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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
 By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 11.—One of the midnight havens kindred in the Broadway way roof is a tiny chill parlor, bright with red trimmings and stuffed with the simple cordiality of a Chaucerian era. From after theater until 2 a. m. it is in general pandemonium with more diverse celebrities than any other spot in town.

Among signatures on its guest register are Paul Whiteman, Robert Sherwood, William Gaston, Meredith Nicholson, Joe Cook, Harold Ross, Ogden Nash, Arthur Hopkins, and other topnotchers in various fields. In the least anticipated place, more confidences are exchanged than at the clubs.

The cafe is conducted by Mrs. Lee, a buxom matron, and her comely daughter Dorothy. The service is leisurely but the trifles, enchiladas and tamales are worth waiting for. The wandering drunk finds all tables reserved. Two Broadway hit plays, three novels and a jigsaw puzzle revival incubated there.

Over pannikins of steaming chili are the moods and dolours once so familiar among the well polished benches of the old time rathskeller. A gentleman last evening was discussing Boocaccio. A departing star tucked a pat of hamburger in her purse for her Peke. Broadway, around the corner, seemed far away.

The best known chili parlor of another generation still parades, of course, Joe's, shouldering the Metropolitan opera. While such intellectuals as Ben DeCasseres, Edwin Markham and Carlos Fornaro were frequenters it had a rake-hell glamour. Jetaam madams, twitching hop-heads and gristle-hearted pandemonium of Broadway nights drifted in. The last time I saw Joel Binado, incidentally, he was rooking on the porch of a sequestered Brooklyn home, reading Wordsworth, of all people.

Then there was Madam Laloy's, also in the neighborhood. She mixed the aperitifs and cashed in a tiny cage. Her son Gaston acted as maitre de hotel. Dinner avec vin ordinaire was 65 cents. An horrendous mechanical piano was in constant din but the low-collared place was stuffed with that engaging quality, "atmosphere." I met three of the warmest friends I have there. Customers drank decently, with a continental sense of rite. Gaston was killed in the war, I heard, and Mama Laloy returned to her native village in Provence.

But it was at Lohr's when I was newly pupped on Broadway I got my first peep at culture—or so it seemed. Lamb chops were served with red and white paper panties slipped over the ends. Here I also made virgin experiment in stipping cotintraux. The two so emboldened me I breezed over to a corner table where Caruso was dining and asked for his autograph. It was given with a graciousness I never forgot.

Ruining Crater Lake

IT IS hardly necessary to call attention to the unique beauty of Crater Lake, and its value as a tourist attraction to the state of Oregon.

But it IS necessary, at this time, to call attention to the beauty of the ROAD leading to Crater Lake and its value in the same direction.

In fact to the people of Southern Oregon, to whom Crater Lake is no novelty, the trip to the lake, along Rogue river and through the forest, is the most enjoyable part of any lake excursion.

This is true any time of the year, but particularly true, during the heat and dust of summer, when after an hour's motoring one can ride comfortably over a smooth highway, through towering fir and pines, not only far from the "maddening crowd," but literally in the heart of the forest primeval.

THE people of the state have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to make this highway possible, but now unless prompt and definite action is taken, the best part of this highway will be ruined, by the cutting of timber from Prospect to the forest service boundary.

IMAGINE the trip to Crater Lake would be if instead of travelling through the heart of a beautiful forest,—probably the finest stand of fir and sugar pine on the entire coast,—a large portion of that travel would be over a denuded plateau, hot and flat, with only stumps and tangled brush, as far as the eye could see!

SUCH A THING SIMPLY CAN'T BE DONE! But according to our information it WILL be done—and done before the present tourist season really starts—unless the timber along this section of the highway is purchased, or a state park created which will not only preserve the timber, but some of the best fishing in Rogue river, for the pleasure and delight of present and future generations.

The Mail Tribune strongly prefers the state park idea. But if time is too short to bring this about, then ways and means must be provided to make the necessary purchase, now, and secure the park reservation, later.

THIS matter is of supreme interest to the people of Medford, but it is also a grave concern, not only to the people of this state, but to the people of the country.

Crater Lake is not a local attraction, exclusively, nor only a state attraction. It is a national attraction.

We feel confident that the federal government now engaged in spending millions to preserve our national resources, if properly approached would give financial aid to such a necessary and worthy project as this.

But wherever the money comes from, or whatever the final plan, this highway MUST BE PRESERVED, and toward this end immediate action MUST be taken.

The Medford Chamber of Commerce has agreed to take the leadership in this movement. It should have the whole-hearted and aggressive support of every service club, every public organization, and every resident of Medford and Southern Oregon!

Little Enough to Ask!

LOCALLY there has been nothing more reassuring during this depression than the attitude of labor,—all labor—but at this time we wish to call attention particularly to orchard labor.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the orchard workers—the regular manual laborers—have saved the day. But for their fine spirit of loyalty and self sacrifice, their willingness to work for nothing or a mere subsistence, and gamble with their employers, on profits from the crop, there would, practically speaking, be no crop. Instances to prove this statement could be cited until the cows come home. The workers as a whole have given the finest imaginable demonstration of sound Americanism and splendid citizenship.

