

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. Andrew Mellon, former secretary of the treasury, and one of the six wealthiest men in the world, is no more.

Uncle Sam has warned both Japan and China firing on nationals in the Orient, with no warning to nationals they should orient themselves, and get out of the direct line of fire with the least delay possible.

Nothing has been heard of the president's son, John, for a week, and he seems to be using normal decorum while on a tour of Europe, after squinting champagne in a French mayor's face, and then waiting him with a hefty bouquet.

THE BLAME IS FIXED (Southwestern Oregon News) "A gleaming new white fence was erected in front of the Delmar school house this week and steps and gate were so constructed that a student must describe a figure 8 in traveling from one side to the other, unless he jumps it completely. This is obviously designed to keep children who have learned no better from dashing headlong onto the highway and frightening motorists."

One of the rural division Older Girls had a chocolate cake fall on her Saturday, she reports. The secretary of state desires fixed speed limits on the highways, and governors on the autos of drivers who have been convicted of reckless driving. This is fine, but there is no suggestion to have the speed idiots turn when the road does.

Leaders of the Old Folks throughout the state have discovered candidates in New York City in the last election, and then failed to support the Townsend Plan after the victory. It's too late to do anything about it, but there is plenty of time to unearth the candidates who plan to deceive the Old Folks in the next election.

British women Saturday demonstrated they could be as glib as Robert Taylor, the movie idol, as their American sisters. From a hotel balcony in London, the big bears throb, waved at his feminine admirers in the street below. Then, he casually cast a cigarette stub to the same street. A feminine riot ensued for possession of the butt, that once had been held in the hand of Mr. Taylor. A week previous, in New York City, 2000 admirers staged a hysterical panic on the dock, just before the fair-haired boy sailed for Europe. One enraptured dame, whose hand had been clasped by the film gent, vowed she would never wash it again. Men do not understand such emotional outbursts. Besides, it is plain to every lady, in or out of a romantic riot they are jealous of Robert. That's why they ridicule both them and him.

Pumpkins are now obese enough for the frost to get on them. J. Wesley Bates, the tenorist, looks nice in a new auto.

For unimpaired units, a flag is a color; for mounted or motorized units, a standard; and for ships it's an ensign.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 26.—Again the city with a divided personality,—the municipal Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,—the metropolis of contrasts.

The most expensive place in the world,—where without effort you can spend more money in less time and get less for it than anywhere this side of Hades. And then again the cheapest. Where you can ride ten miles at the rate of 50 miles an hour for FIVE cents, and can buy a new boating-straw for one smacker!

One could go on indefinitely—one extreme after another. No doubt that is the reason Americans dote on New York,—we are a nation of extremists, and looking at New York is looking at life in all its complexities and contradictions under the world's largest magnifying glass.

We have been lucky with our ball games. Took in another double header, as a part of the program to get our money's worth—this time between the Cubs and Giants. Thought there was a crowd at the Yankee-Senators double header—and there was,—but a week ago everyone had a seat. Yesterday there were at least a couple of thousand standees,—with every grandstand, bleacher and box seat taken. Men and boys hanging on the stair rails and rafters. It was a sellout.

And what a game—the first one we mean. Baseball seldom gives us a thrill, but that ninth inning even had ye editor out of his seat. It was one of those Garrison finishes, usually reserved for the story books. The Cubs, leading the league, started out like real champions. They knocked the redoubtable Carl Hubbell out of the box, and without extending themselves gathered up seven runs to the Giants' 2, putting the game supposedly on ice. Only half an inning to play and the Giants started that as they had started all the other innings—in a half-hearted sort of fashion,—the first batter up sending a slow grounder to short. But then something happened. Jurgas proceeded to do a juggling act, and when he finally got hold of the horsehide pellet it was too late—the batter was safe.

