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SLANTS on the Earthquake

By MAUDE POOL

In the dark, silent hours after midnight, when a quivering bed infused in the mind of a profound sleeper that the earth was quaking, came the vague but satisfying recollection that really nothing serious could be happening because reliable old southern Oregon is free from the frightful phenomena affecting other parts of the world.

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A serious-minded woman sick at heart because an earthquake occurred and she slept on, unable to get in on the thrill of it.

A sickening sense of fright at midnight dispelled with the idea that had anything dreadful happened the frogs would not be singing.

A serious story of a midnight tremor shot to pieces with the implication from a doubtful listener that something was under the bed and that a snorer was about.

Another thriller ruined with the accusation that the narrator had a dream.

A creaking house and a dreadful noise caused a mother to investigate the possibility that a member of the family was sleep-walking.

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Many people refused to believe 18 hours later that anything unusual had occurred, one remarking that he had read a week ago about an earthquake in Mexico.

Some delightfully happy to think that they had been awakened and thus let in on the strange experience.

Our idea of no job at all is to be a bill collector during these years of Hoover prosperity.

PORTLAND RANKS THIRD

It might be remarked that Portland was one of six cities in the United States that made individual gains in the dollar volume of building permits in March as compared with March of last year. Now, it may be provincial to rejoice that Portland is fortunate rather than that most of the other cities of the country, including Los Angeles, are unfortunate, in this respect. But no one would deny us our satisfaction when we merely compare Portland with itself, temporarily setting the other places to one side, and note not only that Portland issued permits for \$2,319,615 in building in March as compared with \$677,750 in the preceding March, but also that this big figure was more than 11 times as great as the total for the preceding month of February. Incidentally, in actual volume of building, Portland was third in the nation, outranked in totals only by New York with close to \$7,000,000 and Los Angeles with \$3,464,480.—The Commonwealth Review.

If things keep up at the present rate there'll soon be a lot of high priced cars parked in front of the poorhouse.

OREGON HAS 160 PLANES

Oregon, with 160 airplanes, of which 87 are licensed, stands twentieth in the states of the union in respect to plane ownership, it is indicated by a study recently completed by the aeronautics branch of the department of commerce. The total number of planes in the country was 10,672, of which 7553 are licensed. This state is twenty-first in number of pilots, with 221. The total number of licensed pilots in the United States 17,628, of whom 512 are women. New York stands first in number of aircraft, licensed and unlicensed, with 1203. California is next with 1193, and Illinois third with 719. California leads all states in number of pilots, with 3380, followed by New York with 1787 and Illinois with 1097.

What WAS the World Saved For?

(Continued from page one)

thing certain; after three years of wishy-washy politics, soft pedaling of the true conditions of the country, promises of prosperity just as soon as this or that legislation is passed by our politicians and money-grabbing by interests which already practically control the nation's wealth it is high time for a change of influences at the capitol. Steadily the economic condition has grown worse, with all of us suffering as a consequence. Every mother's son can see plenty on every hand—overproduction, an abundance of everything, and in the same glance observe poverty, hunger and want.

We believe it is these things, and not pure selfishness, which has prompted the bonus army to move in on Washington to do a bit of lobbying for themselves. Their claim that "we fought for this country and, if necessary, we propose to run it" is not as communistic as it may at first glance appear. It would mean merely the transplanting of the men who actually did the nation's work into the seats of those who produced nothing themselves but spent the fruits of those who did. Of course, taken as a whole, the bonus army might make darn poor politicians, but who can say that would be a disadvantage? The trouble is now that one group runs the country while another fights its wars and pays its bills.

Of course we don't expect any drastic action or disorderly uprising on the part of the bonus backers unless aggravated into such a course but it is easily possible that Washington will feel their influence and become duly respectful of their weight and numbers. It is plain that, during such troublous times as these past few years, the ballot box furnishes too mild an agent for shaking up our lawmakers and divorcing them from growing indifference to the people and their real needs. An emergency exists—and the vets, using the same tactics taught them in the World war, are going to meet that emergency with action and determination. They are going to show a nation that was darn glad to feed them and wave flags in time of war that it always has its army with it—and how! They are going to demonstrate to the nation that, although they do not all have college educations, they do have what is more vital—experience and common sense, coupled with a will to do things when the occasion arises—and we predict it would be wise for Washington to heed their reasonable and just demands and thereby prevent Lord knows what.

ROTARIANS TO BOOST SOUTHERN OREGON

The first official showing of a series of beautiful scenic paintings designed to attract tourist travel to southern Oregon was made at the Medford city park Tuesday and caused much favorable comment from those who viewed these specimens of modern advertising art. This unique advertising project, which is being sponsored by the Medford Rotary club, is expected to draw thousands of tourists to this territory this season by telling a picture story of the many scenic attractions in this vicinity. The Rotary panels feature beautiful oil paintings of Crater lake, Lake of the Woods, Diamond lake, Rogue river and other vacation spots and will be placed in prominent locations at five-mile intervals on the Pacific highway north and south of Medford. Other panels, bringing out the agricultural, industrial and educational advantages of this section also will be displayed to advertise southern Oregon as an ideal place to live.

