

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The winter-like spring continues, and is retarding the growth of everything...

A Girls' Archery club has been formed, and the organization will soon be shooting sparrows with bows and arrows...

S. Morris, the T-Rock, G-Hill & E. Valley farmer, tooned Mr. Hill. He will raise some watermelons, and an occasional roast again this year.

The Wig Ashpole boy has made the 1st month of his career in fine shape, and has been labelled Charles Wilbur Ashpole...

NOT A BAD IDEA. (Chicago (Cal.) Enterprise) The Lenora Simpson, Glenn county trial will not be held elsewhere...

A citizen returned from Portland, Ore., and said a man asked him about the fishing, instead of the local pogrom.

I noticed its editor writing on a bass drum at the meeting and smoking what looked suspiciously like a power company cigar...

Oregon is again threatened with a special session of the legislature, and endurance contests where giddy members of both sexes, walk for days around a dance hall...

Of all the world's agitators, and including the Rev. Bob Shuler of Los Angeles, Tom Mooney, Preparedness Day bomb terrorist, who for 15 years or more, has been cooped up in San Quentin, Calif., prison and escaped the noose when a former president grew sentimental and loved everybody...

Gordon Rice, while plowing for the Dooleys last week, was accidentally kicked between the handles—(Patsley Items)—Cruel and unusual.

Four new autos and a snow-white bulldog have been purchased by the valley proletariat, so far this month.

"HIGH SCHOOL ORATORS FAIL" (Coe's Bay Times)—Some who have been out of school 40 years, do the same.

It Can't Be Done

UNDER the title "What the taste of raw meat does," the Grants Pass Courier bitterly belabors Roseburg and Douglas county for trying to secure the Tiller-Trail cut-off highway.

Such action is characterized as base ingratitude, and evidence of carnivorous tastes. The Courier warns Roseburg not to become cannibalistic!

We doubt if the warning will do much good. The Tiller-Trail cut-off would reduce the distance from Medford to Roseburg by about 10 miles, would have but one mountain grade instead of two, and would also give Roseburg a direct route to Crater Lake, and the Dalles-California highway, 59 miles shorter than the present one.

It is not likely that Roseburg will drop this proposal, merely because Grants Pass was a loyal friend, several years ago, and worked hard to give its northern neighbor the National Soldiers Home.

WE DON'T blame Grants Pass for its opposition. The Tiller-Trail cut-off would reduce tourist travel to Grants Pass, and every community wants all the tourist travel it can get.

But expressing that opposition in the romantic form of "noblesse oblige" we regard as rather futile. The plain truth is, when the chord of self interest is struck, communities are both carnivorous and cannibalistic.

THE Courier further contends that Roseburg doesn't wish Medford to know that it is working for this cut-off, for this city would not want to "cut herself out" of the Crater Lake and Eastern Oregon tourist travel.

The Mail Tribune can't speak officially for Medford, but as far as this paper is concerned, we not only know what Roseburg wants, but favor Roseburg getting it.

The new highway will shorten the distance from this city to Roseburg and Portland, cut out grades, and facilitate transportation from the north to and from Crater Lake.

What Medford may lose in Crater Lake travel, will in our opinion be more than compensated for, by the INCREASED TRAVEL to that great scenic wonder.

In other words, whatever increases travel to Crater Lake, makes the lake more accessible to motorists, regardless of where they come from, this paper regards as all to the good. Medford will get its share of the increase in travel, and that is all that Medford should expect or want.

IT IS folly to try to turn the hands of the clock of progress back. Of course if Medford could have the only highway to Crater Lake, that would be very nice for Medford. But it can't be done. And likewise Grants Pass' effort to prevent the Tiller-Trail cut-off "can't be done",—simply because progress, and the betterment of transportation, demands it.

Grants Pass has its Redwood Highway, and even if this new road is constructed will still have the old Pacific Highway. In fact nothing can prevent Grants Pass from being the hub, and enjoying the cream, of tourist travel in Southern Oregon,—for nature has given it that position.