Now it's a strange thing about baseball—in fact all competitive sports. The big factor is the psychological factor,—and one never knows when that factor is going to bob up to make, or break. That error by Jurgas was a little thing, but in the judgment of this sporting expert, it was the straw that broke the camel's back,—the little acorn that decided to become a giant oak,—the unexpected break, that in a split second, turned the tide completely, and a certain victory for the Cubs into a crushing defeat.

Score: Cubs 7, Giants 2; the Giants up, last of 9th. No one out and a man on first. Of course nothing could beat the Cubs,—that one man could score,—two, three, even four could score, and still Chicago win 7 to 8. But,—that everlasting "but" came bobbing up, it had happened before, particularly when these two traditional enemies tangled,—what if it should happen again. The chances were of course about 100 to one against it,—but,—but,—but . . .

In other words that one bobble by the Chicago shortstop changed the entire situation at the Polo grounds—the spectre of fear and doubt entered the Cubs' camp for the first time, and for the first time, hope and self confidence, invaded the Giants' dugout. It was as definite and sudden as that. And as the psychology on the field changed so it changed in that immense throng of 25 or 30 thousand. The entire atmosphere was suddenly electric—something certainly was going to happen, even if no one knew just what. (The gentleman on our right, who had ten dollars on the Giants, from the first had been a defeatist,—he said he knew what all the hollering was about,—it meant another double play in about two minutes.)

But there was no double play,—there was a double, from the batter's box, a wild throw to first for the next man up, and in about two minutes two runs had crossed the plate. The Cubs decided to hold a conference in the pitcher's box, but Lee who had been poison for the Giants through the entire game was not pulled out,—shrugging his broad shoulders and pulling his cap down over one eye he resumed his pose of Ajax defying the lightning,—with approximately as satisfactory results. There were two more singles, then with two on, a Mr. Ripple, the Giant right fielder, came to bat. "Phooey" ejaculated the man on the right, "he ain't got a hit all day."

Hitless Rip Van Ripple proceeded to swing at the first ball pitched and it landed in the right field stands for a home run! The score was tied,—

Today's game with the Pirates was rained out—as was the Joe Louis exhibition match with the Welsh Wild Cat,—but we doubt if the White Wings have all the newspapers and straw hats removed from the field, even at this late date. What a shower of everything that was loose, and what pandemonium,—our ears haven't recovered from the shock even yet. And as before stated, and to his own amazement, ye editor did his bit with the rest.

So that tied the score and then in the 13th the Giants won and proceeded to win the second game also.

If the Cubs ever recover and win the league championship, it only shows a team that goes completely to pieces one day, can pull itself together the next.

It's warming up again. The ice cream, cakes and cold drinks were in great demand. With the seats filled and the aisles crowded the vendors couldn't reach their customers so they threw their wares through the air, and the money was thrown back to them. We saw one man throw a dollar bill and catch 80 cents in change. Didn't see a muff all afternoon. Perhaps Papa Grimm better lay Jurgas off and let him sell coke and peanuts, until he is in trim again. R. W. R.

GRASSHOPPERS FEAST ON MOTORCAR SEATS

WALLACE Neb.—(P)—Des Roney bought a new automobile, gave it a good tryout, then locked it up tightly while he retired at home for a night's rest. When he unlocked the car the next morning, the upholstery showed signs of wear and tear, with many a hole. Roney found he had locked up a number of hungry grasshoppers which had promptly decided on a good meal.

LONDON.—(P)—Prospective drivers of road motor vehicles operated by the London Midland and Scottish railway must now attend training schools established by the company where they receive special tuition from expert instructors to enable them to qualify for driving certificates and licenses.

WORLD SKI CHAMPION WINS GLIDER LAURELS

BADEN, Germany.—(P)—Christel Cranz, world ski champion and German heroine of the last winter Olympics, has passed her B-test as a glider flyer. The customary greeting of a great deal of noise produced on tin canisters, gasoline cans and oil drums, with a liberal addition of lusty voices was accorded to Christel. In addition she had a "victory flag" of gunny sacking, a bunch of hastily picked field flowers and a "B" artistically constructed of evergreen.

