

The Editor Speaking

Well, here it is just about time for that fabled, benevolent character, Chris Kringie, to squeeze himself into chimneys loaded with soot only to emerge through a fireplace spotlessly clean in his red and white outfit and supply of everything necessary to bring joy to the hearts of youngsters. Or at least so the story goes.

We can remember clearly those days a few years ago when we used to close our eyes in school, dream of wonderful, shining rewards and sing "Silent Night" till the teacher feared our lungs would burst. First came a session of kindergarten endeavor on colored paper chains, paper lanterns, the pleasant task of stringing popcorn on thread (a large portion of which always found its way to young stomachs when we weren't busy sucking pricked thumbs) and the memorizing of Yuletide poems and songs.

And, finally, as if the days had lengthened into months, the day before Christmas would arrive. That joy it was to be alive then! Having been—or at least having made an effort to be—model children just prior to the grand season, expectations were high, skirts bright and cares vanished. The sun (if it was shining that day) always seemed nailed aloft and despite all our wishes and nervous, expectant breathing, would take its usual time in setting. Then, of course, we all were railroaded off to bed at an early hour while the grown-ups laid plans.

As we remember it, the usually convenient sandman never showed up Christmas eve at all. After turning over in bed, kicking off covers and arranging them again a thousand times, we would suspect dawn was nearing and, careful lest we spoil our record of more or less admirable behavior, we tiptoed to the front-room door. Cautiously, holding our breath the while, we would push open the barrier between us and that marvelous panorama which always greeted our eyes till the faintest crack exposed a heavily laden tree standing quiet and serene in its short-lived glory. The surrounding floor was always covered with mysterious packages and the pungent odor of evergreen needles carried us away on ecstasies of joy.

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Will Move to Lower Phone Rates in City

Business Rates Too High Aver Merchants; To Suggest Lowering of Fees

Lower rates on business phone service was the objective of a move started this week by Jacksonville businessmen, who believe present charges are out of proportion to service rendered.

Although there are but nine business phones in the city, lessees of this service believe, with present obsolete equipment in use and the somewhat meager traffic at present, that there should be some reduction in monthly charges, which at present vary from \$4 to \$4.50. Rates are approximately the same as in Medford, it was pointed out yet use of the lines is but a fraction here as compared with the larger metropolis.

"Not only is there a difference in use of equipment as compared with other valley cities," pointed out one of the businessmen yesterday, "but there also is a great difference in design of fixtures. Here we have the old-fashioned 'wind-em-up-yourself' wall variety while in Medford and other cities up-to-date phones of latest design are furnished at no greater cost."

It is planned by those merchants interested in the move to get together for the purpose of appointing a committee to confer with representatives of the telephone company in Medford. Some action in the matter is expected within a few days.

XMAS CONSPIRACY AFOOT

Real Christmas Spirit Vanishing Joy of Past

As Now Commercialized, Yule Far Cry from Original Purpose; Money Really of Secondary Import

Nearly two months ago someone remarked that Christmas was near. Then came the afterthought: "How I dread it; I wish it was over."

That remark exemplifies the attitude of the average grown-up today. After the joy of the Christmas stocking has passed, and the thrill that youth experiences at Yuletide is gone, the greatest day of Christianity becomes not a day of gladness, but a period of responsibility and haste. Christmas means the worry of selecting gifts, the pain of stretching the pennies to reach as far as possible, guests to be entertained, menus to be planned, or anxiety over missing the train to some distant town. It is a big relief when the day has passed and the last vestige of the gay tree and holly have been tossed away.

Children in ecstasies of joy over it all wonder why father and mother are unconcerned. What is the reason?

Perhaps it is because we sometimes forget the origin of Christmas. Centuries have passed since that event in Bethlehem, and today our minds are filled with many things until we forget that Christmas time should denote the simplicity and love which were inspired by the greatest Gift of all placed in a lowly manger.

We hear somebody say Christmas is to be dreaded because we haven't money to spend for gifts. Money was not even included in the origin of Christmas.

A common stable where the animals slept and ate served as the birthplace of the Christ Child. The reason that He was sent to earth has no connection with money. All that He did for humanity during His earthly life had nothing to do with nickels and dimes. All humanity loves to give at Christmas time, yet when money does not permit, we can give anyway.

Love to our fellow men, a smile, a word of encouragement, friendship, forgiveness for the things that hurt our feelings, and even eternal optimism can help. Another gift that amounts to more than a box of jewels is restraint from speaking ill of another.

