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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.  
 THOUGHT FOR TODAY.  
 "Ten million dead and twenty million wounded, with hundreds of millions reduced to the verge of poverty, seemed less enough for all time, but it was not. The warlords were beaten, but there remained the diplomats, and still worse, the professional politicians. The men of words took up the work of the men who fought with swords. The orator took the place of the general. The general had reached the point of exhaustion, but there is no exhaustion for the orator whose command of the voters may be every bit as dangerous as the war lord's command of soldiers."  
 —(From "It Was For This")

**LISTENING.**  
 Radio announcers are up to their old tricks of injecting what they call "dramatic emphasis" in their accounts of football games. The "dramatic emphasis" consists chiefly of prolonging the agony for the listener. The "dramatic emphasis" works something like this: The announcer receives a telegram from the scene of battle reading: "Halfback Jones goes six yards around right end. Stop. On 34. Stop! Instead of reading that short and informative statement to the radio listeners, and waiting for another message, the announcer proceeds to get in his fine work, to-wit:  
 All right, friends of radio land, here is another thrilling message from the gridiron classic, furnished through the courtesy of the Mad Amalgamated Prune Sellers of the Pacific Coast. This is a football game being played this afternoon and there are 80,000 people watching, and twice that many listening to it. The next time you see a Mad Amalgamated Prune Seller Remember this broadcast. There seems to be some confusion. Its all settled. The referee asks each captain if he is ready. The referee blows his whistle. Here's the play:  
 The Bobcats line up!  
 The Wildcats go into a huddle!  
 They come out of a huddle!  
 They go back into a huddle!  
 They come out of a huddle!  
 The ball is ready to be snapped!  
 (Time out for the Wildcats, while Tackle Brown ties his shoe string!)  
 They go back into a huddle!  
 Boy, is this a football game!  
 They come out of the huddle!  
 The ball is ready to snap!  
 The ball is snapped! It goes to—let me see—there's a fan in the way. Your announcer can't make out the ball toter. It's number 88—IT'S NUMBER 88, GOOD OLD 88. That's Markyanski! No it's not! NO-IT'S-NOT! IT'S JONES! JONES IS CARRYING THE BALL! AND DOES HE GO. He's headed around right end, behind lovely interference!!! The stands are cheering wildly! Jones is away!  
 He makes one yard!  
 He makes two Y-A-R-D-S!  
 Will they ever stop this boy!  
 He's still going and  
 He makes three Y-A-R-D-S!  
 Is this a ball game!  
 Jones ducks a tackle! Gosh! Am I thrilled?  
 He rips off P-O-U-R-I!  
 THEY CAN'T STOP HIM! THEY CAN'T STOP HIM!!!  
 They DO STOP HIM!  
 JONES' good old Jones is stopped after a colossal run of five yards!  
 The ball is on the 34-yard line. In the second quarter of this battle between the Bobcats and the Wildcats, Tails are being twisted today! Ha! Ha! This thrilling account is being brought to you by the Mad Amalgamated Prune Sellers. The next time you see a Mad Amalgamated Prune Seller, see if you can make him madder!  
 For the benefit of those who are just listening in, Halfback Jones of the Wildcats has just made five yards around right end!  
 (Three minutes silence.)  
 Friends of radio land! Here is a correction. On that last play Jones made six yards.  
 Just as soon as we get another play, we will lose no time in getting it to you. The game is now in the middle of the second period.  
 Well! Well! Friends of radio-land, here's a flash. The battle is over! The Wildcats win. In a few minutes we will give you the score. Good-bye, friends of Radioland! Good-bye!

**News Behind The News**  
 (Continued From Page One.)  
 ing. All senators are given expansive minutes in the senate office building a block away, but only the chosen few are permitted extra hide-out offices in the capitol building near the senate chamber. The few chosen lately include Senators La Follette, Hayden, Mack, George and Jim Byrnes, which may give you an idea of who's what around the senate.  
 There seemed to be some personal bitterness inside the supreme court at the last session, but it is gone now. The justices mutually develop personal antagonism during their long bouts in chambers. Since returning from their summer vacation, however, they have been fraternizing freely, frequently chatting together