DURBAN, England.—(P)—A shoal of sardines, spreading over six acres of sea, was driven ashore recently at Isipingo beach, Durban. Fishermen simply loaded the fish into lorries and carts, and children caught them in buckets. Big flocks of seagulls which had followed the shoal up the coast, swooped down on the sardines as they floundered on shore.

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, Calif.

In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Fayette C. Ewing of Alexandria, La., expresses his incredulity in respect to rabies. Dr. Ewing has engaged in promoting and breeding dogs for 40 years. He has never known or heard of dogs or an exhibitor having rabies from being bitten—but just a few years ago many of these handlers who make the circuit of dog shows taking care of the dogs exhibited by wealthy owners do not believe there is any such disease as rabies in dogs.

Dr. Ewing describes in his contribution to the Journal A.M.A.—which was published under the heading "Queries and Minor Notes," although most physicians consider the rabies question a major one—"running fits." He says that for years epidemics of "running fits" have occurred everywhere in the dog world and the cause is unexplained. He has seen it go through his kennels repeatedly. High bred dogs, under excitement or physical exertion, suddenly run wild, barking and yelping violently, seeking some dark corner, hole or cellar in which to hide. Within half an hour the malady subsides, the animal is dull and stupid and recovers, and in the next day or two the process may be repeated. This is sufficient to inspire the cry of "mad dog" and, as Dr. Ewing himself (I mean it clearly understood) puts it—"for the newspapers and the small vested interests to do the rest."

Even tho it be poor taste for me to say it, I do believe the newspapers would seldom to anything about it if they did not get the necessary data and stories straight from medical men and health officers who engineer the mad dog scares. The newspapers have to print the news as it comes to them. Bulletin regularly issued by a metropolitan health department recently contained this item: "Fifty rabid animals and one human death from rabies is the record for the past week. Such a record should stimulate co-operation in our drive to stop this unnecessary condition."

The one human death was kept remarkably quiet, in view of the fact that the health officer in the area was anxious to convince me that rabies does happen and had only recently called me to the department to show me a rabbit suffering with what the laboratory pathologist said was rabies, inoculated. I am not an expert—but just an ordinary doctor. But my opinion about this may vitally influence a great many readers. Therefore it is the duty of any health officer or any physician who has any evidence which he believes sufficient to show that rabies occurs in man to Personal nomination for the most entertaining of the screen's "wonder kiddies"—Bobbie Brann.

NEW YORK Day by Day by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Diary: Lay scandalously late and came a cutting about sunsets and an interesting note from Talullah's father, Congressman Bankhead. And an autographed book from a favorite litterateur, William Saroyan, called "Little Children" and a note from Hattie Bell Johnston in Cape-town.

So to breakfast at fresco at Chatham Walk with my wife's cousin Josephine, and she away to the shore with a younger and handsomer fellow. Then to see a great coat made of gazelle skin, very rakish. And home where Joe Bryan III stopped and he is leaving The City to live near Philadelphia.

To dinner with my lady at The Colony and talked awhile to Conde Nast, the most youthful, active and sprucest gentleman I know for his years, he having a daughter 32 and one 7. Afterward to a birthday party for Mary Brown Warburton and everybody there, so many I stayed but a moment, dishing crocks so.

Growing hair on celebrity pate has been one of the diversions of the summer idiom. George Jean Nathan started it by confessing in print that some mixture saved his locks, and baldness was the outcome of laziness. Then Charles MacArthur bobbed up with a peep for some massaging device, and before the shouting died Brock Pemberton was running around the Balto removing his hat to show anybody who would look what some anointed hairdressing would do for a once deforested scalp. Now everybody of importance with thinning hair is trying out one of the three panaceas and spending most of the time sneaking peeks in pocket mirror.

