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Ye Smudge Pot

A legal matter that learned counsel said "will take but a few minutes" was quickly finished in approximately three hours.

Col. Tou Velle of Jville had a birthday yesterday and is on the downhill side of the Townsend plan.

Farmers have started scattering poison for squirrels too slow to get out of the way of speed-idiots.

Besides battling fat, freckles, grey hair back of the ears, and husbands, etc., the women-folks have other frets, according to beauty potion ads.

Measrs. Huey Long, Hugh Johnson, and Fr. Coughlin continue oratorically to peel the hide off each other, via the radio.

Bird lovers want to name a state bird, by popular vote. This has nothing to do with the birds, previously named by popular vote.

The "one-house" Nebraska legislature failed to influence the Oregon legislature. It was feared it might cause them to favor a "three-house" legislature.

Next Sunday is St. Patrick's Day. This is very unfortunate, and gives the banks no chance to close up, and chase the snakes out of the vests.

The work of threatening the county again this spring and summer with a Prospect Bell team is well underway. They will be under the management of Dewey Hill, the Prospect hired man, and flossy first-baseman.

A young man was around yesterday to borrow a left-handed monkey-wrench in an informal opening of the pre-April Fool season.

THE REPORT COURTEOUS. (Cong. Record.) I really believe, Mr. President, that we almost condemned that eagle to death yesterday when we published the eagle looking squarely into the countenance of my good friend, Hon. Hugh S. Johnson, because I do not see how the eagle ever looked at Johnson and lived as long as it did. (Laughter.)

A radio fan, who every time he wants to get a sports event, catches a Rocky Mountain soprano, reports that last Monday night he tuned in on a Portland pipe organist, and heard the basketball game at Corvallis.

DANBURY, Conn., March 13.—Marianne Montel, 74, has petitioned the court to award her \$25,000 damages against Bruno Tomanto, 84, who, she claimed, hit her last year for another woman. (Press Dispatch.)—No fool like a couple of old ones.

No punishment has yet been agreed upon for the resident, who disparaged and traduced the local climate, in a letter to the editor yesterday. It was the most outrageous case of disloyalty to the Chamber of Commerce in history, and the author will probably sweat for his accuracy next summer.

Pollard Lost to Brown. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—(UP)—Fritz Pollard, Jr., son of Brown University's immortal halfback and a star in his own right, has been lost to Brown forever. Young Fritz quit college recently after thinking four subjects it is believed he may play professional football with the Chicago Bears.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—A perfect day in San Francisco. Not hot, not cold, everything bathed in gorgeous sunshine, and yet a salty tang in the air. Even the tea time fog, usually unfeeling when the clock strikes five, failed to put in an appearance, and the sun set in a blaze of glory over the sparkling Golden Gate. San Francisco climate is always invigorating but not always pleasant. When it is BOTH, even with the assistance of Carrie Jacobs Bond the Weather Man can do no more!

The big bridge over the Bay has made rapid progress since our last visit. The structure on the Oakland side reaches far out over the water, and no doubt a properly trained cross between a kangaroo and a flying squirrel could hop from the last steel beam to Goat Island, without getting its feet wet. On the island steam shovels were puffing and chugging away at the tunnel and riveting machines were popping like machine guns, at the top of piers high in the air. A bunch of eastern tourists who disembarked from the Cascade were full of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and two of them did nothing but grind away at movie cameras until the ferry boat landed at the Ferry building. Only one warship visible in the harbor. The last time—or was it a year ago—the "fleet was in!"

Whom should we meet on the bow of the ferry but R. E. Blankenbush, of the Gold Hill News who is en route to Omaha, Nebraska via Los Angeles, where he intends to have his new car delivered—(it's a Ford, Pop, so count this as a free ad, with the M. T.'s compliments.) He reports the eminent plant running full blast night and day and Johnny Reed feeling much better than he did just after the election. Envy him his motor trip back at this time of the year—spring flowers blooming, the meadow larks singing and—ahem!—the agitators agitating and the unemployed invading PWA headquarters for higher pay.

