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Editorial Correspondence

GALENA, Ill., August 15.—The fascination of Galena is this: it takes one back into the past figurately and physically. Taken by and large it hasn't changed in one hundred years. Although it was the home of General Grant and as a tourist attraction, derives its chief importance from that fact, it doesn't represent the Grant era. Quite the reverse in fact. It represents not only the Pre-Grant, but the ANTI-Grant era.

In this, Galena is in marked contrast to Rockford, Freeport, Elgin and other cities in northern Illinois. The old homes in these cities all represent that flamboyant, nouveau riche, period which followed the civil war—(with only those exceptions which prove the rule). This was the period of gingerbread architecture, of cast-iron fountains, and cast-iron deer; of turrets and cupolas, porticoes and stained glass bay windows—a mushroom manufacturing aristocracy, for a great deal of money—for those times at least—and very little taste.

When U. S. Grant stepped off a steamer at Galena in 1860, carrying a couple of wooden chairs, while his wife carried the babies, the city that claims him, was at its high tide socially and commercially. It was finished—a finished product. Unlike other cities in northern Illinois, it didn't boom after the war, it started to go down hill. As a result it missed both the post-bellum prosperity and the post-bellum architectural debauch which accompanied it, and is properly identified with its famous son.

As a result a walk along the Quality street of Galena—up on the hill of course—(since the medieval barons built on hills, aspiring humanity has followed their example) is a delight for sore eyes and provides that romantic thrill which always accompanies the process of turning the hands of the clock of time, backward, in the realm of the imagination.

Just how much the presence of a good local architect had to do with it we don't know, but the fact remains, that architecturally, both from the standpoint of homes and of churches, Galena surpasses anything we have ever seen in the Middlewest. In fact as one walks about it is impossible to believe that one is IN that part of the country. It is like the Old South or old England—or even like old ENGLAND—it is like anything but the corn and chautauqua belt, of 20th century America.

There is a genuine Old South church—there is a venerable, ivy grown AUTHENTIC English chapel,—there are brick mansions, with their white pillars and green blinds, and brick coach houses—all in excellent repair—and believe it or not—women whose dresses trail on the ground, come out of them!

Of course there are some jarring notes—Grant's old brick home (not the Grant mansion which the grateful people of Galena presented to him after the war and is now a museum) has been ruined by the addition of a scraggly wooden porch. Someone placed electric poles, on the marvelous facade of "Old South"—so members of the congregation would not stub their toes on the stone steps no doubt—but all in all little architectural butchery and little bungling restoration has been done.

The mayor of Galena is trying to make Galena a real tourist attraction. That is the right idea from the standpoint of commercializing its unique assets, but we are glad we had a chance to walk up and down its

hills, before the movement gained any headway. Galena is a Rip Van Winkle that went to sleep a life time ago and has not yet awakened. As far as we know the phenomenon is unique in the Mississippi valley, if not in the entire country.

The country around Galena is beautiful,—high hills, and thick woods, areas given over more and more to grazing. A cement highway runs through Galena from Rockford to DuBuque and one is not surprised to learn the contractor lost money. For miles it is like a giant switchback—way up and way down,—the crest of each hill being about level with the next one. At the top, gorgeous panoramas of lovely country, which are thrilling and bring "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"—particularly from the women passengers.

Motoring through thick woods, approaching Galena, red and white road signs were surprising "DANGER—BEWARE OF RATTLESNAKES!"

It seems the woods on both sides of the highway, harbor scores of rattlers. When the road was built 300 were killed, and the workers were obliged to wear leather puttees, and carry first aid for snake-bite. Limestone rocks within the woods, are the favorite haunts for the reptiles.

A big one was brought into Galena the other day. The man who captured it, took a piece of red flannel; the snake struck, so did his fangs (in the flannel), and the citizens of Galena (at least so the story goes) proceeded to pull them out with a pair of pliers. There was the snake as evidence in a store window. Quite a thrill for Galena,—more people on Main street than at any time since Christmas.

R. W. R.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 104 on the Mohave.
 Rabbits and Aldabaran.
 Cash Irrigation.
 We Lose a Customer

Copyright King Features Synd., Inc.
 HODGE, Cal., Aug. 21.—Pleasant day here, on the Mohave desert, temperature one hundred and four in the shade, but not disagreeable, thanks to a breeze blowing steadily from the Pacific, sixty miles to the west.

