

Boat Trip On Rogue River Offers Many Thrills For Pleasure Seekers

SHOOTING RAPIDS AND FISHING ARE TRIP ATTRACTIONS

Guides Needed for Gold Hill-Rogue River Cruise—Scenery Thrills

By Dwight Houghton.

Today, you will travel the oldest highway known to man; so prepare yourself for a ride on the most picturesque by-way in southern Oregon. There are no right or left turns, no side roads to wander off onto, and no signposts to watch for. Just light your pipes and cigarettes, too, for on this journey you can throw your burning matches and live ashes on either side and even the forest service won't object. You're riding the Roaring Rogue.

Many cordial and capable guides are at your bidding to pilot your family or party along all the interesting stretches of this grand stream. One of these particular stretches lies between the little cities of Gold Hill and Rogue River.

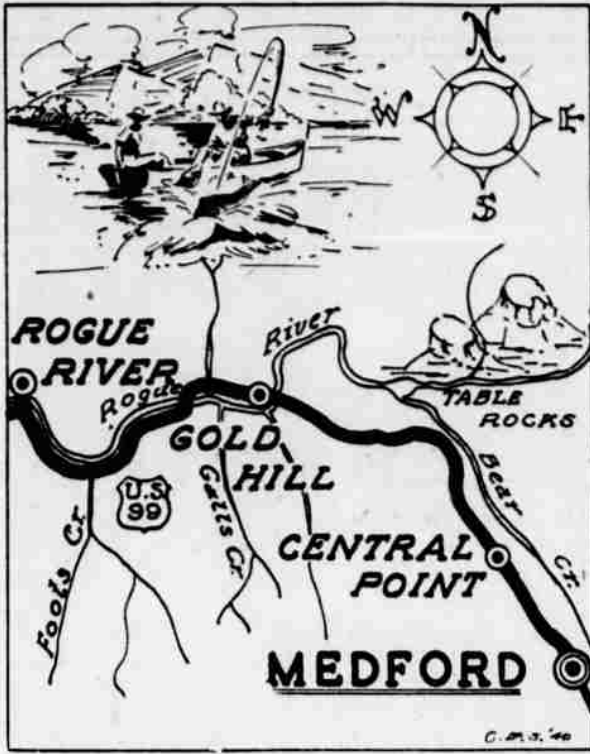
Our visitors, knowing of the rapids, chutes and whirlpools which abound on our Rogue, will expect to find big, sturdy boats of oak, sheathed in metal to ward off vicious blows of hard rocks, so don't feel too uneasy if you find yourself in a flat-bottomed contraption of cedar and plywood.

Without further to-do, you are pushing off (early in the morning, we hope) into the still pool beneath the highway 99 bridge. Sunbeams will be slipping through the heavy green bank foliage, starting threads of vapor wherever they strike the smooth water. The muffled squeak of the oarlocks only emphasize the peaceful quiet of the waking world. Just as that cozy feeling is beginning to sink in nicely, your guide will pull a quick reverse on the oars and the trusty scow will turn end for end in the twinkling of an eye with the stern now downstream. There you will sit with both feet wedged in the corners of the plywood and the sight meeting your startled gaze will be a wee bit disconcerting for the moment. Directly in front is a sizeable rapid; a foaming, jumping mass of hurried water curving to the north of a lane of willows. If you have ever ridden down a long, steep stairway in a boat, while someone stood at the bottom and squinted a hose up your trouser legs, it is the same experience and you are a fellow Rogue river boatman. A frantic glance at your pilot will only find him puffing on his faithful pipe and looking as contented as the cat which had just swallowed the canary.

A short stretch of quiet water brings hearts back to normal. The river is now split by a tiny island and you go slithering off to port right into another one of those things which make the steelhead such a hardy fellow. This rapid is short but packs a terrific wallop and the whitecaps are just the right height to make a few feet very wet. Your guide may comment that those are the worst "boomers" on the trip.

Next is a long sluggish stretch, so the boy of the boat goes back where the bow ought to be. This, of course, puts the stern, and you, on the right end also. From now on, it is first one end down stream and then the other. You change your point of view as often as an old-time politician. The quickening pace of the still smooth water, tells of your approach to Patrick Riffle. The water horizon seems to drop away into a pocket of greenery. A murmur amplifies to a roar and there you are, hurrying by one of the finest salmon and steelhead holes in this part of the Rogue. Within short order, you ride Sardine Creek riffle and the chute into sloughish whirlpools under another bridge carrying highway 99. Under this bridge is a short rock canyon with huge white cliffs forming a natural buttress for the span.

Rapid shooting is only one feature of interest on your cruise. The rising sun only brightens an ever-changing parade of strikingly beautiful scenes on your winding and twisting waterway. Here is a gorgeously painted canyon with



the moss-covered rocks supporting a few hard trees which had found root in the cracks. A number of farm houses are perched precariously near the edge of high banks, and at each a pipe runs into the river bed to pick up life-giving irrigation water.

