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At Last!

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small."

IT HAS taken a long time to clean up this mess in Jackson county,—but with the conviction of E. H. Fehl—the job is done. All that remains is a more or less perfunctory mopping up process,—a post-operation prophylaxis as it were.

The conviction of Fehl was the most important of all, for not only was he the ring leader of the conspiracy to destroy the government under which we live, and turn it over to a lawless minority, of which he and L. A. Banks were to be the directing heads, but it was he, who through a long period of years, prepared the SEED BED, in which the germs of poison and destructive propaganda were sown, and which finally resulted in the sacking of the court house, the destruction of the ballots, and the murder of an innocent and unoffending officer.

THE mills of God DO grind slowly. It is really amazing that a man like Fehl, essentially false in all that he did, continually accusing OTHERS of wrong doing and corruption, and picturing himself as the saviour of the common man, and the apostle of purity and light—which he NEVER was—should have for so many years gotten AWAY with it.

But as Lincoln said:

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but NOT all the people ALL the time."

Fehl, has fooled some of the people ALL the time—and as his trial demonstrated,—some of them are still being fooled. But they are now a pitiful and rapidly dwindling minority. Even one of his trusted lieutenants finally saw the light, and was one of the strongest state witnesses against him. This disintegrating process as far as Fehl is concerned will continue, until the malignant growth he has represented in the body politic, will have disappeared entirely.

FOR WHICH ALL THANKS! It has been a long fight—at times a disheartening one—for Fehl has a native shrewdness, and being in a crude way, a master of the arts of demagoguery, he was able to long postpone the day of reckoning, but—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.—The eternal years of God are hers. But, error wounded with pain and dies among his worshippers."

That day of reckoning has at last arrived, and the conviction of Fehl, marks the death of error, and the resurrection of what is true, and right and decent, in this community.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small!"

Fine Work, Klamath!

WE FEEL—and we believe a vast majority of the people of Jackson county feel—they owe a real debt of gratitude to Klamath county, and particularly to the Klamath jury, for so summarily disposing of the case of County Judge Fehl.

The jury only spent twenty minutes on the case,—and only twelve minutes in actual deliberation—the evidence was so overwhelming, the skill with which Assistant Attorney Ralph Moody presented that evidence so CONVINCING, that they felt further time was not necessary.

IT WASN'T necessary. In fact, in our judgment longer time was not necessary in ANY of these cases, and had they been held anywhere but in Jackson county, probably further time would not have been spent.

Yet a more neutral county,—a county in which there was less prejudice one way or the other than in Klamath—could scarcely have been selected. The plain truth is the people of that county took no interest in the case whatever, most of them didn't even know it was going on. The decision was left and was entirely up, to the members of the jury, and to them alone, and in immediately returning a verdict of guilty, they merely performed a PLAIN AND INESCAPABLE DUTY.

SUCH a verdict should go far toward making the local situation plain to the rest of the state. For there can now be no alibi anent the iniquitous and entirely mythical Medford gang. Certainly there was no gang at work in Klamath. The judge presiding was the judge the defendant himself selected, and whose integrity and fairness, his own organization repeatedly extolled. No defendant therefore could have had a fairer trial, or a trial freer from any atmosphere of bias, one way or the other.

The Situation Is Clear Now

THE rest of the state should see clearly now, that the only gang endangering the peace and security of Jackson county, was the "gang" responsible for these crimes, and the gang that has been broken and forever repudiated, by the conviction of its "honorary President" and its "honorary" member.

FOR as the trail divulged Fehl was never a REGULAR member. My no! Neither was L. A. Banks a "REGULAR" president. Both were "honorary."

As a result, Judge Fehl, when the Good Government congress was going along great guns, and he saw in it, a convenient vehicle to greater political power, he proudly stated he was, and had been a member of the organization; then when the bricks began to tumble, and association with the organization threatened embarrassment and trouble, he publicly declared, HE WAS NOT AND NEVER HAD BEEN A MEMBER,—and had only attended one meeting of the congress, and then at the order of the Grieve grand jury!