We think that should satisfy our Josephine county neighbor. At any rate we think it should allay its resentment at Roseburg—Soldiers Home or no Soldiers Home,—for trying merely to get its rightful share.

The Portland Papers

ONE of the most striking features of the so-called "war" in Jackson county has been the inability of outsiders to understand it.

For the rank and file this is not surprising. The local situation has been so EXTRAORDINARY; so out of harmony with what the average person might expect in this day and age, that foreign wonderment could scarcely be surprising.

But for NEWSPAPERS—particularly metropolitan newspapers,—with their tremendous facilities for gathering information, and what SHOULD BE their professional interest in getting a true picture of conditions elsewhere in the state,—NOT TO UNDERSTAND IT, and to persist in that misunderstanding, is simply one of those things, that to this paper at least, can't be explained.

Take the Portland Journal for example. Now we happen to know the Journal has been given the facts, has had every opportunity to form an accurate opinion from those facts.

But its comment upon the verdict in the Banks case, shows clearly it has little or no conception of the situation here as it is, or as it has existed.

For the Journal complacently inquires when this "civil war" in Jackson county is coming to an end? It can't understand why in "splendid Jackson county," groups of citizens should have taken up the cudgels against each other. It implies there must be something seriously wrong with this splendid citizenry, that could not have solved its problems in a spirit of cooperation and in an orderly way. And now:

"Are there to be attacks and counter-attacks, and wholesale charges, arrests on the slightest pretext of citizens of ALL KINDS?"

Is arresting men for breaking into a court house and burning ballots, arresting them on the SLIGHTEST pretext? Is arresting men for murder and complicity in murder, arresting citizens of ALL KINDS!

The Journal piously rhapsodizes further:

"Jackson is one of the leading counties of Oregon, wealthy in natural resources, rich in historical splendor, and endowed with a citizenry of the highest order. Cannot that great county settle its disputes in amicable deliberation and in accordance with lofty standards, and thus proceed to its cherished destiny in a spirit of common co-operation and good will toward men?"

What! Settle arson, violence and the destruction of the franchise of its citizens, in AMICABLE DELIBERATION; settle threats of armed revolution, and cold blooded and wanton murder, by singing songs about common cooperation and good will toward men!

TO LISTEN to the Journal one might suppose this trouble in Jackson county was a family quarrel or a childish political fuss, only caused by its citizens refusing to settle their problems in an orderly manner, refusing to obey the laws and read the Sermon on the Mount.

THE deplorable situation which the Journal so deprecates, WAS FORCED UPON THE COMMUNITY BY ONE MAN, and a group of unscrupulous politicians and outlaws he gathered about him. The only criticism that can be made against this community is NOT that it rose in self defense, but that it DIDN'T RISE IN SELF DEFENSE LONG BEFORE IT DID.

Jackson county IS one of the leading counties and one of the best counties in the state, but it was as definitely threatened with destruction, as if some armed barbaric horde had suddenly rushed over the Siskiyou, to kill and burn and outrage. Would the Journal under such circumstances inquire why the citizens here didn't read their Bibles, and let the invading vandals have their way!

Why the Journal and other Portland papers can't get this through their heads, we repeat is—and for months has been—a complete mystery to the present writer. The only explanation we can see, is for some mysterious reason (perhaps political) they won't WANT TO!

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.

MENTAL POWER AND NERVE ENERGY.

A nervous correspondent protests the teaching that nervous energy, nerve or mental power, must be used, and that consequently there can be no strain of mind or nerves, no mental or nervous exhaustion, or nervous breakdown. The correspondent says I contradict myself to admit that "to the best of our knowledge the function of the brain, mind or nerves involves so little expenditure of energy, so little metabolism, as to be practically negligible in that respect."

This is not a question of authority, that is, opinion. It is a question of fact. Any textbook of physiology will enable you to speak with as much authority as any other human being has.

