

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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STRONGER THAN RUSSIA OR THE U. S. A.

IT is an appropriate time for the American government to request the Soviet government of Russia to assist in the search for the missing American aviator, Ben Eielson.

For as far as the United States is concerned, the Soviet government, officially, does not exist, it has never been recognized.

And Soviet Russia does not recognize Christmas. It has repudiated not only Christianity but all religions.

Santa Claus, who in the past gladdened the Russian homes, has been officially banished as a symbol of iniquitous private capital, and the detested bourgeoisie.

And yet this IS Christmas. And there are memories afloat stronger than modern statutes, deep human sentiments released, which can't be crushed, no matter how strenuously goid braided factotums may try to crush them.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN." That has been the holiday message of the human heart for twenty centuries, and it has a power that no political theories or pompous references to the diplomatic code can destroy, on the eve of Christmas day.

Dietator Stalin may indulge in sarcasm, in his reply to this American appeal, but it is scarcely conceivable, that his assistance in this search of a courageous aviator, who was lost in an effort to save the lives of passengers and crew on a wrecked ship, will be denied.

For while one nation may try to crush religion, and another may deny formal recognition of another, nothing that the individual in his brief authority may do, can destroy the essential and growing Brotherhood of Man.

So in this search it is the spirit of Christmas that will prevail—a spirit whose roots strike deeper into the soil of human nature than any political or economic theories, of today or of tomorrow.

faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus.

YOU tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not even the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signad 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.



HOW GASTRILY IS THAT GASTRIC GAS? A news story of a medical meeting where Dr. Crile elucidated a new hypothesis he is working on, having to do with the cause and treatment of ulcer of the stomach.

Scaring people is farthest from my desire, but I must be honest even if somebody is scared. I am very certain that no one ever suffers enough pain, distress or even anxiety from "gas" to require medical relief.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS A Protective Hand Cream Persons whose occupation requires exposing the hands to oils, greases or other materials which stain, will find the following cream useful as a protective:

For Running Ear I used a formula for drops in the ear, that you printed some time ago, and it cleared up a chronic running ear.

Appendicitis With Complications I wrote asking your advice about dysmenorrhea. You advised medical examination. The doctor found I have appendicitis and a small cyst of the right ovary, and he says only an operation will help.

Appendicitis in a woman is often complicated with some such pelvic trouble, and the removal of the diseased appendix alone usually gives complete relief.

Appendicitis in a woman, there is likely to be some such secondary pelvic disturbance. Many a young woman has one or more small cysts of an ovary but no symptoms to

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Across 1: What we do to the Christmas presents. Down 1: Numerical.

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 24, 1919

Washington.—Because of President Wilson's illness there will be no Christmas tree at the White House tomorrow.

Truck robbers steal \$20,000 worth of pre-war liquor from C. H. Acker, Lake Forest (Illinois) broker.

Del Monte, Cal.—Geo. B. Carpenter, formerly of Medford, Ore., has a Seattle called "Tammie," who is said to be the greatest canine golf caddy in the country.

Christmas turkey in Medford sells at 60 cents a pound.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) December 24, 1909

City starts collection of \$1000 delinquent assessments.

Barnum railroad decides to bond itself for \$125,000, thus losing its reputation of being the only un-bonded railroad in the county in actual operation.

Coroner Kellogg decides to investigate death of "Dutch Joe" Campbell a month ago at Gold Run on suspicion of foul play.

Forest Grove, Ore., draws up resolution condemning Dr. Cook, the North Pole explorer, for faking his alleged discovery.

ed an agreement and the Chinese-Russian war is off for the present. Russia is the winner.

The Kellogg peace pact did not have a chance to do its benevolent work in that case. In fact, Russia snubbed the Kellogg pact, asking, not unreasonably, what business it was of ours to tell Russia what to do in China? Russia had not told us what to do in Nicaragua or Haiti.

Our provincial statesmen are slow to recognize that Russia is an important nation, even without the czars.

A French newspaper says that the French government will insist absolutely, in connection with naval reduction and disarmament discussions in London, that everything proposed must be passed upon by the League of Nations.

Thus, on our trip over there, we find ourselves in the League of Nations, or at least our suggestions would amount to anything unless the League of Nations approves them.

We seem to be more successful managing things for the United States here, than managing them for Europe abroad.

Helen Wills, good California girl, is now Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Jr. It is a California also.

All "wedding interests" Americans, that fond of Helen Wills and proud of her. It also interests enthusiasts who believe that a super-race could be built up by proper marriage selection.

Fortunately they are wrong about that. A super-race is being produced, not as a basis of breeding horses and dogs, but produced by intense infection and concentration which more than anything else decides the qualities of the child.

For other details read the first chapter of Tristram Shandy.

Modern crime seems to be picking up policeman, in a heartless way, particularly in New York.

At a banquet tendered to a distinguished judge, attended by a brilliant collection of professional criminals, whose names were afterwards supplied by the New York chief of police, one detective had his revolver taken away from him and all the guests were robbed, including, presumably, the judge.

Yesterday two New York policemen were suspended for allowing their revolvers to be taken away from them in holdups.

One policeman, who calls for special sympathy, was held up in a speakeasy and badly beaten when the bandits saw that he was a policeman.

