

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

IN SELF DEFENSE—NOT PRAISE. By the printed and the spoken word, there comes the disturbing intelligence, from upstate, that southern Oregon in general, and Jackson county in particular, is a region of renegades, and violent men of dark crimes, where there are blotches on the sun, and blood on the moon.

Legal and Court Reform

THE delays of the law are proverbial. Lawyers and judges take their professions seriously, but if business men dawdled and talked and quibbled and dodged and evaded as do lawyers and attaches of courts, they would never accomplish anything of worth or importance.

It seems to the layman that no case is ever ready for trial, no convicted man ever ready for punishment. . . There is never such a thing as a DIRECT approach to any question, if an intricate winding way, can be found or created. In the endless palaver the substance is lost in red tape and technicalities; reason is subverted by quibbles. . . It is extraordinary that a system hoary with age, should not be supplanted by some method of GETTING AT FACTS DIRECTLY, and passed on by men who understand the controversies they seek to solve.

When it comes to criminal courts, the process is still more archaic. . . The methods of criminal courts are hundreds of years old, and their conceptions a thousand years older than that.

They were born of a time when . . . every human act was right or wrong, when an animal, a stone, or a block of wood that hurt someone was accused and at least morally condemned. . . We now know something of human behaviour, but the courts still take little account of such causes, and administer the law under the theories of a thousand years ago.

THE above may sound familiar to our readers and prepare them for another appeal for the reform of criminal procedure. We have often urged recently that our courts be reformed so their purpose may be to arrive at the FACTS,—determine the truth—instead of being chiefly concerned with obeying various precedents and conforming to a mass of technicalities and red tape.

However the remarks above are NOT our own. They are quoted VERBATIM from "The Story of My Life," by Clarence Darrow, who after practicing law over 50 years decided to quit, because like most lawyers who "dare to think about their profession" he had come to "view it with doubt and distrust."

If anyone in this country knows about law,—particularly criminal law—Clarence Darrow does.

WITH many of his views we do not agree. We regard it as a pity he has so often devoted his exceptional talents to the defense of criminals, who to our mind, didn't deserve it. But we have never questioned his ability, his sincerity, or his honesty, and no right thinking person can doubt his passion for the "underdog," his devotion for a square deal to the poor, the dispossessed and the friendless.

But when a man of his standing and experience with crime and courts, deprecates the law's delay, urges a procedure that will be concerned with getting at the facts, regardless of quibbles and evasions,—there certainly must be something to it.

We can think of no one better fitted to lead such a crusade than Mr. Darrow. But he is old and tired, and probably could never be persuaded. As he writes at the close of the chapter from which the above extract is taken:

"I did not want longer to fight in a court house all day and contrive far into the night. . . So I determined to close my office door and call it my day's work. Or my life work. . . I was 72 years old and it was high time that I should begin to stroll peacefully and pleasantly toward the end of the trail, which at best, must be but a little way beyond."

If some younger man in the legal profession, with equal ability, and a similar attitude toward our archaic form of procedure, should take up the cudgels of reform, where he has laid them down, he would not only gain everlasting fame, but he would perform a patriotic public service, for which future generations would be ever grateful.

As has been previously stated in this column, we believe it would be far better for all concerned, to have the reform come from WITHIN the legal profession, rather than from WITH-OUT!

A New Racket

THE increase in kidnaping is alarming. In the last five months there have been seven major kidnaping cases, the ransoms demanded totalling \$650,000. Since this list was published two more have been reported. This is the latest underworld racket.

In no department of crime would immediate government aid and prosecution be more valuable. Kidnaping is a special department of criminal art, involving an intricate technique, and few local police departments are capable of coping with it.

If this country had a secret service and police department, like England's famous Scotland Yard,—always on the track of crime, and with a special kidnaping detail—we venture to say, the leaders of the kidnaping racket in this country would be behind the bars within 30 days.

