

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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OREGON NEWS PAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. Hunters have been running wild over the rural scene the past week, ignoring trespass signs like they were stop signs, and making the farmers as mad as the young Democrats think they are.

The warm weather hangs on. So far Indian summer has been more summer than Indian.

H. Offenbacher of the Apple-gate is back from the Frisco fair, and is getting in his winter's wood and shucking corn.

Alumnus of Old Oregon and OSC. are belligerent over which football team is going to the Rose Bowl. Nothing is yet sure, except they both can't go.

Cattlemen have started getting rid of their steers—bum and bovine.

Col. Lindbergh, the ex-No. 1 national hero's speech a week ago, has brought fires of criticism on his head. His critics should go fly the Atlantic. To hear the howls, one would think the "Lone Eagle", as he was once called, was the only orator who ever made a poor speech.

John Ragsdale of E.P.T. has moved his store from the po. to the ctsh, where old friends and customers can catch him.

The B. Getchell boy, 5, has been disconnected from his tonils.

Constable Nick Young showed up Thurs. eve in his blue serge suit, at a lodge function. The coat fits well in the back, and the front is trained to flap back accidentally and show his star.

The ducks and geese are heading south again, beating the Carpenter boys to it this year.

The C. Wig Ashpole boy, Chuck, has become estranged from Shirley Temple of the movies, and is now showing off in the front yard of a young lady, who is just as cute, and closer home.

F. Luy, the Antelope cowhand has not showed up all week, and it is the supposition he is working.

A missionary from San Salvador visited Verl Walker, the radiolist, last week between trains. They both started in Los Angeles.

H. Dunn of C.P.T. has his onions on the mkt. and the sun, rain, soil, and his trusty hoe, did a good job.

Local sleuths are still trying to locate the German liner Bremen. They have looked every place, but in the auto freight trucks.

The Dubb Watson boy Ed was on the job Thurs. as assistant manager of the junior high football team. By the time this chap gets into senior high, he ought to be a good long-legged halfback.

Royalty Cranes. London, Oct. 21.—(AP)—King George and Queen Elizabeth made a two-hour tour of balloon barrage sites in London today, the British Press association said in a dispatch passed for publication. The king and queen gazed into the sky, tracing the balloon cable up to the balloon. The king wore the uniform of marshal of the Royal Air Force.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

New York, Oct. 18.—How do you think a Ford V-8 compares with a Rolls-Royce limousine? Foolish question!

They are both excellent cars, in their special class, but they don't belong in the same class. Which you prefer depends upon what you want.

So with the New York World's Fair and the Treasure Island Exposition. When a person learns you have seen them both the inevitable question is: "How do they compare,—which is the more interesting?"

Well the only sensible answer is as indicated above. One can't compare them—they are both interesting, both good of their kind, but they don't belong in the same class,—comparisons in this case may not be "odorous," but they are senseless.

So no one is going to pin us down as to which is the better. And no silly local pride is going to put us in the position of those who come here from the coast and after spending two or three hours at the Flatbush show, proclaim with great pride that they like the California exhibition better.

Maybe they do, but what does that prove? Either that they happen to prefer a Ford to a Rolls-Royce, or they are members of the ancient and honorable rooting section from the Golden State. Which, in any objective evaluation, as to the respective merits, proves NOTHING.

There is no question of this however,—the New York fair is far larger than Treasure Island,—we haven't the exact figures but would say offhand, one could put Treasure Island in the transportation section of this show, and not have much more than Sally Rands' nude ranch left over.

In less than a week your correspondent pretty well covered Treasure Island on foot,—it was so darned cold when we were there, in March, one had to walk, to keep from freezing to death. We have only had a couple of peeks at this 3-ring circus, but have an idea we could walk until New Year's and not cover it.

Nor did we see anything at San Francisco that could compare in interest, size, and originality with General Motors Futurama here,—just as there is nothing HERE, to compare with the foreign fine arts exhibition at Treasure Island.

But there we go,—before we know it we will be doing just what we declared couldn't be done,—comparing them!

