

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

What Oregon needs more than a Lieutenant-Governor, is a First-Sergeant legislature.

Epicureans report pastures too wet for them to venture forth, and pick toadstools for mushrooms. The same conditions prevent farmers from getting out where they can be gored by the bull.

One hundred and thirty-five millionaires were produced in the country last year. This is not much of a crop, but better than no millionaires at all to cuss and envy.

An authority on Russia and the Soviet, by virtue of long residence and experience is here, and finds that what he actually saw and knows is at wide variance with descriptions of Russia, furnished by witnesses who have never been out of Jackson county.

Vermont is one corner of this land in which the birthright of personal liberty is not a foggy abstraction which a poor man is glad to trade for a can of corned beef.

Mexican dollars are reported hereabouts. Times are so tough it is doubtful they will even show up next Sunday on the collection plates.

Athletic ladies are now taking up wrestling. It seems an athletic lady will try anything. She is too tired to wash the supper dishes.

Rules for pedestrians to avoid being hit by autos have been broadcasted. The basic rule, "stay home," is not included.

MODERN BREADWINNER. (Chico) (Call) Enterprise. I have figured it out that if my girl could get a position that paid her only a nominal salary we would be married, but I don't know how to bring the matter to a head. We love each other and have an understanding that someday we will take the trip to the stars. Do you think my plan is foolish? ROY D.

A 17-year-old Oklahoma boy started out to be a bandit, because his grandfather scolded him. It is supposed the aged gentleman, out of the wisdom of his years, tried to tell him something.

The G. Hunt magic lantern show is now presenting a picture founded on the career of P. T. Barnum, who capitalized the fondness of the American people, to be humbugged out of their dimes, instead of their votes.

H. Flewler, the demon baker, is now attending to his in the Los Angeles area, by auto, and ran into an earthquake. There have been no earthquakes since.

TRICKS OF THE TIMES. For example, until the last few months, when its disintegration reached the ridiculous stage, the New Deal habit was to classify all those who failed to land the NRA as in favor of child labor and sweat shops. If it was suggested that the AAA crop reduction policies had flopped and the drought had made a joke of them, the cry was raised that the criticism came from the "forces of greed," eager to grind their heels in the faces of the farmers. If the growth, graft and waste in the relief burden were pointed out, the delicate reply was shot back that those who felt that way lived on spicats, drink cocktails, eat caviar and cared nothing for the "starving masses." (Des Moines Ia.) Register.

Priest and Pastor Are Firemen. BROOKLINE, Mass.—(UP)—A priest and a minister have received commissions from the Brookline fire department. The priest, Rev. George M. Dowd, of St. Mary's of the Assumption, and the Rev. William H. Leslie, of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal church, will act as chaplains.

Whether one agrees or disagrees with the Texas Congressman's remarks, few we believe will withhold from him the tribute of— "WHAT a man!"

Why Elect a Governor?

WE elect a Governor of Oregon because we—at least a majority of us—believe him to be the man, best qualified for the job.

Then turn him over to a Legislature that proceeds to act upon the assumption that the duly elected Governor isn't qualified to run a peanut stand, much less be chief executive of this state.

General Martin was elected Governor less than 3 months ago by a surprisingly large plurality. The people chose him because they liked him as a man, approved the general principles of his platform, wanted to see him have a free hand in administering the affairs of this state.

But from the moment the Legislature opened, a majority of the members have apparently spent a large share of their time, trying to hamper and hamstring the chief executive, and throw just as many monkey wrenches into the Martin program, as they could collect.

At the outset of his campaign General Martin, told the people, that if elected, he would try to abolish or consolidate useless boards; eliminate duplication of effort and overlapping of authority; institute rigid economy in the antiquated system, of state administration.

Naturally the Governor can't do any of these things if he is not given AUTHORITY to do them.

But when bills are introduced giving him this authority—placing upon him the responsibility for action and results—the old weather-beaten squawk of dictatorship, is raised, and the Governor is accused of trying to bull his way through, with no regard for constitutional or popular rights.