**Armistice Day**

THIS is Armistice Day,—a day set aside to commemorate the bravery and valor of our boys who fought overseas, and brought peace 17 years ago, to a war stricken world.  
 Now there is another war being waged abroad, between one of the allied powers and a small and comparatively defenseless nation in Eastern Africa—the Italo-Ethiopian war.  
 The former allies of Italy are engaged in an effort through the League of Nations, to check this war, and force Italy, the aggressor, to sue for peace. Whether or not this effort will succeed remains to be seen and whether or not this action, successful or unsuccessful, will eventually lead to another European war, also remains to be seen.  
 The thought that occurs to us, on this Armistice Day is this: namely, that in bringing about a warless world, these ex-servicemen who are marching today, can be a more effective force than any other, for they more than any other class in the body politic know what modern war means.  
 And what they say and do for peace, can not be discounted, as proceeding from any deficiency in the fighting spirit, as can the pleadings and arguments of the professional pacifists on one hand, and the impractical idealists on the other.  
 In fact one of the strongest arguments for peace and against war, we have seen for a long time, appears in the current Colliers, and is from the pen of one of the country's foremost heroes in the world war, that daredevil flying ace, Eddie Rickenbacker. Rickenbacker got fame and glory out of the last war, but here is his Armistice Day message:

Just seventeen years ago this Armistice Day, I was flying over No Man's Land. So far as I know I was the only American flier up that morning. As commander of the 94th Aero Pursuit Squadron I received orders on the evening of November 10th to ground all my planes. We were stationed at Rembertourt, some 30 kilometers behind our front-line trenches. For ten weeks we had been up to our necks in legalized murder. It had become dull and humdrum. If we got any kick out of it at all it was in saving our own necks.  
 On the morning of the 11th I found out what the order meant. The war was to end at eleven o'clock. The men soon learned about it. At first it didn't seem real. War had been all the world had known for four years. Even before the United States was in it, it was all any of us thought about. It takes time for a thing like the end of a war of that size to get into a man's mind.  
 Dawn that day didn't seem right. There should have been something important about it. There should have been something about the sky to make everybody know that an event was happening of such magnitude that it made everything else in the world insignificant. I can remember thinking this and being vaguely disappointed about it.  
 It was dull and foggy and with practically no ceiling for a flying man. The guns were still booming at the front, but back with us there wasn't a motor stirring.  
 I went around checking up to be sure there were no planes in the air. Those were orders. But as the morning wore on I kept getting more restless. I had been in many an air fight over this stretch of ground and I got the idea I should be up there watching the thing finish. I had seen plenty of the worst down there below and this would be a chance to see a different picture.  
 Around ten-thirty my squadron had become accustomed to the calm in camp and had started a celebration. Nothing like the celebrations that followed the Armistice but pretty good for a start. The place was deserted. I ordered my mechanic to gas and check my Spad fighting ship, and at ten-forty I warmed the motor and took off toward the lines.  
 Visibility was very bad and I hedge-hopped along, flying blind.  
 When the World Stood Still  
 I headed for the Argonne. I could hear the sound of the big guns down below and after a while I sensed I was in that stretch of hell between the trenches. After a man has coasted around up above there for a few good fights, he gets the feel of that business, night or day. I came down to about 100 feet and soon found out I was right. The guns were going full cry from both sides and I quickly shot back up again. Armistice or no Armistice, they seemed to be taking no chances.  
 At about five minutes to eleven, a rift opened in the clouds and I could see the whole panorama of war below me. It was the same scene I had been seeing for months—murder on the ground scale. Guns boomed, puffs of powder flashed out and the answers came from the other side. I kept high enough to keep out of trouble but I could see what was going on.  
 I looked at my watch. It was one minute to eleven and hell was still going on. The seconds dragged on toward eleven and then—it stopped. One second there was the same terrible roar of death the western front had known for four years; the next second there was silence. The roar, the noise was gone. Nobody could ever describe that silence. The world seemed to stand still. Then from the trenches broke forth a pandemonium of joy such as man had never heard before.  
 I rushed down upon the scene. The men were now climbing up out of the trenches and rushing out into No Man's Land. They were dirty and filthy and so tired most of them stumbled as they ran. You could see them coming over the top, dropping their rifles and then running out in that space where they would have met death a few minutes before. They threw their tin hats and gas masks and shovels in the air. Suddenly, from being worn-out men, they became surprisingly agile. They pounded one another's backs. They leaped in the air and belloved and threw their arms in wild gestures and tried to click their heels like dancers.  
 Enemies by the Clock  
 From the German trenches soldiers were coming out and starting to walk across the open space. They made motions which I could see men decipher. What they wanted was a smoke. The Americans came up on the run and after a bit I could see them lighting up.  
 They must have cried, I know I did. They were enemies by the clock. At ten fifty-nine, they were killing each other. Sixty seconds later, they were just a lot of tired, happy men who seemed to have no enmity, no bitterness. They had their arms about each other, slapping each other on the back in a weary sort of joy because they didn't have to kill each other any more. What a happy feeling! What a ghastly, happy feeling!  
 Then I started back home with a feeling in my heart that I can never forget and hope never to have again. It was over. Sanctified murder had stopped because a few men had met and decided that it should stop. WHY WOULDN'T THEY HAVE MET AND DECIDED THAT IT SHOULD STOP? I flew back to my station knowing that men had learned a lesson. But have they?

