

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
Another ho-hum day in the news. Example, this one from Los Angeles:
"Slingshot vandals down here are getting entirely too accurate in their aim. They raised considerable havoc earlier this week by shooting glass marbles through windows of business establishments and residences.
"Last night a vandal in a moving automobile shot a quart of oil out of the hands of a service attendant. He said he was wiping off the bottle preparatory to putting the oil in a customer's engine when he heard a z-ing and felt the glass crash in his hand."

MORE of the weird phenomena of this modern world, I reckon.

Still, I have an old-fossil notion that if enough of these vandals were laid over somebody's knee and given old-fashioned spankings, or taken out into the woodshed and introduced to a shingle applied vigorously in the right place, it might help.

THERE'S a hole, of course, in that reasoning. In fact, there are two holes.

One of them is that in these modern days nobody knows any more how to administer a good workmanlike spanking without rancor or anger, for disciplinary purposes only, in the pure spirit of this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you.

The other hole is that there are no longer any woodsheds.

DID you ever stop to think that in the America-as-envisioned-by-the-Founding-Fathers, the America-of-the-days-before-the-screwballs-got-into-control, the woodshed occupied a position of the very highest moral, economic and social importance?

Well, it DID.
I've referred already to the value of the woodshed as a moral institution. So far as I'm concerned, the statement that a little prayerful woodshed suggestion—either with a shingle, which is too light to do permanent physical harm, or with a hame-string, which in the old days shared responsibility with the shingle in that respect—would be good for what ails slingshot vandals isn't just a smart crack. It was good at times for WHAT AILED ME. I'm old enough now to admit it.

So let's pass on to the economic and social phases of the subject.

THERE was a time, in the hey-day of the woodshed, when we provided with our own little hot hands for a lot of our economic needs.

If we lived in the country, we went out in the slack winter season to the WOODLOT and cut down trees and trimmed them up and hauled the logs home and cut them with a bucksaw into stove-wood lengths, which were stored in the woodshed. In later off-peak hours, we split these lengths into stove-wood size.

As a result, we BOUGHT NO FUEL—which was quite an economic advantage, helping materially to make the dollar go further.

IN CONCLUSION, the woodshed bit heavily into what in these modern days we call LEISURE TIME. Our more practical sociologists are well-nigh unanimous in their opinion that a whale of a lot of our modern evils sprout and take root in LEISURE time.

There's a proverb (proverbs, you know, are well defined as succinct, salty truths distilled out of centuries of human experience) to the effect that "Satan will find some work for idle hands to do."

Well, in the OLD DAYS when the woodshed flourished there was so little leisure that NO YOUNGSTER EVER WONDERED IN A BORED MANNER WHAT THE HECK HE WAS GOING TO DO WITH THE PRECIOUS LEISURE TIME THAT WAS HIS.

He didn't need to think up deviltry. Leisure time, in his life, was so scarce and so won-

derful that even MILD diversions gave him a great thrill as contrasted with working up knotty stove-wood lengths into pieces that would go into a stove and then going on to make some of them small enough for kindling.

Why, back in those days, a youngster could get an IM-MENSE THRILL merely out of curling up in a chair with a good book!

AS FOR staying out all night—which, I think it will be agreed, is in these days not totally unknown—shucks! the kid who had put in a normal stint in the woodshed was TOO TIRED even to THINK with any enthusiasm of staying out all night. Besides, he would have known it would mean another MORAL session in the woodshed added to his expected and accepted economic sessions there.

Really, I'm sure we don't give thought enough to the tremendous hole left in our lives by the passage into oblivion of the woodshed.

Rogue Being Stocked With Silvers, Chinook

Grants Pass, Ore. (U.P.)—State Game commission agents Monday began stocking the Rogue river with 81,000 silver and chinook salmon.

The fish, all yearlings from 13 to 15 months old, were raised in the Butte Falls and Fort Klamath hatcheries and will be brought to the river by tank truck.

Game officials said the silvers would return to the stream in 1933 weighing about 12 pounds each after their migration to the ocean. The chinook will return in the spring of 1934 at an average weight of nearly 20 pounds.

Washington, D. C., has had many temporary White Houses. They were used while the executive mansion was under repair or reconstruction.



WIDOWED IN MISTAKE SHOOTING—Mrs. Lena Cappel, 27, shown with her five-month-old daughter, Nina, when police fatally shot her 33-year-old veteran husband, Vincent, at New Orleans. Cappel had mistaken the police for auto thieves in the dark and opened fire on them, wounding a patrolman. The police returned the fire which resulted in Cappel's death.

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Medford High News Notes

By ROBENE STARCHER

"The Shock of His Life," a one-act play by Donald Payton, was presented



R. Starcher
Birdseye.

Richard Dickenson directed the play, which was staged by

members of Mr. Stedman's fifth period drama class.

