

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Snow fell yesterday, the flakes being the size of a dollar, and the smaller denominations. It was the advent of "King Winter," who turned out to be the Duke of Slush.

There seems to be a lack of coordination in the Democratic administration. Saturday the President delivered a speech in Philadelphia, urging "fair play among men," while his postmaster-general journeyed all the way to Missouri to censure the Governor of Kansas for possession of political ambitions that may land him in the White House, and give the nation a new postmaster-general.

"And now our future would be secure if somebody could only figure out a way for people to spend their time between leaving the CCC and becoming eligible for old age pensions." — (Judge) — Plans and specifications for Utopia.

In the excitement over Roy Pruitt rolling 300 points for a perfect bowling score, it was forgotten that the Hon. Jack Gill once rolled 299 points. Then there was the lady bowling enthusiast, who also rolled a perfect score for .000 points. Unlike Messrs. Pruitt and Gill, who hit practically all of the pins, she hit none of them.

STATE OF THE ROADS.
(Salmon Bar News)
Nothing fills up a mud hole or saves a soft hill like a liberal coating of bit-aside shale rock.

A professor of public speaking at Old Oregon has evolved a system of lights to advise the orators when to quit, start saying something, not yell so loud, etc., etc. Among the untutored, the best way to get results is for 70 per cent of the audience to hit for the front door, when he starts taking the Benjamin Harrison administration apart.

The Bruno Hauptmann case continues to smell like a skunk under the house. The convicted slayer and kidnaper of the Lindbergh babe, an alien who slinked into America, seeks a compromise, to save marching to the death chair. Any compromise should provide that Bruno, if released, return to his native land, first kidnaping the Governor of New Jersey, and taking him along, as a friend. The parents of the infant victim, might then feel like returning to their native land.

The weather continues to hold up orchard work, spring plowing, and spring poems.

When yellow fever killed the 1000 convicts, Dr. Mudd volunteered his services, worked heroically to stem the epidemic. In the spring of 1869 he was pardoned by President Andrew Jackson.—(Time Mag. Feb. 24 issue)—Time makes an error! It was President Andrew Johnson, history records.

An honest candidate has been found within the use of a lantern. He is E. W. Kirkpatrick of Milwaukie, Ore., an attorney and member of the legislature, who announces his desire to go to Congress. He is opposed to the Townsend Plan, and rational on all other issues, besides. It is hoped his admirable qualifications do not prove to be too much of a handicap at the polls.

THE LOGIC OF LINCOLN
"I find, if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouths only, and no hands; and if he had ever made another class, that he had intended should do all the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands."—(Address of Lincoln.)

Knight of Columbus card party and dance Tuesday, Feb. 25th. Admission 25c, 8 p. m., Park Hall.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 23.—Timed arrival in Los Angeles to meet a Panama-Pacific boat from New York coming through the canal. But no one would believe it. The entire sporting world was moving on L. A. to see the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap on Washington's birthday, so the country editor from Oregon was among them, by acclamation.

At Fresno a group of horse race enthusiasts boarded the train and from that time until arrival here, the car was flooded with race track dope, to which the new conductor, another S. P. veteran of 40 years service—liberally contributed. The conductor had put \$50 on a parley ticket, with Discovery, Time Supply and Top Row, coming in first, second and third, and he could think or talk about nothing else. He said they were the pick of the field, and no one disputed it. He had a pocket full of the latest racing dope and quoted a score of Santa Anita dopsters who picked the ponies to come in, in this exact order. The porter had a ticket for Discovery on the nose, and he joined in the conversation. One of the new arrivals was an ex-jockey, now owner of a horse ranch in the San Joaquin valley (so he said)—it looked to him, like a runaway for Discovery, and he would give \$100 for the conductor's parley, but no cash was put up. The only dissenter as far as Discovery was concerned was a shoe salesman from Oakland, who admitted the Vanderbilt entry was good, but why put any money on him,—a heavy favorite—only trading dollars—he was looking for a good long shot, and liked the looks of Thursday.—"Thursday" across the board,—THURSDAY would look good on SATURDAY, etc., etc.