With some trepidation we opened the morning paper this a. m. to secure the verdict on Helen Hayes in "Ladies and Gentlemen" which opened here last night before the usual crowded and enthusiastic house,—and which we saw ten days ago in Washington. The Washington critics praised the production and stressed the first night enthusiasm, the great number of curtain calls, etc., etc. The "Mail Tribune," however, panned the performance pretty severely, not as to Helen Hayes or her cast, but as to the material Papa Hayes (Charley MacArthur) gave them. We couldn't believe the New York critics would follow the lead of the Washington gentry, but one can never tell. Miss Hayes is one of the most popular actresses in America and deservedly so, for she is not only a grand person but a truly great artist. Responsible critics, moreover, like Richard Watts of the Herald Tribune who know her personally would be inclined to give her all the favorable breaks possible, and as far as Watts is concerned we feel he has done so.

But they all—at least all we have read thus far,—agree the play is pretty terrible and say in effect it will be interesting to see how long Miss Hayes' popularity can keep it going,—which was in a general way the conclusion of this column.

Which isn't a matter of great importance of course, but as this was the first time in the history of the world that the M. T. dramatic critic had a chance to review a production BEFORE the New York highbrow lads got a shot at it,—there was a certain pleasure in not being far off of line,—purely personal of course, but no less gratifying.

Ran into some old friends last night,—friends dating back to the time we were paid \$15 a week as a cub reporter on the now defunct N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser,—and earned it, BE GOSH! They invited your correspondent to see Bobby Clark in "The Streets of Paris," no doubt on the general principle that a country editor from the wide open spaces, would have a yearning to see the latest "girl show" along the Rialto.

Well Bobby Clark has been one of our favorites ever since he was in vaudeville with the late I. McCullough, and they nonchalantly threw stones through the glass covering of a roadside conservatory,—a cigar smoking comedian but a very good one. And Bobby is still good, though we were surprised and shocked to see, not quite as young as he was 25 YEARS AGO!

But the rest of the offering was nothing to write home about even for a rural editor from Oregon on a brief vacation. The musical score was blah, the comedy forced (when Bobby wasn't participating), and the girls while extremely good looking and well proportioned, as usual, seemed to be suffering,—that night at least,—from a severe attack of hookworm. They didn't pretend to sing above a whisper and except for the specialty dancing gals, had difficulty in raising one foot more than six inches above the other.

And we ought to know for they parked the country editor down in the second row,—not more than an arm's length from the gyrating bow of the hard working first violin!

Another friend,—it is always amazing how many one can gather together in this man's town, though numerically they are only one grain of sand on the seashore of this seething population,—motored us up to John D. Rockefeller's "Cloisters," on the banks of the Hudson river, a mile or so north of Columbia university.

This is a remarkable restoration of medieval art and architecture, including some of the most valuable tapestries in the world, and from the towers one gets a glorious view of the river upstream and across to the Palisades (unlike the District of Columbia, the Palisade trees have not yet started to change color.) But a strong breeze had blown up, and it was a bit too nippy on the ramparts for comfort.

Motoring back we passed the Queen Mary and the Normandie at their docks on North River,—the former a dark battleship grey from keel to topmast; not so the Normandie.

It is generally supposed both will remain out of commission until after the war,—and considering what the Germans are doing with the U-boats just now, this would seem wise.

New York, Oct. 19.—By far the most impressive and extraordinary building at the New York fair is that of Soviet Russia,—or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, as the press agents prefer.

We have just returned from a couple of hours in the building and are still dizzy. We were prepared for something unusual and interesting, but nothing as breath-taking and overwhelming,—as this material and visual demonstration of Communist propaganda.

Did we not know first-hand, something about the actual conditions in that country, we would be convinced that here at last is the answer to a harassed and perplexed world's prayer,—just switch over to a Soviet dictatorship,—and all will be peaches and cream, forever more!

Yes it's staggering, tremendous,—merely in the way of propaganda effectively and convincingly done. And with a keen insight into American psychology, thrown in for good measure.

In the first place, outside and inside, the place is richly ornate and spotlessly clean,—shining marble and glass and stainless steel brushed, polished and burnished with a meticulousness that would place the average Soviet hausfrau on a par with England's dowager queen,—in the matter of good housekeeping we mean.

This pleases the women. As for the men, and particularly the Big Business man, here is business graphically represented which is REALLY big,—dioramas of power plants larger than Boulder Dam, chemical, electrical and metallurgical plants reproduced to the most minute detail, that equal if they don't surpass (in physical extent at least) General Electric, Westinghouse and DuPont.

