

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago

10 YEARS AGO TODAY

June 29, 1920

(It Was Saturday)

Vandals stone Greyhound buses in Gold Hill; five passengers and driver injured by flying glass.

Mrs. Douglas Welch elected president of Sojourners club.

The Rev. E. W. Coleman of First Christian church to speak at first union park services tomorrow.

John Reisacher, Medford, composes music and arranges scores for Shakespearean festival at Ashland.

Kenneth G. Denman reelected head of county republicans.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

June 29, 1910

(It Was Sunday)

Census figures indicate 714 jobless in Jackson county and 214 of these in Medford.

City police warn no firecrackers will be permitted within city limits.

Portland census places population at about 300,000.

Prospect and Eagle Point to get better rural mail service within few weeks.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY

June 29, 1896

(It Was Thursday)

Mrs. Ada Cornell and William E. Church married here.

Woodmen of the World and Women of Woodcraft to hear the Rev. J. C. Rollins preach patriotic sermon.

Dr. E. R. Seeley elected to local school board.

Rural Areas Adopt Higher Education

Cleveland, O. — (U.P.) — City slickers no longer have the edge academically on their country cousins, according to a Western Reserve University survey.

The survey covers the period from 1930 in a seven-county area and the director, Dr. Clyde White, said its aim is "to determine the district's college enrollment demands from now to 1970."

The figures showed a 169 per cent increase in rural high school graduates going on to college, with city high school graduates increasing only 62 per cent. Private and parochial schools sent about twice the number at the end of the period as they had at the beginning.

Dr. White said girls now constitute about 38 per cent of the college enrollment in the area, compared with 32 per cent in 1930.

Phoenix Recorder To Mark Double Holiday

Phoenix, June 29—The city recorder's office will be closed Monday and Tuesday, July 3 and 4, due to the double holiday. The recorder will be at the city hall on Wednesday, July 5. The city council meeting has been postponed from Monday to Wednesday.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

Editorial Correspondence

Stonington, Conn., June 25—Back to dear old Stonington for a visit with the grandchildren. Jumping from New York to Stonington is like jumping from Niagara Falls to the Sleep Hollow millpond—a tremendous relief unless one is eager for excitement, and has the energy and temperament of a steelhead trout.

By mere chance—what Hollywood loves to term "coincidental"—we arrived the day before the 85th annual Harvard-Yale boat race on the Thames over at New London, only 14 miles west of this quaint and early colonial village.

So we seriously considered motoring over and viewing the great traditional sporting spectacle. The freshman race was scheduled for 6 p. m. and the varsity at 7 with the junior varsity in between.

It took some persuading but we finally secured a companion who has (we hope) inherited the paternal devotion to outdoor sports, and as the "older gals" were going over to Watch Hill on a shopping expedition, they shooed us away immediately after lunch, warning that if we expected to find a place to park the car and get a seat on the observation boat, we would have to be on hand no later than 2 p. m.

Well they were successful (as usual) and about 10 per cent right. We did not reach New London until 2:30, found parking space in an empty garage—which charges 25 cents for four hours every day but race day, when it is a buck—and got on the boat when it was practically deserted and exactly 50 minutes before it shoved off. But it did finally leave the dock for the finish line at 3:30—which proved to be exactly three hours before the first race started.

In the distant but not so dim past, we always took the observation train which follows the race on shore from start to finish. But this year the New York & New Haven refused to do the job—as it has refused since 1940—so the Harvard and Yale Athletic associations took over and hired a couple of special trains—one from Boston and the other from New York. A cheap round-trip rate was set up—\$10 including the race—and 18 air-cooled parlor cars were filled—six from Boston, 12 from New York, the two joining at New London, for the river trip.

The observation train has certain advantages, of course, for only in that fashion (unless one is an official) can the race be followed from start to finish. But we wouldn't have missed that boat trip for the world, and with a portable radio, there was nothing of importance missed, while the view of the finish was in the nature of a ringside seat, instead of a car window far up above on the railroad bridge.

