

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune."

Daily Except Saturday.

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ERNEST H. GILSTRAP, Manager.

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Official Paper of Jackson County

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Editorial Correspondence

Overland Limited en route to Chicago December 17th: Going through the bad lands of eastern Nevada now. Sagebrush, alkali dips, tules, bare brown hills with little seams of snow on the higher peaks. A winding creek near the right of way is frozen solid. What a surface on which to skate, as smooth and clear as plate glass. But not a living thing in sight, animal or vegetable. A clear sunny day however. The drop in temperature as one passes through the train vestibules, en route to the diner, must be around 30 degrees,—like summer inside; you can see your breath as soon as you step outside.

They call this a "limited train" but there is nothing limited about it anymore,—it's no faster than the "Challenger" which left half an hour before and is now ten minutes ahead. There was a tremendous mob at the ferry, getting their tickets "enveloped" for the "Challenger," only a baker's dozen for this train. There's a reason, the former gives comfortabe, just as rapid transportation, at less money, the only drawback being second instead of first class accommodations. The crack trains on this line now are the "49'er" and the Streamliners,—beat the Overland, from 14 to 21 hours, at from \$10 to \$15 extra fare. However the Overland is a very good train, comfortably filled and it fitted our schedule better than any other.

Yes newspapers are very important advertisements to any community—the travelling public judges a place by them. At breakfast this morning the Nevada State Journal of Reno came on with the orange juice,—a surprisingly newsy paper but apparently without an editorial page at least we could find none) but with as many feature columns as we have ever found in one paper anywhere.—Boake Carter, Westbrook Pegler, General Hugh Johnson, Jimmy Fidler, Walter Winchell, Eleanor Roosevelt, Damon Runyon, Henry McLeister, Ty Cobb, Bob Burns, and a rather poor local performer Jack Rutledge. Such an array would indicate Reno is a pretty wide awake, sophisticated community, with a high "I. Q." which is no doubt correct. And the following advertisements would lead one to assume, that if one wished a gay time, it could be supplied.—

Read 'em and don't weep:—

"The Dutchman's Bar, wines liquors, beer, fancy drinks, Eddie at the piano, Thelma, the Hyatts and Dutch proprietors."

The Nevada Bar, (Sparks) Pat Obrien prop. "Come in and discuss good times, politics, or a good story or two."

Senator Hotel and Bar,—Come on over, we really enjoy life in the rail city,—Fred Norman behind the plank,—Music, dancing, entertainment,—Mabel (Reno) Hoppe, prop.

"Christmas is coming,—Free Sunnybrook on December 24 (Christmas eve) at 4 p. m. A case of Sunnybrook whiskey will be presented free to the person holding bar receipts, with the highest total amount purchased at the Eagle Bar (Gino and Cy) 112 Sierra Street,—Absolutely no favoritism in this award,—(But who picks up the pieces!)

THE DOG HOUSE—Fan Dance,—big floor show,—no cover charge.

CLUB MONTE CARLO, under personal management of Jimmy Countryman and Buzz White—Beautiful strip tease by Jacqueline Gardner,—program presented by our Little Girl Nan Thomas.—Don't miss the Truckin of Smoky Joe.

Etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum, for several pages, in big display lay-outs. Yes communities can be pretty well judged by their newspapers.

Reno incidentally calls itself "the biggest little city in the west"—with no acknowledgement to the late John Olwell, who used the same phrase during Medford's boom days, 25 or 30 years ago. Only it was the "coast" instead of the "west." And John was right too, as those who were in Medford then will testify. When your correspondent first visited Medford in a swing around the circle every hotel, rooming and boarding house in the place was full to overflowing. We had to find a cot in the "tent city." That was in 1909.

Yes every cloud has its silver lining, and that goes for the Silver State,—Nevada. All in all it's about as bleak and dismal and forbidding a prospect from a car window as this great nation affords, but according to our porter, taxes are lower here than in any other state in the union. There is no state income tax, and practically no prohibitive laws whatever. Also, as everyone knows, divorcees are easy and not too expensive.

In other words Nevada found it tough going leading a God fearing respectable life, so she put down the moral bars so to speak, and is enshing in.

We are not at all sure that easy virtue is going to pay in the long run, even in dollars and cents; but we DO know some law abiding citizens who would be willing to live in hell itself if they could escape income taxes!