TOMMY ROT!

If the Martin administration bills are imperfectly drawn, let the imperfections be corrected. But there is nothing dictatorial or unconstitutional in them. They are merely measures enabling the Governor to do what he wants to do and promised to do.

What earthly use is there in electing a Governor—ANY Governor,—and at the very outset of his administration, putting him in a legislative straight jacket, and treating him as a suspect.

Even a suspected felon is entitled to the assumption of innocence until the reverse is proved.

Is it too much to ask that the Legislature, assume Governor Martin knows what he is about, until the fact has been demonstrated that he DOESN'T?

This is no plea to give the Governor a carte-blanc to do whatever he wishes. It is a plea to give the man a chance—instead of blocking his program before it even starts.

WE think it fortunate that Oregon has, as Governor, a man who wishes to assume responsibility for improving conditions in this state, instead of one who wishes to shirk it and pass the buck to others.

In the final analysis, this is all Governor Martin asks.

We are convinced the people of the state, as a whole, demand that their representatives at Salem, grant this request.

He's No Angel

THIS man Blanton of Texas certainly doesn't lack intestinal fortitude. For a Lone-Star politician, who has held his seat in congress for several years and wants to STAY there, he appears to possess the fearlessness of a saw-tooth tiger.

In face of the fact there are said to be 10,000,000 votes behind the Townsend Old Age pension plan, and the ultimatum from the eminent author that any congressman opposing the plan, will promptly be shipped back to his constituents with one hand grasping a Lily, Representative Blanton rose in his seat the other day to remark:

"I am advising my constituents that the Townsend plan is nothing in the world but bunk, pure and simple, and for them not to let him (Dr. Townsend) get any of their money."

Supplementing this blunt statement the Texas Congressman, maintained Dr. Townsend and an army of hangers-on were living in luxury at the Ambassador hotel in Washington and it is "the aged poor of the United States who are paying the bill."

Townsend's profits from book sales and contributions from his misguided followers, continued the speaker, were \$750,000 up to last October and have been even larger since then, concluding as follows:

"Dr. Townsend interested in the aged people or what he gets out of them? At a later date I will furnish some interesting facts on this subject."

As if this were not enough raw meat for one day, the intrepid legislator (in the same speech) proceeded to take a swipe at organized labor and certain features of the New Deal as follows:

"Now, I want to mention another subject. Are we going to be able to spend our way back into prosperity by voting and spending billions of dollars for our unborn posterity to finance and pay hereafter? Are we going to bring back normalcy in industry, in business, in that way? I am going to say some things now that I don't believe another man in this House will say. I am going to tell you what I think. Some of you may think as I do, but you won't talk as I do. If we would repeal that foolish law that Congress passed that took from the courts of the United States the power of injunction to stop violations of law, to stop murder, to stop the destruction of property, when labor unions are destroying and murdering, and if we would provide safe means for all labor to work under, provide proper environment, provide, if you please, a proper wage scale, a scale that would permit living under the American standard of living, and then if we would write on every signboard in the United States that from now on the head of every business enterprise in the United States is going to be permitted to run his own business, according to law, and that if he wants to work men who are not union men he has the right to do it if they want to work for him, and that no organization in the world has a right to force his workers against their will to unionize. If we would do these things, we would restore business in the United States, and if Europe, too, would wake up and adopt that policy, we would restore business in the whole world, because business won't be restored to normalcy as long as you have some outsider running it. (Applause.)"

"Some of you think you cannot make that kind of a speech and come back here, but you can. I have been making that kind of a speech for 18 years. My district is as thoroughly organized as any other district in the United States, from the union standpoint, but most of the union men I represent are thinking men, they are men of intelligence, they believe that a worker has the right to join a union or not to join, just as he pleases. And they do not like taking orders from others."

Whether one agrees or disagrees with the Texas Congressman's remarks, few we believe will withhold from him the tribute of— "WHAT a man!"

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.