AS it is kidnaping promises to increase instead of decrease. And the more ransoms that are paid—the more victims returned safely as a result,—the more popular the racket will be. Every ransom paid, encourages and stimulates the crime, and yet who can blame families with money, for paying all they can, to prevent the death—and perhaps torture—of their loved ones.

It is this deep seated human feeling,—love of children and love of family which organized crime is exploiting. Making kidnaping a capital offense will not help. Organized crime is a business. As long as kidnaping pays high profits it will continue. Making death the punishment, will only increase the homicide rate—make the human desire to pay the price and ask no questions stronger.

THE only way to stop kidnaping, is to take the profit out of it. The only way to do that, is to put the power and prestige of the government, with its superior facilities for pursuit and detection, behind the war against kidnapers—in fact against all organized crime.

We believe if the public feeling against crime is organized and made articulate, President Roosevelt will do something in this direction, just as soon as his immediate task of putting this country on its financial feet, is completed.

ANDERSON—(UP)—The loss of the hind legs doesn't stop a log chaser. Fred Knerr from Chelsoy, is interested to see if others could get out a spoonful. Three out of nine did and each of them—Rube Goldberg, Lowell Thomas and Howard Chandler Christy—immediately staked pipes. There is an affinity between pipe and cheese. The only time a banker to smoke is after eating cheese, and instead of the cigarette it is for a pipe.

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, 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SKIM MILK IS FINE FOOD FOR REAL FOLKS.

When you and I were young, Maggie, denizens of the town called members of the next higher caste hay-seeds, hicks or rubes. Even now, in spite of good roads, telephone, radio, automobile, bicycle and talkies, a stigma clings to the name of farmer in the popular mind, and this has something to do with the desire of many young country people to move to town and exchange relative freedom for a mental existence in industrial slavery.

A college professor appraised the value of this column in popular health education. He submitted a number of articles selected at random to individuals of various classes and then examined them to determine what they had understood of the teachings in the articles. He found that some of the articles were "over the head" of these readers. The professor's analysis may have been correct for denizens of the town. They are so desperately busy trying to battle the great industrial machine that they have neither the time nor the inclination to learn more than they already know. My own impression gained from thousands of letters from city and country readers is that the professor's essay may be correct for city people, but is not so for country people. The rural I. Q. is a bit higher than the urban. This is due to natural selection—the goats move to town and die off after a vain struggle; those of better judgment remain in the country and live.

At that country people seem extraordinarily dumb in regard to an important food product they grow. It seems to me country folks are slower to comprehend the great value of wheat, just as it comes from the threshing machine, as a food, and they are also strangely unaware of the great economic value of skim milk.

Of course, city hicks are just as foolish about their foods, but it is not so strange that people in town are uninformed about wheat and skim milk, for neither product is readily obtainable in the city markets. The food manufacturing interests see to that; likewise they appropriate a considerable portion of their profits to the business of keeping the public prejudiced and uninformed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. The Ills Called Rheumatism. Kindly send this list for one who is a great sufferer from arthritis.—Mrs. P. B. H. Answer—I know of no such list that is worth a hoot. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for the booklet "The Ills Called Rheumatism."

Swim, Young 'Uns, Swim. Is it harmful or dangerous in any way for a girl 19 years old to go swimming.—Mrs. C. F. Answer—If a person goes in bathing too soon after a meal he is liable to get cramps.—D. R. K. Do you share the belief of those physicians who say that swimming or bathing in very cold water is likely to cause rheumatism?—B. M. Answer—All bunk. Anybody may go in swimming or bathing whenever he or she wishes to, and the enjoyment it affords is in all respects. Of course older folk must consider their blood pressure, hardened arteries, damaged hearts and the like. But young folk should swim while the swimming is good and give the fad budgets a pat on the back. (Copyright, 1933, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, July 12.—It's refreshingly to hear so many hopelessly hopeful of a year or so ago have found their way out of the woods. This is especially true of innumerable who suddenly found no outlet for their talent acquired in years of endeavor. Careers came to full stop. I know one job-loosing lady who, when the anaesthesia of despair wore off, turned from fashion designing to a job as telephone operator in a hotel. So indecisive did she make herself she is directing of two jointly owned hotels. And with living expenses included, possesses a bigger income than ever.

