

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturdays
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 15
 25-27-29 N. Fir St.

ROBERT W. BUIEL, Editor
 An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, one year.....\$5.00
 Daily, six months.....\$2.75
 Daily, one month.....\$.60
 By Carrier, one year.....\$5.00
 Daily, one month.....\$.60
 Daily, six months.....\$2.75
 Daily, one month.....\$.60
 All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
 Official paper of Jackson County.

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The Fight Must Go On

WE GET just what we vote for. We also get as a people, just what we deserve.

Whether or not Medford and Jackson county return to normal peace and prosperity, or whether the internal strife which has given this community such a black eye and rendered any normal business activity impossible, continues, is directly up to the people.

The newspapers can help. Various organizations can help. Proper leadership is necessary and can also help. But in the final analysis, the job can only be done by the rank and file, by the force of public opinion, by the people THEMSELVES.

WE ARE convinced the people of southern Oregon want no return of the agitation, that disrupted this community so long, that led to violence and bloodshed, that turned neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend, and rendered any constructive accomplishment impossible.

But we also know, that certain destructive forces responsible for this condition, are reorganizing, are holding frequent secret meetings, are fully determined for their own selfish purposes and for their own political and pecuniary benefit, to tear southern Oregon wide open again and bring about another reign of terror.

There is absolutely no doubt of this. The number and tenor of several anonymous communications received by this office the past two weeks, are alone sufficient to establish this fact.

NO SUCH attempt would be made, unless in certain quarters, there WAS popular support behind it. Certain individuals responsible for the old reign of terror, are the leaders in this second offensive, and strange as it may seem, from the ranks of the discontented and the misinformed, they are now receiving financial and moral support.

True this support represents a minority—but it is an organized and militant minority. And we repeat unless this community is to be visited by another catastrophe, this organized minority must be met and just as militantly opposed by the ORGANIZED MAJORITY.

"ETERNAL vigilance is the price of liberty." Eternal vigilance is also the price of maintaining an orderly government under the law, and it is this eternal vigilance on the part of the people of this community, as a whole, that is demanded now.

Once more the people of this community must wake up, be alive to the dangers that confront them, and serve notice on these forces of lawlessness and violence, that further disruptive and incendiary activities will NOT BE TOLERATED.

This can not be done unless the complacent assumption that the pillaging of the court house and the murder of George Prescott, ended the "civil war" in Jackson county is abandoned.

It should have ended it. Under normal conditions it would have ended it. But conditions in southern Oregon are not normal, and until the depression really ends and good times return, they will not be normal.

THE great danger now, is the great danger that existed many months ago,—public indifference. The disposition to "let George do it," to let things slide,—the feeling particularly on the part of the "good citizen" that he himself has no duty to perform.

The good citizen HAS a duty to perform and to perform now. That duty is to be eternally vigilant, to stand squarely behind our law enforcement officers and agencies, and show them that in the performance of their duties, they have the people of this section of the state, resolutely behind them, until this mess is cleared up, root, stock and branch, once and for all.

The Mail Tribune dislikes to revive this issue at this time, and would not do it, if it did not KNOW that the local situation is still critical, and that to inform the people of the fact is a duty to this community, which no newspaper, worthy of the name, could neglect to perform.

Either Law or Lawlessness

THERE is one significant feature of all the anonymous communications above referred to—each one asks why this newspaper stresses the ballot theft case, and says little or nothing about the liquor disappearance case.

They all maintain, the liquor disappearance case is just as serious as the ballot case; and conclude therefore, that the Mail Tribune is "unfair," urges prosecution of the ballot cases because it involves its ENEMIES; opposes prosecution of the liquor case because it involves its FRIENDS.

WE DON'T agree that the liquor case is as serious as the ballot case, but after all that is a matter of opinion, and not important.

In fact for the sake of argument, we are perfectly willing to treat the two cases as essentially similar, for the attitude of the Mail Tribune toward them is essentially the same.

THIS paper does not—and NEVER HAS,—opposed the prosecution of this liquor disappearance case. If anyone will present this paper evidence showing who was responsible for the disappearance of this liquor, such evidence will be presented to the grand jury and every effort made to bring the guilty party or parties to justice.

But we can't do more than that. No newspaper and no individual can do more.

As we have repeatedly stated, we live under a government of law. No newspaper can take the law into its own hands, nor can any individual. It is up to a grand jury to indict for a crime; it is up to the courts and the petit jury to convict for a crime.