Well Thursday did! The Panama-Pacific boat was held up by fog, so we followed the line of least resistance and followed the crowd to the big race. It was not unlike the "big game." Everything in the Los Angeles area (which as frequently stated covers a lot of territory) was moving toward what was once Lucky Baldwin's potato patch, and is now one of the largest and finest and most popular race tracks in the country. A steady stream of motor cars on every highway, special trains to the gate, and even airplanes, with a new landing field nearby. The gates opened at nine o'clock, the first race didn't start until one and the big race was due at four. But at 11 a. m. outside of the club house—for members only,—and the reserved seats, everything was jammed. The beer and hot dog stands were doing a thriving business. So was the manager's office under the grandstand, guarded by policemen, motor cops and a squad of Pinkertons next door. We just happened along. Seeing the crowd, hearing the noise, observing all the minions of the law we thought an impromptu fist fight was being staged. Not far off at that. Actual hostilities had not broken out but a group of irate customers who could not get seats, were demanding satisfaction. Their spokesman was a heavy set gentleman, middle aged, hair disheveled, pale, who spoke with a decided accent.

"Dese is getting money under false pre-TENZ," he shouted, "giff us seats or giff us de money back!"

A window opened in the wall—like a window in a speakery—and a calm, dignified voice announced: "Sorry, but there hasn't been a grandstand seat available since January 1st." The window closed again.

"Money under false pre-tenze" the irate customer repeated, shaking his fist while the crowd egged him on. "Wait till I get me my lawyer!"

The policeman at the door stepped out, raised his hand: "Come on boys and girls move on, you can't get any seats if they haven't any. Plenty of places to sit down. You can't stay around here anymore," and as he stepped forward the various and sundry other officers of the law stepped forward also, gently but firmly closing in.

It took some kidding and jostling to get the irate spokesman to break ground, but the others quickly dispersed, and he finally followed them still talking about his false "pre-TENZ".

This was the only untoward incident observed during the day, outside of one drunk who with legs dangling like a couple of pieces of creamed spaghetti, was given the bum's rush down the stairs and to the nearest first aid station, by a couple of motor cops with broad grins on their faces. But what a mob! Except for the enclosure across the track reached by an underground subway, well policed, where one could sit on a settee or lie on the green rain-soaked grass, (with no view of the finish line) it was everywhere the same—like trying to get a seat in a special train, after the Stanford-Cal game. As for betting on the big race, all records were broken—nearly \$500,000 put on that race alone,—but we venture to say, another \$50,000 was not placed because it was too much work to get in the line. Never saw so much money flying around,—men and women with rolls of paper money, 20's and 50's in their hand and half of them didn't look as though they had ever filled out an income tax blank. All in all however, it was a great spectacle, the crowd was good natured, everyone was having a good time and the weather man certainly did his stuff,—holding off on the rain and turning on a little sunshine now and then, until the \$100,000 handicap had been run.

No doubt all movie land was there but we were too busy trying to see the horses, to look them up. Did run into Doug Fairbanks and his son Doug Jr., and Kay Francis,—all looking very fit we should say—the Papa Doug's top hair is getting mighty thin.

There is one advantage in having no money on a boss race, you can really enjoy the race, instead of straining to keep your eye on a certain number. We were lucky enough to get a good spot and did enjoy that heart breaking struggle tremendously. Half a million dollars is a good deal to pay for a little over two minutes of thrill, yet those two minutes were certainly packed with tense excitement and drama. For some reason which perhaps Dr Freud could explain, our interest and sympathies were concentrated upon the old horse Azucar, "sweet sugar", winner last year, and not given a chance this. In fact in the advance dope he was never even mentioned, and in pushing around the crowd we never heard him mentioned either. "Oh Azucar, a twelve year old stepple chaser—the boy was all through!"

But we know better. In fact we will stake our reputation as a race track dopster PAR EXCELLENCE, that had the Santa Anita handicap been just 200 yards farther, Azucar not Top Row would have had that floral horse shoe put about his neck, and his handsome head in the news reels. For this is certain,—at the finish he was moving faster than any other quadruped in the picture,—and at that he got his number on the electric score board, crowding Rosemount who was headed only by Time Supply and the winner. Far in the rear at the start, how that old plug did shuffle his hoofs, as the race went on, and what a fighting heart he has! We couldn't take our glasses off him. It had all the appeal and stark drama of Jack Dempsey's second effort to stage a comeback—he came in fourth,—WHAT a fighter!

