

DANIEL STANDARD, PHOENIX DOCTOR, TAKEN BY DEATH

Dr. Daniel Everett Standard died of a heart ailment at 9:15 this morning, at his home in Phoenix, where he practiced medicine for the past six years. He was in his 59th year. Dr. Standard was born in Elco, Ill. October 3, 1877. He practiced medicine for several years in St. Louis, Mo., and then came to eastern Oregon, settling first in Burns and later in Huntington. He left eastern Oregon to go to Alaska where he practiced for four years. From Alaska he came to Phoenix. Dr. Standard was a member of the Medford Kiwanis club and the Presbyterian church of Phoenix, where he taught the adult Bible class. He was a scout master in Alaska and Phoenix and a member of Grater Lake council of the Boy Scouts. He was active in civic and church affairs, being particularly interested in the welfare of the youth. An outstanding citizen, he was mourned today by a host of friends. Dr. Standard was married to Susie M. Vincent at Glade, Kansas, in 1898. Both were medical students and graduated together in 1904 from Washington University medical school where they obtained their degrees in medicine. Dr. Standard is survived by his wife, a son and a daughter, Joe J. and Miss Ellen Standard of Portland; his mother, Mrs. Amanda Standard; a sister, Mrs. Mae O. Buck, and two brothers, Alma G. and Dr. Sam C. Standard, all of Seattle. Funeral arrangements are to be announced by the Peri funeral home.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre



NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Dairy: Up and pressing my nose to the pane watched a skitter of snow, my head swiveling with brave thoughts. So abroad a d scoured the shops for a deep purple muffler like I once saw Seymour Hicks wear. And had a tier of butter cakes at a Childs with Gil Patten. Home and a whooping Paris-by-gaslight cable from G. I. Bert White. Then working and sorting books for the Ohio house. And a note from Cole Porter about something on which we are in high accord. Also a scribble from the wandering Frazier Hunts in Potsdam. We to dinner with Katharine Brush and her lovely mother and Bob Winna. Afterward by the Gotham to sit awhile with Betty Rogers. And going home a fellow over my shoulder growled, "Listen you, how about a quarter?" And the street being dark and deserted I shelled out in a jiffy.

New York's best known model is Frank B. Wilson, who has been posing more than 40 years, working for all the well-knowns and helping many beginners with his intelligent understanding. He is the original, indomitable fiction character—the Sherlock Holmes for Frederick Dorr Steele, the Blackie Daw and Get Rich Quick Wallingford for Charles E. Chambers, and for 18 years has been the celebrated Mr. Tutt for Arthur William Brown. Wilson is now in his 60s and a year ago a gangster in fiction coat him a leg above the knee. Without an artificial limb, work was impossible in his line. So an artist for whom he had worked started "The Wilson Foundation" and the mechanical leg was secured by donations. He now moves about with the spryness of Herbert Marshall.

Ernest Hemingway's boon companion on recent New York explorations was Ben Finney, a survivor of that glossy gilded tagged men-about-town. A southerner, Finney has for years been a citizen of the world, at home promoting the Shanghai Bund or surf bathing at Pago Pago. And is even better known in such nearer capitals as London, Berlin and Paris. At times he hawks down yonder hams, a new brand of coffee or runs one of the Saturday night celebrity dances. But the main business is to live robustly and for the day.

On the margin, torn from a Paradise restaurant menu someone scribbled "Old Bounder" sends this scrawled simile: "His confidence in women was as pathetic as a sailor home from a three years' cruise."

I've watched the click of a pert drug store in the neighborhood, the sort called a chemist's shop with window displays such as a single bar of \$2 jet black soap nestling in a dillowy twirl of white satin. The manager is a sleek young modern careerist, who has mastered a neat trick. On second visit he calls one by name. New York loves that.

Bagatelles: Major Bowes was planning to retire when his new professional career on the radio opened. Babe Ruth often eats three ice cream sodas in a row. Mussolini calls Floyd Gibbons "Gibby." A trained police dog is always on guard at C. M. Schwab's Drive mansion. Phil Simms went to Paris on his honeymoon and remained for nine years. Earl Carroll always greases up and makes old-fashioned formal New Year calls. He is one of those starchy fussy-budgers spending much time straightening out things that do not concern him. At a Ritz entrance he walked up to a chic looking Carole Lombard number puffing away while waiting for her car. "Poisoning the air and your body," he snorted, she eyed him coldly. A grandly uniformed starter edged up. "And you," shouted the fussybudger, "with your fancy gee-gaw!"

