

185 YOUNGSTERS EYED IN CLINICS MONTH OF JUNE

One hundred and eighty-five children and infants were examined at pre-school clinics held during the past month throughout the county, Dr. C. I. Drummond, county health officer, stated yesterday. This is the largest number ever to take advantage of the clinics, the physician pointed out.

Ten clinics were arranged by the county health unit and the Parent-Teacher association. Examinations were conducted by Dr. Drummond and county nurses. The clinics will be continued this month, ten being scheduled.

In a series of clinics to be held this week, free diphtheria immunization will be furnished by the 40 at 8, American Legion organization. This week's clinics are: Eagle Point school, July 9; Lone Pine school, July 7; Phoenix Presbyterian church, July 6. All clinics will be held from 1:30 until 3:30 p. m. and will be in charge of Dr. Drummond and Blanche Frisbie.

Although statistics of last month's examinations are not completed as yet, Dr. Drummond estimated that 80 percent of the children needed corrective treatment. Approximately 40 percent, he said, had defective teeth and numerous other ailments and defects uncovered by the examinations.

The clinics are held to enable parents or guardians to discover any ill health on the part of children in time to start treatment before youngsters enter school. The change from a home to school environment is believed to put an added strain on the child's physical equipment and any defect handicaps adjustment.

MRS. NORTHCRAFT TAKEN BY DEATH

Desire May Northcraft, wife of Harvey Northcraft, resident of Medford since October, 1931, passed away at a local hospital early Saturday morning, after a short illness.

Mrs. Northcraft was born at Portland, Ore., June 22, 1891. She spent her early life in Portland, and was united in marriage to Mr. Northcraft at Olatia, Ore., October 5, 1913. They lived in northern Oregon until 1923, when they moved to Los Angeles, Cal., coming here six years ago.

There are many friends who will be grieved to learn of her sudden passing.

She leaves to mourn her departure, besides her husband, four sons, Herbert L., Millard C., Martin E., and John Harvey; also three sisters, Mrs. Zilpha Fisher of Wendling, Ore., Mrs. Hester Lawrence of Olatia, Ore., and Mrs. Isabelle Busby of Fairbanks, Alaska; three brothers, George Croucher of Olatia, Ore., and Frank and Henry Croucher of Medford.

Christian Science services will be held at the Perle Funeral Home Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with interment in Ten Mile cemetery near Roseburg, Ore.

SPOTTED MITES VISIT ORCHARDS

Two spotted mites have been observed in some orchards and they are expected to make their appearance in other orchards soon, according to L. G. Gentner, entomologist of the Southern Oregon Experiment station and C. B. Cordy, assistant county agent.

This pest feeds on the under surface of the leaves turning the portion of the leaf between the veins to a brown color, the veins themselves are not discolored.

Growers should be on the lookout for these mites and as soon as the leaves begin to show injury the trees should be thoroughly sprayed with 1 1/2 gallons medium or light medium summer oil emulsion in 100 gallons of water. Lead arsenite is not advised in combination with this spray.

LONDON (UP)—Miss Janet Bond, 31, has invented for herself a new job which may be important in the event of war. She is head of the newly formed canned foods advisory bureau and the first "tinny foods consultant" in Great Britain.

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Motor Cruising for Fun

Describing Salmon Fishing in the Willamette River, Plus a Sketch of Conditions There



Gunwale to gunwale, the boats were anchored over every favorable eddy

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title, "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific Northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full page article appearing in The Oregonian on May 23.

BY HERBERT S. LAMPMAN
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

The strangest salmon fishing in the world lies right at Portland's civic back door. Here the fisherman doesn't row a boat frantically over miles of water nor gallop spritely across acres of slippery, devilish boulders. He simply maneuvers his craft to a suitable location and anchors; he assembles his trolling tackle, cocks his feet indolently on the thwart and awaits subsequent developments.

Gulls wheel insistently above and the thunder of the Willamette river falls at Oregon City becomes a drowsy obbligato to the piscatorial symphony.

At least that's the way The Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association travel party found it.

Aforementioned party arrived at the state police dock promptly at 10 o'clock.

