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**MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS**  
**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.  
 The fashion editor of the esteemed Associated Press, reports a hat for women has been designed "with a set of detachable brims, which enables the wearer to have four hats in one."  
 The need seems to be for one hat in one, with the brim sewed on tight. The 4-in-1 innovation, the article further states, "gave a new fillip to the frolicsome fashion world." And, well it might. Some of the current feminine headgear indicates the fashion world is not alone frolicsome, but on a military spree. There is no guarantee that Milady's hat, as a quartet, will show any improvement, when it is never much of a solo.  
 Diplomats and statesmen are now striving to avert a general European war, as a climax of the Spanish situation. By marching Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler to the front line trenches, instead of permitting them to remain at home and make speeches, a general European war will be averted.  
 Reports are abroad the forthcoming legislature will indulge in some mischievous monkeying with the Knox Liquor Control law, and the state police, as now functioning. The main objections to the Knox law and the state police seems to be their success, and beside they reek with commensure.  
 It is advertised as possible to attain a speed of 70 mph. in the late model autos, and "hardly realize it." In a number of instances it has been 70 hours before the driver realized he was in the hospital.  
**YOU CAN'T FOOL OREGON.**  
 (Portland Spectator)  
 "We help to pay California and Washington expenses when we go there, but get nothing from such source by reason of our attitude against sales tax. In one case the Spectator listened to an advertisement of an Oregon woman who passed a few weeks in California. She kept account, her sales tax expense totaled \$117.75, and she returned home ardent for a sales tax in Oregon."  
 The Clatsop county bear hunter, 75, boasts of slaying 100 bears in 18 years, all within 10 miles of his home. Take Uncle John Griffin, 87. He kills his bear, where he finds a listener. Killing 100 bears in 18 years! That is a poor winter's shooting for Uncle John!  
 The duck hunting is reported poor. Many hunters are not getting their shotgun shells back.  
 The weather continues favorable for complimentary headlines in the papers. Last week this one appeared: "OHIO SUNSHINE, WHILE OREGON ENJOYS SUNSHINE."  
 The WCTU announces "a million dollar campaign of education against the use of alcoholic beverages." It would be cheaper, and more effective, to let the drunken drivers run wild Saturday night.  
**ORATORICAL MONOPOLIST.**  
 (Oregon Voter)  
 "He would be a logical choice for a democratic majority composed of Townsends and New Dealers, only that he wastes so much time by his enthusiastic fanaticism that nobody who has sat through a session with him would be willing to take a chance on the delays he would cause as a speaker. It is typical of Orem that he is running for speaker on a platform urging "conservation of time," with no oral appearances to be permitted before committees. All arguments to be filed as briefs; this would leave Orem to do most of the talking to the committees, and what a happy time he would have!"  
 A New Jersey youth claims he has ridden across the continent 11 times in the rumble seat of an auto. It is said he can now fold up like a Corona typewriter.  
**Weather**  
 Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday, but fog near coast; little change in temperature; gentle variable wind off coast.  
 Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday, local valley fogs; no change in temperature; moderate north to east wind off coast.  
 Use Mail Tribune want ads.

### Editorial Correspondence

**SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22.**—The Big Game was bigger and better than ever, in every direction except football. It was the largest, most colorful and most enthusiastic crowd on record—not one empty seat in that huge bowl. It was a perfect day for football, the skies clearing, after a dank, dreary morning of thick fog. The cheering on both sides was thunderously thrilling from the first gun to the last,—a marvelous demonstration of perfect timing and coordination. The stunts between the halves were never better. Our seats were on the Stanford side, so we couldn't see the Stanford cheering section, but other members of the party across the field, gave high praise to the Palo Alto cheering section, and we can say that the California presentation of poor Tiny Thornhill, with the placards offering a perfect portrait of the Stanford coach, in its cleverness and perfect execution, surpassed anything we have ever seen in a rather extended football experience.