These gifts are welcome the whole year through, and the more of such we give the more abundantly they will multiply for us to pass on. In return for these gifts we feel the spirit of Christmas,

Once Too Often

By LLEWELLYN A. BUNKS

"An Open Letter to Santa Claus"

Dear Mr. Claus:

In view of the fact our contemporary, the editor of the Hogwallow Blatter, has been having difficulties of late, will you please pass our house by and drop off the following much needed items at the self-appointed Saviour's interest-riddled home?

An oversize Maxim Rage Silencer.

One gross of John Doe recall petitions.

A new box of Lies That Won't Come Home to Roost.

One new Exulter (present exulting equipment badly worn).

Two books, "How to Understand the Bible, Not Misquote it," and "Elementary Spelling Made Easy."

One new opaque Halo (people are beginning to see through the one at present, which is becoming frayed at the edges).

A new Bar Association which will refuse to represent clients' interests and which fears to file suits against public heroes (?).

A new set of banks which will make no effort to collect mortgages long overdue or protect depositors. (Won't make any difference if they aren't run on sound business principles, just so long as they abhor trying to collect bad accounts.)

More followers, particularly some who will pay up their

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even though we might not have more than a sprig of holly to typify the day in a material way. —M. E. P.

George McKee Dies in Prairie City, Ore.

George McKee, former Applegate resident, died at his home at Prairie City, Oregon, Friday, December 9, according to a letter received by his brother, Amos McKee, a few days ago. As a result of a paralytic stroke 12 years ago, Mr. McKee had been in poor health since that time, and he had been confined to his bed during the last five years.

He was 71 years of age at the time of his death. Besides his wife, he leaves four daughters, one of whom resides in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Rowden have moved into their new home on the ranch formerly owned by Harley Mansfield. Having purchased the ranch some time ago, Mr. Rowden has just completed a new house on the property.

\$100 LOOT TAKEN AS PETTY CROOKS ROB DRUG STORE

Gain Entrance Through Skylight; No Clue Yet to Identity Crooks

What price Santa Claus was learned early this week by C. C. Chitwood when thieves forced entry into his drug store in this city and removed a quantity of merchandise valued at about \$100. It is thought by state police, who investigated the crime, that burglars had anticipated wants of their lady friends during the Yule season when they chose items which appeal to the feminine eye.

Mirrors, facial powders and cosmetics, perfume, manicure sets, powder puffs, candy, cameras, playing cards, safety razors and harmonicas comprised the loot. Entrance had been gained by prying off a transom, littering the store with glass and debris. The work, evidently that of a pair of young men, left the druggist's establishment in a state of confusion and is the second time within a few months that the pharmacy had been entered and relieved of that type of merchandise. Last August the store was broken into and a similar amount of loot taken.

Chitwood's Jacksonville Pharmacy seems to be the apple in the eye of several penitentiary candidates operating near here and a careful investigation of all clues is being made. Captain Bown of the state police stated following the robbery. Authorities had been unable to unearth either loot or vandals in the former robbery.

Driving Examiner in City Tomorrow

State Examiner Ward McReynolds, of the secretary of state's office, has announced that he will make a special call to Jacksonville Saturday, December 24 (tomorrow), to hold examinations for operator's and chauffeur's driving licenses. He will be located in this city at the chamber of commerce room in the U. S. hotel for the day.

His trip here, Examiner McReynolds explained, is for the convenience of local and Applegate people who wish to become properly equipped with driver's licenses or those who now hold old licenses issued prior to July 1, 1931 and who do not find it convenient to go to Medford, where a regular scheduled stop is made every two weeks.

To assist applicants in preparing for examinations a booklet, "Motorists' Manual," has been prepared and a supply has been left in charge of Oscar Lewis at the basket grocery. "It is essential that applicants obtain a copy of the book before examination," said McReynolds, "so he can become familiar with questions which will be asked of him." The manual, a condensed traffic code, contains complete information for motorists including a set of questions which are included in examinations.

It was pointed out by the state examiner that, should response to tomorrow's visit to this city prove satisfactory, another call for Jacksonville's convenience would be made later.



MEDFORD, Ore.—Well, it kinda looks like it'd be a swell idea for you all to go to the Rialto Theater Sunday and Monday, December 25-26, to see my latest picture, "Down to Earth."