And then STATISTICS,—statistics all over the place showing how production in all directions has increased nine and ten times since the revolution. Following this are movies,—free and going all the time,—scattered from one entrance to the other, showing strong, husky workers, male and female, marching zestfully to

their daily toll,—and engaging in all sorts of healthful, invigorating outdoor sports at the lunch hour. And babies?—babies by the acre, each one fat and smiling and receiving of course the most perfect treatment that modern science has devised.

No fooling—just as a visual demonstration, a propaganda spectacle in color and action, the Russian exhibition does knock your eye out. And with thousands of Americans—the place was crowded—being treated to this injection every day, what is going to be the effect on American public opinion?

Well, a middle-aged woman, and her daughter sat next to us on a stone bench, as we looked at the amazing reproduction of Soviet health resorts in the Caucasus. Suddenly she turned and inquired in rather a plaintive voice, "Do you think this means, WE will go Communist?"

Before we could reply pontifically and assuage the lady's fears daughter broke in ecstatically: "Oh look, mother, they have practically eliminated heart disease, because there is no rush, no strain, no COMPETITION!" And she pointed to another of the public health exhibits, with vital statistics on the wall,—showing death rate declines since 1919.

We believe that is rather typical of the American reaction to this exhibition,—maturity impressed and rather disturbed, youth impressed and TREMENDOUSLY enthusiastic.—"New Worlds for Old", Lenin's in his heaven, all's right with mankind, and so forth and so on.

If we had anything to do with national publicity in this country, we believe we would get busy securing some facts and figures from Soviet Russia, as an antidote for this sort of thing. The truth isn't to be feared,—we can face the facts in Soviet Russia or anywhere else,—and if some form of government has proved in practice to be superior to our own, there is no reason why we shouldn't seriously consider it,—and if that REALLY is the truth,—then change.

But we happen to know this amazing pavilion of the U.S.R.R. ISN'T TELLING THE TRUTH, isn't giving the true picture of the situation in Russia today, as it exists, for the average woman and man. "Figures don't lie, but liars do figure."

Take this exhibition at its face value, for example, and one would conclude there isn't a pair of whiskers in the Soviet kingdom,—when every informed person knows there is undoubtedly a greater hirsutal acreage in that country than anywhere else in the world. This of course is a trivial matter. But it IS significant, because it reveals the Communist technique.

If these panoramas, dioramas and murals, did present a true and dependable picture of Russia today, one would properly conclude that practically everyone in Soviet Land is clean shaven, freshly bathed, attired becomingly in clean linen (Stalin invariably appears in a white suit, with his handle-bar mustache freshly trimmed), well nourished and happy, with nothing to do for 17 hours of the day but sleep, eat, and gambol on the green, (seven hours are the maximum working day).

That is the theme song, the fundamental motif of the exhibition. Every farmer is prosperous, every worker is contented and well paid, there is no mal-nutrition, little disease, and what there is, is isolated properly, without compensation, and unrestricted, care-free individual freedom.

This column would be the last to deny that Soviet Russia has ACCOMPLISHED WONDERS for the masses of Russia, particularly in improved hygiene and public education. But we happen to know something of the conditions in Moscow today first hand, from a Russian woman, who has spent most of her life there and is living there today. She not only still has to stand in line to get butter and meat,—and then in small quantities,—but not long ago her husband was arrested, has disappeared completely, and she hasn't the slightest idea where he is. She is unable to get enough fuel to keep warm, and the only thing that makes life for her at all endurable is the HOPE that in some way she can escape to America and be able to live with her daughter for the rest of her days. The condition of the average wage earner's wife in this country, she would consider HEAVEN!

So there are two sides to every question, but the Soviet government has been smart enough to give only one side in this American exhibition.

Some of the propaganda is amusing,—it has been so outdated in the last few weeks. There is a testimonial for example from Thomas Mann, declaring the present Soviet government to be the greatest foe of war and imperialism in the world today. Also a quotation from the present Soviet foreign minister, Molotov, proclaiming Russia to be the greatest force for world peace ever known in human history, and bitterly condemning the lust for power and conquest of Hitler and Mussolini!

