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 "Everyday in Southern Oregon
 Reads the Mail Tribune"

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Fisherman's Luck

YES, there IS such a thing as luck. Steelhead fishing in the Rogue is reasonably good. Many local Waltons have returned of late with fine catches.

But former President Hoover fished the famous stream all day and never got a strike. Over four years ago he did the same thing, and never got a thing,—except a mess of unwelcome publicity, as a result of being pestered by newspaper photographers.

Our former president has no luck. He loves fishing but the fish don't bite—at least not what he offers.

He is devoted to his country, and no man is more eager to serve his country, but his services failed, and his countrymen no longer want them.

He has no luck. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that what luck he does have is BAD.

WE can moralize as we wish about there being no such thing as luck. We can demonstrate with great ease, that what is commonly termed luck is merely a combination of hard work, persistence, and ability to take advantage of opportunities when they are presented.

The fact remains some people are born lucky and some aren't. Former President Hoover unquestionably comes under the latter classification.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will."

It was Herbert Hoover's "destiny" to love fishing and never get a bite!

Senator McNary Returns

SENATOR McNARY returns from Washington, and is greeted by Republicans and Democrats alike with open arms. The Oregonian and Journal, sworn political enemies, vie with each other, to do Oregon's senior senator honor. Neither can say too many nice things about him.

All of which demonstrates once more that Senator McNary is one of the most skillful politicians in the country today. We don't use "politician" in any derogatory sense. After all, no man lacking in political sense, and skill, can get anywhere in public life. Success in politics merely means, in the last analysis, an ability to get along with people—all sorts of people.

Senator McNary has that faculty developed to the nth degree. But with all this facility, our senior senator is neither an opportunist nor a demagogue. Quite the reverse. He is supporting President Roosevelt's recovery program, it is true. But not because it is popular. He is supporting it because he is convinced the country is in serious danger, and the administration's program is the only practical way out. When the danger is over, and the issues are clearly defined upon the two major parties, Charlie can be depended upon to be foursquare with the party in which he believes.

IN other words Senator McNary has a good head, and always uses it. This is the real reason he has such strength in his own state, and such power in Washington.

The demagogue merely tries to follow the crowd and appeal to its baser instincts. Senator McNary in his quiet but nevertheless effective way, never tries to follow the crowd, but tries to appeal to reason and common sense and get the crowd to follow him.

In short Senator McNary is a real statesman, and has the sound political judgment, which every statesman in a democracy must possess if he expects to get anywhere.

Ashland Commends Day

THE selection of Earl B. Day as Jackson county judge will not of course harmonize with the ideas of all who might have taken a part in the propaganda that usually attends such an appointment, but the Daily Tidings is sure, the appointment of Judge Day will result in a harmonious conduct of the business of Jackson county, fair treatment to all and an absolute assurance that no monkey-business will be permitted.

A man of the highest type, a man who has proved that he takes a personal pride in service to his community, Judge Day will quickly become the leader in the triumvirate which conducts the vast business of Jackson county. He has two county commissioners, Ralph Billings and R. E. Nealon, who have stood fast in the midst of probably the greatest tribulation any two county commissioners ever encountered and the Daily Tidings sees only a very successful and rejuvenating administration under the leadership of Judge Day, with the hearty and well-seasoned cooperation of Commissioners Billings and Nealon.—Ashland Tidings.

Editorial Comment

An Insult to Nature.
 Did you see in a Portland display window the two glass containers, one with pure water, the other with water from the Willamette river at Portland?

Did you notice the lure of the pure water and the nauseating appearance of the filthy river water?

And as you looked, did the thought come to you of how unintelligent we have been in permitting the beautiful Willamette to become a dirty sewer.

In Berlin and Paris no sewage is allowed to go into rivers flowing through those cities. With the most jealous care and with the most rigid laws these streams are shielded against pollution.

The pure water in one of the glass containers in a Portland window pictured the great rivers of Europe. The filthy water in the other mirrored our own Willamette, of which Sam Simpson wrote, "Time that scars us, stains and mars us, leaves no track or trench on them."