There is no contradiction in the facts I have given, as the correspondent quotes them. Where there is life, some energy is being expended some combustion is going on. No function occurs without the expenditure of energy. Not "nerve energy" or "brain power." Just energy—identical with the energy you expend in lifting a finger or swinging a leg or eating your dinner or running a race or yelling at the umpire or playing the tuba or writing home for money. Every beat of the heart, every breath you draw, is at the expense of energy.

The digestion of a soft boiled egg is effected by the expenditure of some energy. The working out of a problem or the concocting of a plot or the addition of a column of figures involves the expenditure of the same energy, and numerous scientific measurements have shown that so-called brain work, prolonged concentration on study, uses up so little energy that it is scarcely appreciable. The energy the body gains from the assimilation of the food in half a peanut will run the brain for hours at high tension.

So it is plumb silly to imagine that anybody can really suffer from nerve or mental exhaustion or breakdown from "overwork" or "overstudy" or "business responsibilities" or "domestic cares" or "worry" or anything like that. Not as long as there is enough energy left to lift a finger or put one foot before the other.

There are just two classes of people who have "nervous breakdown," crooks and fools. The crooks have it because it is a grand little scheme to dodge responsibility or punishment that they find they are at the end of their tether. The fools have it because they don't know any better, and their quack doctors know they don't.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Buckwheat Pancakes. Is buckwheat flour sold in its natural state or is it toasted? Is it very nourishing or heavy food? I am told it contains much iron and phosphorus.—Miss L. R. O.

Answer: It is sold in its natural state. Buckwheat flour is less nourishing than plain white flour. It contains less iron and less phosphorus than whole wheat flour or Graham flour or even plain white flour. Perhaps people imagine buckwheat is heavy because even the lightest yeast-raised buckwheat pancakes go down so easily. Go "long and don't tantalize a hungry man."

Warning to Fatish Husbands. I know you are kind about telling us matronly readers how to reduce, but why not prescribe some such treatment as this for fat husbands?—Mrs. A. G.

Answer:—Mrs. G. incloses a news item of a poor fellow who testified in a divorce suit that his wife's nagging had reduced him from 180 to less than her own weight, which, said to relate, was 165. This is surely a warning to somebody or other. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

Justice Easily Recognized in Banks Verdict. There was wisdom and justice in the results of the trial of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Banks for the murder of the Medford constable. There would have been a deplorable discussion of legal merits had the Eugene jury brought verdicts contrary to the ones it did.

Medford has been poisoned by a perverted newspaper and perverted politics. The Banks case, all but the customary routine of appeal, has passed. Let us trust Medford will view it as a closed event, and that task of readjusting civic life will begin at once.—Klamath Falls Herald.

insanity and second degree murder is not particularly important except to Mr. Banks, who will go to prison and not to the asylum. Probably he would rather have it that way. Besides, it is not certain that Mr. Banks is insane in the LEGAL sense that he could not distinguish between right and wrong. He must possess that much accountability. But the important thing is that he be confined and this will be done in the one case just as it would have been in the other.

Altogether, it is a fortunate wind-up of one of the most dangerous situations that has ever arisen in Oregon. A brilliant man got hold of a newspaper, and taking advantage of a distressing economic situation, used his mad genius to all but start a revolution in one of the finest communities in this state. There will be the usual appeal to the supreme court, but there can hardly be a reversal of the circuit court finding in so clear a case, so the Banks matter is in the position of a decapitated snake that wiggles its tail for a time before it is finally still.

Years will be required to repair all the damage done in Jackson county, however.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

Communications

Editorials Commended.

To the Editor: Just a word of commendation for the editorials in your paper last night. Your summing up and giving credit where credit was due was fine and in the last "Forget It" you wrote with an inspired hand. It is wonderful, and it is going in my scrap book. God bless you and your paper. We have read it over twenty years. MRS. W. M. BARBER, Ashland, Oregon, May 23.

Who Was the Martyr?

To the Editor: Who was the martyr in this recent crisis which Jackson county has unfortunately witnessed? Was it Lewellyn A. Banks or George J. Prescott?

