

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Squamousness is displayed throughout the land. Freedom of speech is squelched. After agitators with the gift of fiery gab have plagued a community, suppression of both the speech and the speakers appears as a fine thing, and a blessing. New Jersey is now the oratorical stomping ground, and a record amount of standing on constitutional rights prevails there. The problem is to retain "freedom of speech," without the speakers exhibiting too much freedom. A speaker advocating the overthrow of the American form of government should at least be an American citizen, able to speak English, and not unconsciously revert to his native European tongue, when oratorically excited.

The perils of oratory are revealed in the recent experience of a citizen as follows: "The Governor of Kansas recently visited the state penitentiary at Lansing. He began his speech with the customary remark, 'Fellow citizens.' A few of the audience laughed. The governor stopped short and began again.

"Fellow convicts," he said. This produced a roar of laughter for the joke was at his expense. "Well, I don't know what to call you," he explained, "but anyway, I'm glad to see so many of you here."

A Vermont preacher, charged with fishing on Sunday, was acquitted by his church. The offense occurred on the opening day of the season. The erring pastor caught eight trout, which was better than members of his congregation, who also went fishing, could do.

All the votes have been counted in the state strange election. The back room of the Portland Labor Temple won decisively over the shady side of the barn as a place to save the farmers.

A prowler after little known obvious facts has discovered three Oregon candidates for governor have given names of Charles, and four were christened Henry. All are for the common people, but none has ordered his constituents to call him "Hank" or "Chuck."

The wealthy Englishman, visiting in Los Angeles, who lost \$150,000 in a "stud" poker game, in which jacks represented money, is no longer sad, and the increase in his winnings is not known. The victor means softly, and the temporary loser is free to seek a new field in which to be skinned.

MAW GETS A BREAK (Spokane Spokesman-Review) "Wilbur C. Culppeper, superintendent of the Greenville oil mill, started something when he blew the mill whistle to announce the birth of Ida Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warner. Several mothers complained they had not been so honored. Culppeper announced in the future all that would be necessary for the mill whistle to signal the stock's arrival would be for him to be notified."

The graduating class of a Montana high school has adopted as its motto: "WPA. Here We Come." Its Salem Statesman contends this is a sign the graduates are not "scared." In the first editorial of the season extending advice to lais and lassies finishing school, the Montana points are more hopeful than scared. As the class motto now stands, it will get no more results than if it was a Latin phrase. It should be amended and our folks: "WPA. Here We Come, and Our Folks Are All Registered Democrats."

Mothers were honored yesterday. Many daughters were hosts to their mothers at cafes and hotels, and both got out of washing the dishes.

"His statement doesn't say anything except that the congressman, after hearing how the public feels, will vote as he darned well pleases. And so will the voters this fall." (Chiloquin Review)—Sour note.

Jersey City Goes Fascist

Shades of "It CAN'T happen here!" It not only CAN happen. It HAS happened! Jersey City, New Jersey, has gone Fascist. Of course under the potent Mayor Hague it has always been secretly Fascist, but Saturday night it became openly so. And to the everlasting shame of that city, and the great state of New Jersey, this outrage was committed under the name of upholding 100% Americanism and putting down the "red menace."

BUT that, too, is true to type,—following out in practically every detail, the pattern outlined by Sinclair Lewis in his famous book. Lewis's Fascist government, also, was established under the guise of a "higher patriotism." It, too, was supported by the labor racketeer and the professional drum-thumping Legionnaire.

Its sole purpose as well was to protect this fair country from the bomb-throwing alien and the liberty-destroying Bolshevik. It is positively UNCANNY the way this Jersey City episode follows the Lewis best seller, which predicted that what happened in Italy and Germany, CAN happen here.

And unless this unspeakable Hague, and the high handed and ruthless tyranny he represents is eventually put down, it MAY happen.

FOR while, in theory, this country is overwhelmingly opposed to Fascism, when it comes to actual practice, we fear one will find an astonishing undercurrent of sympathy with it. Take this Jersey City situation, for example.

Here is a city of over 300,000 people, only ten or fifteen minutes away from the largest and most modern metropolis in America. A city, in other words, in the very center of American life.

And what do we find? Thousands of the residents of this city, marching to the public square, American flags waving, bands playing, (and rubber hoses SWINGING!) to tender, not only their moral, but their physical support to a local government that openly defies and violates the Constitution of the United States!

For that is what this Jersey City incident amounts to,—nothing more, nothing less.

OUR Constitution guarantees to every citizen the right of free assembly and of free speech,—whether he happens to be in Jersey City or in Old Town, San Diego. Deny that right, and you deny the Constitution,—you deny the bill of rights,—you deny democracy.

