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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 13.—The Seelye-hair has his say. I'm supposed to be a clown dog just because I haven't the dignity of the Boston. My hair won't lay straight. But nobody's supposed to have dignity when they're just two, going on three. What do they expect? Anyway, I'm not over my fight yet.

I was born — in Beverly Hills. Out on the Ben Ray Myers place. One time in New York, while dining with my present master, Mr. Meyer said: "How'd you like to have a Seelye-hair?" — not knowing that bird would take anything offered.

So Mr. Meyer returned and I was taken from two brothers, a slater and an adoring mother. I never saw my father. I've heard he is now a retired Don Juan on the Will Rogers place. Also I understand he deserted many other ladies in his day, the old Casanova.

They nailed me in a box and put me on a train. That trip is why I'm such a traidy at sudden noises. For five days it was a nightmare of lurches, quick stops, strange whistles and clanging bells. Just the other day they took me down to a railroad station and I tossed a conviction right before all those people.

Crossing the continent they gave me food, but I didn't want to eat. O. well, not more than four or five times a day. I thought I would never get to wherever I was going. It looked like dirty work at the cross-roads. I was only an itty-bitty shaver, who had never been out of the yard.

Finally, when I'd lost hope we went through a dark tunnel and stopped a long while. Some came around, lifted me into an express wagon and the next thing I knew I was in my new home. They took me in the back way when, as a matter of fact, I have a pedigree longer than anyone around this house. I go back to the Hugenots, but from the start they never appreciated me in this house.

Everybody crowded around while they uncared me, peeping and making cracks. Finally they lifted me to the floor and there I was in the kitchen. I shook myself of a few doo-dads, picked up along the way, such as nails, bolts, pieces of wire and a smear or so of axle grease. Then Harry, the colored man, gave me a bath and would you believe it I was as clean, fluffy—and may I add pure—as the driven snow. Then he rolled me in a blanket and left the sweetest snore since I had mamma. I certainly hit it off, great guns.

Financing the Pear Crop

A RECENT statement in this paper that the financing of the 1933 fruit crop had been arranged, has met with considerable criticism on the part of certain growers. This criticism is based upon a misinterpretation of that statement. We did not mean that the securing of R. F. C. funds meant that EVERY fruit grower could be given, either all the money he wants, or all the money he needs.

The statement should have been taken with its context. This context involved the securing of federal financial aid, on the basis, which the local representative on the regional committee, and a majority of the pear growers, insisted upon. This was a great victory for Medford, and was almost entirely due to the efforts made, by local individuals and organizations.

It marked the successful termination of a long battle, and did mean that the major financial problem here had been solved.

STRINGENT rules, however, cover the granting of government loans to any one. Ranch records, the financial standing and credit resources of the individual, form an important part of these federal regulations. Obviously these regulations must be lived up to.

Those who can't live up to them are, as the phrase goes, "out of luck." This is extremely unfortunate, but as far as federal aid is concerned, can't be helped, at this late date.

ONE of these growers has made a suggestion to this newspaper, which we regard as a good one. It is that these growers, unable to secure federal financial aid,—and there appear to be many of them,—form an association, pool their resources, and thus by united action try to secure financial aid, in the local field.

These growers, as a whole, have brought their crops along successfully thus far, the frost danger is practically over, they only need credit for spray dope and a few months operation. The originator of the idea maintains they need no cash, merely extension of credit.

It seems to this paper, that such assistance, is of sufficient importance not only to them, but to this community as a whole to justify the most active local support.

AS we pointed out a few days ago, local labor has shown a willingness to gamble with the grower on the crop, give their services for practically nothing, in the hope that the returns will allow them wages.

In our opinion, local supply houses, should be willing to do AS MUCH,—not only to help the growers, but to benefit the community, for the larger the local fruit crop (we said local), the larger the gross returns, and the better for all concerned.

F. D. Should Stay Home

A CRUCIAL test for President Roosevelt's sound political wisdom, arises as the time for the coming international economic conference in London, approaches.

Foreign governments will bring strong pressure upon the President to attend this important gathering. They will claim no one can properly represent him, that he alone can give the conference proper authority and prestige, that if he remains away the meeting will be a failure.

Such appeals, directly to a man's sense of public duty, and indirectly to his vanity, are terribly potent. It will take not only great strength of character but penetrating shrewdness, to resist them.

But unless Roosevelt does resist them we fear he will be making a serious—perhaps a fatal—mistake.

FOR the United States can't win any victory in London, that will satisfy the American people. Such a victory simply isn't in the cards. The cards are stacked against Uncle Sam before he starts.

