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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
ARMISTICE DAY THOUGHT

"TEN YEARS AGO, IT WAS THE FIRM BELIEF THAT THE WORK HAD PASSED THRU THE LAST OF THE GREAT WARS, AND THAT THE BITTER LESSON OF THE FUTILITY AS WELL AS THE BARBARITY OF WARFARE HAD BURNED SO DEEPLY INTO THE HUMAN HEART AND BRAIN, THERE WOULD BE NO DANGER OF FUTURE CONFLICTS ON AN EXTENSIVE SCALE."

COMMUNICATIONS
Just as Plain as Bread
To the Editor:

Now that the election is over and the candidates that won the race all smiles and the ones that lost the race are sad, but it will all wear off in a few days and they will be just as good as new, after their pollishing.

Now let's get down and talk business and make this state just as good for Democrats to live in as for Republicans.

As so many people ask: Where is the money to come from to pay the Townsend transaction tax of 2 per cent. I will tell you a little story—the story of the loaf of bread.

Bread being the staff of life—every one is interested in it. Housewives all demand that their bread be fresh every day. That means 365 days a year.

The story of a loaf of bread: The grocer buys just enough bread to run him one day. As he knows that he must handle fresh bread only—buyers are very particular these days, and he would soon lose his trade if he did not keep it in stock—the grocer orders 100 loaves and pays \$8.00 for them. He sells them for \$10.00. At night he has his \$8.00 back in the till, plus \$2.00 profit.

The next day he does the same thing. This he does for 365 days—as the housewife always buys two days' supply for Sunday and holidays. But at no time has he used more than the original \$8.00 invested in the transaction.

Making \$2.00 per day gross profit on his \$8.00 investment, his gross profit for the year would be \$730. If he sells \$10 worth of bread each day he would sell \$3650 worth (on his \$8.00 investment) which has produced \$3650 in business—as well as \$730 in gross profit.

This illustrates what a daily turnover will do. If the grocer pays a 2 per cent transaction tax on his business, 2 per cent on \$3650 is \$73.00. The same principal applies to all business. R. J. KIRKPATRICK, Star Rt., Box 57, November 10.

Pear Markets Yesterday
NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—(AP-USA) PEARS: 17 arrive, 5 California, 4 Oregon, 10 Washington unloaded; Medford Box 6470 No. 1, \$1.90@2.30; average, \$2.29; 720 Fancy, \$2.00@2.35; average, \$2.16.

A Sad Armistice

THERE is an ironical touch to Armistice Day this year, which has never been as noticeable before. Armistice Day, supposedly marked the cessation of world hostilities, the defeat of Germany, the return of peace and good will to a conflict-torn world.

For 19 years there seemed to be some truth to such a commemoration, but not today. IT is now clear November 11th, 1918, did not mark the defeat of Germany, the return of peace and good will to a tortured world, or anything of the sort. It marked nothing but a temporary breathing spell,—an armed truce,—during which the conflict was never suspended but merely took a different form.

And after about one decade, devoted to getting back on its feet, Germany in the following decade proceeded without firing a shot, to win the war, that was really never concluded,—the war for the mastery of Central Europe.

Today, twenty years after, Germany is where the allies thought they were,—on top of the heap, and on the way to get more.

NOT only did Armistice Day 1918 fail to mark a return to peace and good will, but now at the close of the second decade, there is less good will and less peace on this ball of dirt, than at any period for the last hundred years. The world, instead of disarming and showing that it learned something from the slaughter of its millions, and the loss of its treasure, is engaged in the most intense armament race in human history, and like a pack of stampeded sheep is rushing pell mell, for the precipice of another world war,—another appeal to force, when every sane person knows, force settled nothing 20 years ago, and will settle nothing permanently tomorrow or today.

PRETTY sad and disheartening Armistice Day, if you should ask this column. The only hope we can see lies in the old wheeze that it's often darkest before the dawn. For from the standpoint of the future of the world,—humanity, civilization, democracy or what have you—a darker Armistice Day than this has never dawned.

"The New Germany!"

SO Brother Paul Joseph Goebbels, shouts over the microphone "The New Germany marches on!"

Speaking of irony, that certainly is a classic! The New Germany marches on, your grandpappy!