There was a grizzled copy reader on the Evening Mail with a shock of white hair as luxurious as Lloyd George's. He had passed or was nearing 70 and told me that in his 30's while working in Europe for the Herald he began to lose his hair and in a few years had only a fringe around an enormous open space. He did nothing about it until 50, then because of chronic headaches began to massage his scalp vigorously twice a day. In a year he still had the headache, but a new crop of hair.

world . . . The Duchess of Windsor's favorite American novelist is Ellen Glasgow. Symbolism stuff: He swung from a moving bus at 49th street along the avenue, skittered into a running fall to his knees, got up grinning and moved off whistling and we wondered if there was not a lesson there for the world. Or something. (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Arbitrary, and I think highly questionable, was the reply made in the J. A. M. A. to Dr. Ewing's contribution. "Only recently," said the omniscient editor in reply, "an extensive outbreak occurred in Chicago. Many persons were bitten and deaths from human rabies occurred." It would have been more accurate to say "quests were ascribed to rabies."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Members of Ten Year Club Please Notice. In the last days of 1927 the conductor of this column contrived to suggest that he would like to know how it feels to receive personal New Year's greetings—not formal holiday cards, but messages with meaning. He received, and still cherishes, friendly notes of congratulation, good wishes or appreciation from a great number of readers. Wonder how many of those readers will still be in good standing in the Ten Year Club Jan. 1, 1938? I suppose even faithful followers of the teachings perpetrated in this column have a mortality rate. But I hope to hear from all Ten Year Club members who are still alive and kicking, especially those who are kicking.

Quaint Medical Advice. When I called at a doctor's office he told me that he and his wife had not missed taking a certain physic and liver pill daily for about two years. I think the pill is his own formula. Is it advisable for a person to take such liver pills every day?—F. S. J. Answer—No. That is just an old Yankee custom. Taking physic or using artificial means of any kind to force evacuation is just a bad habit in most instances. Send ten cents coin and a three-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for booklet "The Constipation Habit." Exposure to Sun. Read that in the tropics one must wear a hat to avoid sunstroke. Is this true also in the temperate zone if one must work in the sun on a hot day? Should there be an apex or air-vent in the hat?—Mrs. W. J. W. Answer—For comfort some protection against the mid-day sun is advisable in the tropics and in very hot weather in the temperate zone. The hat should have an air space or permit ventilation.

Sweating. How strong is the solution of aluminum chloride you recommend for control of armpit sweating?—C. H. Answer—Mop armpits with solution of one-half ounce aluminum chloride in three ounces of water. (Copyright 1937, John P. 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, Calif.

Personal nomination for the most entertaining of the screen's "wonder kiddies"—Bobbie Brann. Roy Howard is credited with introducing Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines, with an itch for dazzling shirts. Quezon had passed 50 without showing predilections for anything in shirts save snow white. Then Howard visited the Philippines several times and became a friend and palace guest of Quezon. The Filipino took a gander at Howard's astonishing creations with collars to match and went sartorially berserk. When he came to New York on his way to the coronation early this summer he insisted that Howard take him around to his shirt makers, Sam and Bill McCrorey. Howard did and Quezon let himself go—buying more than 300 shirts, 500 ties and 100 sets of pajamas. It was about the biggest single order since Michael Arlen came to America in the first flush of his literary fame and increased the Sulka dividends.

An unusual eating place down town in India House on Hazover Square, a private club patronized mostly by prosperous importers and exporters and other captains of industry—men who have bargained all over the world. It is mellow with antiquity and although there are three floors, no elevators. The walls are lined with prints of ancient sailing vessels and contracts drawn up between the white traders and the blacks in far-away jungles.