But we Oregon people left our "track" on the Willamette. From a clear flowing stream running onward to the sea, we have converted it into a gigantic flood of filth. We have colored it with the foul refuse and dirty waste of all our cities and towns along its banks.

The pollution is a crime against health. It is an agency for spreading disease. It is a libel on civilization. It is an insult to nature and a

Ye Poet's Corner

The Puzzle Complex
 This Medford picture puzzle is attracting all the folk; Confused the fans are struggling Their brains grown fagged and old.

No model's set before them. 'Tis hit and miss or guess. Let's hope the finished pattern Brings relief to strife and stress.

The weaving's blurred and tedious With clouds that show no break; Fingers pricked and bleeding; Gray dullness plus heart-ache.

Shall the pleasing when 'tis ended A perfect landscape make? To shine resplendent, beautiful, Like that of Crater Lake?

STELLA ANDERSON, Medford, Oregon.

Note—Perhaps it is not generally known that there is a colorful picture puzzle of Crater Lake, that would be an ideal gift for friends and prospective tourists.

Motor to Portland—Russell Semon and Henry Pringle motored to Portland Tuesday for a short business visit.

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 the instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 688 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

BETTER SCALD THAN PARBOIL.

At this time of year many parents wish to know whether it is safe to change the milk they feed the baby, as will be necessary if they go on a projected vacation.

It is perfectly safe to do so, provided the milk the baby receives on the vacation trip or in the summer resort is safe for infant feeding.

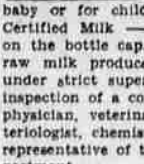
The purest and safest milk for a baby or for children or invalids is Certified Milk—milk so labeled on the bottle cap. Certified milk is raw milk produced and distributed under strict supervision and regular inspection of a commission including physician, chemist, health officer or representative of the local health department.

Another grade of milk that is perfectly safe for the baby or any one on a summer tour is Pasteurized Milk—milk so labeled on the bottle cap. Pasteurized milk is any milk which has been heated up to 145 degrees F. kept at that temperature for 20 to 30 minutes, then allowed to cool again. Such a par-boiling has been found to kill any phylloids, tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, septic sore throat or undulant fever germs the milk might happen to contain.

It is unwise to take a chance with ordinary raw milk which one may obtain while traveling or while staying for a few weeks in a strange place. If neither Certified Milk or Pasteurized Milk is obtainable, then any other milk should be boiled, parboiled or scalded before it is fed to an infant or child.

Of course boiling for five minutes is a practical way to sterilize any milk, but such boiling alters not only the taste, but also the physical character of the albumen or protein constituent of milk and their digestibility and their nutritive availability. Likewise it destroys vitamins in milk. For a temporary emergency these objections are unimportant. An infant may thrive for a few weeks on boiled or par-boiled milk, but will certainly develop scurvy or other deficiency disease if fed on such sterilized food for months.

Any one who will take the pains can pasteurize milk quite as effectively in the home as is done in large milk stations or dairies. All that the housewife requires is a double boiler and a thermometer.



Much simpler and preferable, I think, is the practice of scalding any milk of doubtful purity. Scalding means simply bringing the milk to a boil for an instant, and then letting it cool again immediately. This destroys any disease germs there may be in the milk. Scalding, moreover, has been found to produce less physical change in the albumen or protein constituents, and too, it is less destructive to Vitamin C than is pasteurization as this occurs in the pasteurization process.

So I advise that any milk other than Certified Milk or Pasteurized Milk be scalded to make sure it is safe for the baby.

Of course, every infant nowadays receives fresh fruit juice or fresh vegetable juice daily to protect against scurvy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Hydrochloric Acid.
 A prescription in an old medical book calls for a teaspoonful of hydrochloric acid in four ounces of water, as a powerful aid to digestion. On the hydrochloric acid I find a label Poison.—(Mrs. E. R.)

Answer—Many good medicines are poisons when unintelligently used. The gastric juice during digestion of albumen or protein. Sometimes physicians prescribe dilute hydrochloric acid after food, when there is defective or absence of the acid in the stomach. You had better not monkey with such medicine on your own. No, a dime is a dime, and stamps are something else.