There is nothing new in Germany's march, and not a step is being taken on or, forward. The march is directly and unmistakably BACKWARD,—back to the tribal days,—back to the days of the medieval fetiches and taboos,—back to pagan days of Valhalla before the Christian era dawned,—when the blonde warriors in their bear skins, and horned head dresses, were as they are today in slightly different dress under Herr Hitler, "all for one and one for all!"

IT's a supreme irony indeed, that nearly two thousand years after the birth of Jesus Christ, the race that produced him, and didn't appreciate him, should be hounded and tortured and persecuted by the race that supposedly did. And that race the race that brought to the world, the Christian Reformation!

And now Propaganda Minister Goebbels, having allowed the mobs to indulge in their sadistic spree against the "chosen people", because some obscure Jewish boy, mentally unbalanced by the cruelty and inhuman persecution of his own flesh and blood, fired a shot through the shirt-front of some Nazi potentate in Paris, suggests that the Roman holiday, be called off so the police can mop up the blood and haul away the wreckage!

MEANWHILE the proud and powerful totalitarian states, will go back 500 years and re-establish concentration areas for the Jewish people, known as Ghettos,—where the Jews can trade among themselves, and when the "pure Nordies" feel the blood-lust urge again,—they will know where to go to satisfy it, without interfering with business as usual. Certainly a pretty picture to contemplate in the year of our Lord 1938.

"The New Germany marches on!"

Is Ickes Slipping?

WE fear "Honest Harold" is slipping. Having opposed Governor Martin in the primaries, and Charles Sprague in the recent campaign; on the overwhelming victory of the latter, it was his cue to keep still.

But the Secretary of the Interior apparently found it impossible to do so. In answer to questions about the Oregon election results "Honest Harold" is reported to have stated that the victory of the Republican candidate did not surprise him, for Sprague is a "liberal"—in fact since 1912 the Republican party in Oregon "has been a liberal party, whereas there are a good many reactionaries in the Democratic party", in the state that flies with her own wings.

WELL, well, well,—just what does THAT mean! It's quite true Sprague is a liberal, and always has been. But less than three weeks ago while at Bonneville, Mr. Ickes declared the Republican candidate was only a synthetic one,—a man who was trying to be both conservative and progressive, which is "like having one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel." Honest Harold did not think then that Sprague could fool the good people of Oregon, in fact was quite sure he would be beaten.

And now what a different tune! Of course "Honest Harold" is telling the truth now and wasn't in October, but why go out of his way to prove it. It's better to be honest late than never no doubt, but is it smart? And that crack about reactionaries in the Democratic fold in Oregon!

We really fear the leading Republican of the President's cabinet is slipping.

Late October and early November is the best time to fight against rats. During late fall they move from fields and ditches to barnyards and village residences. The name of the capital of Portugal, Lisbon, derives through many changes from Ulysses, the Greek navigator, reputed in myths to have founded it.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

KEEP SOME CALCIUM IN THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD

As an antidote or alkali for the relief of stomach acidity, heartburn, pyrosis, waterbrash, sour stomach, hyperchlorhydria, bloating, sense of fullness or "gas-pressure," flatulence or belching, the most efficient and least harmful remedy, in my opinion, is calcium carbonate, otherwise called "prepared chalk. Ten grains of this may be taken whenever needed; it will neutralize excessive acidity for several hours. Or two teaspoonfuls of official chalk mixture may be taken if preferred—this quantity of Mistaurea Cretae contains about 8 grains of calcium carbonate.



Or two five-grain tablets may be preferred for convenience. Calcium carbonate, officially called Creta preparata, (U. S. P. and B. P.) Chalk mixture alone or combined with astringent medicine is an old standby for relief of acute diarrheal disturbances. Calcium carbonate, unlike sodium bicarbonate (soda, saleratus) and magnesia, does not generate gas by reacting with the acid in the stomach, nor form laxative salts as the product of such reaction. It does not upset the acid-base equilibrium in the blood and tissues as does soda taken frequently. However there is no point in taking even calcium carbonate habitually unless it is actually needed to relieve distress or discomfort, for of course it does not cure anything.