Not only can this country present no delegation, headed by the President or anyone else that can cope successfully with the diplomatic skill and resourcefulness of the European delegations, but the temper of this meeting will inevitably be "anything to beat the Yankees."

In spite of the recent preliminary conferences in Washington, and the sweet and soothing things said by all and sundry, the plain truth is America is more unpopular in Europe today than ever before. The war debts were bad enough, Uncle Sam going off the gold standard, only made things worse.

IN London it will be the field against the United States. The tariff truce arrived at yesterday so optimistically played up by the London correspondents, means nothing at all. The tariff situation today is about as bad as it could be. Maintaining the status quo merely means, that during this conference it will not be worse.

More than that. Unless all signs fail—in fact unless an actual miracle happens,—national self interest will rule this meeting. Call it patriotism, nationalism, what you will, each world power will be trying to get as much as it can and give as little.

In such an atmosphere, there will be strong efforts to lower tariffs,—but always for the other fellow. With the United States, no longer a debtor but a creditor nation, this will mean a united European drive, to tear down the American tariff wall, and retain the tariff walls of Europe.

Europe will also be united against paying the war debts, and again unless a miracle happens, Europe will never pay another cent.

What does this mean? It means that to accomplish anything worth while, the United States must make the chief concessions. This may be necessary, it may be right,—it might even in the long run by benefitting ALL world trade, BENEFIT more than injure America.

But the American people as a whole will never be able to see that. And any government that will cancel war debts, or lower tariffs to the extent of closing American factories and throwing more men out of work will be politically crushed at the first opportunity.

So by going to London, and thus becoming identified personally with the American cause, President Roosevelt would have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

Staying at home keeping out of the mess, will not only be best for him, but best for the cause of world reconstruction and world peace.

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.

A LIGHT AT NIGHT IS A NEUROTICISM.

My small son who is five years of age awakens during the night and says he is afraid and I must put on the light. He has a nap every afternoon of one hour and has very nourishing food. I wrote you a few weeks ago and I am sorry I neglected to send a stamped and addressed envelope. I can't understand why this should be. I would greatly appreciate your help. Thanking you in advance, I am (Mrs. S. J. G.)

Come, come, my dear Watson, the letter presents several features of interest. Twice in the brief message the lady seems to apologize for her son. First because he is small, and again because she can't understand his extraordinary behavior. She acknowledges that he is a personage of imperious character and when he commands there is naught to do but obey. It is quite likely the young man, when composing the household for his rest at night leaves a memorandum with the subconscious to wake him at 11. He awakens around 4 without fall so that he may have the pleasure of commanding that there be light. There's a lot of satisfaction for a spoiled child seeing everybody jump when he calls.

This child has very nourishing food, whatever that may mean, means nothing to us, but perhaps it implies some kind of insipid proprietary stuff in the mind of the unfortunate child's parents. The training and environment that cultivate the habit of raising an alarm and demanding light and activity from all hands at the night would scarcely fail to cultivate queer whims and abnormal tastes as to food. One of the characteristic traits of our national neuroticism is our childlike delight in pretty packages.

Every child is entitled to a clean, comfortable, airy and reasonably quiet place to sleep, and a bedtime schedule as unchangeable as dinner time. Babies under six months of age should sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, the waking periods being only an hour or so long. At the age of a year fourteen to sixteen hours of sleep will be enough, eleven or twelve at night, and two or three hours in the day, in morning and afternoon naps. At the age of two years, the baby still needs the eleven or twelve hours sleep at night and shorter naps of perhaps an hour each forenoon and afternoon. At four years, the child needs the same eleven

or twelve hours sleep at night and a nap of one-half hour once or twice daily. The afternoon nap should be kept up until the child is six or seven years old, and even in older children it is an excellent health habit not to be discouraged. From six to ten years a child can get along with eleven hours sleep every night. From twelve to sixteen years, ten hours sleep is the right ration.

The nursing or bottle fed infant should be put to bed immediately after the late afternoon feeding. Older children who have dinner or supper at six or six-thirty may be allowed to pass the time between dinner and bedtime at any quiet amusement or play, but should not be allowed to have any exciting diversions at this time.

When the child's natural inclinations and habits are not broken by bad teaching or training, the child will go to bed and sleep night after night healthy young animal. The spoiled child acquires his fondness for light and activity in the night from demonstrations by his parents or guardians.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

FAYUS OF NALLS.
I have what is called a fungus growth of the innermost part of the eye. Many kinds of treatment have proved of no avail. (J. P. B.)
Answer—X-ray treatment is effective.