Mr. Banks has been painted by his attorneys as a persecuted, hounded man, one who in trying to do what was right, suffered untold agonies such as those of the Messiah. In Mr. Banks' opinion, it was the right of a citizen to do what he considered to be his duty, and to pack for below standard. This has done a great deal of damage to the marketing of Rogue River valley's leading commodities, apples and pears.

Uninformed people began to think that Mr. Banks was right when they heard only one side of the question; it was at this time that citizens began to resent the false remarks of this man and to get out and protect their own interests. Then Mr. Banks began to cry "persecution," and "a break down of law and order." Finally, as a climax, he felt justified in shooting down in cold blood an officer of the law who was fulfilling his duty. Do you, the citizens of Jackson county, think that the life of this man can in any way be compared with that of the Messiah?

George J. Prescott, who was loved and respected, has given his life in sacrifice. He has gone from us; has not been here to protect his good name and character against the evil and false sayings. It is up to us to hold high the standards of Mr. Prescott, our martyred officer. We do not sympathize with Mr. Banks. Why should we? All of our sympathy should be for the wife and family of Mr. Prescott, who have been left to mourn the loss of a loved one; his life being snatched away at the hands of a man, who through failure caused by himself, became a selfish, cruel, vicious law violator.

The people of Jackson county know and resent the injustice that has been placed upon them by defense attorneys when they said that Jackson county was to blame for this cold-blooded crime. Didn't Mr. Banks attack every good cause in Jackson county? Didn't he stir up all manner of trouble in this peaceful community? It seems that the people of this county are an exceptionally good class in that they put up with such goings-on as long as they did, thinking that the turmoil would calm down and no further trouble would arise. However, we may judge in the victory that the state has won, and through this victory has proven that the laws of our land still hold, and are being backed by loyal citizens. We should praise the success of Attorney Moody in his clean fight for justice, and congratulate the jury upon the decision rendered by them. (Signed) 100% AMERICAN CITIZEN. (Name on File)

Irish Luck Had Bit Of Bad Luck On Regatta Eve

"Irish Luck" speed little outboard racer, piloted by Harold Gray and Joe Meyer, hardly lived up to its name last Sunday at the Southern Oregon Boat club's regatta when Old Man Tough Luck smashed the drive shaft in the speedy Johnson Sea Horse motor. Many southern Oregon boat enthusiasts were pinning their hopes on the fleet little boat and the accident was a big disappointment to them.

The accident was a very natural one," Joe Meyer said yesterday. "We had driven the motor pretty hard in practice runs and it was just a bit of hard luck that the break happened just before the Sunday races. We have used Pyroll lubrication in this motor and are convinced that the actual break would have occurred earlier had we not used this excellent lubrication process. We do not hesitate to recommend Pyroll to all who purchase Johnson Sea Horse outboard motors."

Mr. Meyer promised that "Irish Luck" with her original speedy motor, would be in trim for the next southern Oregon boat meet.

Real estate or insurance—Leave it to Jones, Phone 798.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 24.—No writing team of the generation has attained the robust popularity in New York of the Norrises — Charles and Kathleen. Or to intimate "See-gee" and "Katie." Although much of their lives are spent in their California haunts, every spring brings them to town.

There are few more positive personalities, and they are the only married couple I ever heard who can argue furiously with each other without rancor. Rich, traveled and talented, they are the most intimate of intimates. His brother, Frank, with a career so tragically brief, was one of America's foremost novelists. Kathleen, his wife, had deservedly won greatness when he was known mostly as "Kathleen's husband."

Yet from contented obscurity he gave the world such masterpieces as "Bread," "Brass," his more recent best seller, "Zest," and took many others to mention. And took a rightful place in the Norris triad. In this eminently reversible movement, he remained appealingly humble. When he talks of the Norrises, it is only Kathleen and Frank.

His big flanged brandy glass holding the goldfish went floozy in a collision and the captives landed on the carpet in a sudden drench. The dogs looked on with polite restraint while the entire household tried to retrieve them in amusing hope. While another bowl was being secured, the fish had access to a completely filled bathtub. But they continued to swirl in tiny space. Like other poor fish unappreciative of freedom when they have it!