A CCC boy formerly at Medford hobbled through the car, with the assistance of a buddy and looked as though he had just dragged himself out of No Man's Land. In fact he had—out of a hospital at Roseburg, thin, pale and with one hand pressed to his side as if in pain, he was a pathetic object. Later in the smoking compartment had a little chat with him. Many weeks ago he suffered a ruptured appendix and came close to "popping out" as he expressed it. For a long time he took nothing through his mouth—not even water—but was kept alive by a needle—intravenous injections. He has been transferred from the Roseburg hospital to the Ft. Sheridan hospital near Chicago. Pathetic to look at but what a cheerful and appreciative soul. "Couldn't have been treated better," said he,—"your own folks couldn't have done more, but that blonde nurse, say she was a swell kid, always cheerful, a great kiddier and just worked her pretty head off to get me well." Mercy added evidence of what a wonderful work the CCC is doing, and what a heritage of good will and better citizenship that organization is going to leave, to this country, through the years!

It may be the wonderful day in part, but everything appears brighter and happier and more cheerful in San Francisco than was the case a year ago. Then several of the best known hotels were closed and many stores vacant. Now everything seems to be full up and going full steam ahead. And judging by the lunch we ate, prices feel the same way. It wasn't much of a lunch but it made a dollar look like 30 cents, not including the sales tax. But when the sun shines and San Francisco steps out in her old time style, even the inhibitions of a natural born Scotchman, start to fade a trifle,—don't they? R. W. R.

Slab of Provolt Marble Quarried 1880, Used in Washington Monument

PROVOLT, Ore.—(Sp.)—A recent article in the Mail Tribune concerning the lime deposit now being worked by the Oregon Lime Products company aroused much discussion among the "first families" of Provolt and Williams. In the former article, it was erroneously stated that the deposit was discovered by one Al Jones, monument maker. It has been learned since that Mr. Jones did work and patent some of the land now owned by the lime company, but that was only as far back as 1901.

Reminiscences of pioneer residents of the valley disclose the fact that a large piece of marble was cut from this quarry sometime around 1880, to be used in the Washington monument at Washington, D. C. Charles Coughlin, son of Abraham Coughlin, one-time owner of the deposit, recalls that when he was eight or nine years of age, a marble cutter by the name of Russell, of Ashland, came to this deposit and worked for days cutting the stone.

Harry Coughlin, a brother of Charles, remembered that Mr. Russell stayed at his home while he was engaged in cutting the rock. "Mr. Russell," declares Mr. Coughlin, "got the rock under government contract. He was assisted in the cutting by a miner by the name of McCarver, who lived near here. Wooden poles were driven by hand into the rock and the block was broken off clean in this manner. The first rock split after they had left here with it and it was necessary to return for the second. I remember how put out Mr. Russell was because of this, for it took the profit out of his venture.

"There were no railroads any closer than Roseburg or Redding, so the big block, weighing close to four tons, was hauled by horses to California, where it was put on the cars. My cousin, O. E. Rose, hauled the rock down with his team."

Accounts vary as to how far Mr. Russell got away from the plant in the first block he cut. Some say he got only as far as Ashland before a flaw in the rock broke it in two; others say he got clear to Redding before the rock cracked.

The Washington monument was completed in 1884. The block here was cut sometime around 1880. The monument for the first 452 feet is built of dressed white Maryland marble, Massachusetts marble and New England granite. Above that, the walls are entirely of marble and in these walls are memorial stones with inscriptions, contributed by nearly every state in the Union.

As far as anyone can recollect, the first time from this deposit was burned in the 1860's, by two men, McCarver and Snowden. They used home-made kilns, dug into the hillside. On December 1, 1873, O. F. Topping homesteaded a large acreage which included the marble deposit. He, too, built a kiln on the property and furnished lime for nearby homes then being built in this valley. The remains of several kilns can still be seen.