NOTHING could more clearly reveal the true Fehl character, or the essential spirit of the organization, he once led and later repudiated. This sneaking subterfuge rested, as did nearly all of Fehl's policies and political principles upon a HALF truth,—which is really worse than complete untruth, for it is not only essentially false but cowardly. It seeks to hide behind the half truth and thus escape responsibility of mendacity.

So Fehl was NOT a member of the congress because he was an HONORARY member, just as he only attended one meeting of the congress, because the other meetings he attended were officially designated as ASSEMBLIES!

A New Era Dawns

BUT what's the use! The show is over, the play is played out. L. A. Banks and E. H. Fehl have both been convicted, and will soon be (let us hope) where they belong.

This paper takes no particular joy in the misfortunes of others, even where those others are its bitter enemies. But it does take genuine SATISFACTION in this ending of the Jackson county melo drama, for it does represent the final attainment of justice, long delayed, but at last secured. It also represents, we feel certain, the end of an old epoch and the beginning of a new and better one—a new epoch based upon community harmony and cooperation upon principles of right dealing and fair play, and the final end of the perfectly needless internal dissension and strife, which so nearly brought this section of the state, to complete and devastating disaster!

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease 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 Cambo, Beverly Hills, Cal.

FIREMAN SPARE THAT CHILD

In spite of the efforts of recognized authorities on physiology and resuscitation to protect the public from the menace of breathing machines, there seems to be a determination on the part of certain fire department officials, whose political appointment scarcely qualifies them to have an opinion on such a subject, to help the manufacturers of these dangerous lung pumps to dispose of their stock in unguaranteed municipalities.

A correspondent sent a circular describing the kind of machine he says every employ in cases of drowning, electric shock, carbon monoxide poisoning and smoke asphyxiation. The machine appears to be an inhalator—that is, an inflatable bag and a cylinder of oxygen and another cylinder of carbon dioxide, with a gauge to mix these in the proportions of 93 or 95 per cent oxygen with 7 or 5 per cent carbon dioxide. That part is fine. The carbon dioxide oxygen mixture administered in conjunction with prone pressure manual respiration is a valuable aid in any case. But such a simple apparatus would not bring a fancy price, so the manufacturer has to add what he calls a "resuscitator"—the inevitable pump. Worse, the circular carries several pictures of brave firemen pretending to resuscitate victims, and in every instance the victim is posed lying on his back. That would be a grave mistake in any case—the victim should lie on his belly—prone, not supine. By turning his face toward one side the mask of an inhalator may be applied quite as well as to the victim lying on his back.

There are two very good reasons why pumps or breathing machines or lung motors or pulmotors or resuscitators should never be used in emergency work. First, it has been amply proved that prone-pressure manual respiration is more efficient in making the dead or unconscious breathe than is any machine. Second it has been found that the machine is dangerous—too likely to overinflate and fatally or seriously injure the lungs. But never mind the second objection. Why monkey with the spectacular machinery when every man, woman and child carries always a more efficient means of resuscitating? Fire chiefs, clerks and superintendents may as well spare me their letters of pained protest. I am not

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
 The Old Hokum Bumper.
 I saw an article of yours which told of some doctor who has discovered a method of removing wrinkles and scars by injecting something . . . (S. Z.)
 Answer—The article was not mine. My advice is to give a wide berth to any "doctor" who pretends to remove wrinkles or scars.
 Guess Not.
 I want your remedy for kidney trouble. My kidneys are not active enough and the urine is sometimes cloudy and heavy looking. Does this mean diabetes or Bright's disease? (H. B.)
 Answer—My remedy for such trouble is a pat on the back and the advice to forget it or else consult a physician.
 Cancer.
 Member of family returned from hospital where she had an operation for cancer. Friends say I must boil everything with which she comes in contact . . . (R. J. H.)
 Answer—Simple soap and water cleanliness is ample sanitary protection against any infection from such a case. Cancer itself is of course not communicable. The cleanliness is for safety against ordinary septic infection such as any one might get from contact with discharge from a boil, abscess or an infected wound. (Copyright 1933, John F. Dille Co.)
 Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Cambo, Beverly Hills, Calif.

visions of the national recovery act, and affiliate with the national recovery administration with the feeling of confidence by so doing we will restore normal economic conditions throughout the country."