What, Iodin for Coryza?
Correspondent writes to a London newspaper from Rome. He says that he has found that one drop of ordinary iodine taken in a glassful of cold water "prevents most colds if it is taken as soon as the symptoms appear." He adds that the same dose repeated after several hours does no harm, tho in his experience it has seldom proved effective. I never have the so-called "cold," any more. I wonder if the reason is that I take a drop of iodine once a week. (D. C. C.)

Answer—I don't know whether it is an instance of similia similibus curantur, but I do know that in some persons iodine or any iodide will quickly produce a coryza, with red, swollen eyelids, running nose, etc., a state which physicians call iodism. We'd like to hear from our homeopathic friends, if any, about it, and also from readers who take an Iodin Ration.

Canners Should Can the Uncanny.
I believe it is safe to leave canned food in the can after opening, and that you are right about this, but I inclose labels which show some canners do not agree. (Mrs. L. P. D.)

Answer—Yes, some canners are fond of mystery. (Copyright 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

The witness characterized the murder as "the tragedy."
Boosts Ancestry
He described himself "as a direct descendant of John and Philecia Alden, who came to America on the Mayflower." His father was an Ohio fruit grower on Cawtawba Island, a justice of the peace, and Civil War veteran, he said.

"As a boy I would go and get the mail, and bring it to my father," the witness said. "Many times I have seen father open the mail. He would expect a check for his fruit for \$150 and get one for \$150. I noted the keen disappointment, and vowed one day I would establish a business based upon 'cash to the growers'."

Banks testified that after a few years as a traveling salesman, he did establish a fruit buying business, "that developed into the largest in Ohio with a clientele all over the United States." At another stage of his testimony Banks said, "I was the largest holder of orchard property in America, at one time."

Banks then told of his moving to California in 1908, securing citrus groves. "In 1910, I paid a visit to the Rogue River valley, and was impressed." The witness then described his activities in California fruit, "and I published a pamphlet, advocating cash payments." In 1921, he said, through a deal with a "Mr. Thornley, I purchased 37 acres of apples in Jackson county," assuming all the orchard obligations.

The witness then related his views of the spruce reed controversy in 1926, wherein "four cars of my fruit was seized upon the word of young chemists, causing a loss of \$75,000." He told of the injunction to restrain the government regulations, and the formation of an emergency committee in Medford to handle the situation.

"After the harvest, I paid my growers \$11,000 more than I had. They met at my house, and passing a resolution of gratitude, presented me with a pocket piece, upon which is engraved, 'In Memory of a Battle Against Bureaucracy' Banks extracted the pocket piece from his pocket, and exhibited it to the jury. The witness pictured himself in two roles—first as a philanthropist, then as a crusader.

had told her father "will shoot Mr. Banks on sight."
Banks testified he "feared he would be killed by officers," and told of his newspaper purchase and editorials. He described himself as "bitter" and "violent."

The chief defendant to the murder charge testified to the Parr libel suit, as he saw it, and "my fight against the power trust, to prevent them procuring an ever-lasting franchise."

He also told of the "sewage disposal bond issue," and other local controversial issues, all embellished with characteristic extravagant charges.

"I was indicted by a grand jury," Banks said. "My enemies came forward with enough charges for 20 indictments. But it was a friendly grand jury—by that I mean an honorable grand jury. The foreman held the indictments down to two. County Judge Fiel was in touch with the foreman every night, and Judge Fiel reported to me."

Banks declared, "On two each of these indictments, I voluntarily surrendered to Sheriff Schermerhorn—once I went to the jail, and had myself locked up. I wanted to see the inside of the jail—I had helped pay for it. When the sheriff came on another matter, he found me locked up and waiting for him."

The two fiery editorials, upon which the two indictments—one for criminal libel, and one criminal syndicalism were read to the jury by Attorney Lonergan. In one editorial, the slain constable was referred to, as "bandit armed with authority," the other advocated seizure of the county government.

As the long court day drew to a close, Attorney Lonergan skillfully questioned Banks, about foreclosures on property, and suits that have come to pass since his incarceration, and it was of these things that the defendant was testifying when adjournment came.

BANKS CUT SHORT AFTER TESTIMONY IN SURPRISE MOVE

(Continued from Page One)
Heved Mrs. Banks and I were in danger.

"I saw him (Prescott) at the door after he knocked," Banks said, "and I asked Mrs. Banks to hand the letters out to him. I went and got my rifle. When I returned, Mrs. Banks was pushing against the door but it was gradually being forced in. I could see it bulge.