A grand jury investigated the liquor case and returned no indictments. A grand jury investigated the ballot theft cases and DID return indictments.

Had the grand jury returned indictments in the liquor case, the Mail Tribune's attitude toward that case would be precisely the same as its attitude toward the ballot theft cases. That is—VIGOROUS PROSECUTION, EXONERATION OF THE INNOCENT, PROMPT PUNISHMENT FOR THE GUILTY.

But until there is enough evidence to JUSTIFY indictment in the liquor case, we fail to see how anything can be done,—or what public interest is served by continual political agitation concerning it.

IT APPEARS clear to us, that the forces of contention and strife in this community are trying to do with the liquor

case, what they did with the notorious Dahack case for so long a time—ring the changes on it, as a smoke screen behind which they may feather their own political nests, by misrepresenting it as evidence of a miscarriage of justice, and thus justify their own lawless activities.

WE OPPOSE THIS AND BELIEVE ALL FAIR MINDED PEOPLE IN JACKSON COUNTY OPPOSE IT.

There is only one way to treat crimes, big or little, whether they involve friends or foes. That is to turn them over to the proper authorities and deal with them in the regular way, as prescribed by the law and the government under which we live.

Any other course merely leads to the deplorable situation from which this community is with such difficulty emerging—it leads to individuals and organizations resorting to violence, taking the law into their own hands, with lawlessness, bloodshed and the death of innocent people, as the inescapable result!

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.

THE HABIT OF GETTING OUT OF JOINT.

Nine years ago both arms of a girl, then 21 years old were dislocated at the shoulder in an accident. But when X-ray pictures were made some time afterward both shoulder joints were in place.

Several times after that, while doing ordinary things, the arms would come out of the sockets, she says, particularly the left arm. As a rule, before the doctor arrived they snapped back into place, and the doctor concluded that they had not been really dislocated after the first time.

This has happened hundreds of times, the lady says, and as there is no reason to believe the case complicated by love we may concede that it has happened a score of times, in nine years, for I am sure a lady never lies more than that except for love. At any rate, every time it happens it causes much pain and embarrassment and once or twice the lady has narrowly escaped serious accidents because of it. After each dislocation the arm and shoulder is painful for days. She has learned how to snap it back herself, but at thirty—no hum, my notion of Utopia is a world where everybody, having once attained 30, stays 30 forever after—at thirty, as the present world is arranged, a girl hates to think of spending the rest of her life snapping her shoulders back into joint.

The doctors told her the shoulders would be all right in time. Yet somehow the young lady yearns to consult somebody or do something about it.

When the shoulder joint is dislocated the capsule or ligament which completely encircles the joint is necessarily torn or stretched, and sometimes this capsule remains loose, as probably in the case described, so that slight movements of the kind which caused the original dislocation will throw the arm out of joint again. After several repetitions of this the joint is very readily dislocated. It becomes a bad habit.

Formerly various shoulder cap harnesses were used to restrain the joint, but with indifferent effect, and for a live girl of 1933 such treatment would be as appropriate as a nain-sook petticoat with lace ruffles.

The sensible course for the young woman is repair of the torn capsule or tightening of the relaxed or stretched capsule. This is an orthopedic operation, but any physician who is qualified to do surgery can treat the case as successfully as the one who limits his practice to orthopedic surgery. The arm must be kept in a sling for three weeks after the operation. Passive movements—manipulation by the physician or his trained physical therapist—are begun in the third week, and active movements or exercise in the fourth week. In five weeks the patient is able to return to work.

Where it is impossible to undergo such treatment, a light appliance which reminds the patient to hold the shoulders back, and discourages slumping, drooping or forward hunching of the shoulders, tends to prevent recurrence. Or without an appliance, constant endeavor to maintain tall erect posture—shoulders back, chin inside imaginary stiff collar—will do the trick.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 1.—Diary of a modern Peppy: Up in a peppy mist and, appropriately enough, a photo card of Rube Goldberg going under Niagara Falls. Also a howdy letter from Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee, the janch folk. Then herpling along with Betty Berlin and jockeyed him into buying breakfast at Sherry's.

Home where came a bed we article two especially built beds with reading lights and book racks, something we longed for mightily. So off to A. Van Beuren's the motion picture man, and George By, Bugs Baer, J. P. McEvoy and Konrad Bercovicz there, all gentlemen well met. Floyd Gibbons and Tommy Millard for a dinner of soupy hash with pimiento and driving to Brooklyn to put Millard on the barque Bremen for Geneva and Lord, his nonchalance. As indifferent as I to a ferry ride I alight his 19th crossing. To bed.