The patent to the land was issued in 1877, and signed by President U. S. Grant. Herman Messenger of Provolt, son of

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. We reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A CRAMP SLEEPING?

Mrs. W. A. D. offered the following suggestion in which Mrs. L. B. happened to concur. Lie on the back and slowly lift cramp leg to an angle. This never happens again. Leave cramp and straighten out the kink. Some victims of these cramps find it necessary to get out of bed and stand or walk about the room on their toes for a few moments. Others remain in bed and press the toes firmly against the footboard of the bed for a few seconds.

M. L. D. simply turns the toes of both feet inward, in the same position, as far as possible, holds them like that for 15 to 30 seconds, then goes back to sleep. The interesting remedy a San Francisco physician has found helpful was reported in this column Friday, January 4, 1935. This is a course of medication with calcium, chloride or gluconate. The victim of leg cramps may take ten grains of any of these calcium salts three times a day, directly after meals, dissolved in water and flavored with syrup and fruit juice, and should continue this for a period of at least six or eight weeks. But even a few doses may bring relief for several nights.

Now I'll tell you, if you old timers don't mind. My preventive or remedy may strike you old fogies as too absurd. I've noticed that many of the best things in modern medicine strike old fogies like that, old fogies in the profession as well as dumb layli. But the beauty of the remedy is that you don't have to take it. I simply offer it. You may leave it or take it. Remember, I get my pay whether you like my treatment or not. With me it is a matter of no pay no cure. But don't envy me, brothers—I served 19 years in the mines before I ever got this way.

My suggestion is that one subject to either night cramps or day cramps as described should make it a habit to roll himself or herself half a dozen somersaults on the floor each night and each morning.

I don't want to hear any wisecracks about this. I have heard them so many times that they bore me. If you take the idea seriously but do not know just how to go about rolling them, I'll be glad to send you a moving picture which teaches you just how to do it—if you will provide a stamped envelope bearing your address.

How much in earnest I am about somersaults may be indicated by the fact that I roll 'em myself, not just morning and night, but many times each morning.

Recently a guest of friends, I was given a coffee substitute which I liked better than any coffee. It is made of a mixture of dried carrots, dried wheat and dried acorns. Is there anything harmful in using this in place of coffee? Has it any benefits? (Mrs. K. J.)

Ans.—It is harmless. Roasted acorns have been used as a coffee substitute in Germany for a century or more. The decoction would scarcely have the benefits which coffee has. (Copyright, 1935, John W. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 14.—J. P. Morgan took the first step in shucking the enormous Long Island estates of extravagant acres. In offering a large slice there are some who think it a place for public sale, he broke the ice for scores of the land poor among the once fabulously rich.

Tax problems and mounting doubts of economic security have sent a shiver of fear down the collective spine of the glorified land owners. For many months any number have been occupying the lodge-keepers' quarters and marking time until the skies cleared.

Servants, in innumerable instances, have remained on without pay this season. Because of the severe hot weather, the train traveled only at night. One morning, in the early hours, as the long line came to a halt for the day, the boy's horse was discovered, riderless. A group of men set out to find the boy. They found him several miles back, still fast asleep on the prairie grass where he had fallen. The fall from the horse to the ground had not bothered his slumbers one whit.

EAGLE POINT SCOUTS PLAN JAMBOREE FRIDAY: A big Boy Scout jamboree, for the benefit of sending one of the Eagle Point Scouts to the International Jamboree in Washington, will be held at the Oasis near Eagle Point Friday night. There will be a small charge and it is hoped that all who are able will be in attendance to help the good cause.

There will be a large turkey dinner given for a door prize, and a hot lunch will be served. Free dancing will be enjoyed during the evening, and such entertainment as a live turtle race, bingo games and a baseball throw. There will also be candy booth. Many from this city have already pledged their support.