WITH such an inspiring example from those who have risked their "ALL" it should hardly be necessary to ask SOME consideration from those who have nothing to risk, but a few months interest on their accumulated capital.

We refer to those individuals and concerns holding mortgages on local orchard property. No orchardist can secure a loan from the R. F. C., unless a waiver on any mortgages against his property, is granted until November first.

The validity of the mortgage is not impaired in the least. The waiver merely amounts to a moratorium on mortgage foreclosures or interest payments for a maximum period of six months—or until the crop has been harvested.

Yet we are informed that many orchardists who must have financial aid from the government at once, are unable to secure such waivers, promptly, and some fear they won't get them at all.

WE CAN'T believe there are many mortgage holders of this sort in Southern Oregon, or anywhere else. But those who can't be reached by persuasion or through their sense of public obligation at such a time as this, we believe could be reached through proper publicity.

A list of mortgage holders who refuse to grant a six months breathing space, so an orchardist can be given an opportunity to keep himself and his employees from the bread lines, would, in our judgment, be decidedly in the public interest.

writing man, Florence Rice, had innumerable offers before she consented to appear in a play by her dead brother, Ring Lardner. Such reflections being in an observation of Hugh Walpole: "Children of writers shrink from the theater. They have lived too much in an atmosphere of illusion."

But Owen Davis solves the parental problem of knowing where a modest son is six nights a week. He writes a part for him in his plays. Thus the son is happy, the father is happy and both are paid for it. An achievement, my masters, to be happy and get paid for it these days! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)
 If this went on indefinitely, of course, we should go bankrupt. No

FARMERS FORCE DEPUTY SHERIFF TO KISS FLAG



Shouting that foreclosure proceedings against them were "un-American," a crowd of farmers at Primghar, Iowa, forced deputy sheriffs and lawyers to kneel before the crowd and kiss the flag. A deputy is shown as he was led forward. (Associated Press Photo)

GARBO RETURNS TO FILMLAND



Exhibiting nervousness which was not "acting," Greta Garbo returned to American soil at San Diego, Cal., after a long stay in Sweden. The mystery actress of the films, in a brief interview, said she didn't know how long she would stay in Hollywood this time. (Associated Press Photo)

Communications

An Answer to Mr. Harr
 To the Editor:
 Referring to Bert Harr's letter about the Mooney case, I would like to make a few comments. I have no opinion about the guilt or innocence of Mooney, but what this trial and its results does expose, is the deplorable contempt for constituted authority and class hatred among the working classes. It is really too bad that such men as Mr. Harr should wish to foster this revolutionary mental attitude. In fact, go so far as to rate it as their duty to stir up strife and class hatred.

He says that he (Mooney) advocates a plan that interferes with the exploitation of masses of laborers for the depraved gratification of a few profiteers. Furthermore, that direct action to the average mind means murder, arson and the like, but states that what it really means is co-operative marketing of human labor.

Now, to the average mind a hoe is a garden tool; and to the average mind direct action among radicals of the Mooney type means violence. As far as co-operation among the workers of the U. S. they are as free as in any country in the world may be freer. So the only possible excuse for bombastic arguments on this score is an alibi for direct action.

Mr. Harr writes in a contemptuous manner about professional and mercantile people, and says if they were hard pressed and unemployed they too might resort to bloodshed. It is safe to say that now-a-days very many of these gentlemen are "hard pressed and unemployed." Mr. Harr also makes clurring remarks about our legal tribunal.

Now what I want to get at is that all such rantings and abusive talk lends to general contempt for constituted authority, plus class hatred. A very dangerous combination, and one that is utterly uncalled for in this country. We have had a taste of all this in our own little country, as Mr. Harr knows to his own sorrow and disappointment. Such writings lead to outrages such as the recent dragging from court and beating of Judge Bradley of Iowa.

Mr. Harr says life is comedy. Does it not occur to him that it is certainly comical that in this land of the free, people should elect and appoint their own officials only to abuse them, hate them and use "direct action" against them.

Apocryphal to profiteers, there is no such thing in this country as "the exploitation of masses of labor for the depraved gratification of a few profiteers." That's all hocus-pocus. It's a mental dummy of the imagination. Generally speaking, the most hard working, cleverest, most enterprising and courageous win in the battle or game of life. It is true some abuse the great power they acquire, but as a rule they do not. Ford, Rockefeller, Firestone and the late Edison are good examples.

If more people in Jackson county had had a better regard for constituted authority, and not listened to the ravings of demagogues, we would not have this horrible strike and turmoil, that will cost the county \$100,000 or more, besides paralyzing local business and causing the murder of one of our best officials.

Woodin's Chief Aid
 Dean G. Acheson (above), Washington attorney, was named under secretary of the treasury to succeed Arthur A. Ballantine, resigned. (Associated Press Photo)



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The South Carolina state treasury collected enough cash during the bank holidays to meet current needs.

A "cotton ball" at which girls display costumes of cotton, is an annual feature at Texas A. & M. college. Eagle Point, May 10.