Bagatelles: Patsy Kelly goes to the movies almost every night . . . Ben Ames Williams is the most popular fiction writer among court judges and lawyers . . . Paul Gallico, who quit writing sports two years ago to write fiction, recently appeared in seven magazines in one month . . . Bob Davis and his wife, Madge, are on their sixth trip around the

break away from British cussedness. There is a way near at hand that will keep us out of any more wars like the last one, the World War, which was no business of ours. How near, depends on you and you and you! There is a petition on foot to the effect that war cannot be declared by congress without the people's vote. It is called: "The Discharge No. 11 for the Ludlow war referendum Petition." Just send a post card to our state representative with those words on it, saying you would like to see that law.

I didn't find out about this in any newspaper. Neither have I seen any headlines about these being thousands of American soldiers and marines having been sent to China to protect interests of rich Americans. One more thing and its meaning is the most ominous of all: All soldiers that did not have citizenship papers are being discharged. Don't you see it? The U. S. doesn't want to be held responsible for the death of other countries' citizens. Though these same soldiers thought that after serving in the U. S. army for a certain period they automatically became U. S. citizens.

What does it mean to some of them to find that they are not? Here is an example: One Canadian sergeant after serving twenty-nine years with the United States is kicked out as a non-citizen. Would retire in one more year. Commits suicide. The people can't be fooled any longer about the nobility and honor of war. It is that, only when we have to rise up and protect our homes and offspring. Why should the best flesh and blood be picked out from our old and our crippled and too young to be spilled on foreign lands just to protect monopolies that keep us poor.

Send your post-card today to State Representative James W. Mott, about the Ludlow petition. If you get an enthusiastic as some people do about a motion picture start of sitting down and crying about our fate. The courage and rebellion of the poor made the democracy of America and don't forget it. MARY ETHEL ATKINS, Sams Valley, Aug. 27, 1937.

NOTE, please, that neither from the United States nor from Great Britain have come any blunt threats of use of PHYSICAL FORCE if these indignities go on happening. If such threats were made, they would probably have to be FOLLOWED UP, for Japan is in no mood to be trifled with. Interfering with the Japanese conquest of China would be just about as safe as driving a lion away from its kill. IF YOU start in to drive a lion away from its kill, you'd better be all cocked and primed for a fight. Neither the U. S. nor Great Britain WANTS a fight. Hence the mild nature of the protests that have been made. With world affairs as they are at the present moment, this is a fine time to do a lot of careful talking but NO RECKLESS ACTING. IT COSTS a \$20,000-a-year-man, we are told, \$60 in time to read a book and about \$100 a week to read two daily papers and one weekly magazine. But if he didn't read at least two daily papers and one weekly magazine (not to mention a book) he couldn't possibly hope to be a \$20,000-a-year man.

Communications

Movement of the Stars. To the Editor: These of your readers who like to note the movements of the planets but do not know where to look have a good opportunity now. The bright red star almost due south at early evening is the planet Mars; the much brighter white star in the southeast is the planet Jupiter, both the largest of all the planets. Both are moving eastward around the sun, but as Mars is going much the faster it will overtake Jupiter October 29, 9:00 a. m., and will pass only 1 1/2 degrees to the south. Two such bright stars in "conjunction" make a pretty sight. While the time given is daylight and so will be invisible at the moment, the movement is so slow that they will be close together for several evenings.

As the "Pointers" of "The Big Dipper" are 5 degrees apart make an estimate of the distance and see how close you get it. WM. M. CARLE, Lake Creek, Ore. Aug. 28, 1937. Be Warned! To the Editor: Recently there have been letters in this paper for and against preparedness for war. It is only common sense to be prepared to protect our own country against attack from some greedy nation. If we have any thing of value we use means to protect it, do we not? No one wants war, neither do we want to fall under the rule of a less democratic government. Most wars of the U. S. have been for some good purpose. Mostly to

Flight 'o Time. Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. August 30, 1927 (It was Monday) Registration of students at high school to start Friday.

