MEDFORD TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Canadian CIO labor chieftain who proposes to hold a series of mass-meetings in the Columbia Rive basin, on behalf of the New Deal, now frets candidates oratorically coming faith in that creed. The A. F. of L. will look askance at them, if they squat on the platform, with the alien bent on telling upstate how to vote. This means many aspirants for high office will have tire trouble en route, but arrive in time to shake hands with the voters as the mass meeting breaks up.

• • •

Douglas Corrigan of California, who flew to Ireland by mistake, hopes to make another "outstanding flight—but different." He might try hopping from Los Angeles to where that metropolis thinks its city limits ought to be.

• • •

A LAWYER FOR YOU!
(Monmouth (Ore.) Herald)

"He had a disconcerting way of talking in an undertone and then of a sudden lifting his voice as tho he were summoning distant people to a fire. This shouted message was most frequent when he thought he had made a point when he would turn and yell it, while with his hand he pointed to his client, Rosser."

• • •

"MINING EXPERTS CAUGHT AT WORK"—(Hdline Siskiyous News)—Somebody else tell one.

• • •

"Progress is a great thing. It enables one to exclaim at the slaughter at Gettysburg and forget that every year automobiles kill five times as many persons as fell in that battle."—(Hartford (Conn) Courant)—That's different!

• • •

Insect life is reported plentiful in vacation spots. This refutes the belief all insect life mobilized nightly at soft-ball games.

• • •

WHY BRING THAT UP?
(Sawyer's Bar Notes)

"It is politics folks, first and last, and now and forever.

"But remember there is caution and discretion in both talcum powder and gun powder and fair exchange is no robbery, said Jim Law, when he stole my picks."

• • •

A syndicate writer in recounting the romantic woes of Barbara Hutton, the 5c and 10c store heiress, seeking a divorce from a Danish count, holds Babs became a "cold, ruthless young fury" when she gained the notion the Count "might possibly have married her for her money." It was only $45,000,000, so how could he.

• • •

The candid camera picture of the village thermometer bravely struggling to be honest, with a nearby lawn sprinkler keeping the grass green, from dawn to dusk, needs an alibi. The grass is "cheat grass."

• • •

F. Luy, the Antelope cowhand, towned three times Wed. The first time he showed up in the humble copper-riveted overalls of the range and corral, the second time he wore a seersucker suit, with eight pleats in the coat back, and the third time was encased in ice-cream pants and a white shirt starched stiffer than a board. When not changing clothes, and traveling, he languished on the dull end of a pitchfork.

• • •

The duck hunting season has been lengthened 15 days. The season is still too short for Man to learn to fly with his present equipment, and get shot for a southbound mallard.

• • •

An Arizona visitor to Los Angeles was sold a street car for $100 by a pair of bright young men. This is a prosperity note that ranks along with the news folks are buying more tires and overalls.

A herd of 165 buffalo roam an unfenced area in House Rock valley, north of the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Time to Wake Up

NONE so blind as those who can't see.

The Oregonian takes the Salem Capital-Journal to task because it deplored the "harmony" back-slapping and partisan yapping of the recent organization meeting of the Republican state committee at Salem.

The Salem paper warned that if the Republicans are to win back the state this fall, they will have to do more than "point with pride and view with alarm!"

That's old stuff and discredited stuff. The result of the coming election, as is true of practically all elections, will be determined, not by the 100% partisans on either side but by the independent voters, who will balance the claims of one party against the claims of the other, and finally decide the victory of which will be for the best interests of the state.

Mutual admiration gatherings, harmony banquets, tall talk about how wise and pure and able one party is, and what a low-browed mess of misfits and nincompoops, is the other, will so disgust this discriminating and adult vote,—that if an entirely different strategy isn't adopted, the Republicans are beaten before they start.

• • • • •

THE Salem Capital-Journal was entirely right in what it said, and if the Oregonian had any comprehension of the TRUE political psychology of this state, it would second the motion, and devote its great influence with the powers that be in the G.O.P. to bring about what the Salem paper (heretofore staunchly Democratic) wishes to bring about,—some comprehension of the realities, that will face the voters of this state, in the coming campaign, and a quietus on the sort of partisan tom-tom beating, that had some validity in the days of Mark Hanna, but at the present time, is as childish and out-of-date as Mr. Pickwick's stage coach.

