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Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—The St. Mary's team is muscle bound. It was tied and morally beaten at the Kezar stadium this afternoon, by a little W. S. C. back, named Goddard who isn't. For brawn and beef, the St. Mary's squad surpasses anything the present scribe has ever seen this side of the Irish tug-of-war team at the Olympic games in 1908, made up for the most part of Dublin policemen. Had the contest today been a tug-of-war the boys from Oakland would have pulled the lads from Pullman all over the lot and snapped the whip with them into the bargain. But unfortunately for the coast's leading football college it wasn't. It was a football game and this boy Goddard of Washington State put on an exhibition of one man playing which has never been surpassed in our extensive football experience. He kicked, passed, ran and tackled, all over the field for the entire game, was not only the spark plug of the W. S. C. machine, but the gas tank, tonneau, rear axle and balloon tires. Had he had the St. Mary's line of beef eaters to play behind he would have run up at least fifty points in the first quarter. Practically speaking he had no line—at least none that could hold the St. Mary's line, and yet with the score 7-0 against him, he proceeded to put on his one-ring circus in the last quarter, and by playing that can only be called inspired, tied the score virtually single handed. We have seen many football stars from the days of Ben Dibble and Percy Haughton onward,—and we have seen greater individual playing in certain departments,—but never such outstanding play in ALL departments. Goddard does everything and does everything well—at least, he did this afternoon. And he is only about as big as a minute. In comparison with those giant St. Marys forwards who were charging on him all day, he looked like "Mickey Mouse" facing a gallumping M.G.M. lion,—but how that boy fooled them!

Not always of course. Often Goddard would be smothered by three or four hammer throwers from Oakland, but there is another thing about this boy, he must be made of India rubber. Time after time, as the St. Mary's behemoths piled up with Goddard underneath we expected to see nothing but a damp spot on the turf as they arose to their feet, but every time up jumped Eddie fresh as a daisy and ready to go.

This was our first view of the Cougars in action and we can understand why they always have a team to reckon with from Pullman. It's the coach, Orin E. (Babe) Hollingbery.

Here's a coach after our own heart, a big moose who has never grown up and is just as enthusiastic about football, as any sub freshman. No sitting in state on the sidelines like a graven Buddha image, while the boys come up saluting for orders, but one of the boys, walking up and down the side lines, waving his arms, slamming his fists, jumping up and down and taking part in every play with the most realistic pantomime.

A coach like that can't help but pep up and enthuse his players. In fact aside from Goddard the Babe was the outstanding feature of the game.

When the Cougars finally started on that march up the field in the final quarter, Hollingbery was a sight to behold! He got hold of one of the subs and proceeded to give that lad a workout which we venture to say he will never forget. This may be the Babe's common practice but it was something new to us, and had our entire section of the W. S. C. stands, roaring and cheering. We would rather see a movie of Hollingbery during that march to a tie score, than the plays themselves. It was most extraordinary. The Babe did everything to that poor sub but tear him limb from limb. And when he wasn't rumpling his hair, hammering him on the back, or using him as an electric hobby horse, he was jumping up and down waving his hat, and making passes of enthusiasm and delight at his noggin. The sub can certainly take it. And as far as we could make out he never got into the game. Perhaps that's the boy's job, to be a punching bag, and cheer leading platform for the coach.

It looks like Southern Methodist against Stanford in the Rose Bowl New Year's, and if so, the newspaper scribes down here will all put their money on the boys from Dallas, Texas. On the other hand if Princeton, Minnesota or Notre Dame should come, they would go the other way and back the Indians. One of the sport writers explained it as follows:

"Stanford is temperamental. They can play the best football and the rottenest football of any champion team in football history. The truth is the boys at Palo Alto can't get enthused about any team from Texas with a theological college insignia on their sweat shirts, and without enthusiasm that great team of senior stars simply won't click. Oh they will do their best of course as the saying goes, but that won't be good enough to beat this team of passers from Dallas. On the other hand, if Princeton or any eastern team they think a worthy foe should be chosen, just put your money on the redshirts. They will play as they did against Cal, and no team in the country could have beaten Standord that day."