42 BIG TURKEYS WILL BE SERVED AT KIDDY PARTY

Forty-two big Rogue valley turkeys were being prepared today for the Christmas banquet to be given tomorrow at the Elks temple by Gates & Lydiard in honor of the poor children of Jackson county.

The birds were to go into the ovens of the Groceteria shortly after midnight tonight, a staff of cooks to remain on duty until the turkeys are done to a queen's taste. Huge pans of dressing were prepared at the Groceteria last night and the finishing touches to the cookery are to be applied tomorrow forenoon. Gift sacks of fruit and candy were packed yesterday.

Eleven hundred children are expected at the banquet. Because of the large number there will be two servings. The first group will be served at 12 and the second at 1:30. Tickets have been issued for those to be seated at the first serving and to avoid confusion, no one without a ticket will be allowed to enter the dining room until the second serving is ready.

Those who will be served at noon are the children from Medford, Phoenix, Lone Pine, Oak Grove, Howard, Central Point, Griffin Creek and Independence districts. Invited guests from these localities were asked by W. A. Gates today to be at the Elks temple at 11:30. Children from other parts of the county should be at the temple at one and ready to enter the dining room at 1:30, Mr. Gates said. All the eligible children have been designated by the American Red Cross.

CLIFFORD BAIRD TAKEN BY DEATH

Clifford J. Baird, residing on Austin street, this city, passed away at a local hospital late Saturday evening. Mr. Baird has been in failing health for more than a year, due to heart trouble.

He was born at Visalia, Cal. April 2, 1877, and came to Medford eight years ago. He was an electrician and followed this vocation for 35 years. Before coming to Medford, he resided on the coast and held membership in the Masonic lodge at North Bend, and was also a 32nd degree Scottish Rite.

He leaves besides his wife, Anna, three children, Mrs. C. G. Smith of Oakland, Cal., Mrs. N. A. Taylor, Los Angeles, and Lucile Baird of Medford; also one brother and one sister, A. M. Baird of Grants Pass and Mrs. Andrew Workosky, residing in Washington.

Winter Drought Troubles P. G. E.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 23.—(AP)—A water shortage at Christmas time is the unique problem faced by the Portland General Electric company. Vice-president O. B. Caldwell said his company is able to produce only 65 per cent of its energy by hydraulic power because of the "winter drought." Ordinarily at this time of the year 90 per cent of the power comes from harnessed streams.

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE Now in progress. ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN

Philander McEntyre Attains 100th Year; Gives Views on Life

By L. C. Fox A Christmas gift so rare and precious that only a chosen few ever receive it will be delivered tomorrow to Jackson county's Number 1 old-age pensioner. Tomorrow the Creator will deliver to Philander McEntyre his 100th birthday. Born December 24, 1835! What a thrill it must be to look back over a century, a century packed with drama, excitement, turmoil, development and expansion. A century that saw this country grow from a small, struggling collection of rural states into one of the greatest powers the world has ever known. To live through a century that has witnessed the greatest advancement in art, science, agriculture and industry history has ever recorded.

Century of Progress Today Philander McEntyre can look back to December 24, 1835, and say that he has seen it all. He has witnessed four great wars involving the country, eight or ten major economic depressions; periods of extraordinary prosperity; the subjugation of the Red man; the mechanization of agriculture; the development of steam, gas, electric, gasoline and Diesel motive power; the perfection of unnumberable inventions so astounding as to defy comprehension; the penetration of frontiers from the Alleghenies to the Pacific; new conceptions of economic and social order; the progress of the nation from the days of the horse and buggy and the candle light to the present age of fleet machines and electric illumination. He can look back upon this amazing development on Christmas eve when peace comes to men of good will.

Mr. McEntyre was born December 24, 1835, in Urbana, Ohio. He came to Medford in the early 1900s and has lived here ever since. Twenty-five years ago he went to work for Dr. Charles T. Sweeney and since then the good doctor has been his benefactor. "One of the most splendid men I have ever known," Mr. McEntyre said of the physician.

