

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Farewell to 1935

WELL, all in all, 1935 did a good job of it. In every direction, the old gentleman now departing, did better than any of his recent predecessors. Business started out better, and improvement was consistently sustained. Although the unemployment problem was not solved by any means, there are at least a million more men and women with jobs today than was the case a year ago.

There is more money in the country, and more money is being spent. Several industrial concerns established new high records since 1932—some exceeded even the boom year of 1929.

There is still room for much improvement, of course. But 1935 marked material progress and all in the right direction. The farmers are far better off, than at any time since the depression. So are the merchants and the professional men. So is practically everyone.

For which let us all be duly thankful—and as the old gentleman totters over the abyss to his final resting place, let us give him a hand. Most experts predict 1936 will do even better—they place the improvement from 15 to 20%.

With a presidential campaign certain in this country, and peace either in Europe or the Far East doubtful; this paper at least will be entirely satisfied, if this blushing and gurling infant of 1936 does as well.

Still Room at the Top

THERE'S still "room at the top" for ambitious youth—but, declares Walter B. Pitkin, famed author of "Life Begins at Forty," it is a smaller room than it used to be. And instead of being in a city sky-scraper, it may be on main street of the old home town.

Able young men and women today, Dr. Pitkin notes in the current Rotarian magazine, should take a realistic view of the change, and recognize the fact that it may be necessary for them to work longer than did able youth of another generation at jobs requiring less than their full abilities.

Progress up what he describes as "the battered old ladder of success," is apt to be slower than formerly, and wise youth will cultivate local acquaintances and a knowledge of local affairs.

A 10-point list of qualifications necessary for high-grade young men and women who would reach the room-at-the-top is offered by Dr. Pitkin:

- 1. Health. 2. High energy. 3. Persistence. 4. Thoroughness. 5. High technical training. 6. Social sense—the ability to get along well with people. 7. Self-knowledge, and self-understanding. 8. Adaptability. 9. Willingness to work for a long time at jobs requiring less than one's best abilities. 10. A knowledge of local affairs and wide acquaintanceship with local people.

News Behind The News

(Continued From Page One)

ferred "stupendous" and finally "colossal." The new dealers always thought there was something more behind it than a colossal improvisation.

You may rest assured now, however, that such things will not happen again next year. At least not to Mr. Roosevelt.

The minority behind business predictions this New Year is more or less apparent.

Men whose judgment is best are forecasting a 1936 level of industrial production 10 to 20 per cent above this year. They base this prediction primarily on an expectation of a 30 per cent increase in residential building construction. This will really absorb some, but not all, unemployment.

These authoritative predictions are being made in the face of wide uncertainties. The continuing accumulation of gold here is convincing economists that another medium of international monetary exchange may prove to be necessary within the year.

War excitement is prevalent in Europe and the far east. The congress is meeting. An unusually hot campaign is in prospect. A presidential election will take place, the outcome of which is in doubt.

When you see rosy business prophecies in the face of such uncertainties, it is a good indication of the inherent strength behind the current recovery movement.

There was some inner excitement near the top here following the holiday departure of Colonel Lindbergh. The administration has always assumed things like that were almost as important politically as the tariff and taxation.

A private investigation is understood to have been undertaken by someone near, but not in, the White House. The conclusion was reached that Lindbergh could have chosen a far less conspicuous way to get away from threats and annoyances if that was his only purpose.

The ordinary way would have been to have his air line transfer him quietly to England to promote his forthcoming trans-Atlantic service! A routine announcement could have been issued after he was at sea, and not slipped out illicitly in a way to cause such commotion. Also, movie stars and others whose faces are internationally known have been able to cross with comfort on large liners in seclusion, without buying up all the passages on a small boat and departing at midnight.

At least so say the apprehensive new dealers.

These pointed suppositions are all correct, but they point in the wrong direction, say the Lindbergh friends here. The colonel, they maintain, is really a valuable technical adviser for his employers and not just a promotion manager. Their explanations are personal, like the published ones. The effect of the cruel tragedy to their first-born was very deep. Subsequent annoyances became exaggerated. It is supposed to have been Mrs. Lindbergh who was particularly worried.

