

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. There used to be a Chinaman here by the name of Ah Flop. The news from Shanghai indicates he is now in command of the Chinese army.

Jackie Coogan, the former boy actor of the movies, was married Saturday. He is no longer a boy, and is expected to be a better husband than he was an actor.

Members of the local intelligentsia are due back this week from the halls of higher learning, to get turkey with the home team (Daw and Maw).

REVERLY BUSTS LOOSE. (Summer Lake Jottings) "There was talking, singing, laughing, squealing and giggling and some of the boys playing mouth harps; and everybody enjoying himself."

The C. Wig Ashpole boy, 8, cornered Uncle John Griffin, 87, the pioneer bear hunter, and made him promise to produce a bear story. Uncle John now comes through as follows:

"One day a long time ago, I was out hunting, and I came to a bluff of rocks, and about six feet above me there was a shelf, about three feet wide, and six feet long. And right there was a cub bear. When he saw me he poked his head over the edge, and wanted to be friendly. I patted him on the head, and he went a few feet and shinned up a tree to wait for his folks to come back."

"It was not long until the mama bear made her appearance, and when she discovered I had been there, she started sniffing, and came over to the edge of the ledge, about six feet below where I was squatting in the tree. When she looked down to where I had been—right then I blazed away, letting her have a bullet in the head, killing her instantly."

"While I was wondering what I would do with the cub, I woke up, and found it had all been a dream."

An Englishman drove a racing car 111.42 mph. over a Utah salt bed. Several local speed idiots are trying to break this mark.

"Ladies will be interested to know that these men, not objecting to cosmetics, believe that lips should carry only a shade of color and not appear as two slices of watermelon." (SF, Call-Bulletin) — The gals get told.

A tobacco heiress, already in possession of more wealth than she knows what to do with, became "de-tween 10 and 18 million dollars" richer, through the terms of a will Monday. There is quite a differential in the amount, and, to save counting, the lady will no doubt split the difference, and call it 14 million dollars. In the "More Abundant Life" of New Deal dreamers, "them that has still gets."

The girl, Loreta Harynek, said in a signed statement to police she had told Warren S. Stanley, 17-year-old son of a wealthy cosmetics manufacturer, she was to become a bother; when actually, she said, "it wasn't true at all." (This Paper) — Accidental, but correct.

Editorial Correspondence

SALINAS, Calif., Nov. 20.—The best laid plans of mice and men, etc. Had everything arranged to beat the traffic jam as far as the Big Game was concerned, going down leisurely shortly after breakfast, and have a visit with a cousin who is studying for his doctor's degree at Stanford. Then a restful luncheon, the big game and with the 80,000 people, struggling back to San Francisco in one big traffic jam, we would set sail on smooth seas for the south, and have a late dinner with friends at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

But as things turned out we met a class mate we hadn't seen for 15 or 20 years, who had come in from his farm on Walnut Creek to listen to the Harvard-Yale game over KGO. KGO is just across the bay and he maintained, it would be the next thing to having a ring side seat in the stadium at Soldiers' field, with no ice or snow, and he was smelling a Harvard victory in the rain-soaked air. Resisted his invitation to hear the returns at his club however, and returned to our hotel, about ten fully determined to carry out our original plan. But the more we thought of his idea the better we liked it, and when about ten minutes after ten, a glance out the window revealed the golden mist coming down harder than ever, we ordered a radio up to the room and tuned in on the Cambridge game. So that explains why we didn't miss the traffic jam going down, but spent one of the most exciting and satisfactory mornings, in many a long year! Harvard 13, Yale 6.

As to the traffic jam after the Big Game, perhaps 80,000 rain-soaked football fans, poked headlights to fenders back to San Francisco but at least 40,000 decided to go south, to San Jose and particularly to Del Monte. At any rate there was a procession two abreast most of the way. And the rain which had stopped during the second half, started up again, fog came in from the sea for good measure, and when at an average rate of about 15 miles an hour we discovered a nice looking inn on the outskirts of Salinas about 8 p. m. we decided to call it a day and stop here for the night.

And here we come to the nice angle—though this was merely a mouse. When en route down we had to draw out of the parade for gas at a wayside station, the attendant lifting up the hood to check the oil, fingered around and brought out a mouse which he found in the drip pan. The mouse was soaked with oil and judging by its contours was a prospective mother. It was dead,—very. The attendant said he had found various things under hoods but this was the first time he had found a mouse. Well, a modern Bobbie Burns would no doubt write a poem on the spot, and probably Edison Marshall would tie this in somehow with a thrilling yarn, but all we can do is to conclude that wherever that wee mouse came from or whatever its plans, we don't believe the latter worked out as anticipated. So much for mice and men!