Eight years ago, when Mr. McEntyre was 92, Dr. Sweeney told him that his life's work was done, that he must no longer engage in arduous toil, that he must rest. Reluctantly Mr. McEntyre, used to a life of hard work, gave in.

Dr. Sweeney assisted him with a cottage on his property on the old Central Point highway. He furnished the old gentleman with provisions, fuel, water, light and medical care. With these and a county pension of \$10 a month, Mr. McEntyre manages. He lives by himself, with a black cat and a dozen chickens for pets and companions. He does his own cooking and washing; he splits his own wood.

Save for a little palsy and a greater susceptibility to colds, Mr. McEntyre is in excellent health. Dr. Sweeney said today. While he is short of breath, his heart is organically sound, the doctor stated. "Indeed his mind is unusually alert, an interview with the old gentleman demonstrates. He keeps abreast the times by reading the newspaper, though of late he has been confining his reading mostly to his Bible which he studies daily. "If more people would follow that book," he said, indicating his Bible. "Instead of following one another, the world would be better off."

"Do you think the morals of the world are better now?" he was asked. "Decidedly so," he replied quickly with an emphatic nod of his head. Attends Own Business "What do you intend doing about it?" "I don't propose anything, for it's none of my business," he declared. "It is up to each individual person to decide for himself. We tried to legislate morals with the prohibition law and with what result? This is the result: today New York, Chicago, Boston and all the other big cities are teeming with criminals of the worst sort. Those criminals were made possible by prohibition. They became wealthy making and selling poisoned liquor and with their wealth came power. That's what happens when you try to tell your neighbor how to live."

Mr. McEntyre has sharp eyes that sparkle as he replies to questions and that reflect impatience when the questions appear silly. His sight is good for a man so old, and he is now sparing them by limiting his reading. He wears glasses. His hearing is acute. He is slender and gentle and likes nothing better than to dance a jig to show how young and spry he is.

Habits Are Temperate Mr. McEntyre was to have been honor guest at the Christmas party given by the Eagles Friday night but he was afraid to risk coming out into the night air. The next day, however, members of the Eagles drill team went to see him and left him a box of cigars. Tomorrow he is to receive a Christmas basket from the lodge. Mr. McEntyre enjoys his pipe and an occasional drink. His habits, said Dr. Sweeney who has observed him closely for a quarter of a century, are temperate. He has not taken alcoholic beverages since he was a youth. He retires early and arises before sun-up. He is a light sleeper. Dr. Sweeney said, because of an old habit of being alert at night for prowlers around the Sweeney estate. Mr. McEntyre is an honorary member of the Eagles and reputed to be one of the oldest Eagles in the country. He was installed as an Eagle when he received his first pension check as the Eagles have long worked for old age pensions.

Gets First Pension Mr. McEntyre received the first old age pension check issued by Jackson county. He is the county's oldest pensioner and is believed to be the oldest person in southern Oregon. He received the pension on February 20, 1934. Asked if he remembers vividly the depression of the past, Mr. McEntyre replied that he did, adding: "But I've never seen a depression like this one. "What I'm afraid of," he stated in discussing economics, "is that they're going to put Hoover back in and then the rest of the country will starve."

Mr. McEntyre said he had been a life-long Republican until Mr. Hoover was nominated. "Then I became a Democrat," he said. Mr. McEntyre believes in Mr. Roosevelt, saying the President is trying to help the people in spite of unreasonable opposition and obstacles placed in his way. Modern Life Too Fast His criticism of modern life is that "women and men too, dress so scantily, live too fast and chase too strenuously after what they think is a hell of a good time." "Do you home to live another hundred years?" Mr. McEntyre was asked. "Of course not," he snorted. "Why home for the impossible?" "On Christmas day what will be your greatest hope?" "My greatest hope," he replied without hesitation, "would be for a better world." He did not say whether he meant this world or the next.

TRICYCLES WAGONS SCOOTERS SKATES Save money at Sims Bros 28 N. 1st St. "KICKERICK" Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's

FANDOM AT RANDOM By Dick Applegate

The cast mercury loving cup goes this week to Roy Craft, who, after reading in this department that we once killed a night hawk with a green horse chestnut hurled with great vigor from a home-made sling, and of the golfer in Australia who killed a swallow with a golf ball, came up with this gem of his wife Gracie's prowess on the links:

"Gracie killed a robin with a golf ball here a while back," goth Roy. "She wound up and got off a nice drive, and a robin flying from one tree to another very foolishly got in the way. We found the dead bird, but we never could find the ball." Seeling us looking very expectant, he added: "Oh, yes, Gracie holed out with the robin. I can't remember what her score was now, but—"

One good place for birds not to be is around a golf course, we would imagine. While we never managed to kill a bird with a golf ball, we did connect with the seat of Fred Colvig's pants one time, cracking him in the right hip pocket while slaughtering around in the brush trying to get back on the fairway at the Medford public course.