After the talk she pilots Confucius to a rear exit—it is bad luck to leave through the same door of entrance—and they grope through a dark, tortuous alley. It's scary, or at least it was to me. Boo!

Anna May Wong, in an unguarded moment, promised to act as a Chinatown guide. But we never got around to it. I am told that on Miss Wong's occasional visits there business comes to a full stop in cafes, joss houses and fan parlors. News of her arrival spreads in that mysterious grape-vine fashion so peculiar to the quarter. Everywhere are peering eyes, even to white wives behind shuttered windows. She is their own who has captivated another world.

Personal nomination for the slyest twinkle on or off the stage—that of Mrs. Messmore Kendall.

No figure in the Broadway hoop-la so successfully bowed out of the picture in the past few years as Texas Guinan. She went out like an electric light. No one knows why. Various stories circulate—night club business was bad, Texas feared prohibition reprisals, a gang of chieftain tumbled-down on her enterprises or she thought a late season in Montreal and Chicago would re-charge her customers with fervor. Next to her, the late Wilson Mizner's evanescence from the White Way was the greatest puzzle. No one believed he could remain away more than a few weeks, but he was absent nine years with short visits growing increasingly apart. "I got puch goofy hanging around," he once told me.

Addison Mizner in his rollicking volume "Too Many Mizners," tells of calling on his brother, Wilson, following his marriage to the rich and celebrated Mrs. Yerkes. Wilson, under a cloud, lolled in a satin canopied poster when Addison barged in. "Kick a few valets out of the way and draw up a gold chair," he signed with self-congratulatory despair.

Thingsamobos: Mrs. Charles Frucauff's horoscope adorns the ceiling of the dining room in her 21-room pent house in Washington Square south. . . . The late Ralph Barton's Paris bedroom was entirely of black as a method of fighting insomnia. . . . Adelaide Wilson, whose latest book is a literary gasp, is daughter of Francis Wilson, the actor. "Tallulah Bankhead is a chain cigarette smoker. . . . Preston Gibson, social butterfly of both continents, is a patent at Saranac. . . . None of Zazu Pitts' dining room dishes match. . . . Mrs. Adolphe Menjou's jelly and preserve shop in Hollywood is called "Kathryn Carver's California Shop". . . . Carol Watwright, after a circle of the world, has opened up an art studio.

Swaying on a lumbering bus top, I always think of Homer Davenport, the cartoonist. He found this metropolitan plateau the most delightful sanctuary in the crowded city for clearing mental cob-webs. Gaze up at the charabanc roofs after the dinner hour—you will see men and women you never expected to see, perched there!

At a dinner the other evening Montag Glass, holding up a thin two-pronged raspberry fork, observed: "For the bicuspids only, I suppose!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Communications

Thanks From Salvation Army.
The Salvation Army wishes to express its appreciation to those who so kindly helped us to make our play a success. We want to especially thank Miss Lulu Wilson of the city water department for selling a great number of tickets for us. We also wish to thank the Army for the use of 100 chairs.
ADJ. H. GALLAHUE.

Dancing class and play hour for children 3 to 5 years on Thursday, 9:30 to 11 a. m.; \$1 per month. Kay Kastle Dance Studio, across from Rox-theater.

Don't extend credit to Mr. New Customer until you find out from the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau how he paid the other fellows.

PERMANENTS—\$1.50, \$2.50, \$4, \$5.30 Downman's, Phone 57.

Special Giant Panies, 25c dozen Rogue Valley Floral Co., Tel. 1040.

Jewel As Security



The world famed Hope diamond has been offered by Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, estranged wife of the former publisher of The Washington Post, as security for a loan which she hopes to use to save the newspaper for her sons. Mrs. McLean is shown wearing the famous stone.

ANNUAL ASSESSMENT WORK NOT SUSPENDED FOR MINING CLAIMS

In response to many inquiries Congressman Walter M. Pierce has advised Attorney Frank DeSouza of this city that no action has been taken thus far by congress for the suspension of the annual assessment work on mining claims prior to July 1, 1933.

Mr. Pierce advises that several bills are now pending in congress which, if passed, would suspend the work for the current period. He also states that it is not likely that this legislation will be passed unless it is included in the program of President Roosevelt.

