement that what the Russians have doesn't even faintly resemble liberty, as we of America know it. It is merely better than what they had before.

They have a long, long way to go yet, and many generations must be born and die before they can hope to reach the point where we are now.

THE UNITED STATES of America, you see, is still the greatest country on earth, with more of real liberty, of comfort and happiness and satisfaction for the common run of humanity, than any other country on earth.

So turn a deaf ear to the malcontents and the disturbers and the apostles of destruction who try to tell you that things in this country are in a terrible way, with liberty dead and hope gone.

That is the advice of men who, like Mr. Sellwood, know other countries as well as this. It is good advice.

Warrant Call
Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of School District No. 69 warrants Nos. 234 to 306, inclusive. Payable at Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank, Medford, Oregon. Interest to cease June 18, 1934.

MRS. HAZEL GANFIELD, clerk School District No. 69.

Find Child's Body Cremated In Field

The partially burned body of four-year-old Leah Minerova Dilley (above) was found in a field near Sharon, Pa., 12 days after she disappeared from home. Police quoted Homer Sanders, 42, as saying he took the child's body to the field and set it afire. (Associated Press Photo)



Two blocks of homes in Hill, Calif., destroyed by fire. In the auto races at the fairgrounds, Jack Ross of Seattle averages 75.8 miles per hour. Mr. and Mrs. Miles Central of Ruch drove to town this morning.

Eagle Point

EAGLE POINT, June 20.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Millard Robertson have moved to Ashland for the summer. Mrs. L. K. Haak attended state grade at Roseburg last week. Mr. and Mrs. Kalina and three sons of Ontario, Cal., visited at the Clarence Meyer home for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Fry, former residents of Eagle Point, were calling on friends here Thursday.

Mrs. Stella Van Scoy and son, Bobby, of Scotia, Cal., visited relatives here for a few days. They returned home Friday. Civic Improvement club will meet June 21. S. K. Barnes of Crescent City has been transacting business in Eagle Point.

Mrs. Don Brittan and children are visiting relatives in Medford. Grand H. E. C. club will hold its regular meeting June 27 at the home of Mrs. Beryl Hickson. Don Brittan attended the boat races at Klamath Falls Sunday.

Irene Kingery, who attends school in Salem, is home for the summer vacation. Mrs. Sam Coy, Lucille and Sammy Coy and Alice Walker spent Sunday at Clifton.

At the regular annual school election held June 18, Ray Harnish was elected director for three years and Edith Wiedeman was re-elected clerk for one year.

Mrs. Ray Harnish was pleasantly surprised Sunday evening by a group of friends, the occasion being her birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perry, Sam Harnish, Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holman, Henry and Mary Ellen Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Coy, Sammy Coy, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Young and Beryl Hickson and children.

HORACE Geppert was hired as janitor at the grade school for the coming year. Al Hildreth will be janitor at the high school. There will be a 4-L dance next Saturday at the Woodman hall. A large number of members from the valley are expected.

Mrs. Walter Stone and five children, Francis, Charles, Dona, Jack and Roland, left for Crescent, Ore., Sunday afternoon where Mr. Stone will meet them. They will spend about two weeks there and then continue to Adel, near Lakeview, where they plan to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohn recently visited Portland, Eugene and other up-state places. They visited Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart and family in Springfield. Negro baseball team of the CCC camp played Butte Falls team last Sunday. The score was 20 to 7 in favor of Butte Falls.

Morrell Patton has returned to his ranch at Lake Creek, after spending several months working in Los Angeles. Jack and Don Klinge of Lake Creek have spent two weeks visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Gus Edmondson. Mr. and Mrs. Putney are living at Page's hotel. They have change of Kohn's store during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohn are vacationing at Lake of the Woods. There will be a Children's day program at the church Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Weaver spent several days in Grants Pass last week with Mr. Weaver's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Olga Abbott spent last week-end with Mrs. Abbott's father, Lee Edmondson.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Hildreth and Mrs. Margaret Patton spent Monday in Medford. Hustler's club met with Mrs. Bolls last Thursday. About twenty-five women were present. Mrs. DeJarnett assisted Mrs. Bolls in the entertaining.

