MEDFORD TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday.

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 33-37-39 N. Fir St. Phone 78.

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor. ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager.

An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year.....$5.00
Daily, six months.....2.75
Daily, one month.....50
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways.
Daily, one year.....$6.00
Daily, six months.....3.25
Daily, one month.....60
All terms cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford. Official Paper of Jackson County.

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

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

An Oregon statesman in the lower house of Congress expresses oratorical concern over "freedom of speech" for Communists, and others of their radical ilk. His general idea seems to be that it is perfectly proper to advocate the overthrow of the American form of government, as long as one does not get around to doing it. A free-born citizen, however, cannot express a desire to rob a bank, without being compelled to race the sheriff, to either the Mexican or Canadian line.

• • •

Conditions are now alleged to be better than five years ago, and it is argued only mental weaklings are giddy enough to desire to return to them. Five years ago this month the community was preparing to burn the effigy of John J. Depression at the stake, and was full of economic melancholia. Now the burg feels so good, it could be talked into the holding of a civic pageant, requiring the election of a pretty high school girl as Miss Prosperity.

• • •

The first almond blossoms have been saved from the cruel frost. The Older Girls have ripped them from their trees and stuck them in dining room vases.

• • •

A bill before the senate provides for "selective immigration," and would enable the nation to select its aliens. What is needed is a law that will enable the land to select some of its aliens for deportation.

• • •

Otto DeJarnett and Ev. Trowbridge caught a fish Sunday. Owing to Herr Hitler acting up the way he is along the Rhine, the happening escaped being an epoch.

• • •

"Have you heard about the kids who made a snow-man on a side-street and put a shovel in his hands? Well, a couple of days later a WPA foreman came along and gave him a check."—(New York Daily News)—No. 1 cruel dig of last week.

• • •

The St. Helens high school student strike has ceased before the juvenile militants could get photographed much, or stage a strike benefit dance. "No move to get at the bottom of the trouble will be furthered," one report reveals. This seems like an excellent idea—both before and after.

• • •

"The ground squirrels and youngsters jumping rope or playing marbles are competing to announce the advent of spring." — (Muddy Creek Items)—Believe it or not item.

• • •

A journalistic debate is under way upstate, over the possible and probable effects of a court decision dealing with the legality and propriety of sending telegrams to Congress. It seems to matter not a whit, one way or the other, to Oregonians what the decision may be. It is like the time the Republican party of Jackson county was confronted with the painful duty of rendering a decision on the local hanging of a dressy sinner, for alleged moral turpitude. The Republican party of Jackson county evaded not the issue. The chairman sent a two-column letter to the editor, assailing ferociously the domination of New York City by Tammany Hall.

• • •

A HE-POET THROBS.

Perhaps to her window I might hasten nightly,
As soon as I thought she was bedded,
And pluck on the strings of my light guitar lightly,
If I were unstrung or light-headed.

To mandolin strumming perhaps I'd endeavor
To show her I'm really no dead one;
But mandolin never I owned, and I never
Could strum the old thing if I had one.

I might in sweet ecstacy stand 'neath her lattice,
While passionate love songs I'd fling her;
I might, I repeat, be as foolish as that is,
If I were a chump or a singer.

—(Cont. by J. K. O.)

Kansas orchards are expecting a good apple crop in spite of a severe winter. Zero temperatures are credited with killing off insects and fungus growths.

Editorial Correspondence

SOBOBA HOT SPRINGS, Calif., March 10.—This is sure the life of Riley! Living in an adobe Indian village on the sun-baked slope of San Jacinto, after shooting a 72 at golf.

For 30 odd years we have dreamed of doing that,—breaking the 80's we mean. And now it has been done. Yes Sir! And we have the Mexican pro's signature on the card to prove it. We have always maintained we had par golf inside us somewhere, if we could only get it out. The main trouble has always been the golf course. Down at the base of this hill, amid the smoke and pepper trees, rose bushes and acacia shrubs, they have laid out a golf course as IS a golf course. On the first nine we shot a 36 on the second ditto,—there we go repeating ourselves—but who wouldn't become repetitious with a 72 to show for it!