In about two hours we will be gliding over the Great Salt Lake and puffing into Ogden. Wonder why the Union Pacific went through Ogden instead of Salt Lake City,—perhaps for the same reason the S. P. chose to go through Medford instead of Jacksonville,—the boys over at the county seat got uppity uppity. It didn't pay to get uppity uppity with the railroads in those days or for many decades later. And now look at them,—the poor mendicants,—begging for crumbs from the motor car table! Certainly tough on the present railroad owners,—who live to please,—but have to suffer for the sins of their fathers,—and the invention of the gas engine.

One of these days we are going to try the Feather River route through Salt Lake City. May take a few hours longer but feel sure we will be repaid by a break in the old routine, a change in scenery, perhaps even other compensations!

At Carlin around noon everyone was skating on the large ice company ponds, it being Saturday none of the boys and girls had to go to school, and a great time was being had by all. One group of kids were engaged in a game of "shimmy" and a big shaggy dog was trying to follow his young master,—there's a new phrase line, a dog on ice, instead of a "duck out of water." The poor beast had at least 3 feet in the air all the time!

R. W. R.

When they got there they discovered no other white persons had been on the islands in 45 years. In possession of one of the chiefs was a faded photograph of Queen Mary. They didn't even know George V was dead, and probably they forgot that 45 years makes an appreciable difference in a woman's appearance.

So when Garnett's party came ashore and the natives found in Mrs. Garnett a youthful and lovely woman, they became wildly excited and shouted many weird but friendly messages. Nobody could interpret the live until an ancient school teacher who spoke a few words of English explained that the natives thought Queen Mary was honoring them with a visit.

"That was an amazing and interesting place," Garnett recalled in his suite at the Waldorf. The natives were Mohammedans and had what may be called a Biblical cast to their features. They originally were a shipwrecked band of pilgrims washed ashore about 400 years ago. We found them kindly and contented. A pack of cigarettes represented vast wealth, but money was valueless.

"They thought a baby to me that was ill, and it seemed to me the child was underfed. I gave it some canned milk diluted with water and in an hour the child was all right again. In their eyes I became a powerful medicine man and was besieged with requests to cure the people's ills. I did draw a severe cut on one of the men's hands, and the medicine acted so quickly everybody became convinced I had supernatural powers. Fortunately we got away before

somebody asked me to restore a missing leg."

Try it one of those occasional travelers who always off on some involved mission. He shoots all this background at his own expense and sells it to Hollywood. Once he started for New York but wound up in Mexico City and decided to go on from there to see what the rest of the world was like and ended, finally, at Istanbul.

Budapest, he says, was gorgeous and seething with politics, but nothing ever happened there. Paris was exciting. He found Berlin gay but Vienna seemed dazed and sad.

In his opinion Hawaii is the garden spot of the world and the Royal Hawaiian the most beautiful hotel he ever saw. Havana was fun. He lost a few bob in the casinos at Venice.

His plans for the present? Just a couple of weeks in New York and back to the coast. He thinks his latest picture, "Trade Winds," will go. He hopes so. It was for this film that he went to the Lacadives and became a potent medicine man.

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R. W. R.

Sample Winter Pear Pie



William H. Horsley, secretary of the Oregon-Washington-California Pear Bureau, assists in sampling the first winter pear pie ever baked at the Roosevelt Hotel in Seattle. "Pear pie every Wednesday" is now on the permanent menu of the hotel, in line with the hotel's policy to back up

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.

ANOXIA AND HEART FAILURE

Insufficient oxygen delivered to the cells, tissues or organs of the body, anoxia, as doctors call it, explains a host of symptoms of heart disease, whether it be valvular leakage, angina pectoris or chronic myocarditis (slow heart muscle failure). Complete deprivation of oxygen, cellular asphyxia, is the cause of death in all cases of heart disease that terminate fatally. Valvular disease is never fatal, however. A person with a valvular leakage may, if he knows his handicaps and limitations and lives within them, enjoy a longer life than the average.