Well, how was the Big Game? We missed the first quarter so can only report second hand on that, the man next to us who has a son in Stanford, said it was about 50-50. The second quarter however wasn't. The "wonder team" proceeded to behave very much as they did against Oregon the week before, marching up the field with steady gains, mostly of the delayed buck reverse and quarterback sneak variety, putting over two touchdowns and missing a goal from the field by inches. The second half however, was a different story. Coach Allison kept in his first team, and according to our information told them to turn on the heat and run up a big score. Perhaps they turned on the heat but they ran up no score, in fact they were lucky they weren't scored on, for the Stanford boys were in there fighting for points all the time. In fact if Tiny Thornhill had put some glue on the fingers of his backfield, the score might well have been 13 to 6,—or even a tie game, with a lucky break or two. They fumbled and juggled the pig skin enough to bring tears to the eyes of a cigar store Indian.

Not that we would suggest the better team didn't win. It did. California was never in real danger of losing the game at any time. But except in that second quarter there was no wonder team about Cal. The first string couldn't do a thing against the Stanford line in the second half, and while the San Francisco sports writers are claiming Allison pulled them out to give the second team a chance, our own conviction is he pulled them because they were tired out and all through.

It was all in all rather a strange game. The plays that didn't click in 3 quarters of the game DID in one. That's the story of the contest in a nut shell. WHY they did—and didn't,—someone who knows more about football than your correspondent will have to explain. If the report that Allison wanted his boys to run up a big score to wipe out some unpleasant memories of the past is correct, then our advice to those sportingly inclined is not to mortgage the old homestead and shoot the works for California in that Rose Bowl game. For 3 quarters yesterday there was no wonder team representing the blue and gold—the lads from Berkeley may be only a ONE quarter or a ONE half team.

At any rate the prejudiced slant of most of the San Francisco sports writers and their boosting the stock of the Golden Bears all the time, with fulsome flattery, has gotten one country editor up in Southern Oregon, pretty far down. California has a good football team but there is nothing super-super about it,—in spite of one San Francisco sportswriter who had the crust to suggest that if All-American selections were on the up and up, Cal. would have at least five of them!

Piffle! California will be lucky to have two. Yes, it rained—a fine spray, as might come from your lady's perfume atomizer, but also being late we had to sit in a little puddle, it was so warm it didn't bother at all. And while the stunts bogged down a bit without sunshine, the stands were never as colorful before. These new cellophane slickers and hoods, in vivid greens, and blues and pearl and crimson, made the mass across the way look like a huge Persian carpet—a beautiful sight to behold,—umbrellas like colored mushrooms blossoming out when it really started to rain.

Not exactly an exciting contest or a thrilling one,—this was nevertheless one of the most popular Big Games ever held. By popular we mean, a game with the minimum heartbreaks, and the maximum satisfaction. For both teams and their supporters came out with something to boast about. Cal in taking the coast title and Rose Bowl honors,—Stanford in holding this "wonder team" to 13 points, and being in there swinging from the first whistle to the final gun.—R. W. R.

GROCERY ROBBER GETS THREE-YEAR SENTENCE

ROSEBURG, Nov. 23.—(AP)—Wilbur J. Chapman, arrested on a charge of attempted robbery of a Roseburg grocery store, was sentenced in circuit court here today to three years in the state penitentiary. Chapman previously pleaded guilty to a grand jury indictment, but sentence had been postponed pending investigation of his past record.

John Finkle of Peel drew a one-year sentence in the penitentiary upon his plea of guilty to a charge of obscuring his past record.

L. A. INTERURBAN HIKES PAY TO AVOID STRIKE

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23.—(AP)—Agreement on an increase of pay aggregating \$500,000 a year to the trainmen was signed today by Pacific Electric railway officials and employees and the threatened strike of the world's largest interurban electric system was avoided.

The agreement was signed in the presence of the federal mediation committee which has been holding hearings here. It makes a readjustment of working hours and general conditions.

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 with instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE HABIT OF READING IN BED From the depths of his depravity a correspondent asks for an article on reading in bed, and complains that after 30 minutes of it his eyes become so tired he can no longer read. The reading lamp in back of him has a 75 watt blue bulb and he wonders whether there are new reading glasses that might correct that condition.—(W. K.)