It was the consensus of opinion among those present that local organizations should be formed for the many divisions of the automotive trade and a committee was appointed to arrange for group meetings of garage owners, automotive parts, service stations, machine shops, blacksmith shops and welding shops. The committee to arrange this is William Young, Jack Foster, C. C. Purman, F. Hill, J. H. Maassen, Chet Leonard, G. Barnum, M. Merriman.

The automotive dealers already have an organization and a meeting of service stations has been called for Thursday next, August 10, at the court house auditorium, at 7:30 p. m. All station operators in Jackson county, exclusive of Ashland, are urged to attend.

An analysis of the re-employment agreement, as it affects the automotive trade was approved by those present but will be submitted to each group as it is organized, for consideration. A final meeting of the whole of the trade will be called within 10 days, at which time the analysis will be brought up for final disposition.

J. C. Gale, representing the Oregon Automotive Trade association, was present and addressed the meeting as which approximately 75 were present.

Samuel Dresback Passes Saturday
 Samuel Dresback, elderly resident of Medford and Gold Hill, died early Saturday morning at the home of R. E. Hay near the city. He leaves a sister in New York, whose name was not learned yesterday. He was a member of the Moose lodge in Salt Lake City, where he had also resided. Funeral arrangements will be announced later from the Perit parlors.

Reid, Murdoch & Co., canners of the Monarch brand Bartlett pears, will be represented at Medford this season by Myron Root.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, August 5.—Every married man has a feeling he should have an evening off now and then. A night out with the boys! Such twinges come less frequently with years and a settled sobriety. Lately mine are forced upon me. I am merely told to make myself scarce. A sort of "Scat!"

A husband launches such an adventure in gloomy anticipation. He is anxious for a close-up of that newest speakeasy, to hear a few ribald yarns and the click of billiard balls. I felt in the mood last night, dressed up for it in a big way even to carrying Billy Gaxton's all-amber cane.

Thus bedecked I sauntered forth after dinner. It had been many months since I had been on what Pepps called, "the loose." What to do? Where to go? So I crossed the Waldorf for light from that world-famous Ted Sauter. He would know. He had been about. But was not in.

Strolling west over 49th street a man sitting on an upturned box at a dark doorway called: "Lots of fun down-stairs. Plenty of girls!" I am not a brave fellow and I knew it was a clip-joint. But it was my night to trivel and in a sudden clutch of bravado I turned down the stairs.

Dim lit, it was sited into booths. A seedy, drowsy pianist as I entered became crouchingly alert, fairly breathing on the keys as he struck up "Margie." A waiter tilted piloting me to a far corner. But I've been around—three Sunday excursions in a row to Atlantic City. So I sat at a table near the door, holding my hat. A minion in musy Tuxedo with pencil, poised, took my order for a bottle of ginger ale. "Plenty of the hard stuff!" he informed. I shook my head.

He returned with the ginger ale and a blonde, a bedraggled dory with tarnished silver slippers. "This is Babs," he said. "One of our hostesses and a swell little number." Babs with a quick bow said: "I'll have a gin." Drank it neat and edged closer. "From out of town?" with a hand lightly on my sleeve. "From the middle west," I said. She had a cousin in Toledo. I asked if she had a sister. E. House. She didn't. She did not live in Toledo, just a cousin there. Would I care to dance? I wouldn't.

Babs was certain she had seen me somewhere. Wasn't I in the movies? I reminded her so much of Warner Baxter. She loved him and would like another gin, I told her my name was Harry Silver, and traveled for a Gorden implement house out of Des Moines. She thought that nice—travelling. She was going to the Chicago Fair. Wasn't I a bit lonely? She had a ducky apartment around the corner where we could "get away from all these people." There were only seven in the room, including the waiters. I was sorry but I had to catch a train for Poughkeepsie and asked for the check. "Tack on another gin," bubbled Babs.