But the game itself, particularly from the viewpoint of confirmed Stanford sympathizer was terribly disappointing. We were quite prepared for a defeat but not for a one-sided SLAUGHTER,—a game in fact in which the red shirts from Palo Alto were outclassed not in one department, but in all, and were only lucky not to have the final score, 27 instead of 20 to 0 against them. Kicking, passing, deception, blocking, line drive and zip in everything but the old fighting spirit, the hitherto lowly Bears, had it over their ancient rivals, from the first kickoff, like a tent. If as the pre game dope had it, Tiny Thornhill, had a new and original razzle dazzle offensive, which he felt it necessary to explain to the officials, before the kickoff, to convince them it was in conformity with the rules, it never was presented. California was the daring, quick thinking, resourceful aggregation, not Stanford, in fact that element of surprise, of doing the unexpected, of mixing them up, in rapid fire sequence, so characteristic of Stanford in recent years, was entirely lacking. Stanford was ploddingly orthodox all through. When rushing was expected, Stanford rushed; when a pass was indicated Stanford passed; when kicking was obvious, Stanford kicked. Without the services of a squat little two-fisted back by the name of Coffis, who was wearing his stubby little legs off and tearing his fighting heart out all day, practically unassisted, the coast champions for lo these many years, would have had nothing at all to talk about. If Coffis had been given any adequate protection, if his line hadn't broken before the California charge like tissue paper, the Bears would still have won, but the score might well have been quite different.

We have no desire to alibi for Stanford, the better team won, and earned every point they gathered. But this overwhelming victory, like many others in football this year, clearly demonstrated, not only that football is very uncertain sport, but that football teams, like race horses, have their good days and their bad ones. Yesterday everything clicked for California, and nothing clicked for Stanford. The Bears were on, the Indians were off. One well known San Francisco sports writer maintains this morning that game demonstrated California has the best team on the coast, and should go to the Rose Bowl instead of Washington. This is supported by the slaughter of Stanford, and the latter's tie game with the Huskies. Having seen Washington just nose out Oregon in Portland, we believe, that had California played the Huskies instead of Stanford yesterday, they would have won. But yesterday was yesterday, and tomorrow is another day again.

Our own view is, such a conjecture is not exactly sporting. After all Washington hasn't been beaten, and California was beaten twice in the conference and once by St. Mary's. It is not one game in the season, but all games in the record that should determine the champion. Unless Washington should be toppled over by W. S. C., the boys from Seattle should get the bid, for they have earned it.

On the other hand, this modern game is so uncertain, the breaks so important, the psychological factor such an item, if California should be forced say to replay Stanford, next Saturday, the result might very well be entirely different. The only certain thing about football these days is its uncertainty.

The first few minutes of yesterday's game however clearly demonstrated the way the wind was blowing. Shortly after the kickoff California fumbled on its 20 yard line, and Stone, end for Stanford fell on the ball. Here was as smashing a "break" as any team could have hoped for,—first down on the enemy's 20 yard line, a few minutes after it had kicked off. It is our belief if Stanford had on the first down, lived up to its reputation and done the unexpected, the result of the game might have been different. California lined up for a running attack, and Stanford tried the line. A bullet pass instead of a line plunge at that moment,—oh well it's all speculation of course along the line of what would have happened if the little dog hadn't stopped,—but little things like this often do make the difference between victory and defeat,—a nip and tuck, hard fought battle,—and a holocaust.

Coming up in the hotel elevator after the game, a middle aged Stanford alumnus, with a battered cardinal carnation in his button hole was grousing over the result, and finally came out with the inevitable squawk—"Tiny Thornhill has always been over-rated as a coach, the time has come for him to step out. We had just heard the final result of Oregon's Big Game, O.S.C. 18, the Webfoots 0—and no doubt certain Oregon grads are saying the same thing about Prink Callison. Well Prink has had a terrible season, one big goose egg and nothing else,—but one bad season should not put out a coach anymore than one bad play should put out a good football totter. Wait till next year,—this season was more or less a warming up process for Prink, and the same goes for Thornhill. Both are entitled, at least, to another chance. R. W. R.