There's Floyd Gibbons' friend who, home and job gone, hitch-hiked to New York and after six weeks on the breadline was ready to call it a day with a leap off a pier end. On way to the river he asked a stranger for a light. The flare revealed a one-time pal. They are now co-owners of a Madison avenue shop.

Five forthright newspapermen, all sacked more than three years ago in New York, are riding long-gallant again. One in China and two in Europe. All business men now. Two leading men of the stage are getting by nicely selling real estate—of all things—at depression prices on Long Island. And so on.

The late John Vandenberg used to say a penalty of excellence was criticism. The most careful grammarian I know was telling Arthur Samuel at breakfast that the editor of a magazine for which he writes received 32 complaints because he used a passive verb for the infinitive form. In the same issue a less meticulous writer placed a city in Indo-China in Japan and lobbed his phrasing as distinct times. But there was not a single squeak!

It was told, too, that the aggressively racial Dr. Stephen S. Wise, who has more buckity-buckity than any other public figure, never sleeps more than five hours of a night and mostly four. His reserve force is astounding. He averages 20 addresses a week, aside from rabbinical duties and direction of more than 100 charities.

Also a waiter brought an orb of Brian As a retreat morning conference I was interested to see if others could get out a spoonful. Three out of nine did and each of them—Rube Goldberg, Lowell Thomas and Howard Chandler Christy—immediately staked pipes. There is an affinity between pipe and cheese. The only time a banker to smoke is after eating cheese, and instead of the cigarette it is for a pipe.

Speakers and high-faluting restaurateurs have done much to keep the pipe in the background in America.

THE pipe goes with a pewter of ale at twilight on a well-polished bench of a White Boar Inn. I like to watch Bob Brinkerhoff's unshamed affection for his old blackened briar. He creases the elbow with his fingers, rubs it on his coat sleeve, to peer into the dim ash. This is his companion pipe. On his drawing board he has a charred corn cob with the most robust odor ever encountered outside a tan yard. Appropriately, he calls it "Old Jasper." Christopher Morley is New York's most devout pipe-smoker.

My father's black porter, Hannibal, smoked a pipe constructed of an acorn and a straw. But always left in a niche in the courthouse a block away, it was that vigorous. I was once to the windward of Hannibal and his pipe in a survey and this was one reason they never thought they'd rate me.

I drove a lady the other evening past the country home she entered as a bride just 28 years ago that evening. She and her husband had separated and her children married. One of those luxurious Windsor Castle establishments with richly gabled stables, gardener's chateaux and patios served her. It had become to her a sign of sorrow. Her eyes misted but she smiled through and was laughing when she reached her third-rate home in a shabby street. Life is funny.

Home, I called through the house to my wife, all merry and bright, and she came to have a look at me. Faithful Old Jasper around after all these years. "Like a leech," I emphasized holding up two fingers close together. "Like a leech is correct," she sniffed. "What became of that change from a five dollar bill this morning?" You'd think I was a deadbeat or something! I can't remember everything. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Develop Wonderful Park Near Roxy Ann Hill As Oregon's Switzerland

By INVA FEWELL. A southern Oregon wonderland, which people who have lived in the valley for a number of years do not know exists, is being developed east of Roxy Ann, about nine miles from Medford, and has been named by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. W. Schmidt, "Oregon's Switzerland." For a view of the Oregon mountains, in every direction, is visible from the various points in the park.

And the park site, which is being cleared of brush by Mr. Schmidt, might be developed into a little Switzerland, including winter sports, it was pointed out. Long steep slopes, which would be ideal for tobogganing and skiing are on the place, and with the location such a short distance from Medford, the park would be delightfully near at hand.