The vital importance of the constant delivery of oxygen to the cells, tissues or organs is dealt with in greater detail in "How to Breathe," 50-page booklet about carbon monoxide, anoxia, belly breathing, resuscitation, halitosis, snoring, neurasthenia, quick fatigability, languor, headache, vital capacity, mountain sickness, your diaphragm, shortness of breath. Sorry, but it will really be worth two bits, I expect, and you may have a copy for only twenty cents coin if you provide a full-size stamped envelope bearing your address.

Tuesdays we do not bow! Have to give the green one day a week to grow and rest. I hate like Tuesday suggesting any symptom here, but after all an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Before we leave the subject of anoxia I need only mention that comparatively slight anoxia, as in altitude flying, is probably accountable for otherwise inexplicable aviation disasters attributed to "pilot error."

Among the effects of moderate oxygen want are dulling of senses and intellect without the person being aware of it, lowering of powers of sight, hearing, memory, judgment, irrational ideas, uncontrolled outbursts of emotion, disturbed muscular co-ordination. Such effects occur in anoxia from various illnesses, as fever, pneumonia, septicemia, as well as in chronic or moderate carbon monoxide anoxia and in high flying or mountain sickness. They occur, too, in heart disease—any kind of organic heart disease in which the heart's reserve power is so reduced that the circulation fails to supply enough oxygen to satisfy the demands of the patient's ways of living.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Boots

I have to work outside this winter, much of the time in mud and water. Is it best to wear rubbers or arctic overshoes or rubber boots in which you can't wear any shoes but only stocking feet? I mean how is rheumatism best avoided?—J. D.

Answer—Wear whatever foot covering you find most comfortable in your circumstances. No objection to wearing rubbers or rubber boots without shoes if they are most satisfactory. Such exposure to cold and wet has nothing to do with any of the ills called "rheumatism" so far as we know. I should think socks with thick soft wool feet would give much comfort, whether you wear shoes and arctic or rubbers, or no shoes and rubber boots.

Immunization

The baby received diphtheria shots when he was six months old. Later a Schick test showed he was not immune. He received more diphtheria shots. At age of 1 1/2 years he had diphtheria. Later another Schick test showed he still was not immune.—Mrs. H. L. B.

Answer—If the child's attack of diphtheria did not render him immune, I doubt whether all the toxin-antitoxin or toxoid or any number of Schick tests can do any more in that direction. Every child preferably before the age of one year, certainly before going to nursery school or kindergarten should receive from the family physician the standard immunization against diphtheria. For older children the Schick test is quite reliable; for infants under two years it is not so reliable—they should all be considered susceptible, not immune, and receive the immunization treatment, or "shots," as the one-aylable class call them.

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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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—Tay Garnett is a director who operates independently and he thinks his job is the most interesting one in pictures. For instance, when he isn't in Hollywood or visiting in New York he is usually to be found aboard some boat or exploring tropic islands.

That's how he found the Lacadives, and that's how Mrs. Garnett came to be mistaken for the queen of England. . . . But perhaps I should explain that the Lacadives are a tiny group of atolls about 300 miles off the Malabar coast of India, and Tay was there to shoot background for a picture in which Fredric March plays the leading role.

When they got there they discovered no other white persons had been on the islands in 45 years. In possession of one of the chiefs was a faded photograph of Queen Mary. They didn't even know George V was dead, and probably they forgot that 45 years makes an appreciable difference in a woman's appearance.

Communications

Bird Lore

To the Editor:

Rubycrowned kinglets are now in the foothills redberry belt, even in our garden trees. Their coming means winter's approach. Some have raised their broods as far north as the Arctic circle. When snow comes, some go as far south as Guatemala. Others winter with us.

Young bird lovers test their sharpness of vision by finding who can be first of a nature study field excursion to see the ruby flash of these restless birds. Even those who cannot see the elusive red of the kinglet, enjoy nevertheless, red-berrying for holiday decoration. The red-berry bird fair to win as honored a place in the Pacific coast folklore as has similarly the holly berry of England.

The California redberry, sometimes called "holly berry," is not a true holly. It belongs to the rose family like the wild rose, it has the power to extract from the soil the red coloring common to so many members of both. The fruit of the wild rose is utilized throughout Nordic or light-haired Europe, in flavoring jelly. This is a bit of cozy wisdom handed down from Viking time. Similarly the Indians had a way to prepare the red-berry, or "Toyon," as they called it. It made quite a welcome addition to their diet.