• • • • •

"CHILDISH" is the scathing epithet the Oregonian employs to squelch the Salem paper, for declaring there was too much antiquated self satisfied partisanship at the Salem meeting as—(it says)

> "Of course there would be talk of Republicanism at a Republican organization meeting."

OF COURSE!

But what KIND of "Republicanism!"

That's the entire point of the Capital-Journal's warning, and if the Republicans wish to win in November, it's a warning they must take to heart.

If theirs is going to be the Republicanism of the flambeau club, the kerosene transparency and the stuffed shirt, the independent voters,—in fact the rank and file of the state,—will have no patience with it, and won't be backward about registering their resentment at the ballot box.

But if it's going to be a new kind of Republicanism,—a Republicanism that has something more above the collar-band than a larnyx in a constant state of apoplectic excitement; something more in its head than glittering generalities and pious platitudes,—

In other words a Republicanism, that is alive, enlightened and up-to-date,—

A Republicanism that refuses to insult the intelligence of the voters by claiming all the virtues, and consigning to its opponents all the vices,—

But gives DEFINITE REASONS why at this particular time its candidates should be chosen in preference to their opponents, and supports those reasons by facts and figures and arguments that have nothing whatever to do with party regularity or party pride,—in short with narrow partisanship,—but everything to do with good government, with honest and efficient administration and therefore with the better welfare of this state and all the people in it,—

And finally if this new Republicanism, is NOT so blind to the political realities, that it can be maneuvered into the position of opposing the basic principles of the New Deal, which as Bruce Barton pointed out, whether we like them or not, have come to stay,—

THEN, the Republican party will have some chance to win the November election in this state,—and if it wins, will deserve its victory,—

But, as the Salem Capital-Journal points out there will be no such result, if the psychology which prevailed at Salem is to become the party's campaign key-note.

The Dog Poisoner

ALL Medford is thoroughly aroused over the depredations of some unspeakable dog poisoner.

This dog poisoner has been scattering poison meat about for several months. His activities have been confined to two districts in the city only however. Yet there have been no arrests, and as far as can be determined, at the present writing there promise to be none!

We can think of no greater menace to this community at the present time, than having a sadistic pervert of this sort at large, and it would seem that the city police, aided by the state police, might devise ways and means, to apprehend the culprit and put a stop to it.

Regarding the most recent tragedy the Oregonian has the following timely editorial comment to make:

> A Medford dog named "Kip" saved a duck hunter from drowning in a Klamath lake last winter, by swimming out and towing him to shore. The man had only to call "Help!" and the intelligent retriever responded. This "Kip" was quite a dog. It is unfortunate that the past tense must be employed, but the fact of the matter is that "Kip" will never wag a tail again, cock an attentive ear, go with his master where the mallards are rising from the water—nor by the way, save anyone again from death. "For "Kip" himself is dead.
>
> A stealthy someone with a hateful heart tossed poison in the yard of "Kip's" master, and so the good dog died—treacherously and cruelly killed by one of those same god-like creatures to whose distress and peril he was ready to respond. The story of this crime is valuable to us for its sharp and undeniable contrast of "Kip," the dog that was humane and chivalrous, and his unknown poisoner, the man who is a dog. It is regrettable that one must admit, on this plain evidence, that a good dog is immeasurably better than an evil man.

All true.

No question about how this community and the entire state FEELS about it, hasn't the time come to DO something about it!

It is estimated that 18 million people in tropical and subtropical regions are treated for malaria in a year.

A class of men in ancient Greece who went from place to place and recited poetry were called Rhapsodists.

The total acreage of wildlife sanctuaries in the United States now is 7,957,937, almost double what it was two years ago.

Japan gave notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations March 27, 1933 and ceased to be a member on March 26, 1935.

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, Calif.

TRACHEITIS IS LARYNGITIS, BRONCHITIS IS AS BAD

Medical name for the windpipe is trachea. Upper part of the trachea is the voice box or larynx. Prominence of the cartilege forming the larynx is commonly known as the Adam's apple. At the lower end the windpipe divides into the bronchi, two tubes leading to the right and left lungs.