"I thought I could see the point of a pistol through the door. I had been hiding, trying to escape from them. I could see a very little strip through the door and could see a man's body. I couldn't hear what Prescott was saying but I could hear his voice. I felt that in an instant there would be a tragedy. I thought a shot might frighten them away. So—"

In Frequent Rages
The elderly defendant showed frequent bursts of rage as he told about his troubles at Medford. He alleged it had been necessary for him to have a guard for months. He said he was planning to go to the mountains for a rest when the officers got to his house.

"What was your mental condition on the morning of the shooting?" defense Attorney Frank Lonergan asked.

"I don't know," said Banks. "I was confused, if I thought at all, I thought Mrs. Banks was in danger."

Wore Gun in House
The elderly defendant began his story by saying he had bought his rifle and the .44 revolver in California in 1915 and had brought them to Medford in 1926. They have been in the house since. On the morning of the shooting he had taken the rifle out of the window seat where it had been kept and laid it on a cot in the hall. He had strapped the revolver and holster around his waist.

Planned Camping Trip
"On the morning of the tragedy I was planning to go to a mining camp in the mountains and get away from the turmoil," said Banks.

"I kissed my little daughter goodbye as she started for school and said 'Babe, I don't know where I'll be tonight but wherever it is, I'll be all right.'"

If then asked Mrs. Banks to write letters to Chief McCredie and Captain Bown, Mrs. Banks took the dictation on a typewriter. I read and signed the letters and told her I wanted them delivered after I left for the mountains.

LaDieu Arrested
Just as we finished the letters, the telephone rang. It was Mrs. LaDieu. She said her husband had been arrested and his car confiscated and she couldn't deliver our milk. Mrs. Banks drove over to pick her up. Just then Janet (Mrs. Guehes, my secretary) came in. I executed a quit claim deed and wrote a letter saying I might need Rev. Belknap for bonds. I sent Janet out to give Mr. Belknap the deed and the letters.

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 14, 1923.
(It was Sunday)
Cyclone sweeps Texas and Kansas.
Elks to hold a shirtwaist dance.

Salvation Army drive quota is listed at \$3000.
May 17 to be Shale-Kale Day in Ashland.

Speeder hits the lamppost in front of the Hotel Holland, and escapes in the darkness.
Dog poisoners and flower thieves busy on the East Side.

Fruitgrowers rush to take out hail insurance.
Herb Alford has mastered the musical saw, and will give several innovations at the Wednesday night fair-ground pavilion dance.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 14, 1913.
(It was Tuesday)
Local sports lease a special wire to Vernon, to get the blow by blow returns of the Bud Anderson-Joe Mandot fight.

Hiram Johnson to sign the anti-Jap alien bill of California.
Nevada murderer on way to gallows battles seven guards and the warden, but is overpowered.

Charles B. Gay takes the agency for a puncture-proof auto tire.
Mail-Tribune loses a carload of paper somewhere on the Epece tracks between here and Portland.

EX-MEDFORD MAN HOME FROM CHINA WITH WAR TALES

After having been wounded by a stray Japanese machine gun bullet, and having been held prisoner for five days by the Japs, F. C. Jewett, former Medford boxer, was mustered out of the navy in March and returned to Medford by way of the southern states yesterday.

Jewett was in Chinwina, on duty with his buddy, Chuck Higginbotham, when the Jap bullets entered a safe window and struck both Jewett and Higginbotham. The latter was killed, with three bullets through his body. Jewett said, and Jewett spent nine weeks in the hospital and still carries the scar in his leg where the bullet lodged.

Jewett said he believed the war between Japan and China was due to continue until it broke into open and formally declared warfare. Jewett hopes to break into the fight some here, as he held the bantamweight belt of the coast division of the navy and has only suffered one defeat in the ring. He fought several fights on his way back across the United States after being mustered out in New York, he said.

Baccalaureate service for the graduating class of the Jacksonville high school will be given by Rev. Hugh Mitchellmore of Ashland at the Presbyterian church May 14.

USED CAR SALE
Prices are going up—BUY NOW!
See page 8, class, ad section for list of cars.
Armstrong Motors Inc.
38 N. Riverside

OLD PEOPLE LIVE LONGER at the CONVALESCENT HOME
153 Granite St., Ashland

Meet Me at the MANX, Where...
RATES ARE REDUCED

Hotel Manx
New rates now in effect at Hotel Manx are the lowest in years. Prices have been sweepingly reduced, not only to conform to the new season, but also to meet present economic conditions. 300 finely appointed rooms to choose from and we have made rates elastic enough to fit every individual requirement. The same high quality of service is maintained as always. You can live at the Manx now in luxurious comfort with economy.
Day Rates at New Low Levels
Room with Bath, single, \$2.00
Room with Bath, double, \$3.00
"Right in the Center of Everything"
Powell St., at O'Farrell San Francisco