Quite cold in the night, one thin blanket not enough. Cold nights, and in the day time men sunburned as dark as Indians, working with no clothing above the waists, with heat from one hundred and two to one hundred and twelve—an interesting contrast.

Last night, youth, led by Howard Hill, the champion young archer from OpaLocka, Florida, went out to hunt jack rabbits with spotlights and bows and arrows.

The rabbits stop for a second, hure ears erect, when the light falls upon them, and the rabbit mortality is not high.

The young man take turns, one runs the car, another, sitting on the far end of the mud-guard, does the shooting, holding his balance with one leg curled around a lamp.

Criminal rabbits that have burrowed under the fence into the alfalfa lands, their idea of heaven, come down to the fence, but its close weaving makes the arrow useless.

You might send dogs after them, but dogs and rabbits would make paths in the green velvet of the alfalfa, more harmful than the rabbit's moderate eating.

If jack rabbits dodging spot light and arrows do not interest you, you may look off to a great three-cornered, red moon, rising over the mountain, or up where the milky way makes a path of brilliant white, and the bigger stars and planets stand out on a blue black sky.

Some of those suns are one million times as big as our own and our sun is a million times as big as this earth. So nothing is big, nothing is little, and perhaps a dodging Jackrabbit is as important as Aldabaran, or even Orion's giant nebula.

At four o'clock this morning, the alfalfa baling machine is at work outside your window, men with pitchforks feeding it, while the gas engine chugs.

Big horses, at the word of command, move the baler just the right distance to the next pile of hay with the night dew still on it, which makes the perfect hay. One set of nimble fingers attend to the wires that hold the baler together. Women can do that.

It is Sunday, but hay must be baled when it is ready. Would you enjoy working at four in the morning and later, in the day's full heat, raising alfalfa to sell at eight or nine dollars a ton for the highest grade?

There is other news, although it seems distant here. Governor Roosevelt discovers that our troubles are due to President Hoover. He, the president, encouraged stock gambling, then kept the facts to himself when the depression came. Governor Roosevelt has seven remedies, read them.

Governor Roosevelt proposes, if elected, to have government regulation of Wall street. This will make Wall street more than ever anxious to put up prices and persuade the voters that bad times are over since stocks are going up.

Unfortunately for these election plans, about ten million Americans will not believe that bad times are over until they get jobs. As long as you can hire all the men you want for fifteen cents an hour, some will believe that bad times are not ended.

Governor Rolph of California will not abandon his soldier bonus suggestion, although high finance tells him he is wrong. He would give soldiers of California bonds of this state, guaranteed by California, in exchange for their bonus certificates.

When the certificates come due California would collect from Uncle Sam. The soldiers, easily selling their tax exempt California bonds, would have the money to spend now, when they need it.

Bonus certificates are not negotiable and that might interfere. But there is no doubt that payment of the bonus NOW would do more to end this depression than anything else could do. Distribution of two and

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

OLD FASHIONED VERSUS MODERN TREATMENT OF FRACTURES.

There is no difference between a fracture, break and crack of bone. The term "compound" fracture means that there is a wound or break in the skin over or near the seat of fracture, and this gives the added risk of infection at the time of the injury or a subsequent infection from improper handling. It is not evidence for or against a fracture that the patient can or cannot move or use the injured member. The old time doctor waited till the swelling had subsided to set or reduce the fracture, that is, to replace the fragments in as nearly perfect position as possible. The modern doctor reduces the fracture immediately. The old timer used splints, bandages or other means to prevent all motion, and often he applied bandages so tightly that the bandages caused the victim great discomfort than the injury did and if such dressing was left undisturbed for days and weeks, the permanent damage the victim suffered was say fifty-fifty—half due to the injury and half to the crude maltreatment.

The modern physician—of course he is a surgeon too, for every individual who receives the degree of M.D. and the legal right to practice is licensed as a physician and surgeon—so fits his splints and other dressings as to give the patient the greatest degree of comfort consistent with good surgery and satisfactory healing, and if he uses bandages he does not use them to compress the broken bones in place. His bandages are invariably applied so that there is enough "give" to insure against that, and yet they are snug enough to support and retain the splints in place.

