

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturday. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 15-21-29 N. Fir St. Phone 15

Subscription Rates: Daily, one year, \$10.00; Daily, six months, \$6.00; Daily, one month, \$2.00. All terms cash in advance.

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WEST-HOLIDAY

Member of the Oregon Association of Publishers. 1937. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

Ye Smudge Pot

Festive grinning on the toothsome and important sections of a turkey was the order of the day Thurs. and widespread. All food and viands disappeared as if swallowed.

The November rainfall has been a record and a caution. It is the first time since 1926 farmers have failed to report they plowed up dust.

The Dubb Watson boy, Ed, has a dog his Paw will have to buy a license for.

Yule garb adorns the lamp posts of both the Main Street and 6th st.

The men of Old Medford wound up their football season with a victory, and the next thing on the tapis will be long-legged basketball players.

The way things are shaping up in the nation has caused Republicans to breathe easier, but no otter.

The Brown boys of Eagle Pt. have started grinding out their notorious sausage, to the great joy of people in position to eat.

The Mike tomcat is now as fit as a violin and the scar of combat on his lower jaw has knit.

A bunch of the boys went over on the Applegate last Sun., and ate fried chicken a la Hermy Offbacher.

Old Sol shone brightly Fri. with a warm glow, and it was more like spring than fall.

The intelligentsia of the colleges have come home to dine and dance and visit.

Amateur magicians are now in training in this city, and some can hide the ace of spades up their sleeves already. It will be a long time before they can make everybody rich, by everybody going broke, and save money by spending it.

The grapple will tangle again tomorrow night at the armory. Some new faces will be on hand to twist the foe into a pretzel, and let him unravel himself.

A million crows gathered in the Alice Henley meadow Thurs. pm. and held a caucus.

Del Getchell, the banker-poet, and Tom Bradley discussed civilization, such as it is, Wed. eve, but reached no verdict on where it will wind up.

Shrimers journeyed to Eugene Sat. The more intrepid wore no hats and took no umbrellas.

"A Smart Girl" are reported. They grin at the traffic cop and all the other motorists wait till they get by.

The English auto racer who traveled 224,777 2/3 mph, had business on West Main after the dance Thurs. night.

Your car, has to send some peats to Salem scribes, as the result of running it neck out farther than necessary in predicting Bend would beat Oregon City by six touchdowns for the mythical state title. It was a giddy and semi-idiotic trick. We would bet the peats, the same way, if there was next time. Being from Salem, the beneficiaries probably need Dea Chutes spuds more than they do peats, and the latter will be as milk and honey and champagne. They were—and, are lucky!

The Wig Ashpole boy, 6, is still hot for bear stories, as told by Uncle John Griffin, 87. He has exhausted his Paw's repertoire.

Air Mail Approved. WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—(AP) The postoffice department announced today that it had approved an application by the Northwest Air Lines to establish a route from Yakima, Wash. to Portland, Ore.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., Nov. 24.—Quite apparent there are two climates in California—the north and south. Annual rainfall around San Francisco, as in Southern Oregon, above the average this year. Below the average in Los Angeles county,—in fact it is surprisingly hot and dry hereabouts—It was 80 in the shade when we arrived and while a high fog cooled things off yesterday, it is hot again today. Up and down Orange Grove avenue the sprinklers are busy and the lawn mowers ditto. They are playing golf in shorts and minus sweaters across the road at Annandale. In brief its mid-summer here now and the local papers, as usual, are boasting about it with dry digs at the freezing temperatures and blizzards in the east. Returning to the bungalow after breakfast were accosted by a chauffeur from Des Moines, Iowa. It was his first visit to California, and after plowing through the snow and ice with chains for 24 hours, he just couldn't get over the miracle that had transpired, and had to tell someone all about it.

The time to date has been devoted largely to meeting trains,—the Santa Fe "Chief" here in Pasadena, on which half the family arrived, and the Sunset at Glendale on which the remaining fourth came in with about 300 girls and boys—more or less—from school to spend the Thanksgiving recess, with their families.

The Chief is the popular "movie" train, and we had to wade through a veritable milky way of stars before we finally found our kin folk surrounded by the usual array of unmatched luggage. There was King Vidor, the director, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Menjou, H. B. Warner, the one-time matinee idol, meeting his wife and daughter, and Joan Blondell, who was greeted by her hefty young son, accompanied by his equally hefty grandmother. She also had a husband somewhere about, but he got off on the other side of the train, and didn't join the family group, until later. The young man incidentally, all togged out in canary yellow and blue, had enough difficulty in recognizing his mother, without having a step-father known as Dick Powell, to complicate the situation.