A. M. Here was found Martin Christiansen, pilot and proud possessor of a new launch built several weeks ago by the Oregon state fish commission for the express purpose of patrolling the river between the mouth of the Clackamas and the falls.

Patrol Stops Netting

It seems that certain of the citizenry insist upon netting the salmon-infested waters immediately below the barrier and that such a patrol is necessary to dampen their ardor. Also upon moonless nights they inhabit the twin fishways across the falls and snag vast boatloads of struggling chinooks in the dark.

The morning was brassy and windless when we set forth. Tackle, bountifully supplied by Guy D. Jones of the Pacific Fishing Tackle company, rattled musically in the stern as the propeller shot a white shaft into the river.

The salmon were in the river—vast silver salmon of the coveted spring run, that enter the Columbia river with the spring rains and move steadily upstream toward the spawning beds where they were born. The Willamette river below the falls had held the run of several weeks because for some inexplicable reason these fish had not started to use the rambling concrete fishways across the belated falls.

Gunwale to gunwale, the boats

were anchored over every favorable eddy. The stern of each boat was decorated by one and sometimes two eager individuals who held heavy salmon poles. From time to time they would raise these in a slow arc and then drop the tip again.

One Man Hooks Fish

We watched for several minutes before we heard the brittle call, "Fish on!"

Far down the line of boats a red bent to the surface and a paunchy man stood up in a swaying boat. His line cut thin white traceries in the turgid water. His face was tense. For a full 15 minutes we watched until the salmon broke water beside the boat. The river literally exploded. Someone lunged downward with a gaff and the lithe silver body glinted dully as it was drawn into the skiff.

"About 20 pounds," said the pilot of the patrol boat as he let in the clutch and headed the craft toward midstream.

A 20-pounder isn't by any means a big chinook. The average for the Columbia basin is something like 23 pounds. The world's record chinook, taken in Alaskan waters, scaled over 100, and only two or three years ago a 90-pounder was taken at Astoria.

Big Fish Rare

These big fellows, however, are comparatively rare. They are, in the main, 7-year-old fish. The average chinook enters fresh water to spawn in his fourth year. He may run anywhere from 15 to 45 pounds. Whenever a giant is taken

you may look for a 5, 6 or 7-year-old fish.

These grow to their prodigious size simply because they have remained in the ocean. Because they haven't the biological urge to spawn—their reproductive organs haven't developed—they stay with mother ocean until they do. After their spawning they die—eaten away by fresh-water fungus that attacks the bruises and sores created in the battering against rocks in the ascent of the native stream.

How do these fish find their way back to the same beds from whence they sprang? No man knows. Yet back they come, bright of flank and burning with strength. It is then that the angler takes them from the yellow stream.

We rigged up—heavy rods, linen lines, piano wire leaders and some propeller spoons. From the leader swivels we attached a good 30 ounces of lead.

Must Get to Bottom

"You got to get down to the bottom if you want to connect with 'em," advised Christiansen. He kicked the craft into trolling speed and we paid out line into the current.

Funny thing about the salmon—he won't hit a spoon because he's hungry. He hits it because he's sore as a boiled owl. He seems to resent the glittering contrivance that dances along a few inches above the dark bottom of the river.

Unfortunately for the fisherman, the big fish doesn't resent the spoon all the time. For hours on end, as we can testify, one can drag a pound of such hardware along the



The Oregon state fish commission's new launch

course of a stream without a single strike, even though fish are to be seen rolling and leaping on every side of the boat.

Then, for some reason that anglers never can fathom, the tribe of salmon becomes definitely interested in such tackle. If their ardor in the matter of such investigation reaches a proper height, they are intent only upon reaching their clothesline. They are belligerent, savage and given to fits of temper that would shame a fishwife.

Fish Full of Smelt

These fish have been taken in the Columbia with their stomachs full of smelt, yet they do not feed after entering fresh water. They are intent only upon reaching their spawning grounds in the McKeanie, the upper Willamette or another of its numerous tributaries.

Lethologists say that they sometimes take smelt simply because they are angered at the small, silver fisherman say "they would hit a clothesline if they could." They are also upstream-bound to the spawning.

They're tackle-smashing, paunch-bellied holy terrors. One never knows when a strike is at hand, and the casual angler had better hang onto his rod as tightly as ever he clutched a pay check. One good strike, delivered when the angler is half asleep, and a rod will jump from his hands into the river.