Glad we had no seat. It gave us a roaming assignment. Just before the big race the stables were especially interesting. An old World's Fair pass got us through the lings. We looked them all over,—the greatest horses in the country, And the precautions taken,—every stable guarded by police dogs or savage looking bulls, automatic fire alarms set, on the trigger, handlers tip-toeing about, tense and taciturn, the horses themselves, sleek and unconcerned,—on looks alone Thursday impressed us above all others. Discovery was the most disappointing in appearance,—but we have seen enough of horse races to know, the last thing races are won on, is appearances.

As we filed out the long delayed rain started, and by the

time we reached the hotel it was coming down in buckets. We found ourselves thinking of the veteran S. P. conductor with that parley ticket which was to give him a fortune on which he would retire on a ranch of his own and the porter who had Discovery on the nose. Shattered dreams,—abandoned hopes,—their tickets could be torn up and scattered with thousands and thousands of others now, ground in the mud of what was once Lucky Baldwin's potato patch! That's HORSE racing! R. W. R.

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.

ADVANCED ARTHRITIS WITH DEFORMITY AND LOSS OF FUNCTION
As observed in earlier articles in this series (the gist of which is available in the new edition of "The Ills Called Rheumatism" at ten cents a copy if you provide a stamped envelope bearing your address), the phenomenal improvement in advanced arthritis with more or less deformity and loss of function, from enormous doses of synthetic vitamin D, was first noted incidentally or casually, in patients who were under treatment for hay fever.



Hay fever, many readers have reason to know, is one of the growing group of common complaints which are partly or wholly due to faulty calcium (lime) metabolism (absorption, assimilation, utilization in the tissues of the body and in the secretions). Dear me, let us skim calling the roll of maladies in that group. If you have any of 'em you should know by now, what you can do. If these comments perchance strike you as being at all erudite, fine, I kinda like the feeling. But if you only know how dashed little I know about the ill called rheumatism, I'm sure you'd wonder how I can get away with it. Well, I'll tell you how I do it. I just dip into medical tomes, ancient and modern, here and there, and give the high spots in current medical literature a few moments of my precious time. Then, too, I conduct considerable experimental research on volunteer subjects on file and institute the research work in the order in which applicants buttonhole me, paid or unpaid. In France, three or four years ago, physicians found that in many cases of advanced chronic arthritis with great disability or confinement to bed or wheelchair, the patients responded remarkably to daily hypodermic injections of parathyroid extract. Believe it or not, the bed-ridden or chair-fast arthritic patient does not hop up and go into his dance immediately after the second or third injection, but after a few days of this treatment does experience a sense of increased well being, and begins to notice increasing facility of movement in some of the stiff joints, greater flexibility of the muscles, less spasmodic contraction, less soreness and pain.

Such effects favor increased activity, no matter how slight, and increased activity is always beneficial for patients so tied down by mechanical impediments; it's nature's own way to improve general metabolism. Well and good. Now the doctor's part in this treatment is by no means limited to dropping in to give the patient the daily "shot." If that is the idea, it is scarcely worth while. The doctor should keep watch on the patient's progress under treatment, and take advantage of every opportunity to encourage or even to command greater effort, greater activity by the patient himself, in gradually increasing doses, so to speak, in order to consolidate the small daily gains made under the influence of the parathyroid. This method of treatment is coefficient with underwater treatment of chronic arthritis and with other physical therapy which may be suitable or available in the particular case.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Infection Carriers.
Could such articles as hand-embroidered table cloths and napkins carry germs of oriental diseases? If so, how can they be disinfected?—(Miss E. S. S.)

Answer—The chance is very remote. However, ordinary laundering would disinfect the linen in any circumstance. It is doubtful whether any disease is ever conveyed by inanimate objects such as clothing, books, letters.

Contact Glasses.
Can you tell me anything about the effectiveness, established success and invisibility of contact glasses?—(G. S.)

Answer—Not from personal observation. They are used with satisfaction by some actors. Perhaps some of our readers who have personal experience with them will give us their impression.

Pruritus.
Please suggest something to relieve intolerable pruritus of various parts of the body which prevents sleep.—(Mrs. T. H. L.)

Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for monograph on Pruritus (stealing without apparent cause). (Copyright, 1936, 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, Feb. 25.—The names that flare in lights across theater facades are not always the most highly paid entertainers in New York. They are often topped by the suave polished singers and song, moving in table-to-table intimacy in cocktail bars and night clubs.



