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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It takes four days for a committee to determine the Where and When of a district title football game.

J. Curtis Barnes, an old Kansas boy and author of "Jobs" and "Si Perkins Buys A Pig" who put his shoulder to the wheel of "Technocracy" in 1933, is having the well-known last giggle.

Americans will eat more and better next year, the agriculture department predicts.

Russia has granted permission for the Chungking government of China to send troops to Hsin-king, pronounced Changchun.

Los Angeles is backing the San Francisco campaign to be named as capital of the United Nations.

Political repercussions are feared by both Republicans and Democrats, from the Pearl Harbor military disaster inquiry starting in Congress today.

Two women had a fight in the street outside the Lynwood chicken house where both are employed, Friday evening.

There is still talk among international statesmen about the establishment of an "atomic bomb pool."

"WANTED TO RENT 1 ADULT, permanent, no children or pets, desires small bedroom or efficiency apt. Desperate! Now living with service man's wife and service man will be home on Oct. 1."—(Miami, Fla. News)—Personal crisis looms.

The foresighted citizen who owns and holds a large number of Victory Loan Bonds will be prepared to take advantage of the new modern equipment industry has promised for the future.

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Nov. 8.—Out to Cambridge for a look—see. It only takes eight minutes from "Pack" Square now.

(Those who dislike nostalgic reminiscence better get off here and take the next bus!)

Naturally, we strolled across the yard to see who might be occupying our old room, known as Hollis 2.

Imagine what we found! None other than the U. S. army and navy, and there was a new lock on the door and no one was home for it was about noon.

We always liked the room because it was on a quiet, secluded corner and if one forgot one's key, ONE could always crawl in a window through the ivy. Once in, the window could be locked and everything was OK. No window-entry this time, however.

The war is over but the army and navy are carrying on as far as the "Hah-Vud" yard is concerned. Stoughton, Holloway, all in the same boat,—new doors at the entry painted a dark green flush with the sill and with YALE locks.

Imagine that! War or no war that would not have been allowed in the "good old days!"

Well, there was the "Signet."

We were quite literary once upon a time and had our meals at the "Signet," a great deal better than Memorial Hall. Moreover, "Copey" and Professor Kittredge sometimes ate there. But the "Signet,"—prepare for a shock,—taken over by the Red Cross! We could get in but what a sight,—nothing but empty cartons and pamphlets and "Grey Ladies" around, with fantastic visor-caps on unkempt hair-dos. We ran out of there in a hurry! (Yes, we can still run!)

There might be something up at the "Pudding,"—in the good old days one could get a beer and a sandwich there almost anytime. But there was no one at home. We rang the bell but no one answered, and looking in a window the reading room appeared as of old, but no one was there. Someone at the store next door said the "joint was closed" and had been absorbed by the "Dickey"—imagine THAT!

The Pudding might absorb the "Dickey" but the "Dickey" absorb the "Pudding,"—NEVER! That should be taken up with the police but we couldn't find the police station. However, we were only there once,—that was the night of the Freshman-Sophomore rush—probably the silliest waste of masculine energy ever participated in,—the horsepower wasted that night might well have won the subsequent Yale game, but it DIDN'T!

How about "Leavitt & Pierce" then,—where one could at least buy a can of "cake box" and relax at a game of three-cushion caroms, or pin-pool? "Mack" would know where one could eat.

But "Mack" wasn't there. Nor were there any billiards or "Kelly pool." There was "cake box" but it failed to interest one who had not "contacted" Lady Nicotine in five years, and believe it or not,—the first-story front of the untouchable "Pork," none other than a second-rate lunch counter. At least it seemed "second rate" to us,—but there is where we "ET."

Oh Brethren and Sisters,—how the Mighty have fallen!

However, it might not have been so bad had we not decided to go over to Memorial Hall, and as a result ran smack into the Cambridge fire department. And what did we see,—brand new fire-trucks all polished up and firemen about, with clean-shaven faces, trim blue uniforms and an air of efficiency about them,—and about the place.

"Sacrilege, I call it!"

In the good old days undergraduates were wont to set fires of odds and ends in their rooms toward the close of the year just to see the incredible Cambridge fire department perform. To belong to the local fire department one had to be a G.A.R. veteran, a Pilgrim grandfather, sign the anti-shaving pledge and suffer from rheumatism in at least one leg. They all wore whiskers (white) liberally stained with tobacco juice and they all wore huge red helmets which in an emergency could be used as water-buckets or weapons with which to break windows,—the Cambridge fire department doted on breaking windows.

Perhaps the fire department in those days did put out a fire, but we would have to have strong evidence to believe it. The students as volunteers almost always put out the fire and then put the firemen much to the latter's disgust. But they were, unlike the Boston police, a non-combative group.

The fire engines were horse-drawn in those days and very often the fire would be out before the fire department appeared on the horizon,—thanks to the student volunteers. We refer, of course, to fires in the college buildings,—fires in town may have been a very different kettle of fish and then,—maybe not.

