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Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., March 24.—Everyone is agog over the Hoover broadside. Among other things it cured Judge B. of his arthritis. Judge B. has never been able to get up from the breakfast table without assistance until this morning, but after reading the leading article on the front page of the Times, he got up on his own and got up before he had finished his breakfast and hurried out to the "piazzetta" to show the Hoover blast to Mrs. S. from Philadelphia who is a staunch New Dealer. The Judge even left his cane at the table, and believe it or not, returned without its assistance.

To say the judge was delighted is expressing it mildly. He was ecstatic. He was INTOXICATED. He had been growling and growling about the New Deal, and the damned fool democrats and the country going to the demnation bow wows for weeks, and outside of his invalid and sympathetic wife finding slight encouragement. But here were his own sentiments right on the front page of the Sunday Times, under a two column spread and a ten-point double speed lead! The very things he has been saying—a sound currency, a halt to this ruinous public spending, a balancing of the budget, an end to regimentation (plowing under of corn and hogs, and all that half-baked nonsense)—a little common sense and business sense in this government of ours—"to hell with this alphabet soup and bring on the corn beef and cabbage!"

"I always said Hoover was a better President than anyone ever gave him credit for being," cried the judge, "and this proves it. That's SENSE and the first sense anyone has heard in this country for two years. Now perhaps we can get a little action and save this country from ruin and destruction before it's too late,—just read what he says,—it's great!"

Mrs. S. read it. So did all the other older girls and boys. Everyone read it, but outside of his immediate family, we can't truthfully report the judge found anyone to share his own enthusiasm. Mrs. S. in fact considered the Hoover article outrageous—"an EX-President who couldn't do anything condemning a President who had DONE something—and if given a fair chance would do a great deal more."

"It'll become a former President of the United States who brought his country to the very precipice of ruin, to criticize his successor, who has saved it," declared the lady from Philadelphia in her best parliamentary manner. "It's just politics—cheap partisan politics Hoover trying to get back in the White House again, why he couldn't be elected dog catcher!"

Mrs. S. is quite an intellectual leader in this hotel and she found plenty of support among her feminine followers. "That's what I think" one of them declared, "Hoover had his chance, why doesn't he let Mr. Roosevelt have HIS! It just looks like sour grapes." And they nodded their white heads vigorously as they rooked back and forth in the bright morning sun.

Only one man followed Mrs. S.—he is a doctor from Canada and thinks Roosevelt "has done about as well as anyone could do under the circumstances." The other men—there are not many of them—appeared to like what Hoover had to say but thought some one else in the Republican party should have SAID it. They as a whole are Republicans and want the party to come back, but don't believe it can ever come back under the sage of Palo Alto. When asked to name someone better qualified to speak however only one of them, a business man from Detroit, Michigan, had any suggestion to make. He named Senator Vandenberg, to which Mrs. S. sharply inquired "And PRAY who is he?"

We have an idea this reaction from a small "family hotel" in Southern California is worth presenting, for our hunch is it pretty well symbolizes the sentiment of the country as a whole. The dyed-in-the-wool Republicans of the old school, will be generally thrilled and delighted by this sudden show of fight and life in the G.O.P., and in their ranks Hoover's stock as a party leader will rise sensationally. The majority of the Republicans however, while approving of the Hoover principles, will not react to the former President himself with any great enthusiasm. The ardent New Dealers and loyal Democrats will, in general, react as Mrs. S. of Philadelphia did—dismiss it all as a rather pathetic effort on the part of the weather beaten and decrepit G.O.P. mastodon to have his face lifted.

As far as the present writer is concerned, we see no reason to criticize ex-President Hoover for issuing a call to his party for next year's campaign, nor do we for a moment believe he had any selfish motive in mind. The plain truth is, no one else in the Republican party could have acted as party spokesman, as effectively as he, at the present time, and it was no doubt only at the URGENT request of the leaders in the party, that he agreed to send his letter to the Republican convention at Sacramento. To our way of thinking he states the orthodox Republican view and states it well.

But we don't happen to agree with it. All this "viewing with alarm," this agony of spirit over regimentation, this passion to return to the "good old days," somehow leaves us cold. It would probably be nice if we could turn the hands of the clock back to 1928, but precisely how can it be done? President Hoover doesn't tell us, nor does anyone else.