There can be no compromise on an issue like this. An individual, or a community, must be for it, or against it. One can't be half and half. One can't be for it under certain circumstances, and against it under different circumstances.

That is unless one is Mayor Hague of Jersey City . . . and with Hitler and Mussolini an orthodox Fascist.

For under Fascism free speech of course is only for you, and for those who think and talk as you do.

There is no free speech for those who differ with you, whether they happen to be members of the Socialist party like Norman Thomas; representatives in congress, like J. J. O'Connell and John T. Bernard; or the head of the CIO, like John L. Lewis.

NO, when the fundamental principle of any democracy is invoked, and the OTHER side demands a hearing, then the police, the strong arm squads, and the buddies with their rubber hoses begin to march, and the other side is forced to choose between the denial of their constitutional rights and bloodshed.

And, outnumbered 10,000 to one they DON'T choose bloodshed!

So the ineffable Mayor Hague, passes out the cigars, sends another truck load of roses to his model hospital, pins a fresh gardenia in his morning coat, and the boys down at the City Hall, give three more rousing cheers for 100% Americanism and Hiz Honor.

PRETTY soft,—if you can get away with it.

And for a number of years,—decades in fact,—Mayor Hague has been getting away with it,—thanks to his strong arm squad, a political machine as efficient as it is corrupt, and an enthusiastic and subservient electorate.

How long it will continue we don't know. But it would require more optimism than this column can now produce, to name the date of any Jersey City clean-up, from WITHIN,—and unless we are greatly mistaken, there will be none from WITHOUT—not until after the congressional elections are over, at least.

But it's Fascism, of course, and every student of politics knows it. There is no more free speech, free press, free assembly,—no more free or honest elections in fact,—in Jersey City than in Berlin or in Naples.

BUT we venture to say not one resident out of 100 in Jersey City would admit it. And we would further venture, that under similar circumstances in practically any large city in the United States, the number of people approving such a regime would be appalling,—just as appalling as the number of good citizens who immediately after the Great War, joined the KuKlux Klan to support another type of 100% Americanism!

WHICH brings us back to our starting point:—

When Sinclair Lewis wrote "It Can't Happen Here," he graduated from being only one of this country's successful writers and became a major Prophet.

This is not to say this country is going Fascist and nothing can prevent it.

It is to say, that proud as we are theoretically of our great democracy and preserving it, we have all the makings of Fascism in this country right now. And if social and economic conditions should become materially worse than they are today, well—

Those who REALLY believe in democracy and understand what that belief involves, would have the fight of their lives on their hands, to maintain it!

There now are 243,700 collective farms in Russia, with 18,300,000 households, or 89 per cent of all peasants in the country. Among coronation gifts from dominions and colonies to the King and Queen of England is a whale's tooth necklace from the Fiji chief.

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, 385 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

INFLATE YOUR BELLY AND CALM YOURSELF

Since no hypnotic, sedative, stupefying or quieting medicine the individual may use on his or her own responsibility is a safe remedy for insomnia, and insomnia is not a definite state or ailment in itself, we present here only such advice as seems generally helpful. Any one who suffers from insomnia should first of all obtain medical advice for what ails him. Certainly a sleepless person never troubles an individual who has nothing the matter.



Lack of sleep or insufficient sleep is NOT a cause of insanity. The common fallacy that it leads to insanity is based on inaccurate observation—the truth is, rather, that insane persons are likely to sleep a little because of their illness. Younger persons require more sleep than older persons. "Brain workers" require less sleep than persons who do honest physical work, and persons who lead a sedentary existence require less sleep than persons who get plenty of exercise. A daily stint of honest muscular work is the best of all promoters of sound, restful sleep, whether the work be doing family washing, spading the garden or painting the garage. A lot of folk who complain bitterly of the anguish of sleeplessness deserve it, in the opinion of hardbilled Brady. If you sleep poorly you'll appreciate the philosophy of the observation if you try it some time. Instead of lying in bed thinking of your sins and wondering about everything, go out and take two or three miles of oxygen on the hoof, part of it running if you're not too brittle, and see how much better you'll sleep when you get back.

Many persons who find it difficult to get to sleep at night have learned by practice how helpful Belly Breathing is to carry one off to pleasant dreams. This is described in detail in the twenty-five cent 60-page booklet "How to Breathe"—we can't take space to give instructions here. Belly breathing favors natural sleep by increasing oxygenation of the body cells and by equalizing the circulation. Overeating or too hurried eating which the same thing is a common

factor of insomnia. People who live by their wits or as parasites must restrain their hogghishness about food and drink if they wish to avoid restless nights. Honest working people, especially who are not overweight, should regularly have a bedtime lunch or a full meal. For the healthy person it is natural and normal to sleep after eating. For the old or feeble with hard arteries it is advisable to resist that impulse to nap or snooze after a hearty meal.