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PIGGLY WIGGLY gives you every reason for wise spending. Here you find the finest of foods at consistently low prices—real money savers every day in the year.

Extra Savings for Fri., Sat. and Mon., May 12, 13, 15

- Maxwell House Coffee lb. 27c
- Pancake Flour Sperry's 9 lb. sack 43c
- Oxydol large package 19c
- Catsup Ritter's 14 oz. bot. 2 for 25c
- Soft As Silk Cake Flour pkg. 24c
- Post Toasties 2 pkgs. 15c
- Syrup Log Cabin med. size 39c
- H. and D. Jell Powder pkg. 5c
- Glass Water Tumblers Tall clear 6 for 29c
- Budweiser Malt lt. or dark 59c
- Pork and Beans Ritter's tall can 5c
- Diamond Crystal Salt pkg. 8c
- Sunbrite Cleanser 4 for 19c
- Table Salt Leslie 8 lb. sack 21c
- Dinner Bell Margarine 3 for 28c
- RAGSDALE'S VANILLA 8 oz. bottle 49c (One 4-oz. Bottle Free)
- BOB WHITE SOAP 10 bars 25c
- WALDORF TISSUE 3 for 14c
- GUEST IVORY 4 bars 15c
- B. and M. BEANS or BROWN BREAD large can 17c
- WESSON OIL 1/2 gal. 59c
- Mother's COCOA 2 lb. pkg. 23c
- DEL MONTE SPINACH No. 1 tall can 12c

VEGETABLES

- LETTUCE 3 heads 10c
- TURNIPS 3 bunches 10c
- STRAWBERRIES 4 for 23c
- RADISHES 3 bunches 10c
- SPINACH 2 lbs. 9c

Every Week Is 'Better Meat Week' at the

ECONOMY Meat and Fish Market
 206 E. Main. Phone 46

SPECIALS

- Home Sugar Cured Smoked Meats
- Cottage Butts, lb. 12c
- Picnics, lb. 10c
- Hams, lb. 17c
- Fancy Fryers and Hens

- Pure Pork Sausage, 2 lbs. 25c No cereal.
- Pure Lard, 3 lb. 24c
- Veal Shoulder Roast, lb. 11c

TOMORROW IS FISH DAY

We have a big assortment of Fresh Fish. Chinook Salmon is at its best now!

Choice lunch meats of all kinds and your favorite brands of Cheese

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 11, 1923.
 (It was Friday.)
 Water restrictions are now in force.

Heavy frost predicted by San Francisco weather bureau, and causes surprise to local growers.

Dr. J. J. Emmens continues to improve, but is still a very sick man.

Talent Ford driver, unable to stop his car, and runs into M. P. & H. building.

Frank Perl is elected president of the high school student body.

Oscar Callison, former U. of O. center, is favored as coach of high school next year. He is a seasoned warrior of the gridiron.

False alarms keep fire department busy.

Two boose raids near Central Point fail to capture men or liquor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 May 11, 1913.
 (It was Sunday.)
 Record price—\$9 per cwt.—is paid for cattle on Portland markets.

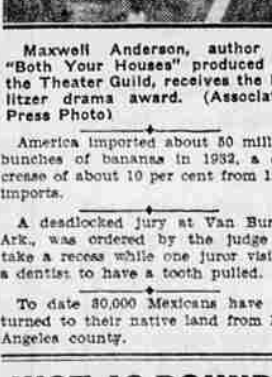
One hundred Medford children will appear in the "Doll Shop." Horace Bromley and Dr. W. W. Howard appear with others in "a stately minuet," said George Gates was one of the boy dancers.

Dr. Reddy returns and states that plans for the "Pacific Interior" railroad are well under way.

Pre-cooling plant here now seems a certainty.

Decorating of streets for grand lodge of the I. O. O. F. under way.

Pulitzer Winner



Maxwell Anderson, author of "Both Your Houses" produced by the Theater Guild, receives the Pulitzer drama award. (Associated Press Photo)

Ameica imported about 80 million bunches of bananas in 1932, a decrease of about 10 per cent from 1931 imports.

A deadlocked jury at Van Buren, Ark., was ordered by the judge to take a recess while one juror visited a dentist to have a tooth pulled.

To date 80,000 Mexicans have returned to their native land from Los Angeles county.

JUST 46 POUNDS OF FAT GONE
 Feels 20 Years Younger
 "I surely can recommend Kruschen Salts. I reduced from 136 to 110 lbs. my natural weight and I feel 20 years younger. A pinch a day keeps the fat away."—Mrs. Vale Walter, Seattle, Washington (Dec. 30, 1932).
 Once a day take Kruschen Salts—one-half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Besides losing ugly fat SAFELY you'll gain in health and physical attractiveness—constipation, gas and acidity will cease to bother you—you'll feel younger—more active—full of ambition—clear skin—sparkling eyes.
 A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at Jarmint & Woods, West Side Pharmacy or any drug store in the world—buy demand and get Kruschen and if one bottle doesn't joyfully satisfy you—money back!