Only a few of the proposed panels were on display this week, others being in course of completion by the Cleveland studios of Medford. Of special interest was a series of four paintings showing the origin of Crater lake with each step faithfully portrayed by the artist. This series proved of great educational benefit to many local people who were not familiar with the process of formation of this famous scenic wonder. Much favorable comment from the tourist is expected to result from this series, as well as from other panels, which are varied in design and coloring.

Plans are being completed for the early installation of the panels well in advance of the start of the tourist season, which is expected to break all records because of the Olympic games and the numerous national conventions which will be held on the Pacific coast this sum-

mer. The following Rotary committee is in charge of this unique advertising project: Tarney Steward, chairman; Walter Leverette, Horace Bromley and Rod Waters.

● Claude (Shorty) Stevens, member of the Medford fire department, was in Jacksonville Saturday forenoon coaching the local volunteer firemen in the art of fire fighting, care of equipment and laying of hose. Many helpful suggestions were offered by the towering smoke eater to Chief Wilson and his several assistants. He played a return engagement for a short time Wednesday evening of this week, when the regular weekly drill was held for the volunteer firemen.

● Vacant houses continue to be scarce in this city and last Sunday, when the Barrie family, here in connection with the Jacksonville Gold Mining company, moved from Lula Saulsbury's house on South Fifth street to Ross Scott's house on South Third street there was another family ready to move right in. John Heckert, who was awarded a contract to transport school children beginning in the fall, was Mrs. Saulsbury's new tenant. Improvement work is being completed on the Fifth street residence by F. W. Clogston.

● Bill Canaday, who with J. B. Hulse has been mining on the former MacIntosh property with regularity since winter, continues to glean handsome cleanups from the backyard diggings. This Daisy creek yard has been one of the richest back-door mines in the city and seems to be as dependable as taxes—always turning up something new. Canaday early this year bought the small house and lots on Third street at a very reasonable figure and has managed to more than pay for the property with gold produced literally under the back porch.

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CELEBRATES 80; GIVES BERRIES

Reaching the age of 80 years is something of an accomplishment. But bestowing tokens of kindness upon one's neighbors in honor of the event is even a greater achievement and one which all might well wish to attain. C. H. Powell of Big Applegate became an octogenarian June 3, and on that day presented neighbors with rounding baskets of glossy red strawberries from his own garden with a reminder of his celebration. Mr. Powell, who spent the day at the home of his son, Dewey Powell, at Medford, holds in high esteem the coincidence of his birthday anniversary with that of King George's of England.

Enjoying comparatively good health, except for rheumatical interferences, and still retaining the ability to drive a Ford, Mr. Powell continues to care for his garden and home, which are the pride of his life and the nucleus of his ambition. Perseverance and a creative desire form the keynote to the happiness of his solitary life and the success of his remarkable garden and home which grew with ambition as the propelling force from a mere cabin among the pines a few years ago.

Now there is a woodshed, well, reservoir, fence, garage and flowers and trees, ample rewards for hours of patient labor. His method of digging his well is commendable. He descended a ladder to the bottom of the well, filled his bucket with dirt, and climbed out again to windlass up the bucket, trip by trip, excavating to the desired depth. Evidence of busy days is seen in every nook and corner about his place. There are the home-made tools fashioned from auto parts; the hoe, wheelbarrow, dust pan and the rake, each one of which he fondly calls "Henry," all showing a remarkable degree of adeptness and originality of ideas.

For companionship he has his dog and his car, which he also terms "Henry." Sometimes "Henry" refuses to go, and that causes trouble.

Charles Powell is a pioneer of the west, but he has been an Applegate resident for only seven years. It was by a chance remark that he left his home in Illinois and crossed the plains to the west in 1869. It was one Sunday when he

was with a group of friends that a girl remarked that her brother was coming west and wanted a driver and helper and a man to gather sage brush for fires. This adventurous youth accepted the job. During the trip he reached his seventeenth birthday.

His first job in the new country was in the mines in Utah, and it was five years later in that state that romance crossed his path and he married. Since that time he has worked at many occupations, including blacksmithing, freighting, farming and mining. Mr. Powell says he likes southern Oregon climate, but other than that, Utah holds a place in his memory as the best location of all. Some of his best friends were found among the Mormons.

One of his favorite possessions is a butcher knife he started seven years ago, and he worked on it in three different states. The blade is made from a cross-cut saw, and the handle once held a mighty position in the shape of a deer's horn.

With the rubber problem solved, a great war couldn't deprive America of any necessity except chewing gum.

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