We don't deny the so-called "New Deal" at the present moment is at a pretty low ebb—a sort of dead-center,—that the Roosevelt ship of state appears to be anchored at the nonce in a sea of dead calm. Nevertheless we find ourselves agreeing with the doctor from Canada,—that while President Roosevelt may not be as great a President as some of his enthusiastic followers maintain; that while he has no doubt made mistakes as most human beings do,—he has all in all, made about as good a job of pulling this country out of its tailspin, as anyone under similar circumstances, could have done, and we are inclined to give him a free hand to complete the job, in so far as he is able, and in the way he has planned.

This faith in President Roosevelt is based principally upon our conviction, that the middle of the road policy he has adopted —is the road this country MUST TAKE if it is to avoid a relapse into destructive reaction on one hand, or extreme radicalism on the other. We don't like regimentation, or "plowing under little pigs," or pyramiding the national debt, anymore than Mr. Hoover does; ON THE OTHER HAND we don't believe, that a return to rugged individualism, disregarding the law of supply and demand, or letting idle people starve, can be done without inviting a disaster even GREATER than the official spokesman of the G.O.P. so vividly pictures.

Above all we consider it nothing short of utter folly, to consider withdrawing support from the man who happens to be the President of this country at this critical time, when those urging this action refuse to offer any definite and workable program, to put in the place of the Roosevelt program NOW in force. They condemn Roosevelt, but JUST WHAT would they do, if they were in his place? Until this question is answered by something more convincing than glittering generalities, or mere dissatisfaction with things as they are, we believe a majority of the people will string along with the doctor from Canada rather than with Judge R.

R. W. R.

Gold In Teeth To Pay For Pulling. CHICAGO, March 26.—(AP)—Who said the country isn't on the gold standard?

A patient of a Chicago dentist said she couldn't have her teeth pulled because she couldn't afford it, but the doctor solved the problem by agreeing to yank 'em for what gold she could find therein.

Oregon Weather. Locally unsettled tonight with frost or freezing temperature; Wednesday fair, moderate northwest to north wind to the coast.

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. Do not use the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to letters not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE DIAGNOSIS OF LEAD POISONING.

Many cases of chronic lead poisoning are diagnosed as chronic arthritis or as gallbladder disease, and not rarely operated upon, according to Dr. A. J. Lanza, a life insurance medical director, writing in the Jour. A. M. A. Jan. 12, 1935. We have pointed out here several times the danger of accepting any diagnosis of "chronic appendicitis" without an exhaustive investigation of every feature of the case, for in truth no such condition as chronic inflammation of the appendix is recognized in pathology, and most diagnoses of chronic appendicitis are mere guesswork.

When one is seized with a sudden attack of acute biliary, with symptoms centering in the appendix, and the acute attack subsides in a few days under physical treatment, then it may be wise to have the appendix removed in the interval, before the second attack comes. This is not to be confused with so-called "chronic appendicitis" where there are vague symptoms present more or less constantly and no acute inflammatory attacks at all.

There is no evidence that skin absorption of lead ever occurs. Poisoning in industry or in domestic life is generally by inhalation and swallowing of dust containing lead or by inhalation of the fumes of molten lead. Lead smelting, refining, manufacture of lead articles, lead burning, soldering, tempering, plumbing, brass founding, buffing and polishing metal surfaces in which lead is an ingredient, manufacture lead oxide and lead pigments, storage batteries, paint industry, glass industry, rubber compounding, application and removal of lead paints, enamels and glazes, painting, spray painting, vitreous enameling, pottery dipping, sandpapering, scraping and chipping painted surfaces, flaying of lead-painted metal, tree spraying with lead-containing insecticides, type founding, electrotyping, stereotyping. These are among the every-day occupations in which chronic lead poisoning is a hazard.

Babies sometimes have the habit of chewing on the rungs of a high chair or the rails of a painted crib or on a painted toy or painted woodwork or furniture, and so gradually becoming poisoned. Better have plain unpainted wooden or metal furniture which will be harmless for the baby to gnaw on.

A difficulty in diagnosis is due to the fact that probably every civilized person absorbs a minute quantity of lead daily and excretes a minute quantity daily through intestine and kidney, but in advancing years some of this lead is deposited in the bones. Just what quantity of lead may be regarded as normal in the urine analysis is uncertain.