Some statesmen are human. Around this happy season of year it is not unknown for one or two of them to test the flowing bowl. At least this is the private explanation being offered here for two notable errors in judgment committed by statesmen recently in widely separate sections of the country. Such things never happen in Washington.

JUNGLE BEASTS EYED FROM INN IN TOP OF TREE

LONDON (UPI)—In the top of a fig tree in the heart of the jungle in Kenya is the queerest and the most expensive bedroom in the world.

From it, lying in bed, a person can see rhinoceroses and elephants drinking, leopards, zebras, hyenas, monkeys, and a score of other varieties of animals drinking, quarreling, and making friends.

Lady Bettie Walger, who first conceived the idea, described some of the thrills and adventures which have befallen those who have slept in the tree-top room, during a visit to London.

"We charge \$50 for a single person for one night," she said. "No where else in the world can you watch game in its absolutely natural state."

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

MUSCLE SORENESS, GLASS ARM, CHARLEYHORSE.

One of the two causes of soreness in muscles after violent or unaccustomed exercise is actual rupture of muscle cell walls and exudation of blood and lymph. Soreness due to this cause persists until the tear or tears are healed. In exceptional instances the entire muscle may be torn from its attachment to the bone or from its attachment to the tendon, by a sudden strain. Such an injury is called "charleyhorse." A charleyhorse usually makes a visible lump, or one which can be felt, and this takes a month or more to disappear, of course leaving some scar in the muscle which may impair its full elasticity permanently.

Runners and jumpers fear "pulling" the hamstrings, that is, a rupture or tear of the muscles at the junction of muscle and tendon. Ball players, especially pitchers, have to prepare the deltoid and the scapular or shoulder-blade muscles carefully to prevent the occurrence of a similar rupture or tear in shoulder or arm, called "glass arm."

The preparation to prevent such injuries is commonly called "warming up" and is actually a gradually increasing use of the muscles—a gradually increasing exercise. The danger of rupture or tear of muscle fibre is of course greatest when the muscle is suddenly strained when cold.

"If anyone immediately after undressing," observed wise old Dr. Galen, two thousand years ago, "proceed to the more violent movements before he has softened the whole body and thinned the excretions and opened the pores, he incurs the danger of breaking or spraining some of the solid parts, but if beforehand the person exercising gradually warms and softens the solids and thins the fluids and expands the pores, he will run no risk of rupture or tear of muscle or tendon." Excuse the allusion to pores—remember, that was 2000 years ago.

Sweating has nothing to do with it. Sweating is merely an index of the degree of warming up, limbering, softening—an effect of the increased metabolism or the more rapid oxidation or combustion going on in the tissues. The sweating serves to cool the overheated tissues. It does NOT carry out any significant poison, acid, waste matter. Of course increased muscular

activity means increased formation of waste matter, products of oxidation or combustion in the muscle, such as carbon dioxide, water, lactic acid. But these waste products are carried away through the circulation, and eliminated from the body through the lungs and through the kidneys, NOT through the skin.

The other cause of muscle soreness is such waste matter imperceptibly removed through the blood stream. One of the characteristic effects of proper "training" is increased efficiency of the circulation in the removal of this waste material. Athletes well trained are more or less immune to lameness or soreness after exercise.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Meat is Meat. We use only chicken and mutton, no other meats. We believe that the only meat of muscle source that is wholesome and beneficial... (B. L. G.)

Answer—Nonsense. Meat is meat. Pork, beef, veal, ham, mutton, lamb, goat, fowl, hare, hen, chicken, fish. It is all wholesome and beneficial food.

Sounds Sound. Wish to bring to your attention my experience... I suffered for many years from colitis... a smooth diet supplemented with double ration of vitamins as you suggested, together with daily sunbaths (or ultraviolet ray lamp when I could not get out in the sun) has apparently effected a cure... (R. M. P.)

Answer—Thank you. The report may be of help to others similarly ailing.

Breathe and Be Calm. You gave a very interesting talk about breathing and described a method of breathing which helps the circulation and favors sleep... (D. A.)