Globe circling fliers reach Munich. No trace of Paul Redfern, missing on flight to Brazil. W. C. T. U. serves notice all officials "must be dry in feed as well as speeches." Greater Lake park visited by heavy rain and high wind. Kiwanis club boosts jubilee fund \$1945. Mail Tribune bargain days to start September 1. Fall like weather prevails over southern Oregon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. August 30, 1917 (It was Thursday) Senate favors stiff tax on war profits. President rules that farmers must serve under draft laws. Bad weather halts fighting on the western front. Bootlegger nabbed with 80 gallons of moonshine; biggest haul yet. Rain badly needed for plowing and resumption of deer hunting. Wheat sells for \$2.20 per bushel. Bread prices up. Senator Harding asks for leniency in taxing of wealth, and the crushing of demagogues in appeals to class prejudices.

GOERING FOUNDS SCHOOL OF ART. KRONENBURG (Eifel), Germany.—(AP) Hitler's prime minister, General Hermann Goering, has founded a school of painting here "to express the German character in art." Professor Werner Feiner of the Prussian Academy of Arts has been named director. According to the statutes drawn up by Goering himself, ability decides who may teach and who may learn. The goal may be considered reached when masters and students have "laid the foundations for a present-day German school of painting closely knit with a great past and passing on a valuable tradition to the coming generation." The school is called the "Hermann Goering Conservatory of Painting."

WPA Fashion Show. SAN JOSE, Cal.—(UP)—WPA's latest extravaganza here was a fashion show. All the costumes, however, were recruited from garrets of the city and represented costumes from every period from the Spaniards down through the gold rush, the Civil war and present times.

Trees Named. SINGAPORE.—(UP)—Princess Elisabeth and Princess Margaret Rose will receive a letter soon telling them that two trees have been named after them at Kuala Lumpur, in the Federated Malay States. The trees have been planted in the Girl Guide headquarters at Kuala Lumpur.

Parking Fines Mount. CLEVELAND.—(UP)—Success of Cleveland's new "non-fix" traffic tickets was indicated by the 30 per cent increase in payments of parking violation fines during the first half-month of the plan's operation, believes Robert W. Chamberlin, assistant safety director.

WINDOW GLASS.—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

MAIL TO SANTA CLAUS IS 4 MONTHS EARLY. MILWAUKEE, Wis.—(P)—A Milwaukee boy has avoided the rush by mailing his Christmas list to "Santa Claus, North Pole," in August. Postmaster John A. Fleisner said the mail would be held until some charitable organization requests all such letters around Christmas time.

BEARS FORCE PIGS AWAY FROM TROUGH. GAYLORD, Mich.—(P)—Officials of the Pigeon River CCG camp report that bears are "mussling in" on the pigs. Despite popular theories that black bears like fresh pork, the CCG officials report that bears have invaded pig pens in the neighborhood and cuffed the porkers aside so as to take their places at the trough.

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Big Pines Lumber Co. Dependable Building Advice. Phone 1 6th and Fir Streets.

Hotel Hayward in LOS ANGELES. Single Rooms \$200 up. Double Rooms \$300 up. 3 Minutes from Bus Stations. 10 Minutes from R. R. Stations. Fireproof Garage in Connection. Auto Check at the Door. Shopping and Theatre Center. "Get the Hayward Habit". H. C. FRYMAN, Proprietor. R. H. WAGENER, Manager.

Side Wall Beauty WHICH NEVER GROWS OLD. Imperishable Asbestos Siding Placed Right Over the Old Walls. THE charm of fine wood shingles, plus the permanence and freedom from maintenance of stone are found in the popular new Johns-Manville Cedargrain Asbestos-Siding Shingles. If your house looks "down at the heels", reside it with this modern asbestos armor which can neither burn nor wear out and which will never require painting. You can finance this and many other home improvements under the Johns-Manville "\$1,000,000-to-Lend" Plan, at the low rates prescribed by the National Housing Act. FREE ESTIMATES GLADLY FURNISHED.

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