Everyone needs less sleep in summer than in winter; in a warm climate than in a cold climate. Young persons require never less than 7 hours sleep to maintain health, vitality and good looks. There is no such thing as "making up for lost sleep."

Anybody sleeps best alone. QUESTIONS & ANSWERS Bustles and Dusters Please give me all the data you can why feather dusters should not be used in the home or office. (H. C. DeW.) Answer—Do the ladies in your community still wear bustles and Gibson girl hats? Dust on woodwork or furniture is comparatively harmless. Stirring it becomes blown about in the air it becomes more or less a menace to health. Any one perpetrating a feather duster or other dry duster might consistently receive a L. T. P. as a reminder that it isn't done in civilized communities.

The Credulous Sex Kindly tell whether it is injurious in any way to wear ankle straps for reducing, in the day or night or both day and night? (Mrs. L. P.) Answer—No more injurious than it would be to wear tight shoes or a tight collar or a tight hat day or night or all the time—and it will reduce just as much as a tight hat would reduce the head.

Hernia Cured At the age of 76 I received the ambulatory treatment for hernia, as you recommended, and am pleased to report that the break has been entirely closed. No pain, no loss of time, and at less than one-third of the cost of hospital and operation. Doctor's name on request. (H. B. W.) Copyright 1938, John P. Dille Co.

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 385 El Camino Beverly Hills, Calif.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER NEW YORK—This reporter, who plays hooky whenever a chance to go hunting or fishing bobs up, slipped quietly out of town the other day for a 48-hour survey of some favorite fishing waters. While the fishing was good and the strikes were frequent, the trip turned out to be a very costly one. He lost a friend.



I will not mention this man's name, because I think a lot of him. He might not like it. Nevertheless, you have heard him many times on the radio. He has a summer place on this private lake where I like to angle for favorite pan fish.

As you know, the season is now closed on bass and pickerel. But one may legally take yellow perch, which are a choice fish, and game fighters on light tackle. Well, it was raining hard and the fish were biting, and I was having a fine time. And suddenly a bass took the hook. When you take a bass out of season you carefully release him, if he isn't hooked in the gills. They die, you know, when the gills are punctured, and in small lakes it is not good to throw back fish that will die.

Furthermore, I had been instructed by some friends of mine to take only what you own the lake, that if such a concrete trap place not to return any injured fish to the water. So I whacked the bass on the head and tossed it among the yellow perch.

And just then my friend drove up. He had come down to look over his cottage and make plans for summer occupancy. It was good to see him, and we chatted enthusiastically for some minutes. His wife was in the car, and while I walked over to speak to her he walked out on the dock to see the fish.

In about five minutes he strode back to the car. He was livid with rage. He gave me the sort of look a cop gives a sneak-thief, and then said: "You're a fine one to talk! You've been the season open. I think it is a cheap trick. I don't suppose you know what sportsmanship is."

Well, how to explain. . . Any excuse I would have made would have sounded unconvincing. . . That is one thing that isn't easily glossed over. . . Furthermore, I was getting angry. . . And embarrassed. . . Because, there I was caught red handed. . . He climbed into his car and with a final "cheap lousy trick," jerked his car into gear and drove away. . . So I made no explanation whatever. Later, I related the experience to the owners of the lake, and they said, "Well, don't let it bother you. Besides, we own the lake. It has never been stocked by the state or government, and if we give you permission to fish all year round that's our business."

Which was true. But, talking with my friend during those few blistering moments, when I stood there with a dead "black" black bass at my feet, I really made me feel like a heel. You have to go through something like that to understand how crummy you can feel.

I suppose I'll run into him some summer dawn, with the mist rising from the water on this lake, and I'll probably yell, "Hi Butch." But he is a musician, and funny. And what he'll answer, I don't know.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS LAWRIN, a comparative long shot, wins the Kentucky Derby. Fighting Fox, the favorite, goes to pieces in the stretch, and finishes sixth. Well, that's the way with the world. The favorite of today is apt to be the bum of tomorrow.

(If you want to be a favorite, and STAY that way, be sure to have something on the ball. If you haven't got it, it will soon come out.)

HITLER, at the end of his spectacular visit to Rome, publicly guarantees to Mussolini "for all time" the boundaries which he says "nature has set for Germans and Italians" (meaning the Brenner pass).

How much do you suppose his guarantee is worth? And how much, do you suppose, does Mussolini really THINK it is worth?