SOME DOCTORS DO OPERATIONS—OTHERS PERFORM THEM

The injection treatment of varicose veins is now the method of choice, in spite of the efforts of the powers that be to pool-pool this method of treatment when it was first introduced to the public. One of the main objections raised by the entrenched surgeons and their hired mouthpieces was that it was "dangerous" to inject irritants into veins. That was a theoretical conception, but the Big Guns made their dupes believe it the wisdom of experience.

When the surgeon speaks of "performing" an operation rather than merely doing it, or operating, he means, I gather from the synonym book, that the end is nothing and the doing everything. That's what all American surgery.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The Trick Druggist Again. Want to make your foot proof enough medicine but can't get citrate of soda. Have tried for three weeks, but the druggist says he can't find it. Am using some drug store dope now. —Mrs. A. H. H.

Answer—Sodium citrate, commonly called citrate of soda, is official, standard, and perfectly familiar to every honest druggist. It is cheap, available everywhere, and obviously your trick druggist can't "find" it because he is selling you dope instead. Readers who wish instructions for preparing the foot proof, cough medicine at home, send stamped addressed envelope and ask for the instructions.

Finland Bath. Should like to have your opinion of the Finnish bath—T. J. Answer—I think it is fun if one enjoys it. So far as I know, it has no remedial effect one can't get from ordinary hot baths at home or so-called Turkish or Russian baths. (Copyright, 1935, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

PALM BEACH, Jan. 25.—Florida, far more than a lash of the hurricane, dreads another boom. Natives inquire tremulously: "You don't think we are in for another 'do you?' They have not out-lived the horror of what Ed Sullivan calls "building up for a terrific let-down."

There is the first night nervousness of a prima donna or the hourly packed planes and the new crack trains that thunder in. Unused hotels are being refurbished and even new ones discussed. Breezy boys are beginning to talk big about real estate. Portentious signs!

Palm Beach, for instance, hears Henry L. Doherty, over Miami way, is casting a speculative eye on abandoned hotels here. Last week he dotted with more private yachts than any time since the smash up. These uptakes warm yet chill the Floridian heart. The past is too young!

And Florida is determined to have no more flukes. Yet social columns balloon with dinner guest lists of several hundred and hand-box shops, for several seasons, shuttered, are perky bright again. But steady hands hold the reins. There is not likely to be another runaway.

A ghost of the astonishing days loom eerily on a promontory nearby. Now known as Singer's Polly, it was intended to be the hotel of hotels called The Blue Heron. Paris Singer's millions were behind it. There would be \$300 a day royal suites staffed with special servants, private saloons and all the gorgeous gadgets in keeping with the fabulous era. Half-built Florida with the rest of the world took a nose dive. And the structure, now scabrous from disease and decay, is a stark monument to an insanity that prostrated us all.

There is healthy jealousy between Palm Beach and Miami, a two hour motor drive away. Just as San Francisco looks upon the besuiling growth of Los Angeles with a stiff, so does Palm Beach regard Miami as a bit blatant and gauche. Nice to motor over when one is in a Conroy Island mood but really... With a patter of et ceteras, And Miami inquires: "Palm Beach? Where is that?"

Will Rogers' old ear must have tingled today. Two gentlemen with crisply white mustaches that suggested enormous flat-topped desks and nothing but a thin row of push buttons were discussing him under a sin umbrella. One opined he was the most influential citizen of the country. And the other agreed like a shot. Thus a one-gunned crotch-of-the-creek boy becomes an idol among the silk-robed of a private ocean front.

Surviving him re twin sons, LeRoy Britton and Lester Sutton, both of Klamath county, two sisters, Mrs. Alice Bayles of Eugene, Mrs. Gertrude King of Safford, Cal. and two brothers, Ward Sutton of Willamette, Ore., and Lee Sutton of Klamath Falls.

The rubber tired tri-cycle chairs pedaled by leucore ladies are, along with rented bicycles, the chief means for tourists getting about. In contrast to the seedy and rickety wrecks of the Atlantic City broadwalks, the tri-cycle boys here are in a splendor of count plus flours with belted coats. The charge is \$2 an hour and a slow spin along the Lake Trail when the moon rides high is a jolting for the memory book.