**NEW YORK DAY BY DAY**  
 By O. O. McIntyre  
 NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Diary: Bet-times and pleasing notes from Joan Crawford and the Kansas Governor Landon. And a long letter from the mitching Tom Geraghty about a man in a London and a bid to the newspaper party for Louella Parsons. So out end saw Elsie Janis walking slowly with a case.  
 For no reason, heeek! a steed in the big dining room of the Commodore and by a moment to see the Coblenz back from a South American junket, but they out. And the Keats Speeds not at home either. And a policeman said a crowd in front of the cathedral was waiting to see Jimmy Walker, who now lives across a roof top from me.  
 Dinner with Henry and Ann Sell and they away with some fine-feathered friends to opera and we to walk around finding there a lobby note from Florida visitor: "Have you a few minutes in which to dazzle a small town girl? P. S. I'm catching pneumonia. What are you doing?" And I was rather sorry I missed her.  
 Some friends of the theatrical character Ward Morehouse have been importuning him for several months to register in his district. They finally won him over, and on a recent registration day he appeared. When questioned as to when he voted last year being told he was 36 years old and had never voted, they made him take the literacy test. He came through naturally with five colors having a number of college degrees, and was given an embossed certificate of literacy. He has had it framed handsomely and it hangs conspicuously near his desk. Under a fierce white light!  
 Until his murder, Arnold Rothstein was the underworld's most successful ready cash man. Far more so than the later big shot, Dutch Schultz. He was able, the legends go, to raise a half million by merely making a few

**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, Cal.

**MODERN TREATMENT OF HEMORRHOIDS**

Every physician who wishes to be of the greatest service to suffering humanity should study the book of Dr. Thos. F. McNamara, publisher, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, N. Y., on "Injection Treatment of Internal Hemorrhoids." Better yet, go and get clinical instruction from this master of the modern method.  
 It has been estimated that 70 per cent of the adult population have rectal disease at some time in their lives, and this disease is internal hemorrhoids in 85 per cent of the cases. Dr. McNamara states that ninety per cent of external hemorrhoids are due to the fact that the patients first had internal hemorrhoids.  
 Internal hemorrhoids are painless unless they become inflamed, thrombosed (clotted) or prolapsed. There is generally only a vague sense of weight or fullness, the annoyance of prolapse, more or less itching, and sometimes mental depression. Often the patient calls the discomfort "chronic lumbago." Indeed, such "chronic lumbago" has been completely and permanently relieved by injecting an internal hemorrhoid, after the patient had tried various spas, electrical gadgets, bilasters and what not, without success. Various physicians who did not consider a final examination part of the routine physical examination of the new patient. Bleeding is the most serious effect of internal hemorrhoids. Frequent small internal bleedings may occur without the patient's knowledge, and drain the strength. Anemia resulting from the bleeding sometimes is so severe that it has been diagnosed as "pernicious" anemia, according to an English surgeon, Arthur S. Morley, who also advocates injection treatment.