Utah May Vaccinate Chickens: SALT LAKE CITY.—(UP)—Utah's feathered chickens may be vaccinated this is the question confronting poultrymen after their chicks are 60 to 90 days old. If there has been, or is, any indication of pox, it is said to be advisable to vaccinate them.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Not many eyes are mistled over the steady decline of the Theater Guild's offerings in popularity. It seemed to most observers too greatly buffeted with its own divine affluits and pre-destined in giving to the public which it did not want. Many of the O'Neill plays have been far from the mark.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THE Portland Traction company, which is what is left of the old street car company, asks for a new 20-year franchise.

At the same time, the city council receives from the Portland Motor Coach company, a new outfit, an offer to give the city mass transportation in streamlined, air-conditioned gasoline buses at lower fares than now charged by the street car company.

TWO lemons stand out. One is that of progress and change. The motor bus, quieter and more flexible, gives service that the people of today prefer, and because it runs on streets built by the public it is able to give CHEAPER service.

That is happening all over the country. THE other lesson is this: Street car companies, in one way or another, become involved in politics, and politics brought about their ruin. It is doubtful if a wholly solvent street car company is left in the United States.

If you want your business to remain sound, keep it out of politics at any cost. SENATOR BORAH, a headline tells us, demands the junking of NRA. Some such demand was inevitable, sooner or later. NRA, as originally conceived, was all right as a DREAM, but all wrong from the standpoint of practice. It proposed reducing all business to a dead level—everybody buying at the same price as everybody else, everybody selling at the same price as everybody else, and no place left for the exercise of individual initiative and energy.

If the time ever comes when such a system will work in this country, this will no longer be the America built by our sturdy forefathers. ROY KEENE was walking down a Spokane street the other day when he saw a billfold lying on the walk. He picked it up and found it contained \$28 in currency. He took it to the nearest police station and turned it over to the sergeant with the explanation: "Somebody might need this."

THE story, of course, gets on the front pages of the papers, on the theory that it is unusual—and people are interested in the unusual. It isn't as unusual as might appear, because—the cynics to the contrary notwithstanding—HONEST people are really quite numerous, outnumbering the dishonest ones many times.

ANOTHER bit of human nature: A "sandwich" man in New York found a valuable package of bonds and, being honest, he turned the bonds in and they were returned to their owners. He was liberally rewarded, and got extensively into the newspapers and the newscasts.

The combination of the liberal reward and the publicity turned his head, and shortly afterward he ran amuck in the streets, claiming he was GOD.

A lot of heads have been turned by unexpected prosperity and publicity. Vice-President Garner has ruled in the senate: "You can do anything by unanimous consent, except violate the constitution."

A new deal authority, not PWA, has analyzed public works administration figures and found that, for every dollar spent for labor, \$1.95 is spent for materials. Ben Cohen will take the securities and exchange commission job when and if the holding company bill passes in good shape.

General Johnson's reply to Father Coughlin was prepared before the general listened to Coughlin's speech. An advertising agency is handling

What a Wash Bill! Now, with regard to the argument at our national capital about \$4,800,000,000 for relief—or is it relief? Who knows? Anyhow, it's a lot of money. You'd think so, if you had it all in your pants pocket, in the form of silver dollars. A pocket the size of the Washington monument, hollowed out, wouldn't be much too big. It is a good-sized pile of silver dollars. But listen. Here's another pile.

THE ZEST OF SPRING IS IN MATTE The Famous South American Drink!

TRY IT TODAY—Mailed or Collected on Receipt of Check, Money-Order, Stamp, Cash, or sent C.O.D. on order. JUST PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS HERE and check size desired.

NAME: STREET: CITY: STATE: Mail Coupon to IVANHOE, Box 174, Medford, Ore. 1/2 lb.—25c; 1/4 lb.—10c; 1 lb.—60c; 2 lbs.—\$1.00; 3 lbs.—\$2.00.