Girls in the sophomore class presented the program of the monthly Girls League meeting which was held Wednesday afternoon. Those in the skit, which represented a "typical family," were Neida Chapman, Alene Bingham, Lynette Sylvia, Ann Padgham, Donna Norris, Marty Myers and Dixie Neathammer.

Betty Hawkins played "Bumble Boogie" on the piano and Patsy White presented two tap dances, "Tea For Two," and "Blue Skies."

A trio composed of Sylvia Tunnell, Mary Lou Anderson and Connie Clark sang "These

Foolish Things," "Moon Glow," and "Broken Hearted."

Pat Newland, Janith Smith and Eileen Hise read the "commercials" and Doreen Cantrall announced the program. Connie Clark was chairman.

Plans for the Junior Prom, to be given by the class of '33 in honor of the seniors, are under way with Tresa Barr and Dick Crain being named general chairman. Committee chairmen include Jane Phillips, decorations; Gail McDuffee, programs; Ann Denman, patrons and patronesses; Nancy McKinstry, invitations; music and program, PomeRoy Sorum; LeRoy Pyle, refreshments; Marcia Houghton, flowers; and Jim McDaniel, clean-up.

Dead line on Classified Ads: 5:30 p.m. for following day; 10 a.m. Monday; noon Saturday for Sunday a.m.

Eagle Point Graduate Is OSC Sax Soloist

Eagle Point — Richard McCorkle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight McCorkle of Eagle Point and a graduate of the local high school, was the saxophone soloist at the first Oregon State college spring band concert given recently at Toledo, Ore.

This was his first appearance as soloist with the OSC band. McCorkle received high honors for his saxophone solos in the state regional contests and in 1949 was given an excellent rating in the state solo contest. He has also played sax in the May bands at Forest Grove.

At Oregon State, McCorkle is a member of Kappa Kappa Psi,

national band honorary; Thanes, ROTC band. He is a pledge of sophomore men's service honorary, and is student conductor of Delta Sigma Phi, national social fraternity. McCorkle is major and drum major of the college joring in electrical engineering.

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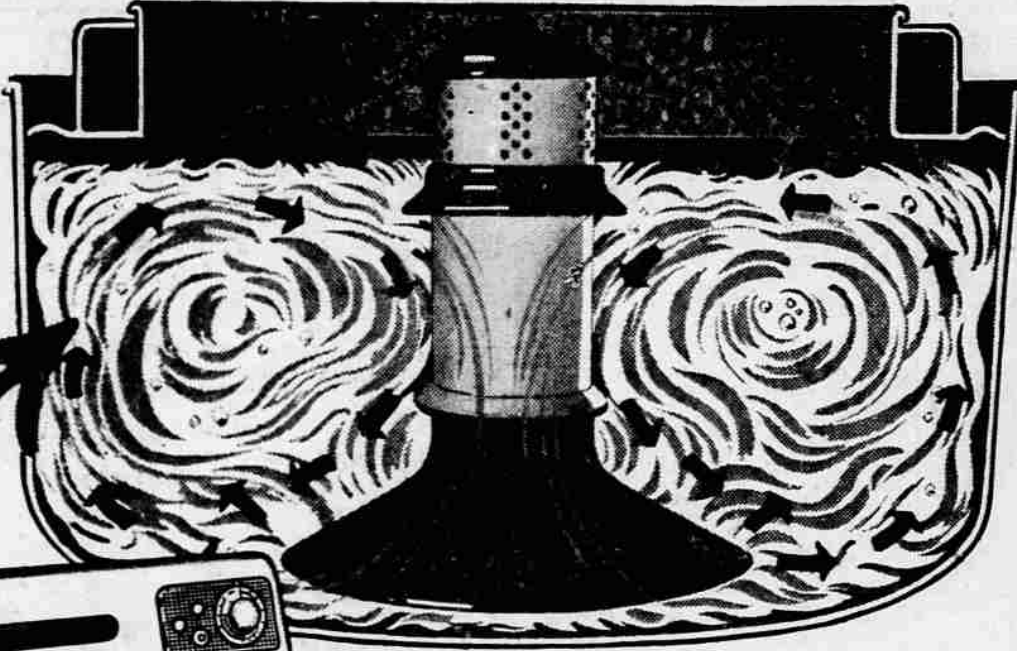
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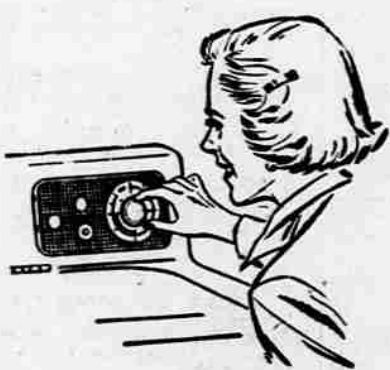
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