Warner Brothers' big spectacle, Shakespeare's "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is being shown here now, all seats reserved and dollar-up prices. As far as photographic beauty, skill of direction, exquisite musical accompaniment, and all around artistic excellence are concerned, the production does mark an important milestone in the development of the pictorial, as opposed to the spoken drama. The fanciful every quality of this strange Elizabethan extravaganza is realized in a way that would be utterly impossible, on the regular stage. But for ADULT ENTERTAINMENT,—and please emphasize both, entertainment and adult (not youthful)—put us down with other low-brows who would frankly prefer the Marx Brothers in One Night at the Opera.

Speaking of movies, Lawrence Tibbetts in "Metropolitan" marks the high point on this excursion, for all around excellence, particularly when two amusing Silly Symphonies are thrown in without extra charge. WHAT a man Tibbetts! When he isn't tiggly as a gargyle, he is romantically grotesque,—and yet the sheer power of that voice, the overwhelming vitality of the man, carry all before him,—and how he can make shivers run up and down the musical spine. It is largely grand opera, but better grand opera than one usually gets at five or six times the price. As one of the young ladies in the party remarked as we walked out "He looks like a Pakinese with the toothache, but I could listen to that man all night."

We couldn't—but an hour or two of Tibbetts is MUSICAL enjoyment hard to beat. R. W. R.

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, Cal.

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR EGGS?

Many times in this contumacious column the absurdity, inadequacy or noxiousness of unintelligent dieting has been pointed out. Unintelligent dieting is a most distressing ailment, almost a malformation of the diet which is undertaken without medical guidance.

Particularly silly though perhaps only negatively harmful, is the practice of many wisecracks who, totally ignorant of elementary physiology, attempt to avoid what they have been led to believe are incompatible combinations of food materials, such as protein and carbohydrate in the same meal or dish. Unfortunately for the welfare of this country a certain proportion of the population respects dollars more than brains, and this stretched Yankee snobbery explains the concept they manifest about such matters. They are suckers for long distance "specialists" and especially for food or diet "specialists." Once they have been stung by such a humbug's "course" of funny eating it becomes extremely difficult to erase from their primitive minds the false impression the charlatan has made. The charlatan divined that protein and starch or protein and sugar quarrel and form poisonous substances if they meet in the human stomach; it does not matter that the Creator grows protein and starch in wheat, the staff of life, and sugar and protein in milk, the natural food for infants. When a sucker has paid over his money he just can't admit he has been a sucker, that's all.

Curiously enough, this is the third of a series of talks about the C. P. Diet. My ally is that the corrective protective diet is not a diet at all. In the popular sense of the term, but merely a general outline of the essentials of nutrition, with special reference to the needs of people who find themselves aging prematurely. A good many adults from 30 to 80 are in the incipient stage of arteriosclerosis or cardiovascular degeneration due to ascribe their inauspicious decline rather to such meaningless or hypothetical states as rheumatic tendency, poor digestion, acidosis, liver, auto-intoxication, overwork, nervousness, brainfag, run down condition or business or domestic worries. They account for every sign or symptom of functional or organic impairment with such nonsense; the gradual accumulation of superfluous flesh or the gradual loss of normal firmness of the body; dull headaches

or thickness and confusion of mind under circumstances which formerly presented no difficulty; dull, heavy, congested, tired eyes; slow, dry, harsh skin; disinclination to make a brisk effort or to be physically active when it is at all possible to just sit passive; stomach trouble and "gasiness," undue breathlessness on moderate exertion.

I hate like everything even to mention such signs or symptoms. Of course they do not spell arteriosclerosis or CVD in any case. On the other hand, these inauspicious changes do not indicate good health either. They mean the old gray mare ain't what she used to be, and that's all you know about it. If you really know as much as you think you do, you will have a periodic health examination by your regular doctor and hear and lead the suggestions he will give about your condition and your way of living.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Swallow the Juice
 Please tell me whether it is necessary to pour off and throw away the liquid or juice in which canned foods such as peas, beans, etc., come, before cooking preserving the food. (A. L. H.)