Answer—Details in booklet "Art of Easy Breathing" and "Chronic Nervous Impostion." For either send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address.

Weak Women. I have never been very strong. I am now 44 years old and I suppose I shall suffer a great deal from the critical time... (Miss A. L.)

Answer—Nonsense, lady, that's a quack doctor stuff. Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for monograph on Menopause (Change of Life). (Copyright, 1935, John F. 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, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—James Thurber has become the town's literary surprise, with two best selling books in a row. Each was a collection of hastily written sketches and amateurish looking drawings he had turned out for a weekly magazine. Separately they seemed trivial, but lumped together, a riot.

Beneath the fro-frou of his gaities, the critics have discovered the cold-blooded dismantler, a little destroyer of illusions. Little Bell, in a critique, believes Thurber is intent on pulverizing the human race. Still another reviewer alliterates: "A fiendish flayer of fumbles."

Noteworthy in his salty rambly rants is his flair for recollections of boyhood. His Aunt Ida and her Law-mee, poof! and his grand old in Columbus, O. He makes them a three-ring circus. As he observes: "You see I am a rememberer, an analyzer. I have a pocket full of old used years."

Thurber's caprices do not center altogether on his skits and sketches. He is a rousing spirit in the cafes, where he lends himself to the warming gesture of applying the "hot foot" as well as giving a yank on passant to the occasional bright beard of a serious thinker.

Memories. When money was called "quack" Bill skinned with a "hot foot" camera with black hood. "Fra-shaving mug for the barber shop shelf. The calling card saucer on the hall table. That taste after smoking a section of an old buggy whip. Shoulder braces. Horse shoe nail nut picks. Slicking up patent leather shoes on the dewey grass before ringing the bell. The best thing under the stars for answering the front door. Drying walnuts on the coal alied post. Spending the Sunday school penny. Free perfumed knee pads. Getting five skips from a stone on the mill pond.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the legend goes, wrote his choicest stuff during the eight years he was tortured by continuous headaches. Conrad's most remembered descriptions were turned out from a pouty sick bed. Broken-ridge Mills has a better record than 30 novels during life in a wheel chair and with vision almost faded. Indeed the history of fine literature weighs an almost solid background of pain. I thought of these things today upon receiving a despairing note from Woodstock, R. L. McIntyre: "I am in the middle of a book when I know I will fail. Yet I awakened today to a squalling bell above and a howling dog in the yard next door. And I have a south that is beginning to betwe."

Clara Bell Walsh's Skippy recently departed for a caper in Elysia. Skippy was one of the celebrated dogs of the avenue, a button-eyed midget Sealyham with comic whiskers and the grand and grave manner of a patriarch. He had no truck with anyone save his mistress and her chauffeur, but he sat up in bored dignity for all who approached. His concluding year was spent in cataracted blackness but his head arched high. He crossed the finish line a thoroughbred.

A summer evening a few years ago, my wife and I halted in a motor journey at the serene German village of Eisenach, where Napoleon was almost betrayed in his retreat from Moscow, to visit the home of Johann Bach, see the collection of musical instruments upon which he and his 20 children played and the organ in the church across the way where he was so long organist. Our self-appointed circumnavigator was a townsman who spoke English and had played in a Hoxy orchestra in New York. Homesickness had overwhelmed him. But as our car moved off he said: "Some day I may see you again, for I am going back." In Luchow's the other evening a waiter, after serving our order, hesitated, indulged a few nervous slides of dishes on the table, and finally observed: "Well, I'm back." The musician of Eisenach!

Broadway's most logical historian for the past decade is Gene Buck. So much so publishers are angling for his memoirs. As a song writer, fashioner of revue skits and side-dance camp to Ziegfeld, he was behind the scenes in that fabulous era. And he looked on with the calm poise of a teetotaler. Should he tell all, my my!