• • • • •

Just then there was a knock at the door. "Come in," we cried. In walked a pretty little Indian girl with a bunch of crisp and colorful nasturtiums in an earthen jar. "Some FLOWERS for you," she said with a sweet smile. Even the INDIANS pay homage to the golf champion when they find one living amongst them! No doubt at dinner tonight, they will present us with a silver cup and Chief Althouse will make a speech. As soon as we get the glad tidings off to a waiting world, we will try to think up something felicitous and yet modest to say in response.

• • • • •

Aye verily, the life of Riley!

We now know just how Chan Egan felt when he won the national amateur at the tender age of 21. Only if we had our choice we would prefer to be the champion of Soboba Springs at the ripe old age of 56. After shooting in the 100's consistently for over a quarter of a century, shooting even fours for 18 holes, has, we maintain, a bigger kick in it. There is something so astounding and mir-ac-ulous about it.

• • • • •

How come? Well, we repeat, it's the golf course. Laying it out not in the Scotch, but the American Indian fashion. Not that this is a midget golf course. NO INDEED! The Soboba illustrated folder carefully points that out. It's a regular golf course of nine holes, with regular grass greens, sand traps, out of bound lines, a fine turf fairway, where your ball stands up as plain and erect as on a billiard table. All you have to do is hit it, straight and true, stiff left arm, easy pivot, head still, etc., etc.—the same technique as Sarazen employs, that's all,—if you can do it.

• • • • •

We did it—or approximately so. There may have been a few minor imperfections in the technique,—there being no movie camera around, we can't say as to that. But results are what count. And you can't shoot a 72 and be very far off perfect golf, now can you? That's right. You can't.

• • • • •

And it's so simple when you get the knack of it. We always said so but no one would ever believe it. At least no one we could get to play with us. Not even the 3-DIVotEERS,—Gene, Frank and Raw-leese. But now we have proved it. And the Mexican pro who went around with us will back us up.

Take the first hole this morning for example. (We might as well state here and now that those who don't care for golf and don't give a hoop what score ye editor shoots or doesn't shoot; might as well drop out of line right here. For this is going to be nothing but golf from now until the finis. In fact, as a result of that 72 we shall probably not write anything but golf for a week, and when we return have no subscribers left but the charter members of the RRV golf club—and not all of them). Our old rival, Roy Pruitt, won't like it for example. When did HE ever shoot a 72!

• • • • •

However, you know how it is—once in a life time! And when your golf life begins at 56—allowances should be made. So—return to hole No. 1.

The direction marker showed it was a par 3, yardage 65, and after some thought we selected our new spoon. The pro who had not seen us play didn't approve of this. In fact, he claimed he had never seen a wooden club used on the Saboba course in all his three years, as pro, caretaker, caddy, second hand ball merchant and gardener. We decided it was time he did see one. Clubs are really of no importance. It is the way you use them. We used this with what we call the soft push technique—a left-arm twist, and no wrist snap. The ball went over a pepper tree to the left, described a slight parabola, hit in the sand trap and exploded onto the green. The pro used a No. 7 and was ten feet over. Thereafter he never told US what club to use. How could he? We were hole high and about four feet from the pin, and did we get a par? We did. A perfect 3. So did the pro, which made it even up.

• • • • •

We had to cross the road, and climb an Indian mound to get to No. 2 tee. This was another par three—in fact all the nine holes were par three, so we won't have to mention that feature of this record breaking round again. The distance marked was 92 yards. There were no trees in front of us however, so we picked out our favorite club for accuracy and distance, a No. 1 iron. The Mexican thought this was not consistent,—a spoon for 56 yards and an iron for nearly twice the distance. But as before stated, he had only seen us play one hole and had a lot to learn.

• • • • •

On this shot we used what we call a diminished seventh. We realize that is a musical term, but why not? Rhythm is an essential part of both arts. And it expresses the idea. Which is to start as though you intended to swing at it, and then as you bring the club-head down, and swing your right leg in a graceful semi-circle, steadily diminish, as it were, with your hand and shoulder pressure. Dr. Kresse and Orin Schenck understand this technique but have still to master it. And again the RESULTS were perfect. The ball rolled straight from the tee, down the fairway (assisted by quite a steep slope), went over another Indian mound through the sand trap and across the green, stopping on the further rim. The pro was lucky here,—his ball hit the green and then like a draw shot, rolled back—almost a hole in one. He got a two here—we got another three—two pars in a row! How's that, Pringle?