Mark Twain, according to his biographer, not only read in bed but did a great deal of his writing there. I never quite believed it, though. I suspect Mr. Clemens pretended that was his custom when he got caught lying abed by an occasional early noon-day visitor who couldn't be excluded—say a publisher or an editor or one of his wealthy in-laws. Disimulation of that sort would be justifiable, wouldn't it? Two species of fowl will be rigidly barred from the Elysian bowling greens. I hope: birds that prate about their daily bathing and tooth brushing and early rising habits. I mean the pests who insist on being up and noisily doing before the host of the community ordinarily wakens.

An hour or possibly two hours should be the limit of night reading or study for anyone whose occupation is sedentary. More than this is rather a strain on the eyes. One who does honest work, especially outdoor work, or one who gets a fair amount of open air exercise daily, may read for perhaps three hours in the evening without excessive fatigue. The light described by the correspondent is not a good reading light. Such blue light is trying to the eyes. Better a frosted or opal bulb of not over 60 watts in an adjustable lamp three or four feet above the reading page. This lamp should not be under a dark dome or shade. If it has any dome or shade it should be yellowish or translucent white—to shed part of the light on the surroundings. Reading in a spotlight in a darkened room is more tiring than reading in the softly illuminated room.

Main objection to reading in bed is on a 155 pounder and you have something! The thinnest fellow I ever saw outside the dime museum was the late Grant Clarke, the song writer. Yet he had one of the lushest appetites hereabouts. He generally had a second helping of main dishes and two kinds of dessert. His digestion, too, was perfect. To fatten up he once went on a milk diet at a sanitarium in Jersey. The usual course was five weeks and almost everybody gained 10 to 15 pounds. Clarke remained 11 and did not gain a pound.

By FRANK JENKINS. WHAT is wealth? Wealth is the product of labor applied to raw materials—natural resources. WHAT is capital? Capital is wealth that somebody has earned and SAVED UP. HOW does capital help labor? Capital helps labor by enabling it to obtain tools with which to produce more and more and thus EARN MORE.

FOR example: Two men, working with a shovel and a wheelbarrow, can move only a little dirt in a day, and hence can earn only low wages. But two men, working with a steam shovel and a truck, can move a LOT of dirt in a day, and hence can earn high wages. BUT it takes capital to obtain steam shovels and trucks. How are these men, working with their hands at low wages and needing practically all their wages to support their families, to obtain them? Here is where capital comes in. If they can find someone who has earned wealth and SAVED IT, thus providing capital, and can convince him that they are good workers and careful spenders, they can BORROW the needed capital, and with it they can buy a steam shovel and a truck and can PAY FOR THEM out of their increased earnings and have money left with which to provide a higher standard of living for themselves and their families.

THE workers, you see, provide employment for the saved-up wealth that we call capital, and the capital they borrow and use make it possible for them to increase their earning power and so provide a higher standard for themselves and their families. In other words, EACH HELPS THE OTHER.

WHEN capital and labor work together, both benefit. When they fail to work together, or when they PULL AGAINST EACH OTHER, both lose. A lot of losses are being suffered, right now. There were only 23,000 automobiles in the United States in 1902; today there are more than one thousand times that number.

Modern Women. Need Not Suffer Monthly Pain and Delay due to toxic, nervous strain, exposure or similar cause. Willing to Back Head Pills as Effective, reliable and give Quick Relief. Sold by all druggists for over 10 years. Ask for "HICHESTERS PILLS" "THE DIAMOND BRAND"

to destruction, and we that call ourselves Christians have stood back and let this disgraceful thing go on! People! Be with the hundreds who are not going to stand for these degrading signs and make yourself honored throughout the world by joining us in this fight for a better nation in the elimination of all the untruthful, misleading advertisements of all liquors and tobacco. Central Point Christian Endeavor. Norman Hansen, Secy. November 23, 1937.

In All Directions. To the Editor: Backward—democracy drools on. Our ship of state, 48 decks and no bottom, sails in all directions at once. Liberty is the soothing syrup for an iron collar. Moving the wall back a few feet merely enlarges the cell. It is far easier to hoodwink the human reason than the law of gravity. Falling seems to be the paramount feature of our existence. A series of falls—not forwards, but backward and down. Man's belief in protecting himself against earthly dangers, is to summon dangers to the rescue of dangers. In this way, man studies how to become fearless, humble and dishonest. Honesty is the best policy. After the first million.

