

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 10
 25-27-29 N. 5th St.
 ROBERT W. WOOD, Editor
 An Independent Newspaper
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, one year.....\$8.00
 Daily, six months.....\$4.50
 Daily, one month.....\$1.50
 By Carrier, in Advance
 Daily, one year.....\$8.00
 Daily, six months.....\$4.50
 Daily, one month.....\$1.50
 All terms, cash in advance.
 Official paper of the City of Medford.
 Official paper of Jackson County.
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Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry.
 There may be some local consolation in the information that the 30 Years War only lasted 29 years.

"Bargain For Quick Sale—Only \$600. 1933 auto, only driven 750 miles. Owner needs money. See before Friday. Phone 567-K. (Wanted exchange.) Wherein another optimist bites off more prosperity than he can chew.

It will soon be the law to work only 36 hours per week. It will be a lot of fun to fool the government and work 42 hours. Might have to sneak up an alley to do it, but practically everybody has been up an alley, sometime, on an illegal mission.

The three leading state officials are now engaged in a controversy over the purchase of a boiler. Without fear of being successfully killed, we will state there is no more hot air about this than usual.

PIONEER JOYS AND TEARS (Pendleton East Oregonian)
 Mr. J. D. Seaman will have green peas for dinner Sunday.
 A young lady lost her bustle the other evening at the skating rink. It consisted of newspapers.
 A young gentleman of Pendleton awoke on Wednesday night last and found his bed on fire. Cause not determined.
 One of "Whispering" Thompson's mules trotted on a rock a few days ago, fell and broke his leg. Thompson gave him away to Captain Bean.

Saturday was a torrid day, many recalling the chilly night last January when it required the sure-footedness of a Rocky Mt. goat to get to a hellraising.

Cherries are more plentiful than advice, and given away as freely.

Some of the plutocrats have recovered sufficiently from last winter's vacation to depart on their summer vacation.
 The American Association of Atheists report a decrease in membership. Atheists and typhoons are the two things this valley has missed, altho at times either one, or both, would have been a pleasant relief. Atheism would never flourish here. An atheist does not believe in anything, and in these parts there are many who will believe everything.

SAMPLE OF MEANNESS (Waraw, Mo., Enterprise)
 Tom Brill, proprietor of Brill's Hill and a former resident of the dry state of Kansas, has been engaging in some tantalizing deeds the last two weeks. Every time Tom drinks a bottle of beer (some few) he takes the label from the bottle and sends it to a thirty friend in the land of the Jayhawk.

A bald-headed eagle was reported over the airport Sunday, getting some pointers on flying.

It is a trifle early to get officially shot for a deer, but Chinese pheasants are being shot for Chinese pheasants.

"What would happen if for a single day there were no automobiles, inquiries a curious reader. Probably the east plate glass window of the M. F. & H. store would stop a runaway team of horses.

FURTHERMORE, WHO CARES.
 Now with all the ants and with those kinds of bees and wasps which have adopted a communal life, there is an entire giving up of the life of the individual for the life of the community. Each worker ant or bee or wasp works not for himself but for the community. The worker collects food not for itself but for everybody. It has no children of its own; but it helps take care of the children of the community, which are all produced by the queens. Biologically, the communal insects are very successful. Their communities thrive; their species persist and increase. They live in all the lands of the earth except in extreme Arctic and Antarctic regions, and on the summits of lofty mountains, and their numbers probably exceed those of all other insects. They have been called the most successful of insect kinds. But are they happy? Nobody knows. (Nature Magazine)

Call in Uncle Sam!

ANOTHER murder has been committed in Jackson county—this time in the Eagle Point district. Fortunately the person charged with the crime is in jail.
 But for the sake of argument, let's suppose he had escaped across the California line, during the night.
 Both our local and state police, and our sheriff's office would be powerless. His apprehension and arrest would depend upon the police of California,—or whatever state he happened to escape to. The government would take no hand, for no crime against the government had been committed.

SUCH a situation brings into sharp relief what we mean by placing the government behind the war against organized crime. Crime recognizes no state borders, why should the law? The D'Autremont brothers killed four men and escaped to California. Why were they finally caught and put in prison for life? Simply because they happened to interfere with the U. S. mails, and therefore had the government after them.
 Our contention is, the law should be revised, so that all murderers, regardless of where the crime is committed will have the government after them.
 Then "getting away with murder" might not be such a popular American pastime!