THE truth, of course, is that Hitler will keep his word just as long as it PAYS him to keep it—and no longer. Nations are that way. There is no such thing as common honesty among them.

GETTING back to the derby, there were more than 80,000 people in the stands—the biggest crowd in the 63 years the derby has been run. There's no such thing as depression when easy money is in sight—AND BEFORE a horse race, you know EVERYBODY is going to win.

THAT'S the way with easy money. It's SWELL beforehand. The headache comes afterward.

CHINA, by the way, looked like easy money to Japan ten months ago, but if reports from the front can be relied on (which isn't any too certain) the headache is beginning to develop.

MUSSOLINI is said to have promised Hitler to bring diplomatic pressure to bear on Czechoslovakia to be "reasonable" in meeting German demands.

He'll probably say: "The Ethiopians weren't reasonable in meeting MY demands, and look what happened to them!"

Disliked though he is by the new dealers, Senator Burton K. Wheeler still has a knack for getting what he wants in Washington. Recently, Senator Wheeler backed D. W. Chapman, a Wheelerite, as Montana director of the new federal crop insurance venture. Wheeler's enemies and the White House's friends, Senator Murray and Representative O'Connell, backed O. J. Regnier, Murray's secretary.

On hearing of the Regnier candidacy, Wheeler called the agriculture department, and was promised that he would be informed before an appointment was made. Shortly thereafter, the gravestone brought him news that Regnier had the job and was being instructed in his duties.

Wheeler promptly called the agriculture department again, got a subordinate official, and was told that Regnier was indeed the man. Thereupon, he blew up so violently that the telephone wire must have been blistered. The little man at the agriculture department bleated and hung up. Half an hour later, the department telephoned Wheeler to say that there had been a mistake. That Chapman was to be the Montana director, while Regnier would have a Washington job. It still pays to be senior Democratic member of the senate agriculture committee.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wertz motored to Ashland Friday to visit N. F. Hanson, father of Mrs. Wertz. Roberta Wertz, junior at Ashland Normal is a delegate to the Phi Beta Sigma convention in Lewiston, Idaho. Lawrence Lay is fencing his property at Fountain flat.

Phil Wertz and John Gee are cutting wood.

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

Climax

CLIMAX, May 9.—(Sp.)—Norma Jean Wertz of Central Point spent the week-end at her home here.

Milroy Charley rode horseback to Floyd Charley's ranch on Butte creek Thursday and returned Friday. Frank Hurst is seeding his field to oats.

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COURT HOUSE NEWS

Published by the Jackson County Abstract Co., 121 E. Sixth Street

Marriage Licenses. Howard Garvey and Margaret Janjuran. Mark B. Herran and Ione Kinter.

Circuit Court. Colonial Garage vs. D. B. Weatherston. Chattel Lien. Hamilton H. Fox vs. Dewey Nickerson, et ux. Possession of real property.

James Metcalf vs. G. W. Hines, et al. To quiet title. State Tax Commission vs. W. W. Walker. Tax warrant. D. F. Kay vs. Benjamin R. Dietrich. Chattel lien. Leonard P. Boren vs. Laura L. Boren. Divorce.

Hazel Marie Chase vs. Richard Francis Chase. Divorce. E. G. Edison vs. Norman H. Terry, et al. For money.

Probate Court. Estate of Louise R. Parker, dec. Probate. Estate of William A. Douglas, dec. Probate. Estate of Belle L. Clifton, dec. Probate. Estate of Sarah P. Herbert, dec. Probate. Estate of Effie May Terrill, dec. Probate. Estate of John A. Cook, dec. Probate.

Real Estate Transfers. D. E. Millard to Vivian Millard, QCD to NW 1/4 and N 1/2 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 sec. 17, Twp. 33 S., R. 1 W. M. \$100. J. L. Cook, et ux. to Carl J. Brommer, W. D. to lot 4, blk. 2, Gray's Add. to Medford, \$10. Ross D. Hansen, et vir. to Delphine C. Bailey, W. D. to land in DCLC 79, Twp. 37 S., R. 2 W. W. M. \$100. Ida Gottig to Jess McFadden, et ux. W. D. to lot 6, blk. 2, Sunset Park Add. to Medford, \$10. Dan Shuss to Fred Hackert, QCD to blk. 34, City of Jacksonville, \$10. George V. Gillette, et ux. to Emily R. Oldham, W. D. to lot 1, Nob Hill Add. to Ashland, \$10. R. F. Kyle, et ux. to Robert S. Farrer, et ux. deed to lot 14, blk. 3, Park Add. to Medford, \$10. James W. George to Manuel Shelley, QCD to SE 1/4 SW 1/4 and S 1/2 SE 1/4, sec. 25, Twp. 40 S., R. 3 E. W. M. \$10. H. A. Murfey, et ux. to C. E. Pierce, et ux. QCD to S 1/2 SE 1/4 and SE 1/4 SW 1/4, sec. 19, Twp. 37 S., R. 1 E. W. M. \$100. Frank McCombs to J. D. Montgomery, Q. C. D. to SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and N 1/2 SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 SW 1/4, sec. 8, Twp. 35 S., R. 3 W. W. M. \$100.00.