Man's intelligence merely a word? Undoubtedly, when we witness the stupidity with which he has governed himself. The present excellent state of chaos with its sister debris, is glorified under the name of national progress. Instead of man condemning himself, wretched alibis are the order of the day. The sun, stars and moon. Tea leaves, salt and olives. Black cats, pigs and onions. Even the colors are not exempt from being a cause for his making such a complete success of failure. A dictatorship would be a very profitable form of government. A hybrid dictator: A combination Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. For directional effect. With a Bismarck and a Genghis Khan for statesmanship and tenacity of purpose.

When we look upon the absurdities and monstrosities in cocky procession—stuccoed with the essence of civilization, the expression "What a masterful parade of masculine monstrosities man riding high, wide and handsome with the seat of his breeches glued to a magic carpet, there is only one more thing to say—It's useless chasing the impossible. Geuntheit! G. L. BULLEN. Crescent City, Cal., Nov. 22, 1937.

Comment on the Day's News. The contestants in the scrimmage at the White House do not know themselves which side the president inclines to. An important straw blew down the wind last week, however, when Mr. Wendell L. Willkie of the Commonwealth and Southern company, who is the leading moderate-minded utilitarian, suddenly turned up in Washington for a conference with the president. The White House intimated pretty plainly that Mr. Willkie suggested his visit, but actually he came by a White House invitation so abruptly professed that he was forced to break important engagements in New York the same morning. Because of a presidential toothache, no conference took place, but it is still a natural inference that, if the president was anxious to see Mr. Willkie, he must have wanted to do something more than "give him a jolly."

The oddest feature of this whole strange situation, so intimately affecting the administration's future, is the fact that, whatever the left-wingers say, the famous death sentence clause is likely to be modified. The death sentence clause is not importantly involved in the present controversy, but it is interesting, nevertheless, that the utilities experts of the securities and exchange commission are almost unanimously agreed that the clause in its present strict mandatory form, will be virtually impossible to apply efficiently. They want a revision of it which would set up general standards of utilities management for the commission's guidance, and then allow the commission to bring each utilities company as nearly as practicable into line with the general standards. Whatever else is done, the betting seems to be that the commission experts will have their way on this point.

JOB FOLDS UP WHILE MAGDA WAITS ENTRY. NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(AP)—The French Casino Broadway night club where Magda DeFontanges, now at Ellis Island fighting deportation, had hoped to appear, unexpectedly closed early today, depriving 80 girl entertainers and 200 waiters of their jobs. John J. Sullivan, second deputy police commissioner, earlier had banned Magda's appearance in a night club, but a member of the syndicate which owns the Casino said the closing was in no way connected with the ban. The entertainers, many of whom are citizens of France and England, still will for London Wednesday. The Casino here opened in 1935.

GALL STONES. Chinese herbs will give you relief—no matter what you are afflicted with—You owe it to yourself to use this opportunity to regain your health. Chinese herbs have restored health to thousands of people. You get your own share (as Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Headaches, Hay Fever, Prostate Trouble, Ulcers, Children's Head Wetting, Sinus Trouble, Asthma, Influenza, Female Troubles, Piles, Chronic Cough, High Blood Pressure, Heart, Liver, Kidney, Rheumatism, Appendicitis, Tonsillitis, Eczema, Arthritis, Liver Bladder, Kidney, Lung, Blood, Urinary Disorders, herbs will give you relief when others fail. Free consultation.

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Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. November 23, 1927. (It was Wednesday) President Coolidge to broadcast his Thanksgiving Day proclamation to nation tonight.

Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, slayers of the woman's husband, sentenced to die January 19. I. W. W.'s stage demonstration in front of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York. Chicago gang warfare increases. City to observe Thanksgiving tomorrow. All stores and offices to close.

New clerks granted local postoffice. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. November 23, 1917. (It was Friday) British capture heights of Maevrea on western front; Italians check great drive of the Kaiser's forces.

Lou Telegen in "The Long Trail" at the Star; "Stop Your Foolin'" at the Rialto. Mayor Gates refuses to accept the fuel director post for this city. American destroyer sinks German U-boat off Irish coast.

The geology class of the high school inspects Roxy Ann mine. Phone 542. We'll nail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

LOW PRICE? MIGHTY NICE! SAVE MONEY WITH SILVER DOLLAR. The Thrifty Whiskey with that GOOD TASTE. 2 YEARS OLD. SILVER DOLLAR. STRAIGHT BOTTLED WHISKY. 80c FULL PINT. 90 PROOF. LINCOLN INN DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCE, INDIANA