Joan Blondell, by the way, is one of those movie stars who is far more attractive off the screen than on,—or at least this was your correspondent's impression,—obviously a fleeting one. We liked the casual, yet devoted way she greeted her infant son, and turned her back on the candid camera men—A vital wholesome person we should say, with a sense of humor. With two generations there as exhibit No. 1,—mommer and son,—we can see some hard work ahead, for Joan to keep her "figger."

The Glendale meeting took us back to the traffic jam at the "big game". Cars were parked all over the place, and there was a perfect mob of poppers and mommers, and brothers and sisters, awaiting the train, with a dog show mixed in between. The Sunset, drawn by the new circus-wagon streamline locomotives arrived in two sections, and as always happens, the fourth member of the family was on the second, and at one end, when we were milling about at the other. However we finally got together, and not in any too good humor for it was early and no one had had breakfast, we sallied forth for the nearest coffee stand.

NEW YORK Daily by Day

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—This is as good a day as any to wonder just how far they are going to stretch the week-end. When I laboured in the news-rooms to end Saturday, if lucky we got off a "hit" the early Saturday afternoon and had Sunday for our very own.

This regulation was general. Then not many years ago we adopted "week-end" which meant we knocked off Saturday at noon or maybe Friday night. Finally we showed up fairly late Monday morning. In England I discovered the week-end is from Friday lunch to Monday lunch.

Yet, even so, we have topped merry old England. Adela Rogers St. Johns recently delivered a manuscript to a weekly magazine editor on Wednesday morning at 11. His secretary came out and with a scornful glance said: "I'm sorry but Mr. So-and-so left for the week-end this morning."

Illusion: Dorothy Parker is widely three-sheeted as most daring of the punsters. Yet those close to her say she is fearfully shy and rarely indulges the verbal riposte for which she has become noted. Also she is so afraid of newspapermen she has become practically a recluse.

Few non-dog-owners would believe dogs are conscious of time. Yet evidence piles up. For instance, a member of our household goes regularly twice a week shopping and returns at 1 o'clock, invariably prompt. On such days, within two or three minutes of the time for her return, our deaf Boston, Billy, now gone, would arouse himself, asleep or awake, and go in the front hall to sit a few feet from the door—waiting! He never missed.

Eventually most New Yorkers tire of the peace-keeping frigidities of the city. There is something irritating to the true trencherman, about people who come to a restaurant to be seen more than to express a zeal for party. Like that professional society party thrower who hovers from table to table, halting across the room and otherwise trying to be the whole show! The practised gourmet studiously avoids such places. When he dines out you will find him at rendezvous rarely mentioned in society chit-chat. Dark-timbered sherry and beef havens with old prints, and perhaps a collection of steins around the wall. Instead of shrieking jazz, the clatter of knives and forks and the tinkles of glasses. No roster of the "small hour" blazes, but diners who know the cut of a steak and to whom a goblet of rare port or a tankard of nut brown ale are a help and not a refuge. Those ancient, sturdy places keep their hold in the midst of eternal change.

Whenever in this vast crowded center columnizing seems a mighty task I often think of Will Rice, who lives at

a crossroads place in the deep Ozarks, where nothing happens, and yet turns out readable columns for a group of country newspapers. Few strangers come to his crotch of the creek and there are no entertainments such as theatre, movie, etc. Trains run through twice a week and night life consists of an owl's hoot or so, or perhaps the mournful strains of a mouth organ from across a faraway ridge. Yet Rice manages to winnow full blooded observations about life and its meaning amid such desolation. Excellent stuff that papers are glad to print. Hidden treasures from lost caves.

Often magazine editors find some of their better pieces come from the abandoned and pining places of the earth—out where the blackberry bushes hold up the rail fences. Opie Read's fine novel for another generation were turned out in the swamps of Arkansas, far from railroads. Harold Bell Wright got his plots out of the Ozarks. There is something inspiring in it to write amid bleakness. Whittier's Snow-bound, for instance, and Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome."

The magazine piece of my own I like better than most was written in a surround of cowering hills of Mexico in one of those dusks that hang so desparingly until the first twinkle of stars pricks through the twilight. A short space away was the clearest pool of water I had ever seen. A pool in which the rock bottom 15 feet below was plainly visible as were a dozen varieties of darting highly colored fish. (Copyright 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

NAME PROSECUTOR OF SHERIFF, SON

SALEM, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Governor Charles H. Martin today assigned the attorney-general's office to take charge of the prosecutions of Sheriff E. T. Mass, his son Howard, deputy sheriff, and Jessie Paddock, tax collector, all of Clackamas county, who are under indictments charging larceny of public funds.