• • • • •

No. 3 is the long hole of the Saboba course—119 yards. This required some study. We finally selected our special brassie in preference to our driver,—the brassie head is filled with lead—or at least there is about a pound in it,—put in under our instructions by Modern Plumbing and Heating Company, Inc.,—and needless to say is designed for distance. There were no special technical nuances required here of course. Just a routine shot, i.e.:—contract all the muscles of the neck, shoulders and back, not only keep the left arm but both legs STIFF, and put all you GOT into it! No sooner said than done. We didn't quite reach the green but then we didn't expect to. We did get within a full mashie shot of it. And—believe it or not—we got a three. Yes Sir, sank a 12-foot putt. Another par! Three of them!

• • • • •

Shucks, there goes the dinner bell. We simply can't be late on such a night as this,—so must stop. Well, we got a 72, and the pro—let's see—well he not only plays on the course all the time but he made it—he got a 58—with three in a sand trap. But he really chiseled a bit,—only used two clubs,—a putter and a No. 7. What sort of golf is that!

We apologize for only covering three holes, but the following 15 will be treated in our next. Oh boy—what a day!

P. S.—Funny, the tepee next door has a bunch of nasturtiums TOO on the porch table. Oh well—they didn't have time after they heard the news to do anything SPECIAL. Let's see—

"Thank you Chief Althouse, and fellow golf fans—thank you—a 72? No indeed, just luck,—just luck!"

"Thank you" (in G. Roberts' best manner).

—R. W. R.

(to be continued)

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.

INJECTION TREATMENT MAY CURE HERNIA AFTER OPERATION HAS FAILED

Discussing ambulant treatment of hernia before the American College of Proctology last September, Dr. Charles S. Hershner, Eabon, Kas., alluded to recurrences: "You are going to have some," he said; "I have quite a few."

Such frankness is refreshing. To hear the Brass Surgeons of Yankeeland sounding off one might infer that the Miracle Men never have recurrences when they do radical operations.

Dr. Hershner continued: "Go ahead with the treatments and clear up those recurrences and get them down to a small percentage. If you become interested in this work you will be astonished to learn of the number of recurrences the surgeon has. In three years I collected and have on file the names and addresses of more than one hundred persons who have been unsuccessfully operated on for hernia . . . a little slow about treating them after they have been unsuccessfully operated on. You will find that the scar tissue is hard. . . ."

Bitter irony here for the brass surgeons. (A "brass" surgeon or specialist is one who boasts too much about himself and his trade). Only a few years ago the B. S. of Yankeeland were loudly and angrily asserting that the ambulant treatment of hernia made subsequent operation more difficult, because of the scar tissue!

Many physicians who have developed skill in the technic of ambulant treatment find this method is especially applicable for hernia sufferers who have been operated on and who still have hernia or a recurrence.

Real surgeons everywhere—(a real surgeon is a doctor who knows when not to operate and welcomes any method of remedy, no matter how new, if it offers promise of benefit)—are either taking post-graduate instruction in the new method or else referring suitable cases to medical colleagues who have already mastered the technic. I say "suitable cases." This does not mean that ambulant or injection treatment is applicable in every case of hernia. The radical operation is still the only cure possible in some cases. Injection treatment, however, gives satisfactory results in the majority of cases of hernia, in men or women, inguinal femoral, umbilical, abdominal post-operative. If the hernia (rupture, breach, protrusion, bulging) is reducible, that is, if it can be replaced in the abdomen by manipulation or posture, it is probably amenable to injection treatment. If it isn't so reducible, radical operation is the only available cure.