Answer.—That would be foolish waste. The liquid or juice in which your food comes is regular food, likewise it is wasteful economics to pour off and throw away the liquid in which vegetables are cooked, as too many poorly trained housewives do. This cooking water should always be saved and used in soup or gravy. It contains considerable of the mineral and vitamin components of the food. One thing they do better abroad is soup. The American kitchen boasts a more impressive garbage can, however.

Calcium
 Ben Told raw sugar contains 200 times as much calcium as refined white sugar. Would you advise substituting crude brown or raw sugar for refined white sugar? (S. L.)

Ans.—Even so, raw sugar is a poorer source of calcium. I'd use whichever kind of sugar I liked. Best sources of calcium are eggs, milk, cheese of every kind, beans, peas, fresh green vegetables, unskimmed milk.

Dandruff
 What form of sulphur do you recommend for dandruff? (O. B.)

Ans.—Precipitated sulphur, one dram, salicylic acid 30 grains, ointment of rose water (cold cream) to make one ounce of ointment, in which no particle can be felt between fingers and thumb. Systematically rub in a little of this each night, by parting hair here and there. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

EVENING in the city. Hunger calls. Being away from home one seeks "atmosphere" as well as food. Atmosphere reported abundant and satisfying in the neighborhood of Telegraph Hill.

Places up there reported to have plenty of it, along with the food.

UP the hill, following a street that might be straight up but isn't quite, and get lost near the top in a maze of blind streets.

A small boy appears from nowhere in particular.

"Looking for the Shadow?" he asks.

That sounds mysterious and atmospheric, so we answer in the affirmative. "All right," he says. "I'll show you," and climbs on the running board, indicating by pointed finger a route including some seven dark alleys and at the end a blind street overhanging a cliff.

"There it is," he says, pointing up a stairway, and receives his dime and goes off happy.

THE SHADOW proves to be long on atmosphere and short on light, being illuminated by candles stuck in beer bottles, in which other candles appear to have been stuck since about the time of the gold rush, so that the bottle is totally covered with candle drippings.

Some of these candles are arranged about the walls, which are gruesomely blackened by the smoke therefrom, and others are set on the tables, which are covered with checkered cloths. If you crave to see your neighbor, you light a match and hold it in his face.

Here the B. P. I. T. are gathered in such numbers that one has to do battle for a table. (Note: B. P. I. T. is Alphabet Soup for Best People in Town.)

THE food is good—almost as good as one would get at his regular home town, and the prices aren't much higher; just enough higher to make it seem worth while coming for.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Year Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
 December 4, 1925.
 (It was Friday)
 The line-up of the Medford team for the state title game with Salem tomorrow is announced by Coach Callison as follows:
 Center, Hughes; guards, Neff and Jackson; tackles, Morgan and Hubbard; ends, Singler and Sander; quarterback, Herriot; halfbacks, Coors and Moore; fullback, Benn.
 Substitutes: Quarterback, Dun Subback, Archer; halfback, Knip guard, Ball; tackle, Zeek; ends, Kley and Greene.
 Fred Stelwer of Pendleton aspirant for the Republican nomination for the U. S. Senate next spring visits in city and valley.
 New Christian church to be opened Sunday.
 More speeders fined in justice court.
 Weddings are the order of the day on Sardine Creek.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 December 4, 1915.
 (It was Saturday)
 Court Hall saw "Twins Beds" when in Portland this week. Court says it is the biggest scream he has seen for many a day and is going to see it again at the Page Theatre tonight. This means a great deal. Court is an old showman himself.
 The Friday Bridge club met yesterday with Mrs. C. M. Kidd.
 Clarence Meeker and Herbert A. Ford are the nucleus of a quartette to be formed by Ed A. Drews.
 The Girls' Sewing club met with Miss Fern Hutchinson Thursday afternoon.
 Only seven voters attend the annual meeting of the Table Rock school board.
 Arts and Crafts league to be formed in city and valley.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The season has spawned a formidable school of orchestra leaders, a sleekly groomed group that adds a wrinkle or so to the carefully massaged brows of long established big band conductors.