Strong protests have been made against the suspension of the assessment work on the ground that additional labor would be furnished if the assessment work is required to be done. Others take the viewpoint that suspension should be effective immediately because of the expense involved to claim owners, and in order to relieve them of the necessity of incurring expense in protecting their mineral rights.

"I am very much interested in this program," writes Congressman Pierce, "and desire to forward what ever is most beneficial to the mining interests of Oregon. I will watch the bills now in committee and will lend my influence toward the moratorium as it seems to be the consensus that suspension of work would be the most helpful."

GRIFFIN CREEK P.-T. A. SEES COPCO PICTURES

An interesting program of Copco movies was enjoyed at Friday night's meeting of the Griffin Creek Parent-Teachers' Association. Among the films shown by H. L. Bromey, Copco advertising manager, were pictures of the recent lake caravan and views of the "clean-up" at the famous Sterling mine ten days ago. A fine program of movies, music, folk dances and other features followed the regular business session.

New Dry Chief



A. V. Dalrymple, San Francisco attorney, was appointed national prohibition administrator by President Roosevelt. (Associated Press Photo)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
May 1, 1923.
(It was Tuesday)
Salem and other Oregon cities plan boycott to curb "rising price of sugar."

An airplane passed over the city this morning at 11:30, and attracted wide attention. Two minor auto smashes occurred, when the driver stopped to watch the bird-like machine speeding northward.

Showery weather. The hills and dales are a mass of wild flowers. Auto camp booklet is issued, and will be given to tourists.

Medford forms a Rotary club with 25 members. Local moonshiners sent to Multnomah county rockpile.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 1, 1913.
(It was Thursday)
City orders all wooden sidewalks in city to be lowered to the grade of the concrete sidewalks. "And will tolerate no needless delay."

April weather was kind to the pears, weatherman reports.
Paul J. Rainey's motion picture of "Wild Life in Africa" to be shown at the Nation.

Running out of the street, upon the curb and striking a light pole caused a new Ford car driven by Dr. Emmons on West Main Wednesday afternoon to upset, spilling the doctor and a boy companion onto the pavement. No injuries were sustained. Aside from a badly bent front axle and a shattered lamp the car was not damaged. A huge windshield escaped injury.

H. H. Pruze leaves for Canada, where he plans to take up a home-stead.

Murder in Ditch
RIVERSIDE, Calif., April 29.—(AP)—The body of a woman who officers believe was a murder victim, found in an irrigation ditch early today, was identified later as that of Mrs. Emma I. Kemp, wife of a Riverside orange company foreman prominent in fraternal organizations here.

Joan Files Divorce
LOS ANGELES, April 29.—(AP)—Sue for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr., movie actor, was filed today by Joan Crawford, the screen's leading portrayal of the "modern girl," who charged "grievous mental cruelty."

Texas Solon Passes
WASHINGTON, April 29.—(AP)—Representative Clay Stone Briggs of the tenth Texas district died today of a heart attack. Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at Syracuse, N. Y., the old home of Mrs. Briggs.

Inquire about our new 5 percent and 10 percent CASH discount on all purchases.
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann
Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones Phone 708

Constipated 30 Years Aided by Old Remedy

"For thirty years I had constipation. Suffering food from stomach checked me. Since taking Adierka I am a new person. Constipation is a thing of the past."—Alice Burns. Sold in Medford by Heath's Drug Store.

DINTY MOORE'S 8 LITTLE GIANTS

OPENING THE NEW FAIR GROUNDS PAVILION. SATURDAY, MAY 6

When You Are in KLAMATH FALLS

Stop At The **WILLARD HOTEL**

Cheerful Service
Modern Surroundings
Central Location
A1 Dining Room

We Invite Your Patronage
Rates \$1.50 Up

WILLARD HOTEL
2nd and Main. Klamath Falls
ALBERT AUSTIN, Mgr.

AKRON NOTES DANGLE YEAR IN TREE



Letters attached to a handkerchief parachute and dropped from the ill-fated dirigible Akron in 1932 while it was flying over Bremerton, Wash., were found in a Seattle tree by Midge and Ted Miller who are holding the packet. Addresses on the letters were legible and the Millers dispatched them. One of the envelopes, addressed to Mrs. Orella Barton Lakehurst, N. J., is shown. (Associated Press Photo)

CONGER FUNERAL PARLOR
 West Main at Newtown
Sympathetic, Friendly Service