The symptoms of chronic lead poisoning are so widely variable that only the physician can even suspect the nature of the trouble. Any one exposed to lead should have medical advice upon the appearance of pallor, moodiness, easily excited or flustered state, anemia, premature aging, loss of appetite, constipation, coated tongue, nausea, slight headache, tremor, muscle aches, trace of albumin or casts in urine, slight bellyache, general weakness or weakness of any particular group of muscles.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. We've been reading your column for at least 10 years. We'd feel lost if a day came without a visit from Ol' Doc Brady. My wife... we want to tell you it clicked. Nary a sign of a rash since we distributed it.

Answer—Ringworm, roundworm, rat and mice, bedbugs, roaches, chiggers, lice—says all exposed in the booklet "Unhindered Guests." It sets you back a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address.

In Hongkong a British physician said vaccination would not work on my sister, aged 65, because of her age, but advised her to be vaccinated as an example to younger members of our party. He vaccinated her. We went on to Manila and returned in 10 days and he gave a certificate of successful vaccination. Then when we reached Shanghai my sister had one of the worst cases of varioloid the doctor had ever seen. Why did that British doctor make such a foolish statement?

Answer—Varioloid is smallpox in a person who has been vaccinated. In a cuban period of smallpox is 9 to 15 days. Possibly this patient already was infected when she was vaccinated. I don't know why the doctor thought vaccination would not work.

Pinch of Mums in Pickles. Any injury to health in using one-half teaspoonful of alum in pickling cucumbers, green tomatoes, etc.? It preserves their crispness.

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.

two other Gracies—Moore and George—with intelligent flashes so varied from her dumb-bell routine. In the long, picture-lined halls Rube Goldberg loiters before original Whistlers, Van Goghs and Rembrandts. George Gerwin in the other evening a vibrant blonde in her teens was traipsed to a table by seven Jerkins who seemed mostly teeth and knuckles. She paid the check, too, and tipped the hat boy. And the check, take it from an efficient old squinter, was a honey.

To be exact, \$41.94. And that's a crowd of money.

There's something appealing about Gilbert Seldes's farewell to radio. Try as he would, he could not reach the studio in time. Several nights a week he was from five to ten minutes late, arriving breathless, while a harried pianist glossed over the gap with improvisation. Seldes has been a free lance, never nucking to rote. After a few weeks he cried: "Till with it!" and flounced out, bless him.

I once tuned up to quit a city editorship for an overbearing editor. Storming into his office, I opened my mouth, but no words came. Finally the blonde ogre glanced up and inquired: "Want something?" I shook my head and stumbled back to the mines.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE dispatch from Washington is interesting: "Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace acted today to keep bread prices soaring because of drought, telling farmers they could ignore 1935 crop reduction agreements and plant all the spring wheat they want to."

THAT is to say, nature has taken a hand at adjusting the wheat surplus, and the AAA, recognizing a higher authority, steps aside. The AAA, this humble writer would say, is WISE.

DON'T let yourself forget this fact: If wheat prices in the United States, due to drought, crop restriction or other cause, rise above the world level, the export market for American wheat will disappear, because other wheat-growing countries will sell their wheat.

WHEAT prices in this country are higher. Corn is higher. Hogs are higher. Cotton is higher. Whether these prices are due to drought, or to improved buying power, or to the crop restriction program of AAA, or to a consolidation of all these factors, this writer does not pretend to know.

But, regardless of the cause, the PRESENT outlook of American agriculture is infinitely rosier.

NO ONE denies that. No one wants to deny it. Every sane person in America is GLAD of it.

This country cannot be wholly prosperous unless agriculture is prosperous, and everybody wants prosperity.

Every sane person hopes that present improvement in agriculture in this country will continue.

BUT will it? Here is the answer: If present improvement in agriculture is due to natural causes which bring about the balancing of supply and demand the improvement that is now apparent will continue.

But if improvement is due to ARTIFICIAL causes, trouble is ahead. How far ahead, no one can say.

HERE are some straws in the wind: Cotton prices in this country, because of restriction of acreage, have been forced above the world level. As a result, every country in the world capable of producing cotton is rushing plans for INCREASING its cotton production.

When these plans come to completion, American cotton will be undersold in the world markets. We shall then have to do one of two things. Either we must meet the world price, or reduce our production to the limits of our own consumption.

CORN prices are higher. As a result of these higher prices Argentine corn is making its appearance in this country. Here on the Pacific Coast, we are seeing Argentine corn in our markets instead of Middle Western corn.