The assignment was made at the request of District Attorney Fred H. Miller of Clackamas county.

Francis T. Wade, assistant attorney general, probably will be assigned to take over the prosecutions.

Plea of the three defendants will be received in the Clackamas county circuit court next Monday.

RETAIL TRADE IN STATE HOLDS UP

PORTLAND, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Retail trade in Oregon remains about the same as October, averaging three to four percent under last year, a Dun & Bradstreet report says today. Unemployment is about 10 percent and price adjustments are causing hesitancy by merchants in placing orders. Collections remain fairly good.

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, Calif.

WE CALLED IT ODD HOUSE

Up and coming business woman announces she is looking for a building lot on which she can build a house without a front yard but with plenty of space in the rear yard. "And we're not going to have a dining room," she advises, "but eat all over the house. We are going to have a big kitchen with ruged fireplace, and down the middle of the room a heavy long table with benches with backs along either side of it. Our guests always settle in the kitchen, anyway, so we may as well go early American."

So I didn't invent the idea. For that matter, who ever originates an idea anyway? Possibly one gets an idea from the subconscious or the unconscious now and then—at least it seems that way when one happens to remember or recall it on waking—but nearly all ideas are born of suggestion. Don't blame me, then, if any of these ideas of good housing strike you as freakish. We called it Odd House when we introduced the subject here, and invited readers to contribute their ideas.

Mrs. W. J. W. reports she is 58 and may yet build an Odd House herself, with her own hands. She needs more ideas. She has some hand-made block letter mottoes on the walls of her present house, her favorite sayings (not her own sayings), and her friends tell her they are atrocious. The latest is one she put on the wall over the work table in her tiny kitchen. It reads "Cullinary Studio"—with credit to the Brady column. Sorry, Madam, but the Brady column cannot accept responsibility. Perhaps the suggestion to hang signs about the place came from a college freshman of the class of '98.

L. K. of New York offers a suggestion concerning floors for the Nut House, as he facetiously calls it. "The floors should be made of tiles, which are easily kept clean and most sanitary of all floor materials. Wood-

on floors, while warmer underfoot, require frequent scraping, repainting, varnishing, waxing, etc. They develop squeaks and often provide a hiding place for insects. Large red or other colored tiles are fireproof, decorative and everlasting; they require no further painting or varnishing after first coat of installation."

Ever since I began mulling this thing over I've been trying to get up courage to plumb for some such floors throughout, floors from which the rugs could be lifted while the hose is played over them for a quick, easy cleaning. But whenever I have ventured to hint of this I have met with such intolerance that I hadn't the courage to carry on with the idea. I do hope L. K. is in earnest about it and that he is not engaged in the tile business.

From away up north G. A. B. proposes a roof garden section B by 12 or more feet, with roof that rolls back, for sunbathing or for stargazing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Myopia. Can you tell me whether there is any scientific evidence to support the statement that an optimal intake of vitamin D daily will tend to correct or improve myopia?—(C. S.) Answer—Blackberg and Knapp reported in Archives of Ophthalmology, 11:665, '34, that "encouraging results" have been obtained from administration of a vitamin D concentrate to supplement the diet.

Injection Treatment. Following your suggestion I went to Dr. who gave me several injection treatments and now I am happy to report I no longer have any piles. The treatments were quite painless and detained me never more than a few minutes at his office. He knows his business.—(J. W. M.) Answer—Today all the well-equipped physicians give injection treatment for hemorrhoids (piles) in the great majority of cases. Only external piles cannot be obliterated by this modern method. (Copyright, 1937, 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, Calif.

The Capital Parade

Robinson by a majority of one. The brand of leadership which he has shown since the special session convened is in marked contrast to what the senate knew under Robinson, and it may be blamed for the fact that the depression-inspired revolt of the senators has already gone to such lengths that nearly 40 of the 76 Democrats in the chamber have almost forgotten that there's such a place as the White House.

The Kentucky senator is an amiable, imposing-looking person, with a pleasant manner, a talent for barber-shop song, and a passion for telephoning the White House.

Not so long ago, during the anti-lynching bill gas attack which he was powerless to prevent, Senator Tom Connally of Texas called him a "Charlie McCarthy." Senator Connally hit a rather sore spot. A Charlie McCarthy was pretty much what the president wanted for leader last spring, but now the president is finding that commands carried by ventriloquism to a congress in a disapprobation mood are not altogether effective.