Dr. McNamara speaks of four brothers, all afflicted with hemorrhoids, as they thought. But one of the brothers who came for treatment, was found to have carcinoma already beyond operability. Two other brothers received the injection treatment and were relieved without any difficulty or loss of time from work. The fourth brother, however, fearing the doctor might diagnose cancer in his case, told, consulted a surgeon. The surgeon sent the man to a hospital and did the radical operation, the

old Spanish method. It was a great success—but the patient spent six weeks in bed. That's where some people prefer to be. No accounting for tastes.  
 In this highly practical technical book Dr. McNamara speaks of many cases where patients suffered from nutritional disturbances, loss of weight, loss of strength from internal hemorrhoids, even though there was no apparent bleeding. One patient gained 19 pounds within three months after injection of the hemorrhoids. In many cases of anemia the patients are not aware they have hemorrhoids. In not a few cases of nervous trouble remarkably prompt disappearance of the "nervousness" has followed the healing of a fissure associated with hemorrhoids.  
**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
**Colleague Informs for Pruritus**  
 Colleague informs me that he found a hypodermic injector of half a milligram of histamine brought complete relief within 20 minutes to intolerable itching a patient with hives had suffered for several days without care for past 12 years. Have not seen him in past two years. Motion picture gave permanent relief. The medical literature has recently had reports of prolonged relief of itching in intractable pruritus cases by this remedy, which is effective only when administered hypodermically.  
**Mumme**  
 Is it dangerous for a person with a double heart murmur to marry and have children? (R. K.)  
 Answer—Heart murmur is not a condition, it is the name of a sound heard over the heart. It does not necessarily signify heart disease. The person should be guided by the advice of his or her physician.  
**Belly Breathing**  
 Two years ago, following suggestion in your column, I began practicing Belly Breathing. Under heart specialist's care for past 12 years. Have not seen him in past two years. Motion picture without getting winded. Is that due to the Belly Breathing? (H. R. G.)  
 Answer—I don't know. Certainly the B. B. helps the handicapped heart. Instructions in "The Art of Easy Breathing"—copy for ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address.  
 (Copyright 1935, 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, Cal.

**NEW YORK DAY BY DAY**

phone calls. When Fannie Brice was in despair over ball for her then husband Nicky Arnstein, Rothstein within an hour tossed \$100,000 in her lap on the Manhattan Frock Roof. Yet it develops that when plied with \$50 in cash and debts of a million. Schultz, too was stony, Broadway!  
 Personal nomination for the best groomed elderly lady of the day—Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother.  
 Bathroom dancing is in full flower again. Upon the male in such dancing turns depends success of the alliance. It's his job—and a polished art it is—to exploit the grace of his partner in the most astounding and curtsying and completely miffing his own personality. In such instances woman is the attraction and the masculine task to accentuate and create illusion of the puff-ball lightness. Yet in most instances the man is the superior dancer and gets top billing. Maurice, to my notion, was foremost in keeping his eyes on his partner. He would even step aside so she could take the bows. He rarely took more than one. And to dance with Maurice, as records show, meant fame and fortune.  
 The time has developed a high skilled marksman known as a trouble shooter, William Orr, former newspaperman, is a conspicuous example of the movie field. There are a dozen more in various industries, drawn chiefly from newspaper ranks. Often they are called contact men or by the English term of public relations counsellors. Anyway, they smooth out the rough places that often keep a big deal hanging. And are generally close to the throne.  
 In a turn of Chinatown, five Chinese children sat on a door-step watching the pavement flow. Freshly scrubbed, shining, I could not help but idle at a neighboring window to glance back. After a time I sauntered on. One called: "Now that you've seen us, what do you think?" All I could do was turn, wave and haul off and look stiffer than all get out.  
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**PIMPLES**  
 from surface conditions need not be endured. Make your skin clearer and smoother with soothing Resinol.