We remember vividly a frame-house afire down on Plympton street one cold winter afternoon. We arrived just in time to see a venerable bewhiskered, red-helmeted face appear through thick smoke belching from a second-story window, blink speculatively at the scene below a moment then emit a large stream of tobacco juice and withdraw just in time to avoid a volley of snowballs from the student body beneath, and a wave of raucous howls and cat-calls. That was the Cambridge fire department in those days.

And here was an up-to-date A-1 fire department in an up-to-the-minute brick and stone fire-hall, with young able-bodied firemen about, in their dark blue uniforms with silver trimmings, all spic and span and alert.

Yep—"the old grey mare ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,—the old grey mare ain't," nothing in the visit made us feel the passing years as keenly as that!

Memorial Hall was much the same, the worn stone steps, the high Gothic arches, those wonderful, warm blood-red stained-glass windows and the simple, unpretentious wall inscriptions to those students who gave their lives in the Civil War. But the place where thousands of boys ate their meals in our time, entirely deserted,—recently used for officers' drills we were told.

For a moment, however, we could see that limitless sea of tables, those hurrying colored waiters, and old "Ebony" Tom flourishing in with his thumb smack in the bean-soup!—R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Oh have I roved by bonnie doom To see the woodbine twine, And every bird sang of his love And so did I of mine. With lightning heart I pulled a rope From off its thorny tree And my false love stole the rose And left the thorn with me. —Burns.

Ever hear of a man whose job was measuring discarded cigarette butts? Neither did I until today. The manufacturers wishing to learn how much of a cigarette the average smoker wasted put a group of men to work measuring discarded butts. Fifty-thousand butts were measured and it was thus learned that the average smoker consumes one inch of a possible two inches of a two and three-quarter-inch cigarette. Keep that in mind. If the butt you throw away is longer than three-quarters of an inch you are extravagant. Incidentally, the women of this country now smoke more cigarettes than the men. Women buy sixty-nine per cent of the cigarettes manufactured annually in the United States.

As It Was

Asked if I remembered when women's stockings were referred to as "The First National

man. Who ever heard of an Irishman named Berkeley? How who wish to impose Hitler's ideas upon us. That may be true, but I believe the danger lies more nearly in the mind of average citizens like us who do not recognize that peacetime conscription is training for a military way of life, and not for life in a democracy. It never trained people for democracy and never was meant to—it failed to save France, it failed to save Germany, Japan and Italy; how can anyone believe that it would do what it has never done before—create and keep peace?

Why shouldn't we who have even general convictions advise our congressmen of our thoughts on this subject; air mail letters and telegrams to Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Cordon and Mr. Morse would be appropriate, as the crucial moment is now.

As opposed to peacetime militarism, let us imagine the worldwide results of pouring, say half the dollars that would cost into better schools, better-trained and paid teachers, and a dramatically improved educational system.

I would suggest that the future of our civilization depends upon immediate and accelerated training for peace-mindedness and immediate and practical application of the brotherhood of man, rather than in training for peace-by-force, which is no peace at all!

—Ethel M. Boese Rte. 1, Box 530.

VOICES FROM SKY CARRY PLEAS FOR BOND PURCHASE

Washington, Nov. 15.—(UP)—If you hear a ghost voice coming from out of the blue urging you to buy victory bonds in the next day or two, don't hide under the bed.

It'll be one of three navy bombers equipped with amplification systems that are to fly by different routes to the west coast, "buzzing" cities and towns along the way with music and bond talks.

The planes, only recently returned from the Pacific, were used during the war to urge the Japanese to surrender. They got a tryout yesterday over the capital when representatives of three press associations attempted to dictate their bond stories directly into their offices. Due to poor atmospheric conditions the tests were not wholly satisfactory.

Meanwhile the treasury's war finance division announced that over one-fourth of the \$4,000,000,000 individual quota in the current bond drive had been sold. Sales totaled \$1,036,000,000, with E bond sales reaching \$441,000,000. The overall goal of the drive is \$11,000,000,000.

PHOENIX MEETING FRIDAY

Phoenix, Nov. 15.—Juvenile lodge for the older members will meet at Grange hall Friday at 7:30 p.m. Election of officers will be held and there will also be a short program. Each member is asked to bring something for a grab bag.

Daily Weather Report

FORECASTS

Medford and vicinity: Partly cloudy to cloudy with rain showers in valleys and snow showers in mountains tonight and Friday. Slightly cooler tonight.

Oregon: Occasional rain tonight and showers Friday. Snow above 5,000 feet. Little change in temperature. Fresh southwest winds off coast.

LOCAL DATA

Temperature a year ago today: Highest 54, lowest 22.

Total monthly precipitation 1.33 inches.

Excess for the month 23 inches.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1933 3.03 inches.

Deficiency for the season 61 inches.

Relative humidity at 4:30 p.m. yesterday 76% 4:30 today 96%.