Inflammation of the windpipe lining is called tracheitis; inflammation of the upper part or voice box lining is called laryngitis; inflammation of the tubes into which the trachea divides is bronchitis, whether the inflammation is confined to the two main tubes or extends into their smaller divisions going to all parts of the lungs.

Characteristic of acute laryngitis is hoarseness or temporary loss of voice, with much unproductive coughing in the early stage of irritation.

Essential treatment is (a) absolute rest of voice, which means not even the attempt to whisper—this silence is what makes acute laryngitis so dreadful for members of a certain sex, I dare not say which sex; (b) cold moist compresses on the Adam's apple—if you know more than I do about it, you needn't follow my advice; it's a free country and your neck's your own; (c) begin immediately taking Old Doctor Brady's Foolproof Cough Medicine every two hours, as directed in Little Lesson No. 5—"Call it Cri"; (d) every hour or two inhale for a few minutes the steam or vapor arising from a pitcher of boiling water or an old coffee pot of boiling water in which a tablespoon of compound tincture of benzoin is stirred.

All of these measures are equally helpful in acute tracheitis or acute bronchitis. In any such acute illness, especially if accompanied with chilliness or chills and feverishness, a hot mustard foot bath administered by a nurse or some one who understands how, to the patient in bed, is always beneficial in the early stage. Next best general measure of alleviation is a hot bath before the patient gets into bed. Purpose of either is simply to equalize the circulation, withdraw blood to the surface from the congested areas, not to produce sweating particularly.

Remedial factor of importance commonly overlooked is air-conditioning. Whatever means will increase the amount of water vapor in the air will add materially to the patient's comfort. Excessively dried out, artificially heated air is irritating to the inflamed mucous membrane of larynx, trachea or bronchial tubes.

In my judgment there is no advantage in taking saline or other cathartics or laxatives in the early stage of such illness, except in the presence of unusual complications.

From scientific study and from long observation in practice I am convinced that it doesn't matter whether the patient takes milk, soups, weak tea or coffee, lemonade or other fruit juice beverages hot or cold—as long as plenty of fluid is taken the patient's individual preference should decide whether it shall be hot or cold.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Liver and Kidney

At our house lamb's kidneys and calf's liver are favorites. We prefer them rare. Any objection? (M. C.)

Answer—Any kind of meat is harmless if thoroly cooked. Rare meat is safe if you are certain it contains no parasite larvae, for example.

Home Made Ice

Referring to your advice that ice cubes made in the household refrigerator are as pure as ice made in the factory, isn't it true that butter, cheese, fruit and vegetables in the refrigerator impart their flavor to the ice cubes? (J. P. T.)

Answer—We have never noticed it. No doubt certain foods kept in the refrigerator may impart their characteristic taste to the ice.

Raise a Family

I am subject to chronic bronchitis. Have lived on farm all my life. Am outdoors most of time, horseback riding, walking. Would like to have a baby but have Ben Told miscarriage would be inevitable because of my cough. (Mrs. C. P. S.)

Answer—Unless your doctor advises against it you should go ahead and raise a family while or if it is still possible. Send ten cents coin for "Preparing for Maternity" and enclose a stamped envelope bearing your address. If the envelope will carry two booklets and bears sufficient postage, a copy of the Brady Better Baby Book will be included.

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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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK.—This is a sentimental sort of story—one of those I-remember-and-won't-you-swing-down-memory-lane-with-me sort of things. But ever since I told you about the Bing Crosby concert I've had Dixie Lee on my mind. Dixie is Bing's wife. And this is something that happened some seven years ago. I wonder if she remembers? I doubt if Bing knows anything at all about it.

GEORGE TUCKER

In those days I was kicking around Columbus, Ohio. The center of attraction there was the Hartman theater, the same theater which Helen Hayes recently called the most beautiful theater she played in on her coast-to-coast tour.

One day a company of the musical show, "Good News," came to town. And in it was Dixie. And by a coincidence that was the day she received word from Hollywood that the films wanted her. They wanted her to report at the studio as quickly as possible.