The old timer allowed the splints or other rigid dressing to remain undisturbed for several weeks. The modern physician removes the dressing daily to see that all is right, to apply gentle massage and movements. He is striving to keep the soft tissues in good condition, to maintain a good circulation, to prevent harmful adhesions or deformity. The old timer had an eye and idea of merely a broken bone.

Formerly, and even now, physicians employed plaster of Paris for splints or casts in many fracture cases. Here the difference between the old for all and the physician with up-to-date surgical training is less obvious, but if the cast completely encloses limb or body and is allowed to remain undisturbed for weeks like that it is

What about athlete's foot? Is Whitfield's ointment the best remedy? Do you advise occasional applications of benzine?—H. E. J.

Answer—Ask for monograph on the subject and inclose stamped envelope bearing your address. Gasoline, not benzine, is a good remedy.

Please give the approximate number of calories in the following: Three medium sized hot cakes (350 calories). A malted milk containing one heaping teaspoonful malted milk (25 calories), one egg (75 calories), one glass of milk (150 calories) and one scoop of ice cream (350 calories).—Glenn.

Answer—It seems as tho the good things are all nourishing and fattening, doesn't it? But never mind—all you have to do is walk three miles extra to burn it up.

We may be able to transfer that buying to home producers. If we do, Canada will congratulate us. In any case our total exports amount to only 10 per cent of our total production, even in boom times. If all our people had all they want of everything the ten per cent exports would soon be absorbed.

Communications

Tonic of Confidence Needed. To the Editor: What is wrong with Medford, and how long are its citizens to remain asleep to the fact that they are destroying their own best interests by their indifference and failure to raise existing conditions?

Anyone who has lived in Medford or Jackson County for the past 20 years (or the past ten years) knows what has been accomplished in the way of progress and cannot fail to feel the contrast in the spirit of those days to that of the present time. To be sure, this period of world depression is a more moment for holding on than for branching out—but more than ever it is important that we hold on firmly and unitedly to the structure that has been built up for us in the past.

Are we doing that? Have we the same spirit that gave Medford and Jackson County a prominent position in the state? Others think not, as is plainly evidenced by recent frank expression of various up-state organs.

Isn't it time for Jackson County to wake up? Let's get down to brass tacks, look each other squarely in the face? We have the same type of citizens in Jackson County we have always had—honest, intelligent, fearless, able and ready to continue the lack of development begun by the pioneer fathers—the highest type of citizenship any part of the state can boast. We don't lack optimism, vigor or courage; we don't lack brains or ability to see opportunity, or the capacity to seize it. BUT WE DO LACK UNITY, and unity is essential to community success.

Nothing is so destructive as suspicion and doubt, and unless the citizens of Jackson County determine to cast them out and re-embrace reason in their stead, there can be no hope for the constructive measures which are so sorely needed in this year of trial and uncertainty.

For the past year and a half we have been assailed by a perfect hail-storm of attacks upon the integrity of our governing officials. As hail pecks at the fruit of a tree, leaving it marred and misshapen, a bruised and ruined crop—so does this sort of propaganda sap and destroy our civic vigor and endanger the harvest of our efforts.

Abuse has been heaped upon practically every institution and official of city and county and many private citizens and enterprises have also come under the barrage.

In no single instance has there been shown any real foundation or corroborating evidence for the insinuations and hints so freely published. Haven't we had enough? Haven't

it been brought home to us that this sort of thing is destructive to honest endeavor? Let's get back to harmony and a constructive program. Strengthen our institutions with faith and confidence. Refuse to listen to slanderous criticism and unsubstantiated tales of misbehavior of justice. It is only common sense to clean house when it is needed, but any household plan to clean house every few days, with all the resultant tearing up and disorder to routine, is a futile waste of energy. And any man knows it not only destroys the comfort of his home but imperils the getting of three square meals a day.

We have a hard winter ahead of us. Many men will be out of employment and many homes will be without provisions, and unless we strengthen our organizations and those directing them, with faith and confidence, we cannot handle the situation capably or give the help that will be needed.