Five-grain tablets of calcium carbonate are most convenient, but it is advisable to crush the tablets into powder before taking. Better still, keep the powder form in the medicine cupboard and take as a dose all you can conveniently carry on a dime. For systemic effect other salts of calcium are preferable. We cannot consider here the various conditions in which increased intake of calcium may be helpful—if you desire detailed information send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for "Daily Requirement of Calcium," "Calcium Feeding" or High Calcium Diet, and "The Vitamin E-Everyday Food." Calcium chloride, calcium lactate, calcium gluconate and di-calcium phosphate are suitable for systemic effects. In any case, it is well to take a daily ration of sunshine vitamin D along with the calcium, in order to insure proper assimilation and utilization of calcium.

Notwithstanding hypothetical notions advanced by some old time doctors and the fears these fancies

aroused in the minds of some laymen, there is no evidence that more than enough calcium or more than enough vitamin D to maintain optimal nutrition ever causes any serious untoward effect whatever. That notion has been disproved by ample experience in the prolonged administration of far greater "overdoses" than any one is likely to take without medical supervision.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
Old Gentleman
I am grateful for the information and advice I obtained in bladder trouble. I was drifting into the pitiable state you call prostatism. Acting on your suggestion I submitted to transurethral resection at the skilled hands of Dr.—and both the doctor and I believe I am now good for another thirty years as a gentleman! Your fine touch of humor is a great blessing, dr. W. L. G.

Answer—Your letter gives me much happiness. I'll be glad to send the blue folder to any man who is drifting in that direction, if he asks for it and incloses a three-cent-stamped envelope bearing his address. The man past middle age who drifts just hasn't what it takes to be a gentleman.

AW, NOW, PLEASE, JEAN
Since you wrote in the paper where every one can read it, about me being an smelling-salts, hoop-skirt girl, I'm becoming more and more the clinging vine type—but what can a girl do? Mother has even gone and put "wheels on the garbage pail!" Miss F. E. W.

Answer—I was afraid of that. Maybe we should not have applauded so heartily when mother set up the porch swing in the living room. Maybe we should forget "Odd House" now. There is limit to our readers' tolerance.

Blood Will Tell
Just returned from a visit to my native Scotland. Before I left your booklet, "The Constipation Habit" had cured me of the lifelong habit. I passed it along to several friends over there and they were grateful as well as surprised at the simple way that trouble may be overcome. G. R.

Answer—It would simplify distribution problem if the Scandinavians and the Irish in America would follow your method. An edition of a dozen copies would meet all requirements. Lacking such a scheme of cooperative buying, the simple customer has to slip me ten cents and a three-cent-stamped envelope bearing his address for a copy of the booklet. Copyright 1938, John F. Dille Co.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M.D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Bank reservation... Him bring home heap much company all time too... Him squaw never know whether him bring two guests or 30 guests for dinner.

Him have much flower garden all over place... Also more than

NEW YORK—Ugh! Me talk now. Tellum story of Banana Mike... Him big stick in prizefight racket... No like he called Banana Mike... Make him mad... Him Mike Jacobs, paleface promoter... Make heap much wampum... Got plenty wampum in pocket, more wampum in bank... Him lend a n'y body's wampum but anybody got to pay it back... Him own Joe Louis... Much big chief in sockem business but no can fish and hunt.

Me tellum more about Mike... Him Horatio Algier boy all by himself... Brought up in street... Once sellum newspaper... Work in Tammany Hall with big sachems but him no sachem—him messenger boy... Got plenty tip being messenger boy... Him live in Red Bank... Red Bank in New Jersey but him commute to office on Sixth avenue every day... Have office in Hippodrome... Hippodrome much big tepee... Plenty noise, heap much wampum, much cigar smoke... Him got fine squaw too but no papoose... Him crazy 'bout other people papoose... Every time papoose come near he pat 'em on scalp lock.

Mike also got smart lawyer... When enemy promoter have strong punchum boy Mike say: "Go lookum contract find flaw in contract"... Lawyer find flaw in contract and Mike pull out big roll of wampum, offer new contract to warrior... Warrior come a-running... Enemy fight promoter give war whoop but Mike no care... Him boxing car... What him want, him get.