The chinook of the Willamette is world famous as a fighter. He hasn't the brilliance of that silver-gyre, because he doesn't leap and gyrate across the surface. He is bullishly powerful and given to seeking the bottom, where he assumes a "doggo" attitude.

Pursuing a 20 or 30-pound fish from the black, ancient river bottom is a "job of work."

Attracts Many Sportsmen

But it's exhilarating, exciting work—labor that draws men and women from all over the state and covers the likely spots on the swirling Willamette with literally hundreds of fishing boats.

On a recent Sunday the state police force tallied a total of some 4000 fishermen who carried home with them over 200 salmon—probably more than two tons of firm red fish to be served in crisp slices for dinner or placed in glass jars for later use.

And like most forms of angling, it's a caste-leveler, this salmon trolling. In adjacent boats, engaged in friendly conversation or relating experiences of previous "runs," may be a WPA worker on temporary "vacation," a prominent business man from Portland or some other nearby city and a gingham-clad housewife.

AIRCRAFT CARRIER ORDERED TO SEEK MISSING AVIATORS

(Continued from Page One.)

equatorial region and was forced to turn back.

Itasca in Lone Search
The coast guard cutter Itasca carried on the search alone in the Howland region where Miss Earhart and her navigator, Fred J. Noonan, presumably came down yesterday a few miles short of their tiny goal.

By mid-afternoon it reported it had scanned 3,000 square miles of ocean without having sighted or heard from the missing fliers.

Recurring reports of SOS calls being heard from the helpless Earhart plane raised the hopes of relatives and friends but some of the leaders in the search expressed increasing pessimism over the possibilities of success.

Confusion and overlapping reports of distress calls made it difficult to sift them down to definite information but authorities were openly skeptical about some of them.

Storm Handicaps Plane

One of these turned out to be radio signals from the Itasca herself.

Although the weather in the vicinity of Howland island was reported in no wise unusual, word of the high altitude storm caused naval authorities here to dispatch four surface vessels along the route of the returning rescue plane to guide it to a safe landing.

The Itasca, which had temporarily abandoned the hunt and returned to Howland island to serve as a base for larger operations, immediately began combing the area about Howland island where Miss Earhart is believed to have come down.

HELP ADDED FOR PERMIT ISSUING

Because of the continuing avalanche of new and renewal applications for 1937-38 auto driver licenses, added service for assisting the public will be maintained daily at Medford city hall to July 17, Ward McReynolds, state examiner, announced yesterday.

The staff here yesterday took care of more than 300 applications in addition to rendering the usual service of conducting written examinations and road tests for prospective drivers, Mr. McReynolds said.

The examiner counseled the public to delay no longer the renewal of driver licenses. After July 17, he warned, the usual schedule will be resumed, with the examiner and his staff being at city hall here only on Saturdays.

Thieves Hunted

MARTINEZ, Cal. (UP)—Police sought several men who were selling horsehair hatbands and watch fobs on the street. They were suspected of cutting off 18 inches of the tail of Ed Watcher's horse while the animal was at a hitching stand.

Approximately 3,500,000 quarts of milk and cream and 2,000,000 dozen eggs are consumed annually in American dining cars.

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



SUCCEEDS WALLY.
Mrs. Norma Reese Johnson, widow of a Detroit manufacturer, and Commander Earl Winfield Spencer, U.S.N., were licensed to wed at Los Angeles. Spencer was the first husband of the Duchess of Windsor.

GATES RETURNS FROM CONCLAVE

William A. Gates, co-proprietor of the Groceries market, returned home Friday night from Boston where he attended the annual convention of the National Retail Grocers association. He was met and accompanied home from Portland by Mrs. Gates and their daughter Mary Anne, who had been vacationing in the north.

While in the east, Mr. Gates also attended a meeting of the Independent Fruit Distributors council in Bar Harbor, Me. In addition he participated in round-table discussions at a separate meeting of large market operators in Boston.

Mr. Gates also made a study of food merchandising methods in a number of mid-western cities.