Disinterested public opinion has proven itself a clinic in diagnosing our malady. Let's be guided by this opinion—shun the poison that has been crippling us and prescribe for ourselves a dose of the tonic of confidence. (Name on file.)

Should Be Annual Affair. To the Editor: I have just read the account of the Jacksonville celebration. This should be an annual affair, but should be held on September 4.

The first celebration ever held in Jacksonville was on September 4, 1853, celebrating the arrival on August 15, 1853, in the valley from the south via Link river route, of the Rockefeller train of about 100 wagons, 300 people and 1500 cattle.

I will quote from the diary of my father, Welborn Beeson, aged at that time 17 years.

"Sunday, Sept. 4, 1853. 'Father and I rode down to Jacksonville, about 10 miles from Wagner Fort. The country is very fine. The town is wedged up into the mountains. But the mines are all stopped. Business is very dull, although I saw a lot of deer, some of which I saw. We got back by 6 o'clock.'"

A boy's description of the town and celebration follows, and further on notes he saw fish in Jackson creek. WELBORN BEESON, II, Ashland, Ore., Aug. 21, 1932.

Editorial Comment

The Bar Association. L. A. Banks of the Daily News is busy as usual making mountains out of molehills. He has attacked the Southern Oregon Bar association for its action in regard to the recall of Judge H. D. Norton.

To our mind, the action of the bar association in passing resolutions of confidence in Judge Norton was absolutely within our rights. The attempt to recall Judge Norton was sponsored by parties unknown and the bar association had a perfect right to express confidence in the judge if they saw fit.

That is all they did in their resolution and we fall to see where the publisher of the News finds evidence of gross wrongdoing in their action. We can see nothing pointing to an endeavor on the part of the legal fraternity to interfere with the constitutional rights of anyone. When a public official is attacked, either for his official actions or his private life, his friends certainly have as much right to express confidence in him as his enemies had in starting the attack.

The printing of these recall petitions and the placing of them about the county for signatures was an open attack upon Judge Norton and he was openly defended by the bar association, which is no more than fair play. — (Arthur Powell in Central Point American.)

Navy Cameramen To Shoot Eclipse

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—(AP)—A battery of giant cameras operated by the navy will "shoot" the sun's eclipse August 31 with a range and accuracy that the fleet's best gun crew can never hope to equal.

The navy's "armament" of cameras, now ready to go into action on a Maine hilltop, rival in size and caliber the big guns of a battleship. They will do their shooting over a range of 83,000,000 miles.

Call Dr. Standard On Hibbard Case

PHOENIX, Aug. 22.—(Sp.)—Dr. Dan B. Standard was called to Burns, Oregon, Wednesday to counsel with Dr. B. F. Smith of Burns, and Dr. Otis F. Akin of Portland in the case of George Hibbard who was seriously injured by diving from a spring board into Silver river, suffering a dislocation of the vertebrae in the neck which caused immediate paralysis of the body. Dr. Standard has practiced and conducted a hospital for several years in Burns during which time he was the family physician in the Hibbard family.

At Utary and Taylor the San Francisco visitor finds San Francisco's finest hotel. Here, those who appreciate an environment of quiet liveliness are sure to be found—each year, sees a new crop of travelers returning to enjoy the livable atmosphere. Fortunately, Cliff, physically one of the best of his kind, yet old with his years.

Located in the very heart of the city, San Francisco's finest hotel, the Cliff, is the better than any other hotel in the city. It is a place where you can find the best of everything. The Cliff is a place where you can find the best of everything. The Cliff is a place where you can find the best of everything.

Outstanding features of the Cliff include its beautiful location, its excellent service, and its comfortable accommodations. The Cliff is a place where you can find the best of everything. The Cliff is a place where you can find the best of everything.

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EXPORT BARRIERS HAMPER GERMANY

BERLIN, Aug. 22.—(AP)—Barriers hindering the exportation of German goods must be removed if Germany is to meet her foreign debt payments, Professor Hermann Warmbold, minister of economics, declared today.

The cabinet members—the only one held over from the old Brüning administration—denied emphatically that the government was considering a one-sided reduction in private debts or that the relief was about to send a special debt mission to the United States.

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