The Grants Pass Crime

ACCORDING to grapevine report from Grants Pass, ample funds are available "somewhere in Los Angeles" for the defense of the two juvenile gunmen, who recently shot down State Policeman Baucom, in cold blood.
 This report may have no more foundation in fact, than other grapevine rumors. Yet if the two killers ARE accredited members of the Los Angeles underworld, there is no question whatever that their defense will be financed by the well supplied treasury of organized crime.

The underworld has its "war chest" and has its code. The first principle of that code, is to stand by brothers-in-crime, in their hour of need. If the defense fund appears, all doubt will be removed that the two gunmen were members of some recognized L. A. gang. If it doesn't, one can be certain they were merely a couple of youthful derelicts, pursuing crime "on their own." In which case, without money or influential friends, their defense will be unable to avert punishment, immediate and severe.

BUT again for the sake of argument let's assume that the defense fund DOES appear. What then? Will the defense be perfunctory? Punishment immediate and severe? Not a chance!
 One of the best criminal lawyers in the state will quickly be available. What will he do? Tell the boys to plead guilty and take their medicine!

Hardly! He will do what all "good criminal lawyers do" who are paid fat fees to free the guilty and defeat justice. He will first get all the facts in the case, go carefully over the circumstances and the scene of the crime, then he will tell the boys to repudiate their confessions,—confessions, he will say, were secured under duress, of course—wrung from the "defenseless children" by hard-hearted state police, employing the iniquitous 3rd degree, etc., etc.,

Then carefully, step by step, this high-paid lawyer will take these known circumstances, search them for flaws, and reconstruct the entire crime—more to his heart's desire—and more in harmony with the peace of mind and longevity of his youthful clients.
 It may be an "alibi." It may be a police "frame-up" to gain newspaper headlines and hide the real culprits and the department's inefficiency. It may be a clear case of mistaken identity. It may be a few faked birth certificates to show the killers were "under the legal age." It may be one thing or another. But if the problem should be really a tough one, then as a last resort it would—of course—be insanity—congenital imbecility—mental and emotional irresponsibility—and a mother or two would be produced, preferably in widow's weeds, to testify how one of the boys at least, when a baby fell on his head, and had never been normal since.

Needless to say it would take a long time to prepare this case. The more money the longer the time. When finally the trial arrived, every advantage would be taken of the fact, that American criminal law is based upon protecting the accused—the criminal.

THE state would be handicapped from the start. Upon it would rest the burden of proof,—with that supporting term so dear to the heart of all guilty defendants, "beyond a reasonable doubt." From the start the judge might be convinced of the guilt of the defendants, see through the flim-flam defense from the start—but the JUDGE COULD NOT COMMENT, could not in the interest of justice and the truth let the jury profit by his greater knowledge of crime and greater legal experience. That would be a grave error—although in Canada and England it is recognized procedure.

Or grave errors against the state might be committed—but nothing could be done about it. The state CAN'T appeal. The state can only "TAKE IT."
 They do things differently in England and Canada. There the state represents the crown in theory, but the sovereign British people in fact,—and any unfairness to the state is not tolerated. The state has the right of appeal, just as has the defense. The two sides fight it out on even terms. The aim of the entire procedure is to get AT THE TRUTH!

AND what would be the outcome in Grants Pass? Well, no definite outcome for a very long time. Even if a conviction were secured, it would probably be two or three years before the sentence would be carried out. Just as long as the money held out there would be demands for new trials, appeals to state and perhaps the United States supreme court; appeals for pardons, this, that and the other thing until when punishment was FINALLY inflicted, its value would have entirely disappeared,—everyone would have forgotten the reason for it.

THE people of the United States will never effectually put down the crime wave, nor cease from providing a paradise for murderers, until two things are done:
 Our entire system of legal and criminal procedure is CHANGED.—
 The power and force of the federal government placed behind the war against organized crime.
 Of the two we regard the first as the more important.

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

FOUR POUNDS OF LIVER.