### PLAN OPEN HOUSE STUDENTS HAZY JVILLE SCHOOL IN NAME EXAM

**JACKSONVILLE, Nov. 23.**—(Sp.)—In conjunction with the school, the school board will hold an open house at the school house at 7:30 November 24. This will give the public an opportunity to inspect the new addition which is already occupied.  
 At 8 p. m. an excellent program will be given in the gymnasium, ending with a grand march, at which time an opportunity will be given to receive a silver offering to be used for the hot lunch fund. It is expected to start the hot lunches December 1. In addition to the silver offering, all who can possibly do so are asked to bring any of the following articles to be used for the lunches: Rice, dry beans (any kind), tomatoes (or juice), onions, meat (fresh or canned), sugar, milk (canned is acceptable), corn (canned or dried), macaroni, carrots, bacon or salt pork, cabbage; any amount is acceptable.  
**FLOWERS for your Thanksgiving table.** Call them at the Meyer Flower Shop, 42 S. Central in with Bartlett's furniture.  
 Use Mail Tribune want ads.

### Persona 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, Calif.

**AUTUMN MEETING OF THE OOTH CLUB**  
 A fine snappy fall day. The kind of day that makes too many misguided Americans wish to watch a football game when they should be playing a game themselves or getting exercise and diversion in one form or another. A day ideally suited to blowing off steam, steady more or less jangled nerves, improving the circulation, and prolonging the prime of life after 40; to maintain immunity to the grip, to prevent the fatigue stage of anoxia, to promote sound, refreshing sleep; to preserve the bloom of youth; to improve your circulation and steady your nerves this old reliable medicine for a month or two:  
 Rx: Oxygen on the hoof.  
 Take two miles three times a day.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
**Cholelithiasis**  
 I have chronic inflammation of gall bladder. Doctors all urge me to have gall bladder removed. Friends say the fear of such operation afterwards causes cirrhosis of liver. (Mrs. P. H.)  
 Answer.—Nonsense. Why seek advice from doctors anyway. Friends are eager to give it free.  
**Vitamin C and A**  
 Son, 15, and self, 56, have for three years taken milk sweetened with chocolate syrup. Is this harmful in any way? What do you think of (let us call it What-a-name) to provide vitamin C strength through oxidation. Home canned fruit or juice deficient in Vitamin C because of oxidation during cooking. Little or no oxidation occurs when the food is cooked or heated in vacuum (hermetically sealed cans entirely filled so that no air is contained in can). An ounce of orange juice contains 14 or 15 units of vitamin C and perhaps 20 units of vitamin A. An ounce of tomato juice (fresh or factory canned) contains 14 or 15 units of vitamin C and perhaps 170 units of vitamin A. Orange juice yields 12 calories, tomato juice 6 calories per ounce. Comparative costs depend on season and geography. In infant feeding, or in household economy, factory canned tomato juice is quite as satisfactory as any other source of vitamin C and especially valuable as a source of Vitamin A.  
**Strange Phenomenon**  
 Several years ago injured hand. It healed, but every little while blood blisters appear about the area. Can you explain this? They last a few days, then disappear. . . (M. S.)  
 Answer.—Gazing deeply into the crystal I get the message that maybe there's something the matter and you ought to consult a physician.  
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**Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D. 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.**

**To oppose the rising mortality rate**  
 duolest phrases in my memory is "When evening shadows fall." From an old canto. A favorite selection of the school house steps quartette. I could sneak over a dirty jet of "shadows" and was just beginning to flourish as a tenor when my voice went all of a sudden and for goodness sake alive alto. It troubled me more than I would admit. I had visions of a spot in a minstrel olio quartette—to travel, see the world and, topping all, march in strange towns in a purple satin coat and a white plush pug hat. Psychiatric would likely stab the parade marching complex an inferiority. A peasant with an urge to be admired!

**NEW YORK**  
 Day by Day  
 by O.O. McIntyre  
**NEW YORK, Nov. 23.**—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's Journal: I was noticing the clean pen lines of a fountain pen in a friend's cartom. I wondered, as he worked many years in Ohio, if he might be influenced by Billy Ireland. Just as Webster, Ding and Briggs were in a fluster over the McCutcheon. M. resurrected a teemster tincture of us today, taken in front of a cannon in the public square after a trolley ride. Shoes date an era. One wonders how many others are out of step with the feverishly fast sophisticated plays now the vogue. Whipping back and forth lightning-clever lines that could be thought up in an hour or so. Even by a Minner or Coward. They take away much of the stage's naturalness.  
 Loyalty strikes me as one of the supreme virtues. I've often winced at the thoughtless who used to howl for the stones to scrap their McCutcheons. Still, when I tried to hammer it into a magazine piece I was stumped after two paragraphs.  
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