There is a pastoral scene, framed by long sandy beaches at the bottom and mountains at the top. The water-loving willow droops from both banks and sweeps the surface of the cool stream as it hurries along the shore. A few monarchs of the old forest raise their gnarled and broken branches far above the profusion of wild flowers, brush and rank second growth. Fishing piers jutting to deep, fast water mark many popular resorts and private river homes.

Other than the wealth of beauty and recreational facilities found beside our world-famous stream, is another type of wealth, better known to the dollar chasers. This is gold—nature's contribution to our happiness, fantasy and misery. The entire course is dotted with small gold dredges, potholes where some pocket hunter had visions of thousands (possibly millions) with every swing of the pick or gouge of the shovel, and placer workings lie in every tiny side stream. After floating through this masterpiece of grandeur for over an hour, you encounter Ternan riffle and your fingers itch for the good old fly rod. You know those sleek green fingers of rushing water at the head of the riffle cover many silvery bundles of live dynamite which we know as Rogue river steelhead. Beyond, where the green churns to a glistening foam is another inviting spot to lay the gaudy fly.

One and a half hours of splashing, slipping, sliding and bouncing brings you to Foothills creek, where the big suggests grow, or rather, did grow, before a few hardy individuals picked most of them up. The sun is now high, many-hued birds perch in the trees and willows, skim the water surface, and fly the blue. Their songs and cries blend in a symphony the music masters have not as yet confined to bars, and ahead is a very worried mother duck with her family of tiny ducklings. Wildly she marshals them into formations only a West Point graduate would understand and with

every other avenue of escape closed, flees down stream as fast as the current and little web feet can make them go.

But your journey is almost over and as you round the last bend, the steel bridge at the town of Rogue River slips into full view. Your only regret is that the trip cannot continue throughout the day, and it should be added that a full day can be taken on this Gold Hill to Rogue River trip in order to fully enjoy the fishing and include a picnic lunch.

Our Rogue Wonderland abounds with unblemished natural pictures and a quiet peacefulness such as this trip just completed. Leave your car occasionally and enjoy this recreational area which is yours for the taking.

ORBEN SIME WILL PRESENT RECITAL

A recital of vocal and instrumental music will be given by Orben Sime in the Lincoln school gymnasium at North Bartlett and Maple streets at 8 p. m. Monday.

The recital is sponsored by the Waltham League of St. Peter's Lutheran church. No admission will be charged but an offering will be taken.

In addition to singing, Mr. Sime will play a number of instruments, some of them novel in construction and requiring an unusual technique to play. The instruments include the theremin, which is played by waving the hands over it, and the fork-cello, a one-stringed instrument originated by Mr. Sime.

BRUSH FIRE NEAR MERLIN BATTLED

Fire burned over 75 acres of brush and grass south of Merlin Friday evening. It was the largest fire this season in the jurisdiction of the state forest patrol here.

The blaze was discovered at 4 p. m. and was under control at 8 p. m. It was fought by eight forest patrol men and 41 CCC enrollees.

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GERMANY BOASTS SUCCESS AT SEA, AND AIR VICTORY

Berlin, July 13.—(P)—The German high command proclaimed fresh successes today in the "starvation blockade" against England, claiming the seizure of "valuable" cargoes and asserting that effective blows had been struck from the air at British steamers in the English channel.

Continued bombing of harbors and other strategic areas in the British Isles also was reported.

It was said semi-officially that altogether 40,000 tons of British shipping were damaged yesterday by the air force alone.

At the same time, the military command reported the sinking of 24,674 tons of "enemy cargo space." The period of this action was not disclosed.

German planes operating over the English channel were credited with sinking one outpost vessel and a cargo steamer of 2,000 tons and with seriously damaging five other cargo steamers.

The air force meanwhile was said to have "successfully bombed" airbases, harbor facilities and munitions factories in England and Scotland.

British air losses yesterday totaled 13 planes, the high command said, and five German planes are missing.

BERGDOLL'S WIFE GETS FAT REFUND

Washington, July 13.—(P)—The government paid over \$307,289 today to Mrs. Berta Bergdoll, wife of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the World War draft dodger who is now in a military prison.

The payment represented 80 percent of the residue of property seized by the alien properties custodian after Bergdoll fled this country. The remaining 20 percent will be deposited in the German special deposit account by the secretary of the treasury for use in meeting awards in favor of American citizens by the United States-Germany mixed claims commission.

Sl A Year Oregonian
Washington, July 13.—(P)—John W. Watek, Jr., Chicago lumberman, has been named by President Roosevelt as a dollar-a-year man on the national defense commission, representing lumber in the light industries division.

Kiwanis To Hear Kentucky Colonel



Col. Jack Major

Featured entertainment at the Kiwanis club meeting Monday will be presented by Col. Jack Major, public relations representative of Union Oil company. The "colonel" hails from Paducah, Ky., and is the protégé of Irvin S. Cobb, having been caddy for Cobb on the Paducah golf course. His after dinner talks are so crammed full of Kentucky hill-billy lore, race horses and stories about his home town that the governor, in recognition of his work, made him a "colonel." He has entertained the president and other dignitaries many times.