Among other troubles afflicting Senator Barkley is the additional fact that he longs to inherit the presidential succession in 1940. In consequence, his leadership of the senate is not only ventriloquistic; it is also exceedingly friendly to other senators who may have something to say in connection with delegations that lack a necessary force.

The senator is genuinely liberal; he is able; he is extremely eloquent. But these qualities do not make up for his defects. Moreover, the conservative southerners who used to be Robinson's chief lieutenants are busily plotting against him. The once-helpful Republican leader, the wise cynical Charles L. McNary of Oregon, is giving the southerners all the assistance he can. And the extremely influential and foxy vice-president, John N. Garner, has practically dedicated his life to procuring the revision of the tax laws and the defeat of the wages and hours bill. Add to all this the effects of the depression, and the unhappy senator's situation is all but hopeless.

As hardy for the house situation, it is hardly better here than in the senate as the deadlock on the wages and hours bill has already demonstrated. The definite coolness toward the

WHY SUFFER?

Chinese herbs will give you relief—no matter what you are afflicted with—you use it to yourself to use this opportunity to regain your health. Chan's herbs have restored health to thousands of people—Why not you? Do you have (1) Constipation, (2) Stomach Trouble, (3) Rheumatism, (4) Hay Fever, (5) Prostate Trouble, (6) Ulcers, (7) Children, (8) Wetting, (9) Sinus Trouble, (10) Asthma, (11) Influenza, (12) Female Trouble, (13) Piles, (14) Chronic Cough, (15) High Blood Pressure, (16) Arthritis, (17) Colitis, (18) Nervousness, (19) Appendicitis, (20) Tonsillitis, (21) Eczema, (22) Heart, (23) Bladder, (24) Kidneys, (25) Lungs, (26) Blood, (27) Urinary Disorders, herbs will give you relief when others fail. Free consultation.

Open 10 to 5 P. M. CHAN & CHAN Sat 10 to 5 P. M. Tues. Thurs. 10 to 12 A. M. Closed Sun. Chinese Med. Co. 235 E. Main

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

IN 1928 and '29, we discovered a new era. No longer was it necessary to work and scrimp and save. One merely bought low and sold high. No matter what one did, it showed a profit—for prices went always higher and higher. We pitted our benighted ancestors for living back in the dark ages before modern progress had shown the way to EASY MONEY.

It was grand while it lasted, but it ended in a crash.

A GAIN in 1936 and '37, we discovered a new era. This time it was Santa Claus who pointed the way. Work less and have more. Spend ourselves rich. Achieve abundance through scarcity. Don't save; don't scrimp; just leave it all to Santa Claus; he will provide. These were the shibboleths of 1936 and early 1937.

Again it was grand while it lasted, but again it ended in a crash.

WHAT is the lesson of these two world-famous spears? Here it is in a nutshell: There is NO SUCH THING as something for nothing. We have to work for what we get.

ALL the pretty words ever spoken since the world began can't change this fundamental fact: Wealth is the product of labor applied to raw materials. When we labor much, there is much wealth. When we labor little, there is little wealth. When nobody labors at all, there is NO WEALTH.

IF we can only learn that lesson so thoroughly that never again will we forget it, the terrible burning of our fingers that we suffered in 1929 and the somewhat milder, but still painful, burning we are suffering from now will not have been in vain; for the knowledge, gained by hard experience, that before we DIVIDE we must PRODUCE will enable us to go on and achieve a higher standard of living than we have yet dreamed of.

No Property Levy. PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 27.—(AP)—With income tax receipts offsetting any need of revenue ordinarily produced by property taxes, the state will eliminate the property levy next year. Wallace Wharton, budget director, told a meeting of realty executives here. The 1937 property levy was 1.16 mills.

Wheat to England. PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 27.—(AP)—More than 30,000 tons of wheat will be moved from terminals here for England's bread baskets in the next week in eight ships. It will be one of the year's heaviest grain movements out of the northwest.

The sheik, a stalwart, six-foot man between 55 and 60 years of age, walked to the gallows with Mealem stoicism and faced the hangman without flinching.

The fiery Arab was dragged from a cornbin last Monday and given summary trial for possessing firearms and ammunition.

Saudi had been hunted for more than a year. The British commander-in-chief in mandated Palestine confirmed the sentence of death rendered Wednesday despite last minute appeals by Arab organizations which argued the sheik was too old to be hanged.

Speaking of rain—and who hasn't in the past 26 days?—give an ear to forest service officials who got technical about it today.