Mr. Schmidt stated that he will do a great deal more towards developing his land in that district, if it is possible to get the state to aid the county in putting a road to the entrance of the park. County funds are not available to complete the present road laid out by the surveyors, and such work will only be made possible through the co-operation of the state.

An appeal has been made to the governor to send someone to southern Oregon to view the park, and see if it is possible for the state to assist in road construction, which has been surveyed just south of Roxy Ann, and toward the east.

In the plans made by Mr. Schmidt for the improvements on the approximately 250 acres, are construction of a club house and dancing pavilion, which will be free to the public. "We are only fixing this so that

people might come here to enjoy themselves, and we do not intend to commercialize it at all." Mr. Schmidt has already drawn plans for his home which is to be built near the large entrance constructed, and he plans to further work there when assured that the road will be built.

Many kinds of trees are found in the park, including cedar, ash, cherry, pine, oak, mahogany, fir, plum, and black and white oak.

There is a grand place for miles of bridge paths, and the trail through the numerous hills, with wonderful scenic views from all directions, would furnish an interesting journey for those who enjoy horseback riding.

The hills in the park are named by Mr. Schmidt after various cities and states, and include Portland, San Francisco peninsula, Medford, Ashland, Capital, Cascade, Washington and California.

From the peninsula, Mr. Schmidt said, one can look across the Rogue river valley when it is covered with fog, while in the sunlight in the park, from Cascade hill, the Cascade range is visible, and looking from the porch of the Schmidt home, the rim of Crater Lake, Diamond peak and on exceptionally clear days, the Three Sister mountains are visible.

If the park is made accessible to the public by a suitable road, it is possible to construct an emergency landing field with a 1500 foot runway, Mr. Schmidt said.

The roadway at the present time, although rough, is passable. However in the stormy weather, it is not possible to reach the park with a car, he said.

NEW BANK BILL BEING DRAFTED FOR ROOSEVELT. (Continued from Page One) What the administration will do about the guarantee probably will be decided by Prof. Berle. The recommendation is apparently up to him. As he is a confirmed liberal, you might expect that he would favor guaranteeing deposits.

President Roosevelt signed the law, but it is not so far from the guarantee idea. His Treasury Secretary Woodin strongly opposes it.

However, there is a grave question how much influence Woodin will wield hereafter in treasury matters. He has been playing his guitar in New York since congress adjourned.

The way President Roosevelt has disregarded criticism of some of his friends to stand silently by them has marked him among politicians here as one who plays the game according to the unwritten rules.

They point to his utter disregard of criticism against Senator Huey Long, Internal Revenue Commissioner Gray Hervey, Labor Secretary Perkins, and now Norman Davis. Strong editorial attacks also have been directed against Treasury Secretary Woodin and State Secretary Hull. The White House has taken no notice of the attacks—in no instance yet has a man been dropped overboard under fire.

A New York garment manufacturer has been walking around Washington with a sad look on his face. He explains it was caused by an unfortunate encounter with Mr. Roosevelt's industrial control setup. He came here to find out about the code for his industry. As soon as he received telegrams started pouring in from his New York managers saying the garment workers union was trying to organize a strike in his plant.

He ran screaming to the office of General Johnson. They would not hear him but referred him to a man on the Perkins labor advisory board. It was Sidney Hillman, president of the garment workers union.

For days the manufacturer wandered around trying to get another official shoulder to cry on. Few would see him. Those who did, referred him back to Hillman.

Finally he went to see the union president Hillman would not even give him a spare handkerchief to weep in.

A sugar marketing agreement has been in the final stages for several days. It will be announced shortly. The \$200,000,000 American market is to be split up between domestic and foreign producers. The language has been accepted. The figures caused last minute haggling.

Home Loan Bank Manager Chosen. PORTLAND, Ore., July 12.—(UP)—Appointment of W. E. McCoskey of Walla Walla as Washington state manager of the Home Loan Bank was announced here today by Russell Hawkins, of Portland, member of the national board. Appointment of the Oregon manager is expected soon.