The passing of William Courtenay removed the handsome leading man of the period in which he reigned. He was beguiling with special romance, for it was while playing with Virginia Harned, later his wife, that I wrote my first dramatic criticism as a stop-gap for the regular critic untrussed by a night of gallant sortie over the Rhine. After the play I saw Courtenay and Miss Harned having "a bird and a cold bottle" in the Havin dining room in Cincinnati. I dropped into a chair at a near table, hoping for chance to say I enjoyed the play—and mention in casual off-hand I was a local critic. But my nerve wailed. So I munched what I called in those days "a cut of apple pie." And it was 20 cents for goodness sake!

Few professions offer such tasty bulion cubes of life as newspapering. It was during that era I met the author of "Billy Baxter's Letters" written as an ad for an apartment water by W. J. Kuntze, Jr. They were the ingenious haggadahs of a high-flier's next mornings, rich in slang and juicy with regrets. He seemed living the scene—his life about which he wrote and stands out as supremest of all wordlings.

I heard a lady last evening describe her husband's occasional and uncontrollable fits of anger wherein he holds his breath in the manner of a nursing infant. Several times his face changed from red to such violent purple she culminated to her knees to implore forgiveness. The unemotional Verne Porter, listening in, observed: "Why don't you dish him in the kisser with a crock of ice water? That will cure the asp." I can get tangled up with more uncooth people.

Mr. Porter, incidentally, had blossomed in dove-gray flannels with a four-in-hand of imperial purple and a kerchief to match, plus canary gloves with thick black stichings. His cane was entirely of clear amber and I walked with him unshamed from his lower fifth avenue office to the Plaza fountain. After all, I have nothing to lose.

New York's unemployed Chinese are in acutest distress ever known. Few could save during salaried days, because of demands of war and the flood stricken across the seas. I heard of a discharged Chinese yeas, who had not eaten for 48 hours. His voice was a whisper. Chinese will seldom beg. Chinatown's only beggar was a half blind character who shuffled along, chop-chop, and was known as "Old Horse and Wagon."

Post card: "A finger-pointer located you for me at the theater the other night. Where did you get that sneer?"

That was a piece of cookie under my upper lip. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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 24, 1923. (It Was Thursday) Indiana minister, who married a couple in their bathing suite is absolved of all blame.

Dr. J. J. Emmens, who has been seriously ill, is recovering rapidly and will soon be out again.

Two women drivers collide at Main and Central avenue, causing great excitement, and difficulty in finding a policeman.

Local militia in need of men to keep its status.

Water was turned into the new city reservoir at 8:58 this morning.

George W. Cermack, the discoverer of the Klondike, dies poor in Seattle, after spending millions.

Twenty Years Ago Today May 24, 1913. (It Was Saturday) Ashland starts war on auto speeders and joyriders.

"The Great Unknown," a fascinating story of the Canadian wilds at the Page.

Probably the wisest team of mules in the world belong to A. K. Ware, secretary of the Commercial club. Mr. Ware advertised in last evening's Mail Tribune that he wished to sell the team and this morning the pair were no where to be found. Rather than be rudely bartered for filthy coin, the canny mules, after reading that they were no longer wanted, packed their belongings and ambled for the woods. Mr. Ware is now advertising for their return and hopes that the ad will reach their eyes and work upon their sympathies.

Luther McCarthy killed in fight with Arthur Peikay at Calgary, Can.

The Kaiser of Germany's only daughter is married to the "Ernest of Cumberland, Duke of Brunswick, and heir to the Hanover throne." All European royalty present.

Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," to pitch first ball in game with Central Point Sunday.

DAVIS AVERTS CLASH IN ARMS CONFERENCE

GENEVA, May 23. — (AP) — Norman H. Davis, American ambassador-at-large, succeeded yesterday in averting a serious clash by effecting a compromise at a secret parley of the "Big Five" of the disarmament conference.

Meeting with representatives of Germany, Great Britain, France and Italy he obtained an agreement to discuss armed forces, war material and security against war simultaneously.

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