Now, Dixie was a wide-eyed little girl. And she was so excited that she scarcely knew whether she was coming or going. I remember passing H. E. Cherrington, a critic at the time, in the lobby of the theater, and he told me that Miss Lee had just had the big word from Hollywood.

Well, when a big thing like that happens, everybody knows it. All the critics knew it, and all their friends knew it, and pretty soon everybody in the audience was talking about Dixie Lee, the girl in the show, and her Hollywood contract. The ushers knew it, too, and so did the doorman and the man in the boxoffice.

Meanwhile the curtain went up and at last that fast-stepping comedy of college life was on.

It wasn't any trouble at all to pick out Dixie Lee, even if you didn't recognize her, because everybody was talking about her and nudging their next-door neighbors and saying, "Look, look how excited she is. There she is."

And there she was, leaning against a back-drop which was supposed, I imagine, to be the wall of a dormitory. With her was a girl who put some powder on her nose and then said something to Dixie. But Dixie didn't answer. The girl shot the "cue" at her again. Still Dixie didn't answer. And then the girl looked up, and by that time the audience caught what was happening. For there was Dixie, star-gazing, looking off into space, a happy light in her eyes, just a wide-eyed little girl dreaming of Hollywood. For that moment at least she was three thousand miles from Columbus and the rest of the world.

Chuckle? Of course the audience chuckled. It howled. And that laugh was the thing that brought Dixie back to "Good News." What did she do? She did just what any other pretty little girl would have done under the circumstances. She jumped and said, "Oh!" in a voice heard all over the theater.

That was a long time ago. And probably the people there have long forgotten what "Good News" was about. But I can tell you this. They will always remember the little girl who was lost in a fog of stardust the day her contract came from Hollywood.

Communications

Favors Taking a Gamble

To the Editor:

Some one asked your opinion of the transaction tax which is to be voted upon this fall—and in your editorial last night entitled "Better Skip It" you tried to answer the said inquiry. Now I am going to answer your editorial—to say the least your editorial was very disappointing.

The world is full of your kind—the LET GEORGE DO-ITS. Of course the transaction tax is a gamble—but what isn't a gamble? When you started The Medford Mail Tribune you took a gambler's chance. LIFE itself is nothing but a mammoth roulette wheel on which everything, including man, stakes its life against the tremendous odds against it. The odds against life are better than a hundred to one shot.

Mr. Editor, we are all guinea pigs and the sacrificial goat every day of our lives in this world of experience. If we let GEORGE DO IT all the time we will never learn to do things for ourselves.

Did Columbus let GEORGE DO IT? Did he? I'll say he didn't—he staked his own chips and gave the wheel a turn—and won. Lincoln gambled on freeing the slaves—the north won, but Lincoln LOST. Woodrow Wilson gambled in the WORLD WAR, but the entire world lost at the turn of the wheel. Douglas Corrigan staked his life on the nine-year-old plane and the weather in his flight to Ireland. It was a gambler's chance but he won the flight, but lost his chances of living a peaceful, quiet life. And so it goes. Every time we turn around we are taking a gambler's chance. The tender of the wheel of fortune is forever shouting to us, "Step right up folks and place your bets—that's right, pick out your numbers folks and stack your chips—all set? Well, here she goes—round and round, and where she stops nobody knows." Thus cries the tender of the wheel of fortune as he gives the wheel a spin for us that is gambling for our very existence.

I say, Mr. Editor, if Oregon is willing to gamble on the TRANSACTION SALES TAX with the possibilities of winning a little happiness and financial security for our dear OLD FOLKS, then lets us pile our chips on the tax and give the wheel a spin. Bless the oldsters. I, for one, will stake all my chips on them. Didn't the old folks go thru HELL and HIGH-WATER and gamble their all for us when we were unable to do for ourselves? I say they did. Now let's do a little gambling and win the stakes back for them that they lost on the whirling wheel of LIFE.

I may be a guinea pig, a sacrificial goat, or what have you, but I am going to vote for the TRANSACTION SALES TAX—SO WHAT? I have been a guinea pig and a sacrificial goat so many times in my life that I am quite used to the experiments. So another trip to the experimental laboratory will neither make nor brake me. Come on folks—for the sake of dear old grandpa and grandma, God bless them, let's bet them high, if we do sleep in the streets.