Advantages of ambulant treatment of hernia:

1. No hospitalization — treatments are given in the physician's office, usually at intervals of a week or so, from six to twenty, depending on individual conditions.
2. No anesthetic required.
3. Virtually no risk of shock or infection.
4. No loss of time from usual work. No loss of salary.
5. In competent hands injection treatment is as likely to prove successful as is surgery in competent hands.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Step On It

W. M. C. reported satisfaction from the wearing of an elastic bandage holding a sponge rubber pad on the metatarsal arch. I, too, am loud in praise of this contrivance for metatarsal neuralgia and callus on the ball of the foot. It gives me perfect comfort and I buy the "stride" in shoe stores for only a quarter. (J. E. J.)

Answer.—Thank you. Several correspondents have reported satisfaction from the contrivance. Helpful point: Any pad on the sole of the foot should be placed lengthwise and just behind the head of metatarsal bone, that is, the front of the support should be about one-third of the length of foot behind toe.

Deuces Wild

Daughter writes she is under treatment of two specialists. One is a Spanish Duke, the other a Russian Prince. They say she has tumors, and they are giving her a serum which will save her from cancer. They say she must not go to a hospital lest vital organs be removed. (Mrs. D. R.)

Ans.—She should call in an Arabian Sheik and bet the pot. You had better have a psychiatrist look into your daughter's sanity.

Gall-Bladder Inflammation

Please give me a list of foods I should eat. I am troubled with gall bladder. (Mrs. H. R. F.)

Ans.—Your physician is in the best position to advice about your diet.

(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, March 12. — Jimmy Durante could win in a walk, the Rialto's Worst Dressed Man Sweepstakes. For a time Hollywood almost caught him in its sartorial stride. He was reported as being seen now and then in a collegiate blazer and little boy pants. Even leading a police dog.

But back in New York once more he returns to the habiliments of his plano pounding days in the Coney Island joints. He wanders the theatrical district in a loose fitting handme down, his collar half open and looped with a carelessly tied four-in-hand.

His wisp of straggly forelock is combed each morning by a flick of the hand. Jimmy could hop into the driver's seat of a passing truck without change of costume. But the comedian is entirely uptown in gastronomic tastes. He lunches and dines at the more expensive cafes.

And like the fabled busman, he relaxes amid clamor of the type of noisy cabarets where he attracted his first following. Much of Durante's illiteracy is entirely professional. He is said to be a good talker and a fair student of world affairs.

Two of the favorite beaux of the top drawer set are Milton Holden and William Rhinelander Stewart. Smartly dressed, handsome eleganta who fit the society journals composite of the perfectly mannered worldlings, at home at Palm Beach, the Long Island Hamptons or on a private yacht. They were spawned by the same sort of social units of various eras that produced E. Berry Wall and Frank Crowninshield. Social units, indeed, that may vanish with the present era.

Incidentally, many wonder if the passing of Mrs. E. Berry Wall on the Riviera will not end the 30-year exile of her husband. The fashion plate of his Gay '90 day, he fled New York because of its growing vulgarity. Nearly all expatriates who belonged to his circle have long since abandoned France. He is the lone sentinel in a devastating havoc of American aristocracy abroad, a symbol of the tragic consequences so often befalling those who abandon their native land in pique. And sometimes return kneeling.

Spats seem to be doing an over-the-river ta ta along with that other famous accoutrement, the walking stick. There are not enough canes on the avenue these days to kindle a grate fire. Even the visiting British author is caneless. Spats have been supplanted by clothtop shoes. Such dandies as Jean Patou in Paris and William Gaxton over here have been sporting them. Kyrle Bellew, a handsome dog in his day, was the first person I ever saw in spats, a snowy pair he afected at a Billie Burke opening night at the Empire. They so dazzled Acton Davies, the critic, that he wrote his review about them instead of the show.

The most imitated actress off stage, especially among boarding school girls, was an actress whose vogue seemed short or they can't find the proper play for her. Another reason for her non-appearance may be that she is well fixed and does not need the money. I speak of Hope Williams. Her draggy, high-tonsiled talk, coupled with a slouchy levee swagger were taken up by thousands of girls who frequented fashionable watering places as well as the basement counter maids and five and ten ladies. Miss Williams' slowly intoned "Gooo-o-d bye-aye!" and shiftless mosey across stage appealed to feminine youth more than anything since the days Geraldine Farrar inspired the "gerry-flappers."