Birds are fond of redberry seeds. They are attracted by the bright color. It is through this that the toyon now ranges from up north to the Mexican line.

Respectfully,
C. M. GOTTIE
Sacramento, Calif., Dec. 14, 1938.

25% Discount on all Ready-To-Wear and Hats
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

MANY people look upon advertising as a miracle worker of some sort. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Advertising is merely a salesman that calls on more prospects than the seller could AFFORD to call on in any other way.

NEARLY every successful sales manager will tell you that the best salesman is the one that calls on the MOST PROSPECTS.

Advertising calls on more prospects, and calls on them OFTENER, than any other salesman can possibly hope to do.

That is why advertising sells goods.

If you are to be a successful seller of goods, your salesman must be WELCOME. The unwelcome salesman makes few sales.

The newspaper is always welcome. Every day it is invited into nearly every home in the community. Not only is it invited, it IS EXPECTED. If it doesn't arrive, inquiry is immediately made as to its whereabouts. When it arrives, it is given the undivided attention of those who are expecting it.

Any salesman will tell you that such a reception provides the ideal setting for making sales.

WHO really sells goods, anyway? Is it the manufacturer? Is it the wholesaler?

It is NEITHER. It is the retailer. No sale is complete until the goods have moved off the shelves of the retailer and into the hands of the final consumer. When goods pile up on the retailer's shelves, business goes into a tailspin and the manufacturer closes down and the wholesaler goes broke.

Newspaper advertising sells more goods at retail than all other forms of advertising combined, for newspaper advertising is the overwhelming choice of retailers who seek a salesman that can keep their merchandise moving steadily off their shelves and into the hands of customers.

BUT bear in mind that no miracles are worked by advertising—newspaper or any other kind. Advertising sells goods by the simple process of calling regularly and frequently on prospective customers and describing simply and accurately what is for sale.

Advertising is just a plain, hard-working salesman that calls on more prospects than any other salesman can hope to reach. That is the sole reason for its success.

Do YOU need cash for Christmas—who don't? Maybe the banks will loan to you—maybe they won't. Maybe you have sufficient equity in your bus, We can trade you a better car—you get CASH from us! All WE need to have is one-third payment down—So visit our USED CAR LOT—be sure to look 'round! Sure I can play Santa without whiskers or a suit... So pick a new or used car—we're ready to shoot!

Chevy M. Hurd
Rogue River Chevrolet
Main and Riverside
Service Dept.—32 North Riverside
Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Under the circumstances, the president and Morgenthau are confronted by an exceedingly thorny question. Both believe ardently in the new policy's wisdom. Both realize that, even if Congress in the end approves, a resort to Congress is sure to involve them in a prolonged row. The question is, therefore, whether or not to carry the new policy up to Capitol Hill for approval. As has been pointed out, the new policy means the use of America's best weapon, the vast supply of credit, in an open attack on the authoritarian nations. That, being a departure from the ancient tradition of isolationism, is a complete break with the past. Therefore, whether or not they have adequate powers, the president and Secretary Morgenthau are likely to take their new policy to Congress. To make such a move without congressional approval is too dangerous.

They have already prepared three effective arguments to make to the lawmakers. The first is simply that every American ideal and principle is now endangered by the march of Fascism. Munich has left no one else to defend our ideals and principles. We must do so ourselves, and the sooner we begin, the better our chance of winning out.

Then there is the economic argument, which is that major world trade is roughly divided three ways, between the United States, the Sterling bloc nations, and the authoritarian nations. The Sterling bloc is slipping. If the United States wants to guard its position, and get its share of new business, this country must beat the authoritarians at their own game. And finally there is the argument of economy, that it's much cheaper to pass out a few hundreds of millions in loans to countries whose strength means our strength, than it would be to build battleships enough to take on Japan and Germany.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

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Wood Cutter Killed

DALLAS, Dec. 20.—(AP)—Rocco H. Bobbin, Ellendale, an independent wood cutter, was killed last Monday when his truck toppled over a grade and fell 70 feet into Rickreall creek.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Certigrade No. 1
CEDAR SHINGLES
\$4.25 per square
BIG PINES LUMBER CO.
PHONE 1. 8TH AND FIR

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
December 20, 1928
(It Was Friday)
127 autos get tags for over-parking in business district.