Mulden and Moscow have reached

Ye Smudge Pot

Tomorrow is Christmas—the most joyous and human of all the seasons. It is dedicated to those who believe in Santa Claus, whose existence is the sole excuse for whiskers, snow white in color. A Santa Claus has never yet come down the chimney flaunting a red beard. It is the spirit of the day that counts, the preachers claim.

The spirit ranges from the boy, who is gloriously satisfied with a tin horse with a detachable tail, to the member of the fair sex who received another fur coat she really did not want and will softly cuss all day because the lining thereof is robin blue instead of the fashionable pea green.

From time to time, reformers have desired to make alterations in Christmas. They would like it to draw formality, and the minimum of spending. What is expended for Yule do-nads cannot be expended for blind tires and gas. There will be sermonizing without and ament Christmas, in stern Puritan logic. There will be no pleas for man to be as the sons of men.

The next governor of Oregon is maintaining a discreet and respectful silence, while the peanut politicians see which can get their pictures printed first in the Portland papers. There is a violent and unseemly rush for the governorship underway at this writing, and candidates will soon be as thick as the hair of the head, and the sands of the sea shore.

Incidentally, many of the lot will become devoutly religious, for the duration of the campaign, and make public their mad infatuation for the welfare of the farmer. Of course, all will stand fearlessly for strict enforcement of the Harrison Narcotic Act. For the reason that the drug evil is a scourge, besides which the drink evil is as the measles. At this hour there are so many candidates for governor, the layman may well stop and wonder where the candidates for the legislature will come from. If there is a native of this fair and fertile commonwealth, he can get their names printed first in the Portland papers. There is a violent and unseemly rush for the governorship underway at this writing, and candidates will soon be as thick as the hair of the head, and the sands of the sea shore.

A great and good man has gone to his reward. Death—the little rascal, has complicated the political situation, and as soon as the glad Yule season is over, the master minds will assemble and indulge in plain and fancy thinking, to determine which of the hamstrung, whippersnapper candidates will be best for the masses, and for them. Then the shouting of the virtues will start from the house-tops. And he who next will pick a candidate possessed of many beauty and a rich baritone voice, and who reacts the hair (if any) in a manner not offensive to the women-folks. They give votes, and if they vote at all, it is from the heart, not the head.

The war horses of Democracy and Republicanism snort and sly when the year 1922 is mentioned. This was the year the major parties both became entangled, in nightgowns, and could not accurately state just what ailed them. It is something to forget, and let bygones be bygones. The politicians do the thinking for the masses, and will soon endeavor to do their forgetting. If they fail to do a good job of forgetting, they will awake on a next November morn to weep and gnash their teeth, and face the sad fact that a Democrat abides in the statehouse, and, what is still sadder—passing out the political pie.

The poor loser of the 1922 bigotry display, has not changed his hide, nor his spots, and it is the purpose of the electorate to keep him a poor loser.

In accordance with long established custom, there will be no issue of this department tomorrow (Christmas Day), and we extend to our readers the greetings of the season.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE have received a request to reprint what is termed "Charles A. Dana's editorial entitled 'Is There a Santa Claus?'" We have printed this famous classic several times in the past but gladly print it again. It was not written by Mr. Dana, however, although this is the general impression, for it appeared in the New York Sun while he was its editor.

It was written by Francis P. Church, an editorial writer on the Sun, and its origin is described by Edward P. Mitchell, Dana's successor, in his interesting book, "Memoirs of An Editor," as follows:

"For thirty-five years and until his death in 1906 Frank Church was a regular contributor to the Sun's editorial page. His lifetime lasted four years beyond the date when I became editor-in-chief and for that period he was my alternate. There was never a more delightful associate. Quick of perception of the interesting in every phase of human activity except politics (for which he cared little, bless his soul!), there was in his features something of that gentlemanly pugnaency seen in the faces of the type of Richard Olney's and Thomas Nelson Page's—a latent aggressiveness that marred neither the delicacy of his fancy nor the warmth of his sympathies.

One day in 1897 I handed to him a letter that had come in the mail from a child of 8, saying: 'Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?' Her little friends had told her no. Church bristled and pook-pooed at the subject when I suggested that he write a reply to Virginia O'Hanlon; but he took the letter and turned with an air of resignation to his desk.

In a short time he had produced the article which has probably been reprinted during the past quarter of a century, as the classic expression of Christmas sentiment, more millions of times than any other newspaper article ever written by any newspaper writer in any language. Even yet no holiday season approaches without bringing to the newspaper requests from all over the land for the exact text for repeated use on Christmas day."

The article originally appeared on September 21, 1897, but the author's identity was not made public until April 12, 1906, the day after Mr. Churchill's death.

Here it is: We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old. "Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. "Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' "Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus? "Virginia O'Hanlon.

"115 West Ninety-fifth street." Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

YES, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike

MUTT AND JEFF—A Santa Crowns Jeff With Twelve Ounce Mittens



HE WHO GIVES FREELY, GIVES TWICE! CHRISTMAS IS IN THE AIR! WE SHOULD BE PEACEFUL, CHEERFUL AND GENTLE—AND NEVER QUARREL!



LISTEN, YOU! I'M WORKING THIS SIDE OF THE STREET. ANYBODY WHO INTERFERES WITH MY PEACE POLICY IS GONNA GET SLUGGED!



By BUD FISHER