Bagatelles: George Jessel was the Palm Beach crowd's favorite winter clown . . . Leo Marsh, to help while away the tedium of slow convalescence, wrote a play . . . Martha Wilchinaski, once needing $25 in a hurry, wrote and sold a poem to a magazine in 30 minutes . . . Nick Longworth was one of America's most accomplished amateur violinists . . . But only his close friends heard him play.

Billy DeBeck has a trunkful of loud ties he's scared to wear . . . Harry Evans is the only socialite who can call all the square dances.

She had been parked all evening with an elderly whitehead of the barrel cuff era. And as she passed a group of cronies at a night club table departing she whispered: "Lamp my Townsend plan prospect. I'm not so idiotic!"

(Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.)

Applegate Eager For Roundup Day

BIG APPLEGATE, March 12.—(Spl.)—Local cattlemen and buckaroos are living in anticipation of Sunday, March 15, date of the wild horse roundup on the Applegate.

Local CCC men are building the corral for the horses in the Little Applegate section this week, and everything will be in readiness by Sunday, according to a report from the Star ranger station. Arrangements will be completed Saturday for the riding horses to be used in the chase.

LAWNMOWERS sharpened. We call for and deliver. 28 N. Fir St. SIMS BROS. Phone 261.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

GREAT BRITAIN protests the bombing by Italian airplanes of a British Red Cross unit in Ethiopia, with the loss of 19 lives.

The British ambassador in Rome is ordered to ask the Italian government to investigate the affair at once and see that it DOESN'T OCCUR AGAIN.

—+—

WHAT will come of it?

Well, you never can tell. The government of the United States protested the sinking, by German submarines, of the liner Lusitania, with resulting loss of American lives, and the protest led to WAR WITH GERMANY.

When these affairs start, you never can tell how they will end.

—+—

IN JAPAN, something interesting and tremendously important to the future of the world is under way.

Just what it is, only a few people in this country really know, but apparently the army and the government are at odds as to the future policy of the nation, the army wanting expansion by conquest and the government being much more moderate and liberal in its ideas.

It is not yet clear which side has won in the recent clashes, but moderate Americans hope the government has won. If Japan embarks upon a determined policy of conquest, no one can say at the present moment what the consequences TO US will be.

—+—

IN THIS country, the civil government is the unquestioned BOSS of the army. It is plain from recent dispatches that this isn't true in Japan, where the army, on the day this is writen, vetoed the appointment of a minister it didn't like.

—+—

WHEN we see what is going on in Japan, including the recent army-inspired murders, we are inclined to be thankful that we live in peaceful America.

But, before we give thanks too fervently, let's read this dispatch from Alameda, Cal., located between the educational centers of Berkeley, on one side, and Palo Alto, on the other:

"Armed factions maneuvered for control of Alameda's city government tonight, while thousands of high school and elementary students continued a boisterous class room strike."

That doesn't sound very peaceful, does it?

—+—

THE trouble arose over dismissal of the superintendent of Alameda's city schools, it being alleged by objectors, that too much politics was the cause of the dismissal.

There have been school rows in this country ever since there were schools, and probably will be as long as there are schools, but when they result in ARMED factions parading the streets and maneuvering for control of government, they are going much too far.

(Continued from Page One.)

in maintaining successfully for the past 18 years that sanctions lead to war, not peace.

The stock market went up because of European war threats last year. It went down because of similar rumors this year. And on both occasions, no one of authority expected a war.

The answer to this is the answer to Wall Street. Stocks follow the news only when they desire to. If they want to go in the opposite direction, they do so.

The correct explanation for the recent drop was not the war, but the fact that prices were too high. Buying eased off. Wary customers were awaiting a reaction before making investments.

If the market had not fallen because of war rumors, it would have fallen because President Roosevelt said something or other that day, because your cat had kittens, or any other reason why, except the right one.

A contributory cause behind the current telegraphic troubles of the lobby investigators is a personal situation. Chairman Black has a facility for getting under the skins of his adversaries more than any other noted senatorial investigator in modern history. He seems to use a scraping knife where others used swords.