Lyman, and even the idolized Rudy Vallee. A successful dance orchestra leader, what with radio, movie and hotel engagements is now definitely in what is called "the important money" division. A musical big shot.

Each has a following as distinct and enthusiastic as a star of the air or screen, and each has a special bag of tricks in the way of personal magnetism, gesturing and presentation.

Orchestra leaders are reminded that the two most perfect "sets" of natural masculine teeth are those of Eddie Duchin and George Olsen. Neither could—and maybe has for all I know—pick up a tidy sum pooling for tooth paste ads in the side. The handsomest set of feminine teeth, many agree, were those of Sally Fisher, once adorning musical shows but now retired. Oscar Shaw and Jack Whiting, now a rage in London, have exceptional molars, too.

Major jewelry establishments have not suffered a successful holiday in this generation. Small shops have been looted time after time but the expensive articles were untroubled. Expert crooks know they haven't a chance. The entrance of a stranger in Cartier's and Tiffany's, for instance, throws up a defense as automatically as the press of a button floods an electric bulb.

It was Arthur Train, as I recall, in one of his earlier magazine stories innocently enough threw a monkey wrench into the machinery of expensive jewelry protection. His glibly imaginative plot showed how one of the big stores could be—and in the story was robbed. It raised an outcry when printed in a national magazine and several changes had to be made in protective devices.

ASHLAND LARGENIST FUGITIVE FROM PEN

Robert E. Moore, 32, arrested in Ashland this week and now serving a sentence in the county jail here for petty larceny, is a fugitive from the Oklahoma state prison at McAlester, where he was doing time for grand larceny, the state police were informed today by R. W. Keney, warden.

Moore admitted escaping from the prison and waived an extradition hearing, police said. He will be taken back to the Oklahoma prison as soon as an agent of Warden Keney arrives here.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your leisure. City Sanitary Service.

BANKERS EAGER TO LEND TO UNCLE SAM

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—(AP)—The treasury's books were closed Tuesday on its \$205,000,000 financing venture. Full subscription in one banking day evoked expressions of "delight" from Secretary Morgenthau.

The bankers, their coffers overflowing with surplus cash, quickly took to the issue of notes and bonds designed to finance winter-relief and give the government some "pocket money."

With the loan the public debt rose to \$30,550,000,000, new high.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

EUGENE GIRL WINS HOME 'EK' HONORS

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—(AP)—The national championship in home economics and a \$400 college scholarship went to Melba Andrews, 16, Eugene, Ore., 4-H club worker.

She was chosen at the national congress of 4-H clubs of farm boys and girls from 40 states. Cooking, baking, meal planning and home management were her specialties.

She lives with her parents on a three-acre farm, completed 30 projects in four main subjects in her eight years in 4-H club work. She took part in 15 demonstrations, 13 judging contests and two style reviews.

In the past year she directed a play at the county fair.

She won \$250 in 4-H county and national fair and the gross value of her products was \$1,139.33.

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HOT BREAD
 Upset Stomach Goes to Jiffy with Bell-ans

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

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EVERY month . . . every year . . . every housecleaning . . . you've been putting something else aside in the family storeroom, intending to "get rid of it," or "give it away," or maybe sell it to someone in need. But you forget. And it keeps accumulating. And you have nothing but a crowded storeroom! We're asking you not to delay another minute! Sit down right now, with a copy of our Classified Columns Section, and see how many people want to BUY the things you've discarded. You'll be amazed to learn that you can convert all those things into IMMEDIATE CASH . . . or maybe exchange them for things you need. Use the Classified Columns because they spell MONEY for you . . . and if you don't see the opportunity you want—ADVERTISE

Here are the **RATES**

Per word first insertion.....2c
 (Minimum 25c)

Each additional insertion, per word.....1c
 (Minimum 10c)

Per line per month without copy changes.....\$1.25

Phone 75 FOR WANT ADS

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