The regal surflet here is in keeping with the atmosphere of the town. There is the Royal Palm Way, the Royal Palm Tea Room, the Royal Palm garage, the Royal Palm this and that. I have not as yet seen the Royal Palm parlor but I'm sure it is here. And likely a Royal Palm hamburger hutch.

The cluck and sag of the surf through a bed room window is among the gentlest sleep producers. One's head touches the pillow—and away to dreamland. Dinner is as early as 6:30 so everybody can climb into the hay early. I know only one place comparable for snoring and that is Coronado Beach. At breakfast faces are a bench under my window. The soft murmurings indicated a bit of necking at which, of course, I turned my head. The lady! Anyway as he started to go she whispered "Run a comb through your hair!" For that he snatched another kiss. After they are married, such a command will be nagging. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Young love is tender in these man-made paradises. A couple drifting from the dance floor, eddied to a bench under my window. The soft murmurings indicated a bit of necking at which, of course, I turned my head. The lady! Anyway as he started to go she whispered "Run a comb through your hair!" For that he snatched another kiss. After they are married, such a command will be nagging. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM, speaking modestly for publication, says: "It never occurred to me that anyone might be interested in my flight from Honolulu to the mainland."

POOH! POOH! Amelia! We're all more or less normal people, and since the world began normal people have been interested in deeds of daring, involving the risking of life to prove whether or not something could be done.

And, since the world began, normal people have admired those possessing the courage to risk their lives to find out.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM wanted to know whether a woman could fly alone from Honolulu to San Francisco bay, so she TRIED IT.

Christopher Columbus, some 450 years ago, wanted to know, FORTUNE, whether the world was flat, as most people then believed, or round, as he believed. So he set sail to the west, in three small boats, in order to find out.

Some three or four thousand years ago—time gets hazy and indistinct as we get that far back—Hanno, a Phoenician, wanted to know what lay beyond the Mediterranean, so in a small open boat, with a few chosen companions, he sailed through the straits of Gibraltar and down the coast of Africa. He got back safe, and he must have had a great tale to tell.

AMELIA EARHART, flying from the Hawaiian Islands to the mainland, had only the ordinary hazards of machinery and weather to contend with.

Columbus and Hanno had to contend with the hazards of the weather and the inadequacies of small boats, but with SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS as well.

That was a frightful handicap. IN COLUMBUS' time, it was pretty generally believed that the world was flat, and that at some point far out in the ocean—how far no one knew—one came to the edge of the world, where the waters of the sea poured over into empty space.

It took real courage to find out, by actual trying, whether or not that was true.

IN HANNO'S day, superstitious fear of the unknown was vastly greater than in Columbus' day. Nobody in the then "civilized" world knew what existed beyond the friendly shores of the Mediterranean, and lively imaginations conjured up some frightful terrors.

So he took the chance and FOUND OUT.

NOTE this, please: Since the earliest beginnings of recorded history, the UNKNOWN has inspired human beings with varying degrees of terror, and in their efforts to imagine the unknown they have been inclined to emphasize its DANGERS.

But, more or less without fail, as the unknown has come to be KNOWN it has been found to be less terrible than it had been imagined.

IN THESE days of considerable uncertainty, the FUTURE is quite unknown to most of us, and following the habits of our ancestors we are inclined to people it with terrors. Because we people the future with terrors, we lack CONFIDENCE IN IT.

As, over the long years of the past, the unknown has become known, its imagined terrors have uniformly either VANISHED or have been greatly minimized.

So, you see, it is highly probable that the future, when we get into it, won't be as terrible as we have imagined.

Generally cloudy tonight and Saturday; rains northwest portion; no change in temperature; fresh and strong southerly wind off the coast.

Best Still Lacks 56 Years. NORTH ABINGTON, Mass.—(UP)—Walter E. Bates believes that he holds a record of owning the oldest wearable suit in this section of the country. He has worn the same suit to social functions in which he was married 56 years ago.