The late Tom Walsh was equally aggressive, but meticulously legal about everything he attempted. Ex-Senator Jim Reed was equally sarcastic, but a good fellow underneath. So was the late Senator Caraway.

Black is unable to distinguish foes. He steps on all, even those of his senatorial colleagues.

The prize line of the lobby debate was offered by Senator Schwellenbach. Observing that some witnesses had burned their telegrams and then exercised their constitutional right to protest the seizure of telegraph company records, he shouted: "They have substituted the constitution for the incinerator."

Federal Reserve Board Governor Eccles had nothing to do with the Roosevelt tax program, but personally favors it because it would help him in his credit work. His interesting view is supposed to be that the accumulation of larger business reserves interferes with the workings of a central monetary authority. From this you may glean an idea as to what he has in mind.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Helvering should have received more credit for aiding in the formation of the tax program. Mr. Roosevelt telephoned him to come back from Topeka to help in its preparation.

The man responsible for Mr. Roosevelt wearing black buttons on a full dress waistcoat did not receive any public attention, but got plenty of it privately from the president. He is Irving MacDuffie, Georgia negro valet, who has been with Mr. Roosevelt for many years. He plans to go back to Georgia to retire at the conclusion of his White House career.

Those estimates of proposed tax revenues given out by the treasury were padded too much in some cases and skinned too much in others. Most of the outside estimators believe Mr. Roosevelt's corporation tax will not bring anywhere near $1,600,000,000 of annual revenue, for one thing.

THE GRANGE

Phoenix Grange

Phoenix Grange held regular meeting Tuesday night. Preceding the business meeting, a program of folk dances and music was presented by scholars of the Phoenix school under direction of Mrs. Golden. Vocal solos by Mrs. Delno Sloan and Vaughn Quackenbush were furnished by the Grange.

A very comprehensive report of the Co-op and its accomplishments was given by Lester Newbury of the board of directors.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stanley of Lake Creek Grange and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Maust of Central Point Grange were visitors. Mr. Stanley is master of the Lake Creek Grange.

Ways and means committee announced the play to be presented at 8 p. m. Friday at the Grange hall by the young people of the South Methodist church of Medford. A small charge of admission will be made.

Refreshments were served by the committee in charge: Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Caster, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Knudsen, T. V. Williams, A. W. Shepherd and Mrs Ray Edwards.

Next meeting of the home economics club will be at the home of Mrs. Floyd Bell March 18, an al-day meeting with covered dish lunch at noon.

Gold Hill Grange.

Gold Hill Grange met March 5, with 35 members and 13 visitors present. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hittle and Mrs. Rose Gay were transferred to membership in the Gold Hill Grange.

A critics committee consisting of Margery Pena, Joyce Handley and Mrs. Rose Gay was appointed.

Home Economics club entertained with a very amusing playlet, depicting their idea of a properly conducted business meeting.

Mrs. Wilson of Sams Valley gave a report on the recent Home Economics conference in Corvallis.

Mr. Wright of Phoenix talked on the raising of turkeys.

Pomona Grange at Sams Valley was announced for March 14.

Dances sponsored by the Gold Hill Grange in the hall on Sardine creek were reported as very successful.

An attendance contest is being held. The membership is divided into yellows and blues, and much interest is being shown.

The meeting was in celebration of the first anniversary of Gold Hill Grange. A beautiful three-tiered birthday cake, holding one candle, was served with coffee.

Next meeting will be in observance of St. Patrick's day. The men will bring a "hobo lunch," which the ladies will buy as a Leap Year stunt.

Sams Valley Grange

Sams Valley Grange meeting was atended by a small crowd Saturday night, due to many attending the finals in the basketball tournament at Ashland. However, a very interesting meeting was conducted. Members of the agricultural committee reported on several matter of interest, including the cheese factory at Central Point.

New committees appointed by the master were: Relief, H. H. Seegmiller, Cloa McDonough and Sadie Frink. Tableaux for initiation will be in charge of Mrs. Albert Straus and Mrs. Charles Duggan. Mrs. Maude Grant, May Korner and Doris Nealon will have charge of the singing.