The Peril of Cleanliness.
 Please tell me whether there is any harm in taking a tub bath at the time of menstruation. A friend of mine claims she even takes an ocean dip at such a time.—Mrs. F.

Answer—It is all right to take a bath or go in swimming when if you wish.

Appendicitis.
 Had a slight attack of appendicitis, went on a diet for a few days, now taking mineral oil every morning. What to eat is the problem.—T. E.

Answer—I advise you take flaxseed instead of mineral oil. A mixed diet, with a liberal proportion and variety of vegetables, fruits and milk, is advisable. Of course, this includes meats once a day. (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 Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

State Press Comments On Conviction of Fehl

THE RING IS BUSTED.
 Yes, we know of course that there is no such word as busted, but there ought to be. How would it sound to say, "The Ring is Busted"? Anyway, the thing we are writing about is the Medford ring of politicians who have been running things down there with a high hand and in the name of God, home, native land and righteousness. Judge Fehl, the brains of the ring, has been convicted of ballot stealing and we congratulate the Klamath Falls jury that took only 20 minutes to make its decision. It took perhaps 10 minutes to get organized.

Fehl and Banks were the originators of the fuss. They were the prime instigators of the "Good Government League." They learned long ago that it was easy to get suckers into any kind of an organization that professed to be forward looking and to stand for righteousness and against whatever it is. Both were newspaper men, we are sorry to say. And by the way, there are fewer newspaper men in the penitentiaries of this country than there are men of any other profession, according to the total numbers in the professions. For the two of them, the difference between Fehl and Banks, as we see it, is that Fehl was purposely a demagogue and a crook while Banks couldn't help it. Banks seems to be suffering from some sort of delusion, but he couldn't be yanked off his tripod and tried for lunacy. There are dozens just like him in Congress. Some 80 per cent of the people being morons, it is always easy for an uplifter to get a following by abusing the ins and promising reform,—any kind of reform. It is even a better shibboleth than a promise to reduce taxes which always gets a bunch of half wits lined up under the banner of the candidate dishonest enough to carry it. The Jackson county fanaticism was only a replica of the insanity that stood for free electricity without cost to the taxpayers.

But now the righteousness ring is "busted." Let Jackson county not be too quick in breathing a sigh of relief. It was only a few years ago that it did that when shirt tailed shouters of hallelujah yanked off their pillow slips. Then came Banks and his delusions and his deluded followers. Something else will be along in a few months. It is not for nothing that a lady snake charmer came along and suckered the natives out of all their diamonds, money and clothing a few days ago. If it is true, as Barnum said that the American people like to be humbugged, then the Jackson county people fairly love it.—(Corvallis Gazette-Times).

To Medford's Future.
 If there is any lingering doubt in the mind of anyone regarding the true situation of affairs in Jackson county that culminated in the murder of Constable Prescott by L. A.

Within a few hours of the Fehl conviction one of his adherents beat an old man so vigorously that his victim died. The assailant is already under conviction on ballot theft charges and will now be tried on some charge relative to the killing. It will be recalled that a police officer, George Prescott, was shot and killed by Banks himself, so this is the second killing.

All this mess is the outgrowth of L. A. Banks' wild trade in southern Oregon. Banks was formerly rich, but lost his property due to the collapse of the fruit business. He lost his head along with it and acquiring a newspaper began the series of attacks on some of his fellow citizens down there that culminated in two homicides and a whole flock of other felonies.

Banks is under sentence of life imprisonment, but is not in prison. He is reported to be living regally as the Eugene jail, writing a book, receiving visitors and generally enjoying the fat of the land. He will be there for some time after his less fortunate followers are incarcerated in the "big house," for in rebellions, like other wars, the generals have privileges not available to the buck privates.—(Baker Herald Democrat).

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Since the passing of the most expert of gastronomes, Will Hogg, I know of but two New Yorkers who insist upon preparing their meals and dressing at the table. They are Bertram West and George Redwood. King Edward at private parties always observed this rite. So does Alfonso.

In Gay 30 days Harry Wall and Jim Brady used to arouse—and nothing is such an arouser—the respect of maitres d'hotel and waiter captains by calling authoritatively for a huge bowl, chives, tarragon, olive oil, red pepper and "just a thought of garlic."