The boat was the General Baxter which makes the regular run to Fishers Island but, with a smart master who must have cleaned up at least a thousand dollars, was used as a race observation boat for the day.

We walked around the boat deck after arrival and discovered a couple of youngsters with Yale badges sitting together in front of the pilot house, each with a flowering mint julep in his hand. They said they had motored up from New Haven, starting at sun-up so as to miss the heat, and had spent practically all the morning getting the bartender at the Mohican hotel to fix them up with their favorite summer drink—they hail from the deep South. They had some juleps in reserve, in the boat ice box.

They seemed rather depressed, however, perhaps because they had not yet sampled the drinks, and except for a fresh and vigorous Bobby Socker, could find no one on board displaying the Yale colors.

"Is this a special Harvard boat?" one of them asked, rather querulously.

Our reply was "no" as we had purchased tickets in the New London leather shop—everything open to the general public.

This did not seem to convince them, as they observed various crimson badges and banners circulating fore and aft, a group of students being led by a deeply tanned and muscular individual, with a crimson beret bearing the class numerals of '32, did not ease their anxiety appreciably.

But worse was yet to come. Various young men with crimson coats, crimson neckties, white shirts and various and sundry musical instruments came strolling aboard, two of them—one very large and wearing a derby hat, the other about four feet 10, bareheaded and looking no more than 14 years old—packing a bass drum, on the soiled surface of which was inscribed in gold lettering, "Harvard University band."

In a very short time the area in front of the pilot house was packed with the band members and their lady friends—mostly per little girls with shrill voices—a wash tub full of ice and cans of beer was lugged up, and a little shrimp of a lad suffering from acne, but no inferiority complex—proceeded to start "Up the Street" with his gold plated cornet.

A few joined in, but most of the members, settled in their camp-meeting chairs, fished out cans of beer and started to slake their thirst.

Well, needless to say that was enough for the two boys from New Haven and the Deep South.

They went aft, clutching their mint juleps, and were not seen again! We could not blame them. We don't know whether they got their refunds—\$3.45 per head—or not, but seriously doubt it. Race day at New London is something like "Big Game" day in Palo Alto—a time for the natives to get theirs while the getting is good.

The last mile of this traditional boat race is rowed between two lines of anchored craft ranging from passenger steamers and conscripted river ferry boats, down to dinghies, life rafts and Eskimo kayaks. In the old days J. P. Morgan was always on hand with his super-yacht "The Corsair," ditto other multi-millionaires, like the Goetzes, Vanderbilts and Whitneys. "Them days has gone forever." We doubt if there are any such yachts in commission now—if there are they don't attend college boat-races. But there were hundreds of private yachts of the super motor-boat type, gay with their awnings and strings of multi-colored flags, with crews in white and sleeping accommodations for probably a dozen or more people. It was interesting reading their stern names and home ports, ranging from Miami, Florida, to Portland, Maine.

The sailing around-the-world two-master "The Yankee" was also there. Those who read "The Geographic" will recall the interesting accounts of the cruises of this boat each summer with an amateur college crew, to out of the way places. The owner is an ex-Navy officer who makes his headquarters in Gloucester. His wild and woolly boys saw the race from the top-sail cross-bars. Some of the girl sea-scouts aboard who wore blue uniforms but yelled for Harvard, climbed the lower rigging.

Well, as everyone knows now, it was a great day—for Harvard. It was a clean sweep—freshman, JV's and varsity. But finer races, closer contests could hardly be imagined. As usual Yale was there with the old fighting spirit; they were outweighed, but not outgamed. On our boat only a short distance from the finish line, the result of the varsity race was in doubt until the official announcement. We heard the radio reports for the first three miles at which point Harvard was leading by two lengths and rowing a lower stroke. As the old boy from the Newell Boat Club remarked, it looked like a cinch. But it was nothing of the sort.