Colonel Major is an accomplished vocalist and whistler. Kiwanians and their guests are urged to attend.

PRESIDENT'S SON TAKES BACK SEAT

Fort Worth, Texas, July 13.—(P)—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., admits that he is the son of a famous father and its drawbacks.

For example, "Father's speech last month at the University of Virginia on the entrance of Italy into the war completely blacked out my minor accomplishment of the time. He was down there partly to see me graduate from law school. That was a major accomplishment to me, but in the excitement everybody forgot about my part of it all."

Perish in Plane Crash
Lodi, Calif., July 13.—(P)—Howard White, 27, Stockton student pilot, and Mrs. Meta West Daniels, 24, perished in flaming wreckage when White's plane crashed as he sought to land it at Lind airport.

GENERAL OPINION F.R. WILL ACCEPT; 2 WHO KNOW MUM

(Continued from Page One.)

him to continue for a time, as a gesture toward party harmony, and many considered it an open question whether the expert political technician, who directed the 1932 and 1936 Roosevelt campaigns, would also get the president's 1940 drive started, at least.

When a reporter asked whether Hopkins had endeavored to persuade him to do so, he declined to answer, and said he would reply "in due course" to the direct question whether he would retain his present party position.

McNutt Busy
Two floors below, Paul V. McNutt, a candidate but one whose name will not be presented if the president's is, opened headquarters in keeping with the sumptuous coming out party that got his candidacy started in Washington two years ago.

To vaulted ceilings, marble floors, and red plush draperies, there had been added rods of red, white and blue bunting, with swinging white tassels and huge pictures of McNutt and other Indiana politicians. But the biggest picture of all was a head and shoulders of President Roosevelt fully 32 feet high.

McNutt told the reporters he thought the president would "be nominated and accept."

No War Urged
Through a dense fog of cigar smoke, meanwhile, a procession of witnesses bombarded the platform committee with requests that special plans be included. Peace organizations, the American Youth Congress, women's organizations, business groups, farm agencies, federal workers, and many more had their say. However, it was said on good authority that certain essential features of the platform already had been agreed upon before the leaders left Washington.

Farley's press conference was a continuation of the nip and tuck game he has played with the reporters ever since President Roosevelt told him his plans last Sunday at Hyde Park.

Much Oratory
The one or two serious moments of the press conference produced statements that any shortcutting of the convention was out. There had been reports that the president might be nominated without the formality of a roll call of the state delegations.

As to the length of the set-pieces of the convention, the keynote address and the speech of the permanent chairman, the

Returns From War



Movie Actress Madeleine Carroll carried a light coat and held her hat as she disembarked from the Atlantic Clipper which brought her home from Europe. She said German invasion of France kept her from seeing 200 children she has been taking care of in a French orphanage.

former had already been written by Speaker William B. Bankhead, and was relatively short. Senator Alben W. Barkley, who is to be permanent chairman, had given assurances, Farley added, that his address would run not more than 30 minutes, but had asked in this connection that he "not be penalized for the time taken out in applause."

Sees Finish

John O'Connor, former house member from New York, who was defeated for reelection in one of the president's purge campaigns of 1938, turned up in the city as the chairman of the "Andrew Jackson Democratic party." The "group of real Democrats" associated with him, he believes, he said, in a formal statement, that the renomination of President Roosevelt would relegate the Democratic party to "a minority position if not destroy it entirely."

Obituary

Pauline Cameron
Pauline Cameron, 31, daughter of U. S. Adkins and Mary Tedrick, passed away in Eureka, Calif., Friday.

She was born at Igo, Calif., Jan. 16, 1909, and came to Medford in 1925, where she attended school and has many acquaintances.

Besides her parents, she leaves three brothers and two sisters, Irene Adkins, Biebertville, Calif.; Mrs. Blaine Wilson, Vacaville, Calif.; Albert Adkins, Santa Rosa, Calif.; Chester Adkins, Susanville, Calif., and Ray Adkins, of Ashland.

Funeral services will be held in the Conger chapel at 3:30 Monday with the Rev. R. W. Coleman officiating. Interment will be in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

U.S. Fleet To Sea

Honolulu, July 13.—(P)—Naval authorities announced today the United States fleet had completed its two weeks of upkeep work at Pearl Harbor and would start routine operations at sea next week.

Clipper Arrives

Honolulu, July 13.—(P)—The American Clipper, establishing the first commercial air service between the United States and New Zealand, alighted in the harbor here at 8:22 a. m. (10:52 a. m. PST.) today. The big plane left Los Angeles at 9:18 p. m., PST., yesterday.

New Wirephoto Paper

Boston, July 13.—(P)—The Boston Globe, a morning and afternoon paper published by W. O. Taylor, today began the use of wirephotos, bringing to approximately 120 the number of newspapers subscribing to the wired picture service of the Associated Press.

Closing Line for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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