Bright sunshine follows week of fog and cold in the valley.
Winter feeding starts for valley stockmen.

Postal force swamped by heavy receipt of Christmas packages.
Dr. E. H. Porter is recovering from a fractured hip bone.
Sen. McNary to preem farm relief bill before senate.
Plurality for Hoover is 5,423,512 in presidential election.
Bolder Dam bill is signed by President Coolidge.

Ye Poets Corner

Christmas
By Louise Hedger

It is Christmas on the mountain,
Where trees push back the sky
Like wide paintings on a canvas
Left hanging there to dry.

It is Christmas in the valley,
Where ancient carols roll
But the fairest, brightest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the soul.

To my good friends Mrs. Thomas Temple and Mr. T. H. Temple, D. D.
Mystery of Life
(Contributed)

Oh Life, what is thy mystery?
Tell me thy great theme of this vale.
For me, a weary mortal, clear away the mist.
Would that I could see all that I should.

Of sorrow, I have had a bitter taste,
Like it? Not I, but drained the cup,
A heart broken, tear shed, longing for my dead.
Tell me, this is not thy theme.

Regret! Yes, I know it's stinging pang,
But is it to give me strength?
If so, it is well earned. Where is my release?
Understanding of thy theme? Please make it quick.

Faith in mankind and myself I need,
Must I learn more of tolerance from thee?
More forgiveness extend to me and mine?
Is this one of thy lessons? Mystery of Life.

To the brave alone, only, are you kind?
Where is thy mercy for one a lone?
Treading thy path, uncharted, unknown.
Mystery of life, thy theme, Oh! Let it be known.

We mortals strive, slave, hate, love.
For what?
Is this, thy vale of mystery our lot?
Give to me, the child of strife,
The secret of this, thy theme of life.

If it is service to mankind, guide me right,
Let me use all my strength and might.
That I may have happiness and health.
As I work out thy theme of life.

I think it is love, that gives with delight,
Will ask nothing in return, only to give a right.
Have I found the key?
Say yes, I see through thy mystery.

What? Oh! Mortal unknown, do you say?
Revenge, seek it not. It's rewards fade away.
Forgive and forget, true joy to know.
Oh! Mystery of life, to me thy theme show.

I hear the birds sing of life, joy and love.
To me, they try to bring their knowledge of things.
You have to them been most kind.
Help me, Oh! Life, your answers to find.

Youth I had, in all my stride
I plunged into you, with zest
On the way I missed what you had for me.
Now, Life to me give your sympathy.

Where is this home man craves? Not the grave.
Not the living death of life in vain.
Mystery of Life, you, I wanted to win.
God has thy secret and to me at last did explain.

Forgive my enemies, love my fellow-men.
Now, I see, worship all things pure and good.
Charity, and hope, tolerance and all things fine
Believe in Him, Mystery of Life I have solved thy theme.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

Chevrolet JINGLES
Copyrighted

Do YOU need cash for Christmas—who don't? Maybe the banks will loan to you—maybe they won't. Maybe you have sufficient equity in your bus, We can trade you a better car—you get CASH from us! All WE need to have is one-third payment down—So visit our USED CAR LOT—be sure to look 'round! Sure I can play Santa without whiskers or a suit... So pick a new or used car—we're ready to shoot!

Chevy M. Hurd
Rogue River Chevrolet
Main and Riverside
Service Dept.—32 North Riverside
Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

CHRISTMAS MONEY

TURN IN YOUR OLD CAR — GET THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE-THIRD DOWN AND THE VALUE OF YOUR CAR

IN CASH

ON A BETTER USED CAR OR NEW CAR
First Payment Feb. 1st, 1939

J. & M. Green Stamps ON USED CARS
Rogue River Chevrolet
Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Potato Production Average For Year

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—(AP)—The potato production in the United States for 1938 will total 359,237,000 bushels, the agriculture department predicted.

A November forecast was slightly under this estimate. The 1937 production was 394,139,000 bushels. The 1927-1936 annual average was 369,683,000 bushels.

Good yields were reported in Washington, Oregon and California. The Idaho yield was boosted by mild October weather.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Certigrade No. 1
CEDAR SHINGLES
\$4.25 per square
BIG PINES LUMBER CO.
PHONE 1. 8TH AND FIR