A reader requests an article about the liver and its functions. He craves to know whether a person can live without a liver.
 Liver? Oh, yes. I remember now. It's that large gland in the northwestern abdomen. About a pound for every 35 pounds of body weight. As for living without it, I do not advise you to try. Why interfere with these things as long as they don't bother us?

In the old days when the charlatans devoted considerable attention to the liver of gullible folk, the latter suffered proportionately with bad livers. Nowadays it is difficult to get even a moron anxious about the state of his liver, and the quondam nimble little liver pill is recalled only when the customer hasn't the price of the article which some European clinic clerk, all decked out in his barber's coat, recommends to the peasant who patronize the free clinic.

Incidentally, where do people get the morbid suggestions that make them sick? Not from anatomy, physiology or hygiene. They get their harmful impressions or misinformation from delving in symptomatology, pathology, bacteriology, etiology, diagnosis and therapeutics, the kind taught by charlatans, nostrum mongers, fad healers, and mail order humbugs.

The liver is the largest gland in the body, having both external and internal secretions. In a newborn infant the liver weighs one-eighth of the body weight. In an adult one-thirty-sixth of the body weight.
 The external secretion, the bile, is produced in the cells which make up the structure of the liver, and it seeps in channels between cells (capillaries) into the small branches of the bile ducts or tubes which convey it, as through twigs of the branches of a tree into the two large ducts, one from either lobe, which finally unite to form the main hepatic duct. This is joined 1 1/2 inches along by the cystic duct coming from the gall bladder, and the bile flows on thru the common gall duct for another three inches to empty into the duodenum or upper end of the small intestine three inches beyond the lower outlet of the stomach. Remember that the gall-sac is a blind pouch resembling and acting like a perfume spray bulb. It holds a tablespoonful or two of bile, which it

more copy than any other newspaperman on the Atlantic seaboard. He averages 4,000 words—seven more than the "Detroit Post-Dispatch." Arnold Bennett, seven days a week. The enormity of his output is due in a measure to his two-fingered speed on the machine. He is reputed actually to wear out a half dozen typewriters a year. And smokes cigars, cigarettes and pipe constantly while turning it out.

Thingsumabobs: The Frank Hutcheson, a 68-room apartment on upper Fifth avenue... The biggest drawing card of the circus is now the midget lady who sat on Morgan's lap... Frank Fay began his stage career with E. H. Sothern at the age of five... The Martin Johnsons were lost from each other five days recently in an African jungle... Troonman Na first used the tiger as a symbol of Tammany Hall... He was once offered a bribe of \$500,000 to stop... Diego Rivera likes ice cream with a side dish of chili beans... Adolph Menjou orders horizontally-striped shirts by six dozen lots... Mustapha Kemal, Turkish dictator, rarely retires until six in the morning... Frank Mason now has a yacht.

Brooklyn is the only metropolitan area left for mischievous youths to indulge the small town devilry known as "snapping shades." Many old homes in Brooklyn have basement dining rooms. While the family is enjoying the evening meal the snapper through the opened window gives the lower shade a yank and up it flies with a whirr that scares the daylight out of everybody.

The champ shade snapper of our ward was Bill Gempert. It was gratified from thieftackling where he got the bang of the best shades. We set out together to become newspapermen and did after our fashion. Only he owns a big newspaper and I'm one of his hired hands. When last we met we noticed each leered as we stood on a corner talking. Signed Bill: "The old rocking chair finally got us!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