Especially is there a demand for the splendor for the splendor of sophisticated and topical lyrics that mirror the world events. A double entendre line that may be caroled with a wink is worth a lot. The king-pin of such sophistries is Dwight Fiske.

In full evening dress splendor, he draws a four-figured salary for talking songs that achieve polite ribaldry without vulgarity. Clark and Delys also gloriously outstayed, essay the same stoken-voiced, razor-edged lyrics at the headline escapades.

Too, there are Endor and Farrell, a bit rowdier, but cleaving to the whispered innuendo. Such singers in the muted matter as Eve Symbington, Jean Sargent and Frances Maddux receive the pay of actress stars. Also the mimics Sheila Barrett and Eddie Carr, who portray plantainos.

Indeed Jimmy Durante is about the only apostle of confusion and crash left that might be a night club draw. Silence is the reigning motif. Jazz orchestras have been kicked out for exponents of the soft and rhythmic music. It is the night club's way of showing the world it has become refined. A well-planned gesture that detoured it from oblivion, incidentally.

When Jed Kiley was running a night club in Paris during the war a gentleman who introduced himself as "Lord Chester" claimed to have lost his coat check. Jokingly Kiley told him he never let anyone in the wrap room on that day, adding he got a fur coat that was his. "Lord Chester" said he would wager a bottle of champagne his coat was the oldest and raggedest in the lot. Kiley took him up and had a girl attendant pick out the most disreputable looking coat. It was his, and in ordering the champagne Kiley discovered "Lord Chester" was the then Prince of Wales. It was an old raincoat he had worn at the front.

MILTON-FREEWATER, Ore. Feb. 25.—(AP)—John E. Waldron, 84-year-old pioneer, died here Sunday. He came to this community in 1871 from the Waldo hills near Salem, where his parents settled on a donation land claim in 1845. Seven children and a sister survive.

ASTORIA, Ore., Feb. 25.—(AP)—The British steamer Trebilcock headed toward Sydney, Australia, again today after rearranging its deckload and jettisoning a 21-degree list which caused it to flash distress signals from 244 miles off the Oregon coast a week ago.

Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, departing from precedent and writing personally to the heads of Latin-American republics (instead of taking the matter up deviously through diplomatic channels) urges them to meet around a council table, at Buenos Aires or elsewhere, and "erect a peace machine that will outlaw war forever."

AGAINST much that President Roosevelt has done which is BAD (either intentionally or not), set up this effort to keep the peace in the Americas, which is TREMENDOUSLY GOOD in intent.

If war can be kept out of the Western Hemisphere, the future can not help but be bright.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in effect, proposes an American league of nations whose purpose will be to keep the peace in American countries.

It might work. North and South America are not yet steeped in the hatreds that make Europe a cockpit. The American countries, north and south, have opportunities enough of their own, without having to go out and TAKE THEM away from their neighbors.

It might be possible for them to get together and agree sincerely and honestly not to fight among themselves.

FIRST, of course, it will be necessary to convince the Latin-American countries that the United States is sincere in its peace talk and has no thought, now or ever, of grabbing any more territory.

In the past, that has been doubtful, for we HAVE grabbed territory here and there—Texas, for example, and California, and then the Philippines. And we haven't been at all sure ourselves that we wouldn't want to grab more.

But by this time we're pretty well convinced that we've got all the territory we can possibly manage and wouldn't know what to do with any more.

If we can convince the Latin-American countries that we really feel that way about it, we won't have a great deal of trouble getting along with them.

IF THE UNITED STATES is enticed into a EUROPEAN league of nations, it will be used to pull European chestnuts out of every fire that is lighted. But a league of nations of our own, here in the Western Hemisphere, might not be a bad idea.

HERE is a direct quotation from a Californian who left his state to visit his wife's mother in Washington and then tried to get back home. He tried three times, but each time was turned back at the border by the Los Angeles foreign legion. What happened the third time, he describes in these words:

"They stopped me again. They beat my ribs with police clubs and knocked my teeth out as they chased me into Oregon."

This man says he has lived in California 30 years. Is a licensed construction engineer, an ex-seaman and owns property in Riverside and Los Angeles counties.