The service rain gauge here shows a November fall of 26.27 inches to date, which sounds like a lot, but wait a moment. Let the experts really figure it.

That rainfall, figured over the approximate area of the county, amounts to 69,500,000,000 (billions is right) gallons of water. The water, if it could be put in one tank, would fill a receptacle 190 feet square and slightly less than a mile high.

So far as anyone here knows, Curry county has never seen November rains like those this month. On the 9th, the gauge measured a 4.55-inch fall in 24 hours, while 4.30 inches fell on the 22nd. The only days without rain have been the 4th and 21st.

Beech wood is being used in Germany to replace the customary cork for bottle stoppers.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

EFFORTS TO END SALEM CULINARY STRIKE DEADLOCK

SALEM, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Efforts of C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner, to effect a settlement of the differences between the Salem Association of Restaurants and the local Culinary Workers' Union by arbitration appeared to have been stalemated today by inability of the contending factions to agree on a basis for arbitration.

Both were willing to arbitrate matters of hours, wages and working conditions for restaurant employees.

But when the union, at a meeting held yesterday afternoon, authorized its executive committee to name the union's representative on the three-man arbitration board and specify the terms of negotiation it declared the restaurant owners must agree to a closed shop for all employees.

The restaurant owners, according to Frank Chatus, president of their association, will not agree to arbitrate the closed shop issue and will arbitrate only on the agreement of the union to remove pickets from the two places now being picketed, take all of the restaurants off the unfair list and recede from their demand that the employers discharge all employees who refuse to join the union.

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FIERY PALESTINE AGITATOR HANGED

HAIFA, Palestine, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Sheik Farhan Saadi, bearded trouble maker of the Holy Land, was hanged today in the ancient fortress of the medieval crusaders at Acre—the first to face punishment under the new military courts martial to curb terrorism.

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Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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 28, 1927. (It was Monday). O. A. C. battles to a 14-1 tie with Carnegie Tech.

City ranks fourth in state in bank deposits, state bank reports show.

Chicago gang war ebbs.

Floods upstate recede and families routed by high water return to their homes.

Snow reported on highway at Union Creek.

Sheriff Ralph Jennings hurt when he falls while chasing erring boy.

New Ford car to be shown here Friday.

Title tilt between Medford and Grant held called off.

Twenty Years Ago Today. November 28, 1917. (It was Wednesday).

If the breathing out anathemas of the people of Eagle Point and those living along the different star routes were as effective as they are said to have been in older times, the person or persons responsible for the delivery of our mail from Medford would surely be in a horrible condition, for it has got to that point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—(Eagle Point Eaglets).

Germany talks peace with Russia. Chaos reigns in land of the Czar.

No issue of the Mail Tribune tomorrow, Thanksgiving Day.

Group pictures of Co. 7 displayed in local store windows.

High school students to hold rally tonight for Ashland football game tomorrow.

The world's largest fruit juice plant is to be built in Honolulu at a cost of \$1,250,000. It will specialize in the canning of pineapple juice.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STORE FULL OF QUALITY GIFTS

Since adopting this reader type of advertisement we have consistently advertised our prescription department. For the first time, in these ads, we are going to deviate from this policy.

This time we are going to talk about the quality Christmas merchandise we are now stocking. Christmas orders are arriving every day. Our windows and shelves are loaded with the best of this season's offerings. We have gifts for every member of the family, in wide range of prices, and we assure you the quality, as well as the price, is right.

Insulin 10 c.c. U 40 is \$1.08. We give S. & H. Green Stamps. Health's Drug Store, phone 884.

FELDMAN ELECTRIC CO. 237 EAST MAIN AT BARTLETT PHONE 937 Medford's Radio Center sets the pace with a TRADE-IN SALE of 1938 RCA Victor. 1938 RCA Victor Model 87K Regularly \$89.50 For a limited time only \$79.50 AND YOUR OLD RADIO FEATURES: Magic Eye, All Wave Set, 7 Metal Tubes, Walnut Veneer, 12 in. Dyn. Speaker, Sunburst Dial, Automatic Volume Control. REMEMBER IF YOUR OLD SET IS WORTH MORE YOU'LL GET MORE DURING THIS SPECIAL SALE! 1938 RCA Victor 86K7 Regularly \$79.50 For a limited time only \$64.50 AND YOUR OLD RADIO FEATURES: 6 Metal Tubes, Sunburst Dial, 12-in. Dyn. Speaker, Tone Control, All Wave Set, Walnut Veneer. Terms Within Reason