ARCHIE PARKER.
Central Point, Oregon.

July 20.

Forest Service Appreciative.

To the Editor: The featuring of "Fire Control in Jackson County" in the editorial column of the Medford Mail Tribune of July 6 and the scope and accuracy of the statement were very gratifying to me.

The education of the public relative to care with fire in the forests is a most important means of preventing fires and your newspaper has aided in the fire prevention campaign very materially through timely and constructive articles.

Your cooperation in this worthwhile program is appreciated by me and I am certain that the members of the Rogue River national forest organization are equally appreciative of your assistance.

C. J. BUCK,
Regional Forester.

Portland, Oregon.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE king and queen of England are going to France for a little visit. ONE HUNDRED heavy trunks are required to hold their clothes.

The trunks are sent to Dover, to go aboard the British admiralty yacht Enchantress for the trip across the channel. The trip across the channel is roughly equal in distance to the navigable length of San Francisco bay from north to south.

AT Dover a flotilla of nine destroyers will meet the Enchantress to escort her over. In addition, 18 naval planes will be on hand.

When royalty travels, it puts on a lot of dog.

BUT note this:

For the past week, King George has been suffering from an attack of gastric influenza. Here in southern Oregon, we call it "intestinal flu." It seizes us whenever it happens to choose—or whenever our systems happen to be in condition to entertain the germ.

Human beings make a lot of fuss over royalty, but disease pays it no special attention whatever, fastening its clutches upon a king just as unceremoniously as upon the humblest commoner.

THIS more or less silly fuss over royalty, you see, is strictly a HUMAN institution. Nature pays it no heed.

A LOT of people have the strange notion that they are BETTER than other people—that some distinction marks them off from the common herd.

But they are all BORN. And, at some time or another, they all get sick. And in the end they have to die.

Human beings, after all, are JUST HUMAN BEINGS.

THE king and queen of England are going to France for a huge good-will celebration—designed, the correspondents tell us, to "show the world the two great European democracies still are firm friends."

They AREN'T. The French don't like the British and the British don't like the French. Privately, they thumb their noses at each other. But the exigencies of world politics require them to stand together. The British need the French army and the French need the British navy.

Politics, the world over, makes strange bedfellows.

The United States is now exporting more than 300 times as much corn and 8,000 times as much wheat as it is importing, the agricultural adjustment administration reports.

About 280,000 American troops were engaged in the Spanish-American war.

Down Through the Centuries Comes This

BETTER MILK

Monks, whose diet consisted largely of dairy products are responsible for GOLDEN GUERNSEY milk. More than ten centuries ago on the Island of Guernsey off the coast of France they began the selection of the breed of cattle known as Guernsey. This Premium Milk just recently sold in Medford by

Wing's Cloverhill Golden Guernsey Dairy
Phone 523-R-4

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

is no doubt in the minds of Lewis, or Lee Pressman, or Phil Murray, or Sidney Hillman that the principle of industrial unionism will survive. But because their membership is concentrated in a small number of large industrial states, they have found their national political influence—less than they had hoped. And they have learned to fear the effects of vigilantism, even in the states where they are strongest.

The most cursory inspection of the national labor map will reveal the reasons for the C. I. O. leaders' fright. In Ohio, for example, Governor Davey is a bettern-than-even bet for re-election, in spite of a record considerably more odorous than George Earle's. Davey is the avowed enemy of the C. I. O., and, Democrat though he is, enjoys the support of many large industrialists in his state. If Davey wins in the end, his first objective is likely to be breaking the Ohio C. I. O. unions.

In spite of the C. I. O. support of the Democrats, the Republicans have a good chance in Pennsylvania. The story of Jersey City is known to the world, but it has less publicized parallels in New Orleans, Memphis, and Kansas City. In California, Michigan, Minnesota and many other states, the tide of vigilantism is rising. And, everywhere, an intensive drive is being carried on against the national labor relations board.