Having led with my chin in this quixotic adventure I was ready for the clip. Check—\$28.50. Being near the door and fairly light on my feet I bluffed a protest. Three gins and a bottle of ginger ale—\$28.50! I argued stiffly. Musy Tuxedo came bustling. "What kind of a mug are you?" he growled. "You come in here and get yourself cock-eyed—(I had not even touched the ginger ale)—take up this lady's time and squawk over a 55¢ check! Lifting the skirt to Babs was giving the whole proceedings the arctic eye. "I had no idea he was so apologetic when he came in," she sniffed.

I did not thrill to the hyena half circle of gorilla waiters in the background. So I decided on the compromise, even thinking of showing my police card. But after all I had waded into this with guards down and should take the sock. "I'll give you \$10," I said, adding, "That or a police whistle." They retired across the room in a huddle. Musy Tuxedo returned and grumbled: "Gimme the ten bucks and scowm." I handed over the bill and bowed my lowest car-pet-kissing bow on Babs. "Go on yourself a hunk of throat," she said.

All the way up the rickety stairs I had a feeling I would never make the top. A stab in the back or something. "Enjoy yourself!" inquired the puller-in, still on his box seat. "Dandy," I replied. Home my self looked up from her book to the clock—it was just 10 p. m.—and archly headlined: "Roue staggers home at dawn!" And as I went into my bedroom leered: "Check your delerium tremens in the hall!" I did not reply. Just turned out the light and went to sleep.

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Montgomery Ward Manager Pleased
 C. D. Bean, manager of the local Montgomery Ward and company store, stated Saturday afternoon, "we certainly appreciate the cooperation of the part of the public in helping us to maintain the opening and closing hours agreed upon last week." Mr. Bean said that there wasn't a dull minute all day and at four o'clock Saturday their volume of business equaled their eight thirty business on previous Saturdays. "I am satisfied the new plan is going to work out fine," said Mr. Bean.

The local Montgomery Ward store is employing nine more people in order to conform to the new NRA working hours.

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Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 995.

JOHNSON AND HIS 'BLUE EAGLE'



There's a good reason for the broad smile of Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, the national recovery administrator. From every hamlet and city in the nation his "blue eagle" NRA banners appear in response to the President's plea for re-employment. Johnson has been the leader in setting in motion the recovery drive. (Associated Press Photo)

9TH CONFESSION IN BALLOT CASE GOES ON BOOKS

(Continued from Page One)

celved the verdict of guilty Friday afternoon.

Continuing further along the legal pathway to bring the close of several chapters in the story of the ballot robbery, Circuit Judge Skipworth and Special Prosecutor Ralph E. Moody, assistant attorney general of Oregon, are scheduled to arrive in Medford Tuesday to sentence Gordon L. Schermerhorn, deposed Jackson county sheriff; Arthur LaDieu, former business manager on L. A. Banks' newspaper; Walter J. Jones, mayor of Rogue River, all convicted of complicity in the ballot theft, and the persons who have pleaded guilty.

Banks Sentence Soon.

The next action will be taken in still another court, that of Lane county, where it was reported in the Klamath Falls announcement, L. A. Banks, convicted of murder in the second degree for the slaying of Constable George J. Prescott, will be sentenced to life imprisonment. Judge Skipworth, it was understood yesterday, will continue to Eugene Thursday to pass that sentence, which is mandatory with the conviction of second degree murder.

Those who have entered pleas of guilty to ballot theft, in addition to Brecheen, are: C. J. Conners, the "Greening Mountain Boy"; Wesley McKittrick, Earl Bryant; J. V. Gaddy, C. W. "Chuck" Davis, R. C. Cummings, Wilbur Sexton and Burley Sexton. All have admitted active participation in the theft, and the last seven have testified for the state in preceding ballot trials. Conners has been a witness for the defense in the same five trials.

Three Remain.

The guilty plea of Brecheen yesterday reduced the prosecutions to be continued by the state to three—the cases of Croft, Martin and Claude Ward, brother-in-law of Banks, who was recently granted a motion for separate trial. The three cases were moved into jurisdiction of the Klamath county court under the change of venue granted by Judge Skipworth. Cases against two indicted men, Virgil Edgington of Gold Hill and E. A. Fleming of Jacksonville, were dismissed upon request of the state, that they might testify in the ballot trials.

Glenn Freed.

The one acquittal gained by the defense in the five trials held brought freedom to John L. Glenn, ex-county jailer.