Swing Music Exhibiting SYDNEY (UP)—Swing music has been justified before its eventual death. Joyce Barry, 18, attributes her winning a 588-mile cycling record to the fact that swing music kept her awake and pumping most of the way.

Wed 76 Years MENDOTA, Mo. (UP)—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mansson have celebrated their 73rd wedding anniversary on the farm where they have lived, except for a few months since their marriage.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.)

the men who beat the court bill gathered to wish their friend good luck. Wheeler of Montana, Gerry of Rhode Island, Copeland of New York, Bailey of North Carolina, King of Utah—they were all there. Clark of Missouri, O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Burke of Nebraska sent messages.

Moreover, all the men at the dinner promised Senator Van Nuy to enter Indiana and campaign for him. Senator Van Nuy plans to call these promises, or such of them as seem wise to call. He also expects to be warmly supported by the house rebel against the White House, Representative Samuel B. Pettengill. He may even have Senators Borah and Vandenberg on his speakers' list, as friendly Republicans. And thus, although the real issue in the Indiana election is an old political row between Van Nuy and McNutt, it will appear a test of the political wisdom of congressional independence. The president is probably licking his chops already.

The old police school demonstrations, proving that seven different eye-witnesses give seven different accounts of the same incident, have been beaten hollow recently by Henry Ford and Chairman Marriner S. Eycles, of the federal reserve board.

They tell such contrary stories of what happened at the celebrated Ford lunch at the White House, that they ought to get over with it by calling each other prevaricators straight out. Not long ago, some of the most amusing anecdotes of the luncheon, as told by the Ford party when it reached New York, were retailed in this space. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Eycles issued a statement rather openly implying that all the anecdotes of the Ford party were Ford strawcase wit.

The controversy is not of great historic importance. But when Grace Hall Roosevelt gets around to publishing her memoirs, it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Ford or Mr. Eycles has the more accurate memory.

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Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY May 9, 1928 City to assume portion of coat of Sixth street paving. Move launched to change Main street to Broadway.

Indiana primary lost by Hoover by narrow margin. Gain Robinson back from trip through southwest. Nothing freakish about April weather, report shows.

Pulp mill in Rogue River valley is held possible. Shortage of labor in valley continues. Work for all who want it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 9, 1918 German offensive in Flanders repulsed by British, with Australian troops doing most of battling. Senate shelves woman's suffrage bill.

Walter M. Pierce, democratic candidate for governor visits city. Ned Vilas ordered to report to Berkeley for Army balloon service.

Farmers rejoice in heavy downpour, after long dry spell. Smuggling of rum from Hill, over Sixtyfours at a halt.

Eagle Point

EAGLE POINT, May 9.—(Sp.)—Townsend club will meet in Orange hall at 8 o'clock tonight. It is requested that all members be present as important business is to be discussed and voted upon. There will be entertainment and refreshments at close of the meeting.

The May day program on the high school lawn Friday afternoon drew a large and appreciative audience. Much credit is due the teachers and girls athletic association for their fine work in training the children who took part in the activities, especially the girls' tumbling act and the interpretative dancing by Miss Melba Day, one of the teachers, and Marjory Nichols and Betty Gipson.

Winning of the May pole by pupils of the primary grades at the crowning of the queen, Irene Charley, were beautifully done. Ralph Lamb was excellent as the prime minister. Music was furnished by the high school orchestra.

A baseball game followed the local team and Gold Hill followed the program. A tennis tournament in the forenoon was won by Eddie Cranall, with George Peachy winning third place.

Irene Charley of Brownboro, Arline Williams of Shady Cove and Vesta Stowell of Long Mountain, were overnight guests of Marjory Nichols on Thursday.

Chevrolet JINGLES

When money talks we ought to listen! Maybe some good bet we might be missin' Sometimes we listen with a sigh, For mostly dollars just say goodbye. But once we get them coming our way, We like to hear what they have to say! So better heed when you hear the voice, For it'll tell you CHEVROLET is EVERYBODY'S CHOICE!

Chevy M. Hurd Rogue River Chevrolet

Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 No. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

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