**HEAT**  
 The Economical Way—Burn Our Select, Heavy DRY FIR SLABS  
**NATURAL FUEL OIL**  
 Lasting, Cleaner Cheaper  
 Any Kind—Minimum Rates—Prompt Service  
 PHONE 631  
 Medford Fuel Co., North Central

**Armistice Day**

By Owen H. Barnhill  
 "What means this Armistice Day to you?"  
 The sun shone bright o'er Olive View, While orchards green stretched far below, High hills behind were crowned with snow.  
 "What means this day?" The veteran raised His shattered form and seemed amazed That I should ask. His tired eyes Looked far away, as one who tries To see once more the bygone years, Their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.  
 "It means," he answered, tense and low,  
 "The day we conquered foreign foe, For years we'd fought against great odds, Our life-blood reddening Europe's sods. I saw my comrades torn with shell, My brothers racked with pains of hell; While poison-gas—the world knows how—Made me the wreck that lies here now.  
 November came. The living dead Seemed doomed to sink in sea of red, As millions met their cruel fate, A sacrifice to war of hate. Our hope was gone, our strength was spent.  
 Then suddenly the air was rent With shouts of joy no tongue can tell, For peace had come—all would be well. From dark despair to hope sublime It lifted us first Armistice time, The world was saved from further strife And granted then new lease of life.  
 Now when each year this day comes round, May we with words of prayer be found, Imploping that our sense of right May save us from war's cruel blight. While wounded wait for death's release, You who are young, work on for peace."  
 I turned away with tear-dimmed eyes And looked at western sunset skies; Then vowed with all my strength I'd strive To keep the fires of peace alive.

**Flight 'o Time**  
 Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Year-Ago  
**TEN YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 November 11, 1925.  
 (It was Wednesday.)  
 In bright sunshine after the heavy downpour of last night, the Armistice Day parade and exercises are held in the city. The parade was one of the largest in the history of the city.  
 Flight started against paying of state gas tax.  
 Medford high football team overwhirls Ashland 69 to 0 before capacity crowd. Barney Senn, local fullback, ripped the lathian line to shreds, and Connie Conrad kicked seven straight extra points.  
 Rain continues to fall over the city and valley. October was a dry month with only one rainy day.  
**TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 November 11, 1905.  
 (It was Thursday.)  
 The Southern Pacific today sold the 700th ticket from Medford to the exposition—which doesn't look like hard times.  
 Movement started upstate to combat auto license fee, and gasoline tax.  
 Medford high completes its practice for final football game of year with Ashland. Jess Gentry will play left end, and Gene Narreagan will do the kicking for the locals.  
 Carload of valley Bosses gross \$1926 and carload of Comice gross \$1838 in New York city.  
 French inflict severe defeat on Bulgars in Balkans; Serbs resistance halt Austrian advance; German depart from Riga sector on account of rain, and Russians claim victory.

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**Rushed To You From New York: More Jacquard Matelasses 3.98**  
 At Wards Economy Price!  
 You snapped them up last week—you clamored for more—and here they are! Newest "rough surface" crepes in the season's foremost styles. Black or vivid colors. Misses' sizes from 14-20. Also Women's styles, in sizes: 38-44, 46-52.

**Now is the Time For This Help in Preventing Colds**  
 Formula Especially Designed to Aid Nature's Defenses in Nose and Upper Throat, Where Most Colds Start.  
**PART OF COLDS-CONTROL PLAN**  
 Don't wait for a cold to develop—or get you down. After any unusual exposure, heed that first warning nasal irritation or sneeze—apply a few drops of Vicks Vapo-rinol up each nostril. Used in time, Vapo-rinol helps to avoid many colds. Vapo-rinol is especially designed to aid and gently stimulate the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off head colds in the early stages. Where irritation has led to a clogged-up nose (a stuffy head cold or nasal catarrh) Vapo-rinol spreads through the nasal passages—reduces swollen membranes—clears clogging mucus—brings comforting relief.  
 For Fewer and Shorter Colds  
 Note for your family: Vicks has developed a practical Plan for Better Control of Colds. This commonsense guide to fewer and shorter colds has been clinically tested by practicing physicians and further proved in everyday home use by millions. Full details of Vicks Plan come in each Vapo-rinol package.  
 (S) Over 1 Million Vicks Aids Used Yearly for Better Control of Colds

**Bright Crepes 6.98**  
 A vivid splash of color under your dark coat! Brilliant blues that live up the office. Dramatic greens for dressy afternoons. Glowing reds to catch male eyes on Big Evenings. In stunning styles straight from New York's fashion centers! Misses' sizes from 14 to 20.  
 Also distinctive new crepes in Women's sizes: 38-44, 46-52. All at Wards famous low price!  
**MONTGOMERY WARD**  
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