It doesn't rain very often in Pasadena, but when it does start to sprinkle it does so with an enthusiasm that is almost more appropriate for a picnic than for the monsoon belt than a southern California. Every once in a while this damp habit hits the Rose Bowl with its Bowl with its guard down, and lets it have it. The first Rose Bowl game back in 1916 got rained on when Washington State trumped Brown, 14-0, the usually dry, fast turf being a quagmire before the end of the first quarter.

If Pasadena has one of her rain storms New Year's day, it will be gray instead of water for Stanford, with a dependence on power over the slippery Southern Methodist outfit. With Bobby Wilson, the midget halfback, cutting and dodging for a great many of S. M. U.'s gains, a wet field would probably bog their running attack as well as their forward and lateral passes.

Although there was nothing official about the trip, a caravan of Rogue Snowmen, Medford winter sports group, spent yesterday and Saturday at Crater Lake, playing around in the drifts and getting ready for an active winter of skiing. From the interest that the Snowmen have stirred up, this bids fair to become one of the most active winter sports years in history.

If you lived in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, spending a week end skiing would cost you some real money. First, you'd have to take one of the many "snow" excursion trains to the field, in the Adirondacks or Catskills. Then if you did not know how to ski, you'd have to hire someone to teach you, many such teachers being available at every resort.

The Pittman speech in Nevada, about the same time, sounded like a second alarm to a Japanese-United States war. No one here responded to that one either.

While Senator Pittman is chairman of the foreign relations committee, he spoke on that occasion without official prompting and under his own personal auspices. His views about the increasing in outer Mongolia and that border incidents were likely. The answer to it is that the clash area is a communist stronghold at the moment. Japan does not like that near its puppet empire of Manchukuo.

The Japanese have been trying to buy off the Mongol leaders without much success. They always try buy-offs next.

Just about five justices laughed—but the others probably drew their lips tightly together and declined to smile.

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News Behind The News (Continued From Page One)

arranged in some of the 12 other states where primaries will be held.

President Roosevelt told this hitherto unpublished year on himself to a friend the other day: "The annual supreme court dinner at the White House last year was held at a time when the gold devaluation clause was under consideration by the court. It so happened that the dinner was served on the famous White House gold-embossed plates. Mr. Roosevelt noted the opportunity for a chance remark on the appropriateness of gold embossing upon plates provided for the honorable court."

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The wise ones here also thought they saw a ray of peace light showing through the lately headlined British war gloom. Their transatlantic telephone advices led them to believe that British pessimism was the natural reaction to the failure of the Moore-Laval peace plan. In other words, by laying the war scare on thick, the British officials covered their retreat from their unfortunate peace scheme. No U. S. authority can say anything officially, but all are well pleased that the scheme failed. They are confident that another better peace program will eventuate.



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There's something about a Manhattan made with "Old Delicious" There's a smoothness and a richness you can get only with this fine brandy. That's because "Old Delicious," made by finest distilling methods, is the juice of sound, ripe Hood River apples.

Try one tonight! It's grand in highballs and very, very good as a straight drink. Aged in new charred oak casks.

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Advertisement for Madera Cognac Brandy, featuring a bottle and the text "Straight Madera California Cognac BRANDY 90 PROOF 75".

Advertisement for Monogram 6 Straight Whiskey, featuring a bottle and the text "Invite these GUESTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS MONOGRAM 6 STRAIGHT WHISKEY".

Advertisement for Christmas Cheer! Hop Gold Beer and Burton Type Ale, featuring a bottle and the text "Christmas Cheer! Hop Gold Beer AND BURTON TYPE ALE".

Advertisement for Wilken Family Blended Whiskey, featuring a man and a bottle and the text "It's my own family's whiskey—and I've been distilling 43 years WILKEN FAMILY BLENDED WHISKEY".