We Develop FREE FILMS FREE. West Side Pharmacy. 1010 Pearl Street. MEDFORD ELECTRIC. Writing and Repairing—Call 98. MEDFORD ELECTRIC. B. M. Bush, Owner. Basement, Medford Bldg.

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 12, 1923. (It was Thursday) Chan Egan three down to Dr. Williams in play for Northwest golf title.

F. Corning Kenly and family leave on a motor trip to Victoria. Shortage of labor in valley worries farmers, who need help to harvest their crops.

Foley and Burke Carnival continue to draw huge crowd. Citizens complain to police he lost \$68 trying to win an Indian blanket. Clay Products company to start at Central Point.

Trial of Sheriff Terrill, charged with threatening bodily harm to Clay Walker starts in Ashland. Sheriff alleges Walker has "been playing around the courthouse with other Klansmen," and declares "the nonsense is going to stop."

Governor Pierce arouses fishermen by declaring "fishing in the Rogue is nothing to get excited about, and drop all state matters." TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. July 12, 1913. (It was Saturday) Ashland thanks Medford citizens who attended the Chautauque and the Ashland Record, "hopes it will do them some good."

The West Side Feed Stables has three good mules for sale cheap, and asks orchardmen to take notice. Mr. and Mrs. Oris Crawford and family have returned from a visit to Gold Hill.

Ford No. 4443 driven by a woman hits a Jap on a bicycle near city park, and the bicyclist is unhurt and atonal. The Star theater has discontinued the Gamout Weekly for the present. "Put Not Thy Faith in Brown Eyes" at the Ugo, and "Twist Mother, Duty, Love, and Fire" at the Isla.

Communications

Editorial is Commended. To the Editor: I unobtrusively voice the opinion of many of your readers in saying we are heartily in accord with your editorial of July 10th under the heading "The Granite Pass Crime." Nine-tenths per cent of good Americans will almost feverishly endorse and emphasize your remarks.

W. J. STURGES. Medford, July 11th. CAMELO CLEARING announce Free Delivery Service now with Harry Childs driving. Phone 1260 for better clearing. Thanks.

Southern Bldg. & Loan Association

FINANCIAL STATEMENT. Semi-Annual as of June 30th, 1933. ASSETS. Cash \$1,508.87. Accrued Interest 285.08. Home Loan Bank Stock 750.00. Stock Loans 37.50. First Mortgage Loans 68,832.34. Real Estate Owned 6,633.74. Real Estate Sold under Contract 1,845.08. Office Equipment 629.45. Prepaid Insurance 116.20. Total Assets \$60,728.14.

LIABILITIES. Accounts Payable \$ 10.00. Notes Payable 1,600.00. Notes Payable Home Loan Bank 5,000.00. Reserve Fund Stock 14,000.00. Stock 34,702.44. Reserves: Dividend \$2,229.85. Office Equipment 226.90. Miscellaneous 2,721.85. 5,178.40. Deferred Profits 237.30. Total Liabilities \$60,728.14.

APFIDAVIT. State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss: We, the undersigned, Fred L. Heath, President, and Hamilton Patton, Secretary of the Southern Building & Loan Association, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say, each for himself and not the one for the other, that we are respectively the President and Secretary of said Association; that we read the foregoing statement of Assets and Liabilities, and know the contents thereof, and that the foregoing statement of said Association for the period beginning December 31st, 1932 and ending June 30th, 1933, is true and correct.

FRED L. HEATH, Pres. HAMILTON PATTON, Sec. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1933. M. PEIRCE. Notary Public in and for the State of Oregon, residing at Medford, Ore. My commission expires April 28, 1935.

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE

You may have complete confidence in the Southern Building & Loan . . . Here are just two reasons why we can assure . . .

Absolute Safety

—for investors in this association. Our strict STATE supervision is now backed by rigid FEDERAL examination . . . made necessary through our membership in the FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK . . . What better background could you have for the integrity of those who manage and direct this institution?

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