IF YOU think you can beat that in the way of something weird, you'd better go ahead and try.

For 40 years, or thereabouts, Southern California has reached out and grabbed 'em wherever she could find 'em. Now she belabors their ribs with police clubs and knocks their teeth out as she chases 'em over the border to get rid of 'em.

After that, can ANYTHING ever surprise us again?

Mrs. Arthur Davies was hostess to a group of friends at her home Thursday, February 20. After lunch the time was spent knitting. The following enjoyed the day: Mrs. Jack Crump, Mrs. George Pearce, Mrs. James Davies, Mrs. Charlie Madsen, Mrs. John Black and the hostess, Mrs. Arthur Davies. A similar meeting will be held Thursday, February 27, at the home of Mrs. George Pearce. All women interested in knitting or sewing are invited to attend. Sandwiches are all the contribution required for lunch as it has been decided to simplify the usual covered dish luncheon in order to make the day easier for such hostesses.

Mrs. and Mrs. Charlie Madsen entertained about forty guests at a dance at their home here February 22. Music was furnished by the Siskiyou Ramblers of Central Point. Among those who attended from elsewhere were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Culy of Beaver creek, Bud and June Feebler of Rush, Louis Applebecker and Mary Wilson of Jacksonville; Mrs. Gladys St. Louis and daughter, Betty, of Medford.

Mrs. Harry Ayres was a visitor on the creek Thursday, February 20. Harry Ayres returned after spending the first of the week in Medford.

There are unmistakable signs that some eminent occupants of the Borah sandstone have lately cast off a few low-topes locking toward other tri-ups.

Nevertheless, it has stirred up far more than a local commotion inside definite and WPA headquarters. No definite check has been made, but there are supposed to be half a dozen WPA directors around the country who are candidates for state offices from governor down. They are said to be administering relief for their own personal political purposes.

The WPA crowd here wishes Holt had not brought that matter up at this particular time.

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To-wit, certain up-state New York farm leaders recently took front seats in the Borah parade. But they have let their closest friends know that they do not believe their Idaho fellows can get the nomination.

"Emotion" Perfume by Vimy Chan, a favorite of movie stars. At Young's Drug Co. Main and Central. Buy correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
FEBRUARY 25, 1926.
(it was Thursday.)

Dave Evans of Eugene, referee of the Ashland-Medford basketball game in which he was abused for "allowing the Medford team to stall," will prefer no changes with state athletic board. Ashland coach given official notice that "stalling is legal, and will not be discontinued."

Efforts of three policemen required to quiet man from Hill, Cal., found in a fighting mood on Front street.

Economy bills proposed by President Coolidge pass senate over objections of Democratic solons.

Three local youths nabbed for drinking moonshine on the Bear creek bridge.

Heavy rain falls over valley, followed by fog.

Airmail stamps arrive, and on sale at the postoffice.

TEWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
FEBRUARY 25, 1916.
(it was Friday.)

The Colony club continues its work of making bandages for Belgians.

French continue to hold lines at Verdun despite heavy attacks of Germans.

C. E. (Pop) Gates returns from Portland, and speaks disparagingly of the upstate weather.

Orchardists start applying dormant spray.

Mr. and Mrs. Corning Kenly and children return from extended visit in middle west.

Democratic leaders in congress rebuffed for attempt to "tinker with monetary system."

Communications

There Ought to Be a Law.
To the Editor:
You can preach from the house-tops until doomsday, safe and sane driving of an automobile, and that is all the good it will do, just as long as you are furnishing the ammunition for the reckless driver to kill and destroy with.

You give him a high-powered car, and then load him up with state-owned whiskey and start him on the road to destruction. When he does have an accident, what is done? A lot more of your safe and sane talk is spread out to make the people believe there are great things being done to enforce the law.

I am not blaming the officers who patrol the highways. They have lots of highways to patrol and cannot be everywhere at once. It is a very dangerous job for an officer to stop a car and go up to it in the dark, as he never knows what will happen when he does. And after he does, and takes his prisoner into court, I don't need to tell you what happens in a great many cases. There should be a law (yes, one more law would not hurt anything) that any driver caught under the influence of liquor should be given a six months' jail sentence and deprived of his driver's license for one year, and to pay all damage he might do.

All cars should be equipped with governors so that they could not be run so fast.