From that three-mile mark to the finish Yale put on one of the greatest sprints ever seen on the river, stroked up to 48 without losing rhythm, gaining as the shells passed our boat, and had the finish line been 100 yards further presumably would have won. As it was the Crimson won by a fraction of a second and third of a length, with the exception of 1914, when the Blue won, the closest finish in all 85 years.

The freshman race (two miles) was the most decisive and satisfactory from a Harvard standpoint. Yale took the lead at the start and was leading at the half-mile mark though putting a slightly higher stroke. There the lads from Cambridge rowed on the power, overtook their opponents, forged ahead by two lengths and held it—in fact increased it slightly—at the finish.

Rowing, like golf, is practically all rhythm—timing. Power is necessary, of course, but it isn't a matter of brute strength, it is a matter of the way that strength is utilized,—expended, with the maximum of utilization, the minimum of waste.

Well, that freshman crew from Cambridge as it swept past the "Baxter" was a beautiful sight to anyone who has ever rowed in an eight-oar shell. They were rowing literally like one man; perfect union; the easy, soft entrance of the oar blade, the quick power of back, legs and arms, the long, sustained sweep, the smooth recovery,—and in again!

The Yale freshmen, in sharp contrast, were pressing badly. No. 2 and 7 were out of step. If a crew can stagger that crew was staggering, like a punch-drunk fighter swinging wildly, working desperately to get ahead, but realizing it couldn't. If movies were taken of that last quarter-mile, they will be valuable from a coaching standpoint, showing what a crew should—and should not—do.

Because of a heavy southeast wind all the races were late. It was after eight o'clock before the final gun, and that huge fleet started homeward. Here the UNfriendly New Haven railroad played a characteristic last card, by refusing to raise the drawbridge until not only the observation train had divided and departed for Boston and New York, but four other trains had come and gone.

The smaller boats, of course, could get away under the bridge, and one yacht with a towering radio mast took a chance, and got away with it—although the tip of the antennae scraped the bridge.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"Good afternoon, Mrs. Wilson. Can Jimmy come out and take what's comin' to him?"

underpinning. But the main fleet was held up for close to an hour, in spite of whistling protests, cat-calls and hoots, while the Harvard band played "Working on the Railroad," off the key, and with derivative sour notes.

There was a big shout when the drawbridge finally started to move slowly upward and headed by the General Baxter the race fleet pushed out,—quite a sight,—craft of all shapes and sizes, plowing toward the sea, in a solid phalanx,—somewhat reminiscent of the Dunkirk retreat in "Mrs. Miniver." —R.W.R.

Washington Report

By Bob Dickey

Washington, June 29—"Mid-Summer Madness" is Rep. Walter Norblad's label for the final days of legislating before congress adjourns each year. As a cure for this folly, Norblad suggests that congress remain in session the year around.

In an article written for the June 30 edition of the American magazine, Norblad presents a startling expose of the pre-adjournment days of congress.

Each year as summer rolls around, the congressmen start worrying about winding up affairs here in the capital and getting back out to their respective states.

A tentative adjournment date is set. Must legislation be tabbed. Then the rat-race begins. But always things bog down and in the last few days before congress adjourns a score of the most important bills are passed and millions of dollars appropriated.

It is obvious that in this last minute turmoil, many ill-advised measures are made into law. To one who is on the outside looking in, that is apparent.

But in the candid Norblad article we are able to view the desperate throes of adjournment day lawmaking as it appears to those on the inside.

Blackmail Norblad calls it blackmail legislation. He cites how members who are fighting for a certain provision in a bill will threaten votes against the measure being considered unless they have their way.

Such tactics normally would be of no avail. But when sponsors of legislation are sweating out the adjournment deadline, the lawmaking resembles high-class horse trading.

The administration also capitalizes on the adjournment date deadline in fashion which is nothing more than blackmail. Norblad declares. He cites how they lay out a certain number of measures which they profess to be "must" legislation. The administration's leaders in congress then announce that congress is going to stay in session until the bills are passed.

In the election years such as this, it is Norblad's view that the promise of an early adjournment can be quite effectively traded for votes.