There are more than 100 ingredients and seasonings in salad lore. For the practiced eye there's no need of a measurer. It is done with a slapdash and the master practitioner keeps up a running phin of many-edged conversation with guests while doing his stuff.

It would not seem so, but there's a knack, a finesse, in preparing a salad that few obtain. One fabulous version by the late Ralph Barton still twinges a hunger. It was a hot potato salad with lettuce, tarragon, fresh ground pepper and a clear soup stock. A heavenly yum-yum!

Even after walking up the avenue in the wake of a haughty movie star it struck me the most supercilious and superior looking things on the snootiest of all avenues are the twin lions outside the public library.

Dorothy Glah lived for years in the apartment upstairs from Will Cotton, who does caricatures for Vanity Fair. She rode glibly and almost daily with him in the elevator without speaking. They were finally introduced when she was cast in a short-lived play he wrote, called "The Birdie Sun Shines On." New York!

Beverly Smith, Walter Mills and a number of newspapermen and magazine writers reside uptown in the venerable Dakota, one of the oldest apartment houses on West 72nd across from the site of the old Marjestic. The building has fourteen-foot ceilings, walls done in period paneling four feet thick on the first floor, because no steel was used in construction, and a sweeping, easterly side yard of clipped grass. The only concession to modernity was a few years ago when it was wired for electricity and telephones. In ways the inside court suggests the crepuscular Place des Vosges where Victor Hugo lived. And which one approaches gingerly on tiptoe.

Walter Prichard Eaton, once a newspaperman himself and named new drama lecturer at Yale, hails from Reading, Mass. Brooks Atkinson, of the Times, hails from Melrose, five miles away, and Luctus Beebe, of the Herald Tribune, from Wakefield, half way between, which may or may not prove something about the dramatic urge north of Boston.

The Forty-third street fire station, just off Fifth avenue, believes in tradition. Firemen on duty have a spotted coach dog for a pet. He can no longer run to four-eleven alarms under the noses of the galloping horses. But can, bless him, at least ride to biases in the auto pumper. And does.

Sudden thought! Not even the loss of his trousers can make a soft shirt-wearer feel so naked as the loss of his collar pin.

And there's Gilbert White's: arm about the lady in a Paris restaurant who ordered Banks coffee and got five cups.

Stanley Sackett, fresh from Havana, also reports the spread of a New Elegance. Feathery post-cards are hawked, wrapped in cellophane. Incidentally, the sidewalk cafes in New York have given a fresh hair to the pornographic industry. Many of the salesman are reputed to be the niggle types that once posed as bogus royalty. In contrast to the sedgy rue de Rivoli brand they are smartly dressed.

Many—but not all—people whose name is Hogg call it Hogg and the British pronunciation. Chalmers Chumley, but the prize affection is that of a socially ambitious lady among the luncheoners at the "C" whose name is Sideshow. She pronounces it Sideshow!

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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 9, 1923
 Business houses of the city close for two hours out of respect to the memory of President Harding.

Two girls on a hiking trip from Minneapolis, arrive at Merrick Motor Inn.

The mercury rises to 88 degrees, but the temperature is intensified by smoke filled skies.

28 cars of fruit are shipped to east-marks, and eastern railroad men look over fruit packing plants.

\$5000 in purses to be offered in prizes for horse races at the county fair.

Bootlegger goes to sleep on Pacific Highway in his auto, and is arrested, to his great amusement, with a full cargo of liquor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 August 9, 1913
 Lack of co-operation in mine development of southern Oregon arouses the editor of the Portland Journal.

Bud Anderson, "Pride of Medford," leaves to visit folks in Vancouver, Wash., after two weeks stay here.

Louis Salade leaves for his home in Cataquaque, Penn.

The W. H. Gore family leave for a week at Coletuin, where they will camp.

Mrs. S. A. Godlove is elected president of the W. C. T. U.

Ned and George Vilas leave for Squaw lake on a hunting trip.

Princess Indesta's Musical Hawaiian at the Page; "Purple Nights in Panama" at the Star; "The Girl Duke Kissed Last" at the It; "Hurry Up Harry, No. 1313" at the Ugo.