The annual school meeting was held June 18 at the grade school. Bob Flemming was elected director and Rev. Smith clerk.

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 20, 1924 (It Was Friday) Fifteen officers raid a house on West Second street, and arrest a woman with five gallons of home-made beer.

E. M. Wilson sustains injuries in an auto accident. Effort to make Jackson street school a junior high school fails.

Two blocks of homes in Hill, Calif., destroyed by fire. In the auto races at the fairgrounds, Jack Ross of Seattle averages 75.8 miles per hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Central of Ruch drove to town this morning. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY, June 20, 1914 (It Was Saturday)

County signs a contract for a fruit expert, and move meets protest. Councilman George Porter inspects the water system, and reports, "we sure need a new one."

"The Perils of Pauline" at the Isis; Mary Pickford in "The Good Little Devil," at the Star; and "Hell to Pay" at the It.

"Lah ka bibble!" the new slang phrase sweeps the city, and everybody, including women are using it. The fancy black trotter owned by C. E. Gates broke her right foreleg Tuesday night in a runaway. Mr. Gates put the animal in Mr. Marshall's care the first of the week, to take her to his ranch in the Central Point district. Marshall had driven to Medford and was returning when the accident occurred.



(Continued from Page One) (Rockefeller's). It would extend the time for divorcing security affiliates, but would not relinquish public safeguards against old practices of affiliates. Most of those on the inside thought it was all right. The other Bulkley amendments were drawn by the federal reserve board crowd.

The funniest picture in congress is the face of Senator Carter Glass while Huey Long is talking. The Glass woman droops with taut disgust. Everyone else may titter and smile at Huey's jokes, but Glass never lets a wrinkle bend.

When the Norris constitutional amendment was adopted, eliminating the fixed adjournment dates for congress, it was said the usual confusion at the close would be eliminated. What prevented it from being true this time is the fact that Mr. Roosevelt wanted to get rid of congress as fast as possible and virtually fixed the adjournment date.

The corn-hog checks were delayed because of technical administrative difficulties, but they are beginning to go out to the middle west in some volume now. It should mean better retail business out there.

A certain religiously inclined government adviser has devised a Biblical Bronx cheer for General Johnson: "Job vii 2, 'How long wilt thou speak these things? And how long will the words of the mouth be like a long wind?'"

Girl's Heart Resumed Beating. ADA, Ohio.—(UP)—After her heart had stopped beating for four minutes during a chloroform anesthetic for a tonsillectomy, Dorothy McElroy, 18, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Isaac McElroy, returned to physical normality. Adrenalin was injected as a stimulant and artificial respiration and oxygen restored her breathing. Then the operation was resumed.

Oregon Weather. Partly cloudy tonight and Thursday; probably showers in extreme east portion; slightly warmer in northeast tonight; moderate northwest wind offshore.

Kidnaps Iowa Trio

Jack and Don Klinge of Lake Creek have spent two weeks visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Gus Edmondson. Mr. and Mrs. Putney are living at Page's hotel. They have change of Kohn's store during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohn are vacationing at Lake of the Woods. There will be a Children's day program at the church Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Amos Weaver spent several days in Grants Pass last week with Mr. Weaver's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Olga Abbott spent last week-end with Mrs. Abbott's father, Lee Edmondson.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Hildreth and Mrs. Margaret Patton spent Monday in Medford. Hustler's club met with Mrs. Bolls last Thursday. About twenty-five women were present. Mrs. DeJarnett assisted Mrs. Bolls in the entertaining.

The annual school meeting was held June 18 at the grade school. Bob Flemming was elected director and Rev. Smith clerk.

All kinds of Iowa blanks for sale for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

THE W. C. T. U. will hold a rummage sale on Friday, and Cook Food Store on Saturday in the Odd Fellows' Building on 6th St.