Any judge showing partiality should be debarred from his office.
P. J. KIRKPATRICK,
Star Route, Box 57,
February 24, 1936.

Forest Creek

FOREST CREEK, Feb. 25.—(Sp.)—Miss Hazel Bayles of Myrtle Point spent the week-end of February 13 at the home of her mother, Mrs. James Davies.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Carleton and family of Medford were Sunday evening visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crump February 15.

Mrs. Charlie Madsen spent several days at Beaver creek visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Culy and family. She returned home February 11.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorothy of Jacksonville entertained at dinner Tuesday evening, February 16, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Madsen and daughter, Alice, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies and daughter Donna.

Mrs. Arthur Davies was hostess to a group of friends at her home Thursday, February 20. After lunch the time was spent knitting. The following enjoyed the day: Mrs. Jack Crump, Mrs. George Pearce, Mrs. James Davies, Mrs. Charlie Madsen, Mrs. John Black and the hostess, Mrs. Arthur Davies. A similar meeting will be held Thursday, February 27, at the home of Mrs. George Pearce. All women interested in knitting or sewing are invited to attend. Sandwiches are all the contribution required for lunch as it has been decided to simplify the usual covered dish luncheon in order to make the day easier for such hostesses.

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Butte Falls

BUTTE FALLS, Feb. 25.—(Sp.)—John Allen and Lee Edmondson spent last week in Portland. They saw the silver train.

Freda Roberts of Keno visited Butte Falls friends, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Eimer Hoef's spent about two weeks with her mother, Mrs. Abbott, who was very ill and is still unable to be up. Beulah Hereford is now staying with Mrs. Abbott.

Everett Abbott has charge of a crew of 12 men working on the forest service project here. They are creating rock from 3 o'clock until 10:30 p. m.

The forest service and the OCC men of Camp South Fork are working on the buildings for the forest office. The buildings are a telephone office, a ranger station and a fire guard building. The new ranger station is for Maurice Tindro. Mr. Sook of Prospect, Mr. Bertelson of Medford and Ray Warner of Trail are in charge of the building. Forest service men and OCC boys are working. These men will build a barracks in which 75 men will be stationed for fire fighting purposes. The buildings are to be completed by the first of April. Karl Janouch inspected the work and was pleased by the way the buildings were going up.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Richman bought Mrs. Maloney's property and will move this week from their camp home to their new home in town. All Butte Falls welcomes them and their children as residents.

The Loggers played Prospect high, February 21, on the Prospect floor, and won by a score of 34 to 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gott moved to Tennant, Cal., and new people moved into their home here on Saturday, February 22. They are Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tice and two children.

Mrs. Wanda Ellis is ill. Delbert Geppert had a birthday party with his grandmother and father, and had the following guests: Bob Alberts, Iona Edmondson, Lowell Patton, Betty Lou Geppert, Betty and Sammy Moorehouse, Barbara Thomas and Beverly Jackson. It was Delbert's ninth anniversary.

Ruth Carson, after spending a few weeks in Medford, returned to Butte Falls to finish high school. She is staying at Britton's.

The next meeting of the Hustlers club will be with Mrs. Clara Cleveland on March 5.

Mrs. Carol Barnum went to Yreka to visit her sister Verna for a few days, after which she will return to her work in Dunsmuir. June and Sonny, Carol's children, are staying with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Norris.

Joe Kent is ill again. He has flu. Joe Kent was ill last week but is about well.

Mrs. Florence Kent and children returned to Klamath Falls after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kent and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Thomas and children are going to move into the depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Craft spent Thursday in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Moon and Betty Moon took Carol Barnum to Medford on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Rogers and sons moved into the J. B. Jackson residence. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are staying with their daughter in Medford.

Vinyl Clark, Tom Sawyer, David Cleveland, Robert Pope, Ansel Conroy and Warren Conroy made a skiing trip to Blue Rock. They are planning another skiing trip to Fish Lake and Lake of the Woods.

Butte Falls had a stormy Sunday. It snowed, hailed and toward evening there was a strong wind and heavy snowing, with six or seven inches Monday morning.

ST. HELENS, Ore., Feb. 25.—(AP)—Mrs. Freda Roberts, 62, of Portland, died last night after a car driven by her husband collided with a truck driven by Alphonse Tanner of Warren.