And there are Stalin and Hitler, a few thousand miles away, partitioning Poland, while the former gobbles up all the small and defenseless republics along the Baltic, and probably on toward the Black sea! Oh consistency, thy name ISN'T national propaganda!

A snappy Soviet girl, thick blonde hair in a braid, with a long wooden pointer in one hand, and a stride like a man, came along the hall pointing out the exhibits and in a metallic voice enumerating the many wonders of Soviet Land. She spoke very rapidly in English, but with a Russian inflection, that made it very difficult to determine JUST what she was saying.

We were tempted to ask her how she explains Soviet Russia's PRESENT POLICY,—that of a militaristic and ruthless imperialism. But noting the size of the gal's forearm, and her general manner of aggressive efficiency, we decided discretion would be the better part of valor,—particularly as we had a dinner date in less than two hours. (If this Nordic lass incidentally is a fair sample of Soviet girlhood, then we aren't surprised they make good soldiers and policemen. Her face was as hard as a 50-minute egg; and her cold blue eyes ditto!)

It was 16 below freezing at 5 this morning and now at 2 p. m. it's so warm, wearing a coat outdoors in the sunshine is a burden. R.W.R.

4 PERSONS HURT IN CAR ACCIDENT

Mrs. N. A. Mead, 41, of Arnold lane suffered a broken collar-bone Friday night when the car she was driving collided with a machine operated by Elliott Rhoten of Jacksonville at the intersection of Arnold lane and the Jacksonville-Medford highway, according to a city police report yesterday.

Neither automobile was damaged to any great extent and nobody else was injured. Four persons sustained slight cuts and bruises Saturday morning when automobiles driven by John Howard Jones of route 1 and Lee Wilkins of 520 Crater Lake avenue collided at the

Fourth and Grape street intersection. The injured people were Mrs. Ed Wagner, 32, and two children, Delmar, 7, and Elaine, 2. They were shaken up considerably but not seriously hurt.

According to a police report the three were passengers in the Jones machine, which was traveling east on Fourth street. The Wilkins car was moving north on Grape street, and after the collision the Jones car turned over on its side in the street.

The Law Is Grim. Seattle, Oct. 21.—(AP)—Undersheriff Louis J. Forbes denied permission today to John F. Wunders, 21-year-old mechanic charged with the gas slaying of his baby daughter this week, to attend her funeral. Forbes said his office was responsible for Wunders' custody and he felt it unsafe that he leave the jail.

CONSTITIATION

Be relieved by our herbal remedy. Do you have Gas, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism, Prostate Trouble, Ulcers, Children's Head Wetting, Asthma, Female Trouble, Piles, Chronic Cough, High Blood Pressure, Arthritis, Colitis, Nervousness, Tonsillitis, Heart, Liver, Bladder, Kidney, Lung, Blood, Urinary Disorders? Herbs will often give you relief when others fail. Free consultation.

C. H. CHAN 16-12-1-5 P.M. Chan & Chan 233 E. Main Medford

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.

SO YOU STILL HAVE YOUR TONSILS?

A lady who had complained at intervals for several years of swelling, stiffness and pain in the small joints of the hands submitted to a series of diathermy treatments (electro-coagulation) of her tonsils at the hands of a physician skilled in this conservative method. Thereafter for several years the patient had no further arthritic manifestations. Her family physician inferred that while the joint condition may have been coincidental, still it was reasonable to believe that the pasteurization, sterilization or disinfection of a septic focus in the tonsil, by the diathermy treatments, had brought about the improvement.

But, alas, the lady subsequently visited an all-around "specialist" in another state for new glasses. Casually she told the "specialist" how much benefit she had derived from the tonsil treatment. The "specialist" asked permission to examine her throat. He had a look, and informed the lady that she still had her tonsils!

Now, with many patients that quack trick might work. It is a shoddy, shabby bit of quackery practiced on the innocent public by a good many such "specialists" as well as general practitioners whose tonsillectomy trade has suffered a slump in recent years.

In this instance it didn't ruffle the peace of mind noticeably. Rather, she was quietly amused by the childish attempt of the specialist to damn her family physician and the doctor who had given her the diathermy treatment.

Of course she still had more or less of her tonsils. That is one advantage of diathermy (electro-coagulation) over crude tonsillectomy (guillotine and snare) it conserves the normal, undamaged portion of the tonsil whenever possible.