Leghorn Lays Two-in-One Egg. SEATTLE—(UP)—A "two-in-one" egg was the product of a white Leghorn hen owned by Mrs. E. Palmer Blakely. Inside an unusually large shell, together with a normal white and yolk was a small egg, with hard shell.

ESCANABA Minn.—(AP)—Mrs. John K. Stack, Jr., member of a prominent family in Portland, Ore., died this morning in a hospital here, a week, almost to the hour, after the death of her husband, the auditor general of Michigan.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

When it comes to radio, remember: "Fruits" can do it." Phone 22

Historians say advantages of reimbursement in case of mishaps to marine cargoes constituted the earliest form of insurance.

Trimmed Beard on Birds. SPOKANE, Wash.—(UP)—Thomas Miller celebrated his 103rd birthday recently by disposing of his cane and having his long beard trimmed to a modish style. He voted for Henry Clay for president and is a socialist.

Admits Plot To Kill



Police of Alpine, N. J., said Mrs. Russell Hey, 52, (above) confessed taking part in pushing her husband over a cliff. Two men were implicated. Hey saved himself by catching on a ledge near the top of the cliff. (Associated Press Photo)

Portland citizens ask Seattle chief of police to take charge of Portland police force, by "Law Enforcement League."

Cloudy day with sprinkles of rain comes to the valley.

William Warner recovers from an attack of sciatic rheumatism.

American League drum corps will blow their new bugles for the first time next Tuesday evening.

Valley sportsmen call meeting to consider fish legislation.

Textile strike threat in New England causes Wall street stocks to drop.

As an inducement for farmers of the Applegate district to grow sugar beets, Medford merchants agree to share part of the transportation costs to the factory.

Bill to make county clerks issue auto licenses, instead of secretary of state, killed in legislature.

Gang of I. W. W.'s are run off Haymarket Square by police, when four orators start talking at once.

Heavy rain falls over valley, with a warm south wind.

Local merchants are warned to look out for "short change artists headed this way."

Asland businessman fined \$100 for selling stale eggs.

Battle of Rogue raging in the legislature for closed river, "and rights of resident fishermen."

When I was a child my days were spent in roaming the green hills far and wide.

I knew the name of every bird. And of every flower I spied.

I learned the ways of the sly gray squirrel. And learned the birds' sweet song; The flowers brighter bloomed for me, And their fragrance lasted long.

The timid doe with her spotted fawn, Would stand and gaze at me, And the bluejay called in his shrill, shrill voice.

From the limb of a nearby tree. But now I am old, no more do I roam Among the tall green trees; No more do I smell the scent of the pines. Nor breathe the pure mountain breeze.

My path in life has taken me far Far away from those virgin hills, But they are ever my guiding star, To which my heart still thrills.

When I am blue and the world's not right, And my heart is full of pain, The prayer I breathe is the prayer To be just a carefree child again.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Extreme caution in the care of young livestock during the current cold season was urged by Dr. W. H. Lytle of the livestock division of the state department of agriculture.

Lamb, colts, calves and pigs have a high death rate in winter, which is the direct result of chilling, said Lytle. Jugs, bottles and milk cans can be used in constructing practical and simple brooders, by filling them with warm water and placing them in a dry tub or box.

Wide strips of flannel should be fastened around the abdomens of newborn calves and lambs, he said, and fastened with safety pins. An occasional warm drink is an excellent stimulant in cold weather.

Decreased water consumption in winter, said Lytle, causes many animal disorders. The brightest and best-cured green hay should be selected for winter feeding, and should be supplemented with grain.

Oregon Weather. Generally cloudy tonight and Saturday; rains northwest portion; no change in temperature; fresh and strong southerly wind off the coast.

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 January 25, 1925. (It was Sunday.)

State Senator George Joseph of Portland introduces bill in state legislature for voting of bonds to build state power plants. Rep. Ralph Cowgill of Jackson county engages in sharp oratorical tilt over state plumbing bill, which he declares "will send 17,000 more inspectors running over the state."

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