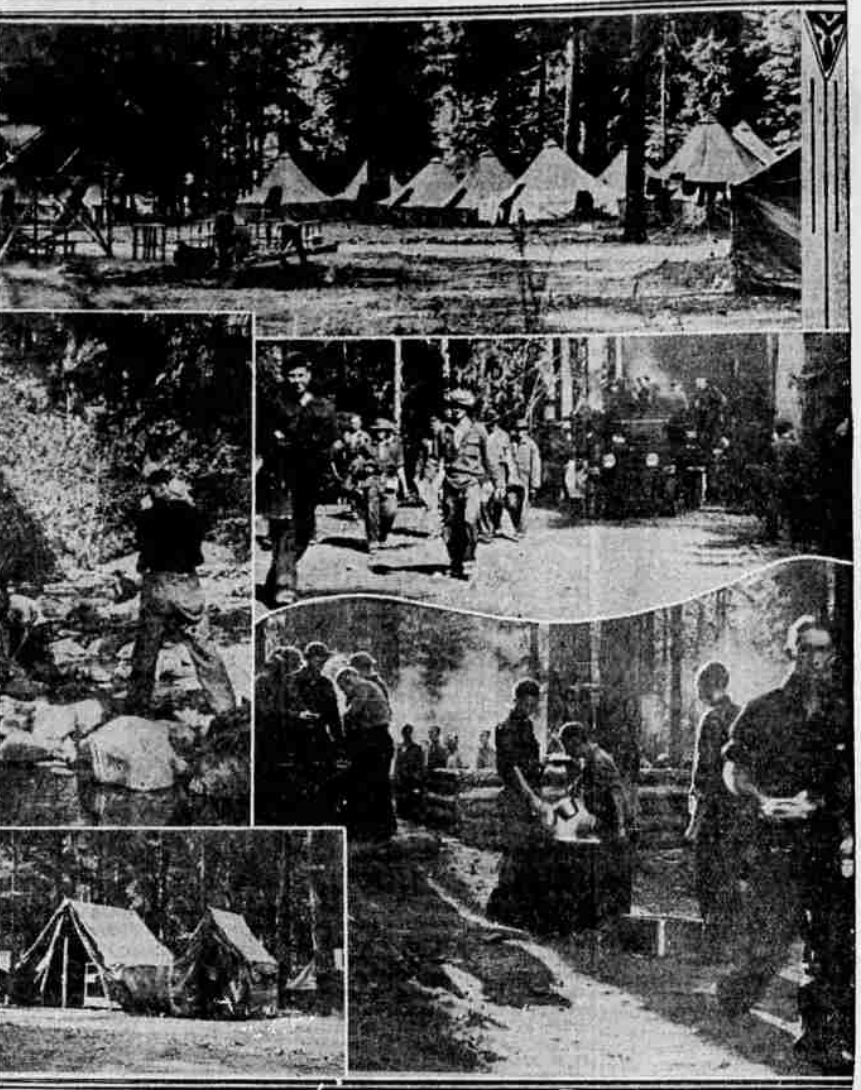
Ben Hampton once returned a manuscript with this: "The sun almost breaks through. Evaporate a few clouds." This more than anything else determined Harrie Merton Lyon to become the polished fictionist he was for a too tragically brief span.
 Billing of the hopydenial Lupe Vales and blatant Jimmie Durante over the coolly restrained and cultured Hope Williams in a recent musical exploited a brand of wordplay that answers the kindly query: "What's wrong with the theater?"

Personal nomination for the most exhilarating personality on the screen—that of Lee Tracy.
 The famous, huge green-eyed black cat, so long a comfortable dozer in the florist shop window in the Hippodrome, is no more. "Blackie" was killed when struck by an automobile here early today.

Of the more than 1000 bills introduced at the most recent legislative session in Nebraska, only 162 were enacted into laws.

Indefatigable Jack Lait produces

C. C. C. Camps Are Model Beauty Spots



Visitors to the Civilian Conservation Corps camps in the Medford district, will find them models of beauty and efficiency. Although the principal purpose of the forest camps is work in the various forestry and road projects, the health and recreational facilities have not been overlooked. At the top are shown some of the army tents in which the men are housed. Center left, two boys from the middle west wash up in a cool Oregon stream. Center right, a crew returns to camp after a day of road work. Lower left, two office tents, the smaller one used as a hospital and dispensary. Lower right, the lineup for mess with the boys stopping at the big coffee vat for a generous order of Java. Cut courtesy Modern Engraving Co.