Courthouse News
 (Published by the Jackson County Abstract Co., 121 E. Sixth Street.)

Marriage Licenses.
 Robert C. Mantz and Mary Lee Roberts.
 Robert Dalzell and Margory M. McNames.
 James L. Morin and Emeralds Fraijo.
 Murius McPadden and Nella Mayne.
 Benjamin Jack Giltinsky and Hazel Batty.

Circuit Court.
 Jackson County Bldg. & Loan Assn. vs. George Froehrich, Beatrice J. Froehrich. Foreclosure.
 W. M. Krusel vs. Jonas Wold. Labor Lien.
 Brown & White, Inc. vs. James L. Linn, Mary K. Linn, Victor Teeseore, Jane Doe Teeseore. For money.
 Jackson County Bldg. & Loan Assn. vs. Sylvia G. Millard, D. E. Millard, Zella Peake, Charles F. Deake, et al. Foreclosure.
 Norman L. Hawk vs. Paul E. Masters, Ira H. Masters, Martha Mae Decker, et al. Lien foreclosure.

Probate Court.
 Guy F. Kelly, Marissa Kelly, assume the business name of "Pink Elephant."
 Medford Ice & Storage Company, Inc., assume the business name of "Ashland Ice & Storage Co."

Real Estate Transfers.
 William F. Wright to Paul Wright, deed to 2.58 acres in secs. 13 and 22, twp. 36 S., R. 4 W., 81.
 Clarence Moore to Frank W. Townsend, et ux, W. D. to S4 lots 8 and 9, S4 of W. 155 ft. lot 7, L. & S. subdivision No. 1, 81.
 Earl H. Fehl to Electa A. Fehl, QCD to pt. lot 2, blk. 1, Barr's Add. to Medford, 81.
 Earl H. Fehl to Electa A. Fehl, QCD to pt. lot 2, blk. 1, Barr's add. to Medford, 81.
 Earl H. Fehl to Electa A. Fehl, QCD to W. 80 ft. lot 11 and 12, blk. 66, Medford, 81.
 Amy E. Crawford, et al. to Mollie Harrison, deed to lot 13, blk. 24, Gold Hill, 81.
 Ida A. Jackson, admx. to Mary A. Kincaid, deed to 11.30 acres, lot 4, Jackson subdivision.
 Mary F. Jennings, et al. to Mary A. Kincaid, QCD to 11.30 acres, lot 4, Jackson subdivision, 81.
 Ellen S. Dawson, et vir to Benj. H. Shady, et al., W. D. to SW1/4 sec. 28, N1/2 of NW1/4, sec. 33, twp. 33 S., R. 1 West, 2571.
 Etta M. Vawter to V. H. Vawter, et al., QCD to NW1/4, N1/2 of N1/2 of SW1/4, sec. 36, twp. 37 S., R. 1 W., 810.

Communications

Advocate NRA Plan in 1933
 To the Editor:
 It may interest you to know that one of your subscribers was an advocate of the NRA plan before the advent of the Roosevelt administration.

In answer to a letter in the Fresno Republican of last December commending the shorter working week and the machine age, I wrote the enclosed article on Christmas day, last.

Although I'm not claiming to be a father of this plan, I can say that for the last two years I've argued that a plan of this sort was the only solution to the depression and unemployment.

Now that we have the NRA, it is up to every employer to do with as small a profit as possible and pay higher wages and employ more men if even our form of government is to be saved.

If we lose, then personal initiative will also be lost and valueless for under the "Red plan," the brilliant and the simple, the skilled and unskilled will all receive the same wage, namely, "board and room."

Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and push—hard!

HUGH MONTINI,
 33 Rose Ave., Aug. 8.

Ed Note:
 Mr. Montini encloses a clipping from the Fresno Bee and Republican signed by him and dated December 25th, 1932, which outlines in detail the present features of the NRA program.

SEVEN DIE IN CRASH OF ARMY BOMBER



Two officers and five enlisted men were killed in this crumpled wreckage of a twin-motored Army bomber, which lost a wing and careened down 1000 feet to earth near Oceanside, Cal. The plane was bound from March Field to San Diego. (Associated Press Photo)