The record up to date yesterday in the ballot theft history gave to the state four convictions, nine confessions, two dismissals and three prosecutions yet to be carried out. To the defense one acquittal.

The twentieth indicted man, Banks, was convicted of second degree murder before the ballot cases came to trial. Two John Doe warrants were never served.

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
 August 6, 1923
 (It was Monday)
 The city hall has been made habitable by a force of painters.
 Chester Hubbard is fined \$10 for speeding.
 Llewellyn A. Banks arrived Sunday from Los Angeles to look after his orchard interests here and to enjoy the southern Oregon climate and scenery. Mr. Banks purchased the Berkeley orchards last spring and another orchard over a year ago. He says the people of this valley are not alive to its wonderful prospects like the people residing in other states, and do not realize the value of their orchard properties.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Howard leave for a few days' vacation on the coast.

Game wardens seek hunters who are killing deer before the season opens August 20.

Steelhead fishing in the Rogue is excellent now.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 August 6, 1903
 (It was Wednesday)
 Frank Hybee ran in from his ranch near Jacksonville this morning.
 Robert Hammond and family leave on auto trip to Craier Lake.
 "The Beast From Butte," at the Star; "How To Trap and Tame Wild Animals," at the It. The management of the late regrets that Gaudmont Weekly No. 167 has been delayed in transit.
 Mayor Canon announces the I. W. W.'s "will not be tolerated and the next that condemns the government on the street corner, will wish he had not."

Orders for 12 cars Medford Bartlett's, \$1.75 job, received.

Clarence Aikens were called to Portland last week by the death of their father, O. B. Aikens, who has been sick for a couple of years. The father was a resident of this district for several years and will be greatly missed by his many old time friends. The community extends sympathy to the bereaved mother and sister here.

A lovely time was reported from those who attended the wicker roast July 25 at the Jack Grog residence on the Butte Falls highway. About one hundred neighbors and friends were present. Dancing and out-door games were enjoyed by young and old.

Auto glass, plate and shatter-proof. Brill Metal Works.

IN LOS ANGELES
 —It's The—
Hotel Hayward
 SIXTH and SPRING STREETS

Reese Creek
 REESE CREEK, Aug. 5.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Erickson of Ashland spent July 28 at the home of Mrs. Marshall Minter here.
 Mrs. Carl Strahn who was quite ill a few days ago is much better at present writing.
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goetzen and son John of Crater Lake visited a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Art Andrews. Mrs. Goetzen is Mrs. Andrews' sister.
 The families of W. Alexander and G. Jackson expect to leave soon for Red Bluff, Calif. to be gone during the fruit picking season.
 EEROY Jackson is working for Chas. Cinkold this week on the three-horse machine.
 Frank Smith has purchased six nice young Jersey cows and expects to go into the dairy business.
 Mrs. Gus Nichols is riding around in a swell new car.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ike Danford, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McDowell, all of Medford spent July 30 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Eversaler.
 The Doyle place on the Crater Lake highway has been sold recently and the new owners have moved in.
 Mrs. Hazel Contrell and sister-in-law drove to Klamath Falls Aug. 3 to visit relatives.
 The families of Art Andrews and

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COMPROMISE OIL PROPOSAL EYED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—(AP)—A compromise proposal from the oil industry on price regulation, suggesting crude oil and petroleum products be kept in a fixed ratio, was under consideration Friday by the recovery administration as it set about writing a final draft of a code for the industry.

Hugh S. Johnson, the industrial administrator, with the statement, "I cannot conjecture on what may be done," declined to intimate whether the suggestion of a price ratio provision would be written into the trade plan.

CHINESE AMERICAN AIR TREATY IS SUSPECTED

TOKYO, Japan, Aug. 5.—(AP)—The usually conservative Tokyo newspaper Asahi gave a prominent place today to "reliable reports" of a secret Chinese-American aviation treaty which it said was recently negotiated in Washington by Dr. R. Alfred Sze, Chinese minister to Washington, and the American state department. If the pact is made effective, Asahi said, "it will gravely menace Japan's national defense, whereas the reports are claiming the serious attention of the imperial army."

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