Tomorrow

Sunrise 7:02 a.m. Sunset 4:40 p.m. Observations taken at 4:30 a.m. 120 Meridian time:

Table with columns: High, Low, Precip. Rows: Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Eureka, Havre, Los Angeles, Medford, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roseburg, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Washington, D. C., Yakima.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

COMMUNICATIONS

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Training for Peace

To the editor: I should like to comment on the letters of Mr. H. Thompson and Mr. C. B. Walker in Monday's Mail Tribune, concerning peacetime conscription.

I agree heartily with Mr. Thompson in everything he says with one exception: I do not admit that the preparation and training to act as a member of a world peace organization must be of a military nature. Would not real training for peace greatly improve educational training in our public schools and preserve our tradition of doing things, not the compulsory way, but the democratic way?

I cannot follow Mr. Thompson in his belief that the way to "the basic principles advocated two thousand years ago" is through force, when the basic Christian principles are exactly the opposite.

Humanity has always said "We'll use force until the rest of the world is as educated as we are, then we'll stop." But to me it seems that a compulsory militarism is the quickest way to educate our young people to use force and to lose the progress we've made.

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gests that conscription is perhaps being promoted by people who wish to impose Hitler's ideas upon us. That may be true, but I believe the danger lies more nearly in the mind of average citizens like us who do not recognize that peacetime conscription is training for a military way of life, and not for life in a democracy. It never trained people for democracy and never was meant to—it failed to save France, it failed to save Germany, Japan and Italy; how can anyone believe that it would do what it has never done before—create and keep peace?

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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO

November 15, 1925 (It Was Friday)

Gov. Martin vetoes bill repealing students fees at state institutions.

Political right of Jews cancelled in Germany.

Japan expanding navy, and sets pace for target power.

Occasional rain. High 43, low 43.

Blizzard rages along Columbia highway.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

November 15, 1925 (It Was Sunday)

Owen-Oregon company buys government timber in Butte Falls area.

Unsettled with rain. High 38, low 38. Snow falling in the high hills.

Forty men employed on city water system repair work.

Insurance rates in city to be increased unless Sixth street opened.

Yoncalla has a serious fire in business district.

Troops called out in Kentucky when Republican victory in Leslie results in murder of sheriff.

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New P & E time table goes into effect.

Medford high to play Eugene here Saturday.

Jack London, author, boosts valley in article.

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BONDS for the VICTORS



Shoots the Sun. Lt. (jg) K. K. Ballard, Naval air navigator, Carlisbad, N. Mex., in astral-dome of Navy bomber did her part to whip the Nips. Victory Bonds will help her finish the job.

Official Navy Photo

U. S. Treasury Department

nally he stopped nibbling his toe and gave a good lusty howl. Angie said it was his feeding time. Then added, "Babies seldom cry unless they are wet or hungry." Wise Angie. I never taught her that. Maybe it was just as well I never tried, seeing the poor success I had made of the things I had tried to teach her.

But then I, as other teachers did, had tried to teach her things from books. We failed. And in the years which followed we never pointed to Angie with the pride we had in such of our students as finally evolved into good business women, club leaders.

Yet business has to have people to serve and club leaders must have people to lead. And too often women engaged in business and club work are too busy to take on biologic responsibilities. So it is up to the Angies who have known no other call save the primal one to bring forth.

As I looked at the tidy, busy, contented Angie, at her spotless home, the brown pies fresh

from the oven, I wondered. Just what is success? And to myself I was saying, Dear Angie, I'm glad you never learned many of the things we would have taught you. Otherwise you might not have had time for the so much more important things you are doing with such joyous efficiency.

SHAW NAMES LINE-UP FOR OREGON U. TILT

Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 15.—(U.P.) Coach Buck Shaw announced today the following tentative lineup for the University of California-University of Oregon football game here Saturday: ends, Beard and Diffenbaugh; tackles, Gerner and Shwayder; center, Lossie; quarter, Welch; half-backs, Gilkey and Stuart; full-back, Kenfield. Chuck Gilkey will captain the team.

FRANCIS R. SHADLE

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Health's Drug Store—Wainwright's Pharmacy—Western Thrift Stores.

Oliver Barber's Letter

She went to school to me years ago. The adventures of the Little Red Hen left her cold and she was incapable of dealing with either phonics or the "combinations." There seemed to be the same buttery froth on the inside of her head that there was on the outside of it. Her face was an apple blossom with a baby powder finish.

If I asked her what two plus two made, she would raise demure forget-me-not eyes and conjecture six—or maybe seventeen. Her name was Angie and I said to myself that if I ever had a daughter, I would never name her Angie. One Angie in my life was all I could take.

But Angie grew up and got married. The Angies of the world do; especially do they get married. I went to see her not long ago. She had three children, two girls and a boy. They had the clean look of newly hatched yellow chicks when the down has just dried. And there wasn't a leaky nose in the lot.

The two girls had fat pink legs, their butterfly skirts fluttering above fat dimpled knees as they pattered about the yard in that enchanting combination of awkwardness and grace which one sees in colts, calves, puppies and babies. Baby brother lay in a crib, chewing on his big toe. "Big" is hardly the word; just the least tiny of the five pink buds on the fairy foot I grudgingly suspected one day would wear a size 11 shoe. Fi-

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