Lecture hour consisted of songs by Mrs. Jack Korner, readings by E. B. Lucas and Lloyd Clark; two songs by Frank Hansen and a number by the Juvenile Grangers, "Polly Wolly Doodle," with variations, including a tap dance and harmonica solo.

New applications accepted for membership were Mrs. A. A. Walruff, John Duggan and Ralph Ellis.

Refreshments were served at the close by Frank and Jessie Hansen and Harry and Frances Tonn.

A drill practice meeting has been called for Monday night, March 16, when the first and second degrees, tableaux and drill will all be practiced. All members taking part are asked to be present.

Jackson County Pomona Grange will meet with Sams Valley Grange Saturday night, march 14. Ladies of Sams Valley Grange are asked to bring sandwiches or pickles. Visiting Grangers will also furnish part of the refreshments. All fourth and fifth degree members are urged to attend. Lecturer Susie Maust is preparing a program for the evening.

Tax Payments Grow.

THE DALLES, Ore., March 12.—(AP)—Wasco county tax payments are $22,855.97 above those of the corresponding date a year ago, Sheriff Harold Sexton said today. Collections had reached $88,914.

SALEM, March 12. — (AP) — Federal appropriation of $206,292 representing 45 per cent of the cost of the proposed central heating and power plant for the state of Oregon, was approved by the works progress administration.

$ Midget Photos 15c. PEASLEYS.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

March 12, 1926.
(It was Friday.)

Grant high of Portland defeats Medford, 25 to 21, in state tournament game. Archie Laing and Don Herriott star for the losers. Medford "over-anxious" and pass poorly at start of game.

Gates & Lydiard install soda fountain in the Groceteria.

West Side Tennis club organizes for the season.

Floyd Young, government frost expert, arrives for seasonal observations.

Dormant spraying underway in Table Rock district.

Ford owners of valley to oppose "gas tax gouging."

Eagle Point Sunday school plans picnic at Ashland in June.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

March 12, 1916.
(It was Sunday.)

Artillery duel rages at Verdun, as Kaiser visits the battle front.

Registration of voters in this county to date is about one-fifth of the total vote, being given this morning as 2,284. Of these, 1,527 are male and 757 female voters. The Republicans have registered 1,295; the Democrats 733; Prohibitionists 51; Socialists 50; Progressives 14; scattered 141.

Two ladies engage in fist fight on Sixth street, and are stopped by a gallant young man. The police refuse to reveal the names of the combatants or the peacemaker.

Howard A. Hill, in a letter to the editor, says smudging with oil is ruining the orchards of the valley.

"Mutt and Jeff" (not a moving picture) at Page theater tonight.

BING CROSBY FILM OPENS LONG ARRAY FINE PICTURES

(Continued from Page Eight)

headed by Walt Disney's 1936 Mickey Mouse novelty hit, "Mickey's Polo Team," include other Mouse cartoons and Silly Symphonies, March of Time Subjects, Major Bowes' Amateurs and "Audiscopiks," in which the screen gives the illusion of its characters jumping right into the audience's lap.

In announcing the showing of the various attractions, Mr. George Hunt of the Craterian theater expressed himself as being "unusually pleased with what I firmly believe to be the finest lineup of films I have ever had the pleasure of showing in Medford."

Winetrout Buys Lakeview Agency

GRANTS PASS, March 12.—(Spl.)—C. A. Winetrout has purchased the Ford agency in Lakeview from Jarmin Viles, he announced upon his return here. Stanley Lapham of Richmond will be manager of the agency, continuing with the same salesmen and garage crew already employed. "Lapham Motors" will be the name of the Ford garage and salesroom.

In England, rubber boots for dogs are being manufactured and sold.

In Navy Probe

Harry Thomas Thompson (above), 37, indicted by a federal grand jury at Los Angeles on a charge of illegally wearing a naval uniform, is alleged to be a central figure in the investigation of supposed naval espionage. (Associated Press Photo)

To Guide Japan

Foreign minister for more than two years, Koki Hirota was named premier of Japan by Emperor Hirohito to liquidate the governmental crisis caused by the recent military rebellion. The new chief is shown at home, clad in native costume and smoking his kiseru, the old-style bamboo pipe. (Associated Press Photo)