They came out of one of those saucily awtinged snack bars near the Pennay station in the noisy crush of a few just-on-moves. Tettering on the curb one urged: "Hurry up or we will miss the next train to Roslyn." No 2 replied, flexing his arms: "You can sit on a silly train. I'm turning back-springs to Flushing and cart-wheeling on from there!" (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

A report of the plumbing and heating industries bureau discloses that boiler and radiator sales have increased 50 per cent due to the modernization credit plan of FIA.

Lake Creek

LAKE CREEK, Dec. 31.—(Spl.)—Christmas guests of Herman and Ed Meyer were Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ragdale and daughter Barbara, Marvin Ragdale, Mrs. E. R. Jones and Sharon Ragdale. Marvin Ragdale, daughter Sharon and Mrs. Jones returned to Kirk, Klamath county, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Parlow spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Eva Nichols and family in Eagle Point.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoeft and family motored to Sacramento and spent Christmas with Mrs. Hoeft's aunt and family of that city. They returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Haley of Washington were Christmas guests of the Wyant family. Mrs. O. Bellows, mother of Mrs. Haley, returned home with them for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rush and son Billie and daughter Jewel of Eugene, and Mrs. Thelma Moore of Medford, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Moore. Miss Moore returned to Medford, Christmas evening and Mr. and Mrs. Rush and family remained until Sunday.

Mrs. Ted Hoeft and children of Griffin Creek came out to the ranch Tuesday evening to stay for the rest of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Parlow went to Portland for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Gold Zundel and Harold Zundel are spending the holidays in southern California.

Mrs. A. L. Pech spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Brown.

Mrs. Eva Nichols and family of

Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

CHRISTMAS season in the Southern Oregon country—an inspiringly beautiful country, in the winter or at any other season.

CRATER LAKE—at this season a blue jewel in a white world, a turquoise on an emine coat. Trees loaded with a burden of snow. The highway, thanks to the park service, for this winter at least, a gash in the snow, leading clear to the lake's edge, with no forbidding snow plugs at the end barring people out of this winter wonderland.

And a little leisure, here in the holiday season, to drive up and see it all.

LAKE O' THE WOODS—a sight this year to remember for years to come; for this season the cold came down before the snow, and the lake froze over as smooth as a sheet of plate glass. Skaters skim over it with that light, free motion that of all the sports is the nearest to flying.

Mount Pitt in the background, white and silent and pure; reflected in the ice almost as clearly as on quiet summer evenings it is reflected in the water.

A beautiful country, indeed.

THERE'S something thrilling in the air this year—a new feeling of hope for the future, of confidence that the worst is past, of willingness to TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN.

Taking chances is another term for gambling, and gambling, when it is merely an add to get something for nothing, is BAD, but heaven help us if in this country we ever reach and REMAIN AT the point where nobody is willing to take a chance.

It has been those grand spirits who were willing to take a chance who have made this country what it is—the greatest country on earth.

HERE in Southern Oregon there have been plenty of bold souls who were willing to take a chance—"full steam ahead, and damn the torpedoes." Some of them are broke. Many of them are crippled. Only a few of them are sitting on the world.

But what a debt we owe them! The Southern Oregon country of today has been made what it is by those willing to take a chance because they BELIEVED IN THE COUNTRY.

Let this be our prayer: Give US MORE OF THEIR KIND.

IT'S good to be alive at Christmas, for at the Christmas season people forget for a little while the grubbing selfishness, the dog eat dog, first come first served and devil take the hindmost spirit that rules humanity too much of the time, and for an all too brief period we live more as human beings ought to live. It's fine!

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 31, 1925. (It was Thursday.) Medford will greet the New Year with good cheer and watch parties, family gatherings and a wide range of entertainment. 1925 was one of the most prosperous years in the history of the city, and the nation.

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover declares "present prosperity will continue unless people lose their heads and are led astray by false prophets." President Coolidge warns against "the invidious wives and promises of demagogues."

Records show 11,000 murders committed in America last year.

Pig parasites, and is said to be beneficial to orchards by killing eggs of insects.

Police report the "heaviest travel of unemployed men" in years, with the city jail crowded nightly by wanderers seeking shelter.