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
 July 10, 1923.
 (It was Tuesday.)
 Detour of Crater Lake road above McLeod is opposed.
 District Attorney Rawles Moore is able to be on crutches after a rheumatic attack.
 Dry law is ignored in Jackson County, despite the efforts of Special Prohibition Enforcement Agent Sam B. Sandifer.
 Shasta Valley Oil Company is organized here.
 Dick Singler, one of the star athletes of the high school, starts working as a sub-clerk in the postoffice.
 Bub Threlfof has his hand in a bandage as the result of a skirmish with a skyrocket. He is four years old.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Whillock are the parents of a new daughter.
 TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 July 10, 1913.
 (It was Thursday.)
 Fletcher Stout of Jacksonville has passed a successful examination before the state board of pharmacy, and is now a full-fledged druggist.
 Fred Heath of Eagle Point traded in town.
 "Trimming the Trim-mer" at the Laik; "From Hired Girl to Princess" at the Star; and "Betwixt the Vampire's Kiss" at the Li.
 The Southern Pacific will run a special train for Medford Day at the Ashland Chautauque.
 Notice Masons—There will be work in the third degree tomorrow night. (Adv.)
 Ralph Burgess returns from Regina, Can., where he pitched in the Canadian league, but his arm and money gave out.

VETS' HOME OPEN IN TWO MONTHS

PORTLAND, July 10.—(AP)—A special dispatch to the Journal today from Washington, D. C., said General Hines, veterans' administrator, has predicted that the Roseburg national soldiers' home will be in use within about two months.
 "Within that time, he has informed Senator McNary, the work of repairing and adjustment probably will have proceeded far enough for execution of plans for hospital and domiciliary care, to call the new establishment into operation," the dispatch said.
 "The non-use of such facilities is regarded as a temporary condition," Hines said. "It is likely to be succeeded by full use after the veterans' organization has been shaken down."

JEALOUS HUSBAND AMOK WITH KNIFE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—(UP)—Joseph Castro, said to have been enraged by the asserted attentions of other men to his pretty wife, ran amok with a knife and shotgun in a tent occupied by pea pickers six miles south of Half Moon Bay Sunday. He was seriously injured when the knife he was wielding was turned against him.
 Castro started slashing at men, women and children, witnesses said, but injured none of them. Joseph Martinez, field boss, at whom Castro directed an attack, warded off the knife assault, wrested away the shotgun and forced the knife blade against Castro's face and chest. The man was taken to the San Mateo community hospital.

Talent

Melhoan received a wire Thursday that his father was dangerously ill in California. He was enroute home from a visit in Kansas and was overcome by the heat. The three Melhoan boys and their wives left immediately for California.
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Spitzer spent the Fourth at Crater Lake.
 Jay Terrill, Doudy Estes and Archie Edmonson spent the week end at Pan lake and each of them caught the limit on Saturday and Sunday.
 Mrs. E. B. Adamson went to San Francisco Tuesday returning Thursday bringing her grandchildren Barbara and Richard Badger with her to spend their vacation.
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skeeters and son Richard spent the Fourth at Kirby. Richard remained to spend some time with Grandma Payne.

Famous Forestry Expert Is Suicide

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 10.—(AP)—Theodore Salisbury Woolsey, 53, internationally known forestry expert cited by General John J. Pershing for his services during the World war, shot himself to death today at his home. Born in New Haven October 2, 1879, Woolsey was the author of several books on forestry.

Communications

Wants His Ballot Counted.
 To the Editor:
 The Century Dictionary defines the word "hoax" as follows:
 "A humorous or mischievous deception, a practical joke; usually a marvelous or exciting fabrication or fiction gravely related as a test of credulity."
 In Judge Fehi's editorial of July 6 he refers to "the ballot hoax of Jackson County."
 Does Judge Fehi mean that a practical joke has been perpetrated on the good people of Jackson County, and that there has been no theft of ballots—or does he mean that, while the ballots were admittedly stolen, the theft itself was just a boyish prank, a practical joke not worth fussing about?
 If, as I presume, the latter is his point of view, I fully understand why Judge Fehi now feels that the joke has gone far enough.
 PERVERISH VOTER, who likes to have his ballot correctly counted. (Name on File)
 Medford, July 9.
 Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.

You Will Be Interested....

—In a sound, profitable investment in this home-owned and managed institution which offers....

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for your money! The integrity of those who manage this association—your neighbors—is backed by strict state supervision and the FEDERAL INSPECTION MADE NECESSARY BY OUR affiliation with the Federal Home Loan Bank of Portland. We will gladly tell you more of this excellent home investment.

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