All these developments together add up to a real threat of an outbreak of labor-baiting, particularly directed against the C. I. O. The A. F. of L. leaders, clad to see the C. I. O. industrial unions in danger, will give aid and comfort to the attackers. This growing anti-C. I. O. feeling among the farmers will keep many politicians quiet. And thus, in the nation, the C. I. O. leaders can look only to the president, while, in local situations, they must make such compromises with expediency as their indorsement of George Earle.

In their new policy of compromise, the C. I. O. leaders hope that they are only retreating to consolidate their ranks. How far they must retreat, whether, indeed, the retreat will become a rout, depends upon the president.

And here also the C. I. O. men have their fears. The relations between the president and John Lewis are still bad. There is personal animosity, sharpened by disagreements on policy, between the two men. The president has let it be known that he thinks the C. I. O. has often gone too far, and he has shown Lewis and other C. I. O. men that he regards himself as the real founder of the new labor movement.

But, in the end, it looks as though the president ad the C. I. O. will have to get together. If they dislike each other, they hate their common enemies more.

Ye Poets Corner

My Cabin
(By Bertha B. Charley)

In a hollow in the hills above the village,
Nestled cozily within the aspen grove,
Just below the crystal spring
Where the rippling waters sing,
Stands the little old gray cabin that I love.

Made of poles of larger aspens from the valley,
Silvered o'er with paper for the wood-wasp's nest,
Chinked between with creamy clay,
Chimney stones of granite gray,
Is my little old gray cabin in the west.

Come and listen to the murmur of the water,
Come and listen to the meadow-lark's refrain,
Watch the butterflies and bees,
In the bower of wild sweet-peas,
Or hear the welcome patter of the rain.

Sit with me beside my cozy hearth in winter,
Oh! Choose any season that may seem the best,
There's no matter where you roam
You will never find a home
Like my little, old, gray cabin in the west.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 21, 1928
(It was Saturday)

Ellen Terry, famed British actress passes.

Pre-election forecasts show Hoover, G.O.P. candidate will be elected overwhelmingly, and carry at least "four southern states."

City autoists warned, if they park their cars all night on the streets, they will be hauled to a storage garage, and also be subject to a fine.

Street signs will be re-painted, council orders.

Dry chiefs of Oregon "resent claim prohibition is not an issue in this state."

Entire state gripped by heat wave.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 21, 1918
(It was Sunday)

Allied forces apply pinchers to German forces who plan evacuation of the Marne area in France.

Honduras declares war on Germany—the 23rd nation to do so.

R. E. Nealon, a prominent rancher of the Table Rock district, was a business visitor in the city this morning. Mr. Nealon is settling up his business preparatory to enlisting in the service of his country as soon as he can complete the harvesting of his crop.

William Von der Hellen of Eagle Point undergoes operation on his ear in Portland.

SLASHED!
Coats and Suits cut to $10.95 up.
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann

The first recorded mining claim in New Mexico was filed on March 26, 1685.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson.

In the Matter of the Estate of H. A. Hanscom, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has filed his First and Final Account as Trustee of the estate of H. A. Hanscom, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Friday the 19th day of August, 1938, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the court room of said County Court in the Courthouse in the City of Medford, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said First and Final Account, the settlement thereof, the distribution of said estate and the settlement of said trust.

All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said First and Final Account should not be approved by the Court said estate be decreed to be fully settled, a decree made for the distribution of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and said trustee discharged from his said trust.

Dated and first published July 21st, 1938.

CLARENCE C. PIERCE,
Trustee of the Estate of H. A. Hanscom, deceased.

Chevrolet JINGLES

Copyrighted

Breathes there a man with soul so dead . . .
Who never to his wife has said:
"Mother, I think that old car of ours—
Has lost all its beauty and motive powers!
It's needing new pistons, rings and pins—
Which means that NOW our expense begins!
So I'm off to my dealer, this very day—
And trade 'er in on a new CHEVROLET!"

Chevy M. Hurd

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

Service Station Site
WILL BUILD OR SELL

I own the Southeast Corner of North Central and Jackson street. Size approximately 190 feet on Central by 108 feet on Jackson. Shell station on opposite corner is one of the leaders for gallonage pumped in Medford.

I will sell all or part of my lot or will build station for reliable tenant who will install their own pumps, hoist, air compressor, etc.

W. E. Thomas
45 South Central Ave.