Sheriff Jennings dumps 80 gallons of moonshine seized last month, into a Jacksonville sewer.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY December 31, 1915. (It was Friday.) There will be no issue of the Mail Tribune tomorrow—New Year's day.

Portland residents buy \$2,000,000 worth of liquor on eve of new dry law going into effect tomorrow. Heavy purchases of firewater in this city reported, with saloon stocks depleted. Seven states of the union go dry at midnight.

On Wednesday the principal street of Jacksonville was enlivened by the presence of a fine specimen of three-spined buck deer bounding along the quiet town thoroughfare, as if unafraid of arm in the county seat, but in a hurry to get out of town.

Mrs. R. F. Antle was hostess to the Wednesday Bridge club Wednesday afternoon.

First shipment of 1916 Chevrolees arrives here.

We are on the qui vive. Rumor is a bachelor of our city has been a target for Cupid's arrow. If so, congratulations, etc., will follow.—Central Point Items.

BLAZE DESTROYS EDW. KUBLI HOME

BIG APPELGADE, Dec. 31.—(Spl.)—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kubli, located four miles below Rich on the Appelgate Highway, was destroyed by fire shortly after noon Sunday when the family was away.

Passerby, stopping to fill their radiator, noticed the fire, which started overhead, and with the help of a neighbor, were able to save a few articles of furniture. The fire is thought to have started from the fuse or defective wiring.

The loss of household equipment, including furniture belonging to Chester Kubli, which was stored in the home, as well as groceries, fruit, and meat, is estimated at \$1500. Insurance partially covered the loss.

"KICKERINICK" Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Huffmann's.

Lange To Show New Airflow Thursday

H. F. Lange, of the Lange Motor Co., local Chrysler and Plymouth dealer, left last night for Portland to bring back one of the first of the new 1936 Chrysler Airflows. The new model, a Royal 8 sedan, will be placed on display in the Lange showroom Thursday.

Mr. Lange said they have orders for two Imperial Airflows and two Royal Airflows which will be delivered in Medford soon. The appearance of the new Airflow has been changed by the addition of a large built-in trunk and a sweeping new hood and louvre design.

A fine variety of ostrich is common in Ethiopia.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Carnival Dance DREAMLAND TONITE

RUBE and HIS ORCHESTRA! COME and HAVE a GOOD TIME

ALSO NEW YEAR'S NITE, JANUARY 1ST ANOTHER BIG DANCE AT DREAMLAND

Bud Dwyne and His Band will furnish the music!

Sincere Wishes For A Happy And Prosperous 1936

CONGER FUNERAL PARLOR

WEST MAIN AT NEWTOWN Solicited For Membership In Order of Golden Rule and Declined

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS ANNUAL Gold Chevron CARNIVAL New Year DANCE New Year Eve Oriental Gardens Dance till 2

Meteorological Report

December 31, 1935.

Forecasts. Medford and vicinity: Partly cloudy tonight and Wednesday, with fog; slightly colder tonight.

Oregon: Fair east and partly cloudy in west portion tonight and Wednesday, becoming unsettled in northwest portion; valley fogs; slightly colder tonight.

Local Data. Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 40; lowest, 28.

Total monthly precipitation, 3.58 inches. Excess for the month, 0.59 inch.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1935, 7.07 inches. Deficiency for the season, 0.36 inch.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 71%; 8 a. m. today, 100%.

Sunrise tomorrow, 7:39 a. m. Sunset tomorrow, 4:51 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 120th Meridian Time

Table with columns: CITY, High Temp, Low Temp, Prevailing Wind, Precipitation, Clouds, Visibility. Rows include Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Eureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New York, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C., etc.

Eagle Point spent Sunday night with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parlow.

Christmas guests at the Tonn home were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tonn, of Central Point, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Maxwell of Brownboro and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grigsby and family.

Mrs. Nussbaum and children had Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hoeft and family were pleasant callers at the Tonn home Thursday evening.

Miss Clara Hanson of Medford is the house guest of Mrs. H. A. Meyer. She, with Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, motored to trail Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. F. Pettigrew.

Mrs. McInture of Butte Falls is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Frank Klinge and family.

Lange To Show New Airflow Thursday