Crime costs the nation, our land of free and brave people, \$13,000,000,000 every year. How many hungry men, women and children could be fed and clothed—and educated—for \$13,000,000,000? Think of the milk Uncle Sam could buy for undernourished children, for \$13,000,000,000. Think of the back salaries that could be paid to school teachers and college professors with even part of that \$13,000,000,000. From what I read these days, I am led to suspect that sundry of our statesmen, both elder and young, would prefer that the \$13,000,000,000 go to the crooks. They may have their way. I can't see that the teachers and professors are getting more, nor can I discover that the crooks are getting less.

And it costs \$15 a year for a boy enrolled in a vocational club, against \$500 a year to maintain a boy in a state's prison. And about 180,000 people are in prison. About 400,000 men are engaged in pursuits and occupations for which they may be in prison one day—if they can be caught and convicted; which is doubtful. I suppose all these billions amount pretty largely for the fact that so many of us get behind in various phases of financial outgo, including house taxes. Even so, the \$13,000,000,000 for crime, and the \$500 a year for the boy maintained in prison, are to be most regrettable. It may all come out in the wash—but what a wash bill to pay!—F. L. Ashlock, in the Oregon Farmer.

Flight 'o Time (Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago). TEN YEARS AGO TODAY: March 14, 1925. (It was Saturday) Walter Camp, founder of football, and former Yale coach, dies of heart failure in New York. Franklin high of Portland, favorite to win state basketball tournament, despite "Salem high" premoneral drawing of the weak team.

Traffic police warn autoists, "who have delayed getting their 1925 licenses no further dalliance will be tolerated." Crater Club will meet March 23, and outline year's work. West Main residents protest auto speeding; by nine years old found driving car on West Jackson street.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY: March 14, 1915. (It was Sunday) Citizens are paying taxes faster than last year, the sheriff reports. Just the opposite kind of weather to what is desired most, is the order of the day. It is warm and balmy with the farmers crying for rain. Two dozen bob white quail are liberated on the Alice Hanley ranch by the game department.

William A. Gates will deliver a speech to the merchants at a chicken dinner to be given by the ladies of the Christian church. County court orders, "the Jackson county exhibit at the San Francisco fair be improved without delay." Tack Hammer Killed Coyote. KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(UP)—J. B. Stone was mooting on the outskirts of Kansas City when he saw a coyote caught in the wires of a fence. He stopped, took a tack hammer from the car's tool chest and beat the animal to death. Newton Shows Prosperity. NEWTON, Mass.—(UP)—Utopia. The 1934 report of the Newton board of assessors showed that there were almost two automobiles for every home. There are 22,669 automobiles and only 13,751 homes.

Ye Poet's Corner

"The Ole Ore-gon." You may talk about your bluebirds of Texas. Ore the sun-baked deserts of ole Arizona. But give me the cool breezes that blow From across the waters of the Rogue. In the land of ole Ore-gon.

I have traveled the east. And I have traveled the west; I have traveled the ocean blue. The place where I'm content, As I have stated before, Is the land of ole Ore-gon.

If in time you are tired of wandering, And a home for old age you seek, Just drop a line to the Chamber of Commerce, In the land of the Ore-gon. —SUEBY E. HIGGS Medford, Route 3.



(Continued from Page One) each day in hopes of hearing Huey. It is cheaper than the movies.

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HOME PLANNING SUGGESTIONS HOUSING LOANS NOW AVAILABLE



PHONE ONE BIG P I N E S LBR. CO.

DENTIST GETS MORE MILES TO THE GALLON WITH NEW-VALUE DODGE



the New-Value Dodge. They say it actually costs less to run than the lowest-priced cars! Yet for all its advantages—in style, comfort, safety and dependability—the new Dodge now delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. CHRYSLER MOTORS DODGE DIVISION. NEW-VALUE DODGE \$448 and up. All prices f.o.b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the Chief Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

Pierce-Allen Motor Co., 112 So. Riverside DODGE and PLYMOUTH DEALERS