Ludicrous Some of the episodes occurring during the last minute rush of lawmaking which Norblad discloses, are completely ludicrous.

For example, one lawmaker was trying to find a bill to get it presented and have it voted on. Everyone was in a dither trying to track down the bill. The matter was ended, however, when the speaker of the house finally discovered that the bill in question had been passed by the house earlier in the day.

Year Around Session To remedy this appalling situation, the youngest of the Oregon delegation has suggested that congress stay in session the year around.

Norblad believes that congress should take a two or three weeks vacation each spring and fall. In the summer when Washington gets hot and humid, he suggests a two-month vacation.

During the rest of the year he would have them back in Washington earning their \$15,000 a year and making laws without the pressure of an adjournment date dangling over their heads.

This summer vacation would give the congressmen a chance to contact their constituents, campaign if they desire, and above all, have a break from the sweat and turmoil of lawmaking to keep them from getting stale.

Public Should Know An article such as this one by Norblad has been long overdue. The public of the United States is entitled to know what a sorry state of affairs exists during the last few weeks before congress adjourns each year, and it is even more appropriate that a member of congress has made the disclosure.

Air Crews Search for Crop Dusting Plane Portland, Ore., June 29—(U.P.) Ground and air search crews were to continue their hunt for a missing BT-13 airplane which disappeared yesterday morning with its pilot, Bob Feller, who was participating in a two-state spruce budworm spraying project.

The CAA said Feller's ship is owned by the Roberts Aircraft company of Lovelock, Nev.

Up to 12 forestry planes were to take part in today's search. Feller disappeared 30 minutes after he took off from the Ponderosa, Ore., airstrip to spray trees in the Cathryn creek area, northwest of Baker, Ore.

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Cinderella Named For Talent Fete

Talent, June 29—A large crowd enjoyed the program in connection with the choosing of Miss Larena Jennings as the Jamboree Cinderella.

The program included a march by Judy Carmen, Janet Joanis, Cora Mae Gleim, Barbara Burnette, Lianis Burnette, Elvarene Newman and Myrna Cole with Beverly Jensen as soloist; Tiptoe Through the Tulips, Linda Hamilton, Condie Unruh, Carol Petersen, Billie Roy, Marilyn Johnson, April Burnette, with Patsy Settlemier as soloist; Put Your Little Foot Out, a Dutch number, with J. Roy, Judy Lloyd, Pamela Grove and Cheryl Ann Schroeder; solo by Joanne Weinhold.

Song by group, Ruth Ann Peterson, Valerie Carmen, Sally Zimmerman, Dorene Burnette, Elvarene Newman, Barbara Burnette, Lianis Burnette, Malinda Lakey.

Tap number, Joyce Chapman and Gayle Thoresen; butterfly dance, Gayle Scharfe; acrobatic number, Rosmarie Sullivan; dance, Jeannie Roy; Ethel May Culver played the accordion and sang; electric guitar, Virginia Martin; Ethel May Culver and Monte Lutz, accordion duet; Lloyd Bunnell and puppet; Norman Garren, magician; Joyce Perkins, coval solo; dance, Marla Sukdorf.

As the climax the girls came on the stage in the following order: Gail Carter, Betty Gergren, Doris Bench, Larena Jennings and Carol Jean Petersen. Each tried the Cinderella throne and then went to the rear of the stage and brought her queen forward. The fairy godmother then pointed to Larena Jennings as Cinderella of the Jamboree and she was led from the stage by the Prince Charming.

Dancers were taught by Carlotta.

Medford Accountants Open Ashland Branch

Ashland, June 29.—A branch office of the Clayton W. Lewis Accounting firm of Medford has been opened here under the management of Jack E. Craw-

ford, Medford, it was announced this week.

Lewis plans to move to Ashland soon, he said.

The greatest value of California's forests is its watersheds.

Dead line on Classified Ads: 3:30 p.m. for following day; 10 a.m. Monday, noon Saturday for Sunday a.m.

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Regular 2.98 value

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