ROOSEVELT AND BRIDE ON CAMPOBELLO ISLE

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND, N. B., July 3.—(P)—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his bride, the former Ethel Dupont, arrived here early tonight.

Capt. Franklin Calder, caretaker of President Roosevelt's summer home on the island, announced they had arrived, but refused to give any further information.

The honeymooners boarded a ferry which was held for them at Lubec, then went directly to the president's summer home.

Know Their Pond

PASADENA, Cal. (UP)—Frogs, like cats, always come back. George Howell took eight frogs from his pond, tied identifying strings around their legs, distributed them for miles around, but in a few days they were all back in his fish pond.

Exports of American products to Japan, valued at \$204,000,000 in 1936, exceed the total of our sales to all other far eastern countries combined.

Thunder, the loudest common noise, has never been heard unmistakably more than about 20 miles from the flash.

FLIER'S HUSBAND REFLECTS WORRY BY PACING ROOM

(Continued from Page One.)

guard, the navy, the newspapers and wire associations, asking for any news regarding the plight of Miss Earhart and her navigator, Fred J. Noonan.

Word that Los Angeles amateur radio operators had picked up SOS signals from Miss Earhart brought from Putnam the exclamation:

"Thank God, they are alive!"

Later he was inclined to doubt that any mainland amateur operators had intercepted any message from his wife and Noonan but he still held stoutly to his belief the round-the-world fliers were alive and would pull through.

Putnam seemed cheered after a long distance telephone talk with Paul Mantz, former technical advisor for Miss Earhart, now stationed at Burbank, Cal.

Mantz told him that if the plane landed in reasonably calm water it could remain afloat indefinitely. He expressed the belief that Miss Earhart had landed with her gear retracted. The sealed, empty tanks in the fuselage and wings would keep the ship buoyant for an indefinite length of time, he believed.

Putnam expounded concern for Mrs. Mary Noonan, wife of Fred Noonan, navigator of Amelia's plane.

"Poor woman," he said, "I must call her after a bit. It must be awfully hard on her!"

Mrs. Noonan collapsed earlier in the day but recovered when Putnam told her signals from the plane were being picked up by Los Angeles amateur radio operators.

Mrs. Noonan, a beauty shop operator in Oakland, married her flier-husband three months ago in a surprise elopement to Yuma, Arizona.

Mrs. Noonan was under a doctor's care at her home tonight.

Base Coins Melted

LONDON (UP)—Base coins which, if genuine, would be worth \$4,000, have been taken in at the ticket offices of the Great Western railway over a period of several years. When melted down and sold the metal, weighing about 100 pounds, brought \$45.

The big limit on certain rare species of South African game is one animal in the hunter's lifetime.

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Ball Names Impressive
LONDON (UP)—One of the five new locomotives being built for the London and Northeastern Railway company's trains is to be called the "Dominion of Canada." The others are to be named for Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India.

Cow Held As Security
MOUNT CARMEL, Ill. (UP)—Police held John Hockeiger's cow a prisoner in the city hall here for several hours until Hockeiger paid a \$5 fine to cover damages inflicted on a neighbor's garden when the cow escaped from a pen.

Infant Takes Wild Dive
GOOSE CREEK, Tex. (UP)—In an auto collision, Ray Herndon, two, was hurled through the windshield of his mother's car, catapulted along the hood, over the radiator and dashed against the fender of the other machine—and was uninjured.

CONGRATULATIONS
to
ROY ELLIOTT
AND HIS EFFICIENT
Medford Fire Department

They did a marvelous job in saving the Sparta Bldg., and in checking what started to be the worst fire Medford has ever had. We were fortunate as neither our show room or service department was damaged.

We Are Doing Business As Usual
with two carloads of new cars delivered yesterday

Rogue River Chevrolet
Office and Salesroom Sparta Bldg. Service Dept. 32 North Riverside Used Car Lot 234 N. Riverside, Foot of 4th St.

THE DOMESTIC LAUNDRY AND ZORIC CLEANERS

ANNOUNCE THAT CUSTOMERS ARE BEING SERVED AS USUAL

Same Phone 166

ALL LOSSES WILL BE PAID

Customers with loss in Fire please bring your claims to Temporary Office in Rogue River Chevrolet Sales-room located at the corner of Main and Riverside.