The trick "specialist" (he represents a disgracefully large class of physicians in practice today) of course sought to imply that, had the patient been subjected to tonsillectomy (guillotine and

snare) at the hands of a competent throat specialist, she would not now have a portion of her tonsils still present. The old Spanish custom, you unscrupulous laymen are to understand, gets all the tonsil, not to mention odds and ends of the pillars, throat muscles, etc., if these happen to fall into the bite of the snare or the closing maw of the guillotine. That deceit is part of the stock in trade of the quack specialists of the day—the brass specialists—the kind that depend for business or practice or patronage, not on the respect and goodwill of their colleagues as honest specialists do, but purely on the credulity of the public—by making prospective customers believe that lie the tricksters manage to coax to the operating room a good many victims who really should know better.

In the Journal of the American Medical Association Drs. P. S. Rhoads and G. F. Dick reported that they found pieces of tonsil of appreciable size in the throats of persons who had undergone tonsillectomy, in fact in 73 per cent of such persons; and often these tonsil stumps harbored more pathogenic bacteria per gram than the infected tonsils had harbored.

So, if you still have your tonsils, maybe you are lucky. Old Vanished Custom Believe it or not we have been married less than a year and are expecting our first baby in February—we hope to have one every two years until we can start our household. Naturally we need the counsel and help of Dr. Brady, as our parents did when we were babies. (Mr. and Mrs. M.H.)

Answer—By Jove, I'm glad to hear from you. Began to think the baby business was all washed up. It may be a little late, yet can do no harm for you to study "Preparing for Maternity." In any case you must read the BBBBB Book (Brady Better, Bigger Baby Book). For copy of either booklet send ten cent coin and stamped envelope bearing your address.

Bushel Of Wheat Following your frequent admonitions we have purchased from a farmer a bushel of wheat—it cost only a dollar because we drove to the farm to buy it. Now all we need is hints from you how to use it. (P. A. S.)

Answer—Write for monograph "Wheat to Eat", and inclose 15 cent stamped envelope bearing your address.

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Sweating Can you suggest some harmless preparation to prevent excessive or unpleasant sweating in the armpits? (R. L. H.) Answer—Paint clean dry skin alternate days for two or three times, from week to week, as needed, with solution of one-half ounce aluminum chloride in three ounces rain water or distilled water. Or use a cream sold at cosmetic counters under a trade name—it contains aluminum sulphate. (Protected by 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.

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY October 22, 1929 (It was Monday) Corvallis to play Medford high football squad here next Saturday.

Sale of Boscs in Detroit markets continues brisk at \$4.13 per box. Local cannery continues canning pears for European markets, and has long run ahead.

Re-appointment of W. J. Warner as postmaster recommended. W. F. Diteman takes off on lone flight across Atlantic. Mother resides in Portland.

State W.C.T.U. meet opens in Pendleton. Mrs. Leonard Carpenter and Mrs. H. C. Egan return from short trip to San Francisco.

Third high school student in week is fined for speeding. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 22, 1919 (It was Wednesday) Indian summer weather continues over southern Oregon. Rainy upstate.

President Wilson continues to regain health, doctors report. Housewives told to eat hams instead of pork loins to defeat H. C. of L.

Medford denied squadron of army planes for Armistice Day celebration. King Albert of Belgium greeted at Pittsburgh.

George A. Hunt, theatre operator, causes furore among friends by appearing in a derby hat. Auto driven by sheriff crashes into street car, in attempt to dodge another autoist on West Main street.

Advertisement for the movie "DUST BE MY DESTINY" featuring John Garfield and Priscilla Lane. Includes promotional text: "They Lived on the Crumbs of Life But They Wanted All of Love! THE SCREEN HAS NEVER KNOWN A STORY LIKE THIS". Lists other cast members: Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Billy Halop, Henry Armetta, John Litel. Shows showtimes: Today & Mon. Only! 7:00-9:30 and 2:00-4:45-8:10-11:00.

Advertisement for MOVITA featuring a "GIRL FROM RIO" and "EYES TODAY". Includes showtimes: Today 1:45-3:30, 7:15-9:00, 10:15-11:45. Eyes Today 8:45-9:30, 10:15-11:00.