Him got Midas touch... Everything him touch turn to gold... Once him bought vacant lot to have place for clambake... Pay \$15,000 for lot... Invite much sportswriter and boxing manager to clambake, but make so much noise neighbors can't ketchum winkum... Police tellum Mike neighbors complain him no noisum... Him sell lot to real estate men for \$100,000... Neighbors happy... Real estate men happy... Mike happy... Everybody happy but sportswriters.

Mike heap much good spender... When dine in restaurant him always grab check and pay it... Him big novelty in New York... Most paleface look other way when check come... Him have African cook on Red

100 suit, plenty moocasin, pretty necktie... Him old friend Ceruso... Bring Ceruso to this country, eat much spaghetti... Him also bring Jai alai game to New York... Spaniards ketchum ball in basket, sometime ketchum skull... Everybody have fun, Mike makum more wampum.

Long time go Mike run excursion boat on river... Pretty soon business go bad... Nobody got wampum but Mike... Him move in, spend plenty wampum... Boxing get well in hurry, but Mike stay top man... Him idolize Tex Rickard... Him have picture of Tex on office wall... Him also have picture of self paint just like Rickard, same pose, same everything... Much pleased.

Me go ketchum lunch now... Ugh!

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A FRIEND said this morning: "Well, it shouldn't be hard for a Republican and a conservative to write a column today."

He was right. It is an easy and pleasant task. It looks as if the country is moving back toward sanity.

FOR which let us all be thankful. This is our country, and it couldn't go on as it was going without disaster.

WHAT happened? It looks as if a tremendous lot of people decided all at once that a diet of promises puts no meat on the bones. They got tired of seeing the cow that gives the milk beaten and kicked around. Cows that are beaten and kicked around provide no cream. Americans have always been used to cream. They miss it when they don't have it.

THE two-party system, with a strong party of opposition, has been restored. There will be no more rubber-stamp legislation. No more "must" laws will be sent to congress to be passed without being read.

There will be no more purges. America has GONE AMERICAN.

"BUT what of New York?" you ask. Less than a hundred thousand out of five and a half million votes isn't much of a victory. And Lehman is as much of a conservative as Dewey—perhaps more so. The governor who has paid off the huge deficit bequeathed to him by Roosevelt HAS to be conservative.

AS to Sprague, let's send this message to Ickes: "What do you think now of the man who had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel?"

Then let's be thankful that with all the problems that still face us we have a man like Charlie Sprague in the governor's office at Salem.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
November 11, 1928
(It was Sunday)
World wide observance of Armistice Day will be held tomorrow. Tombs of "Unknown Soldier" will be shrine of millions.

Radio experts re-allocate air waves, and less static is predicted. Three carloads of valley turkeys shipped east.

Greatest prosperity era in history of nation predicted as result of Republican's overwhelming victory at polls.

GERMANS sign Armistice, and great war ended at 11:01 o'clock. Paris time. Entire Pacific coast joins re-joicing of the nation in happy midnight celebration; peace meet next step in program; President cancels all draft calls; revolution underway in Germany; riotous celebrations throughout the land as peace comes.

H. N. Lofland is confined to his home with the gripe.

C. B. Gay resigns as a state prison official, and returns here to make his home.

All Medford celebrates with a victory parade, through streets of city, and auto caravan to Ashland. "Never again in this city, will there be such a demonstration of joy and good cheer," the Mail-Tribune said.

Chevrolet JINGLES



I'm always intrigued with a big hardware store. Good tools, guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods galore. Makes me wish I had time to give to a hobby.

I'd buy all that woodworking machinery so nobby. Have a model little shop with power driven machines. Probably cost me forty bucks to make a window screen.

But I don't seem to have any spare time these days. Too many folks clamoring for their new Chevrolets.

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

Advertisement for Triangle products. Features a film strip graphic with limericks: "THERE WAS A YOUNG FLYER NAMED MOORE", "WHO LOVED THROUGH THE SKY-LANES TO SOAR", "BUT WHILE FLYING, ONE JUNE, HIS MOTOR WENT 'BOOM!'". Promotes Triangle Oats, Rolled Wheat, Pancake and Waffle Flour. Includes a coupon for a limerick contest and contact information for Triangle Milling Company, 605 N. Tillamook, Portland, Oregon.