THERE is nothing new about this business of artificially restricting production in order to force up the price.

Rubber growers in the British colonies tried it years ago, and for a while it WORKED. Rubber prices ran to a high peak, and these high prices so stimulated production in other countries that the rubber market was swamped and for years rubber sold at starvation prices.

We can monkey with supply and demand for a while, but if we KEEP IT UP we're pretty sure to burn our fingers.

Communications

Revolution and Babies. To the Editor: Mr. Edwin Deacon of Talent, Ore., is always telling people how to raise children, but sometimes he has pretty good ideas, even at that.

It is this way: After the frenzy has begun and all the elements are melting with hysterical screams, there is nothing to be done, except that the ruling hand administer the extreme measure—the iron rule. The baby is not to blame; the fault lies with the imperfect ruler who has never applied the perfect rule—which is GOLDEN. So the iron rule is used against physical inability to fight back; against intellectual weakness, yes—but as the body of the inflicted grows with the passing years that give knowledge of right and wrong, the hatred engendered by this rule of iron becomes more virulent, and unless super-human or charity should replace human reasoning and hatred, it is only the passing of days that stand between the small helpless dependent and the crushing of the power that wielded the rod of iron. It being the fault of the governing power, or mother, in the water training, that the revolution or screaming started—yet the big guns and the little galling guns are turned loose on the irresponsible dependents. The method quells but it is all respect for government. Then, all too soon, before they know what from west, north from south, out they go to form a government of their own, knowing little and feeling much. They first crush their protector, or mother, as unworthy of further existence, then on the basis

of class hatred and fantastic theories build a new set of laws, far more drastic than the old. The pendulum must be gauged to leniency, now that the old rigid law is abolished. Zeal without knowledge is the rule of the day. By an oath, they demand liberty of action; freedom of time; abolishing of labor if possible; then a gift of money and a law statute: THOU SHALT SPEND ALL OF THIS. A rule that demands a purchase of wants and indulgences.

Babies passing into childhood feel perfectly capable of governing their world. The dependents under the town clock feel the same. The mode of articulation is similar, except that the latter is more of a drowning sound, like "glub-grub-glub-grub." And sometimes spoken plainly, "Give us grub, or we'll—" It is only a rumbling sound but then it is time to do something, because the majority rules when force is used. The givers, rushing here and there, knowing the condition is the fault of the system, whisper to one another, "How much shall we give them and where shall we stop? This giving will satiate the recipient and destroy every vestige of honor."

Is it a helpless situation or not? Is it a woman (believe it or not) was proffered a fortune for conjuring the greatest sentiment in the fewest words: "HELPLESS TO HELP THE HELPLESS."

Now, Sweden never has these uprisings nor old age problems, and I'm not a Swede, either. The Townsend plan calls us "dear" old people and wants to give us what we want because we are in our second childhood and chatter incoherently about buying nicknacks and bon-bons. While the brain of a Swede never grows dull with age, ours have been dulled by these long years of standing up against the warm side of all our bank buildings in all our Townsend cities, looking into space and crying for bread. With our depleted brain-power and second childhood-wants, how is it possible to honorably supply the oil for the creaky lumberly wheels of industry? It is said that one kind of fool is the worst. How silly we old folks will look turned loose on the highways, smirking and showing our good false teeth and buying our way to Reno.

An ordinary measure would not be adequate to meet the stringent need, but it seems that a fantastic plan to meet the WANTS is the method devised. It is so feasible in its own inherent aspect of a permanent revolving means of abolishing poverty that it resembles perpetual motion. But the wheels in this particular adventure would spin so rapidly and each year gain such momentum that its success would be its own destruction. It wouldn't fizzle out and die by degrees like our attempts at perpetual motion, you remember, when the wheels lagged and found a level. But our Eutopian Plan would burst in a Townsend piece, and for one reason, if for no other—The feeding of WANTS rather than needs. To feed the wants of an uneducated conscience and unsatisfied will, is starting something that will multiply so rapidly that when the impact takes place and the reverberation is heard, words then would cease to carry meaning, and the fact itself would be the answer—A SELF EVIDENT TRUTH.

MRS. WILLIAM VIMONT. March 26, 1935.

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 26, 1925. (It was Thursday.) Work to be rushed on construction of highway to Oregon Caver.

Cherries, peaches, strawberries and other small fruits and vegetables damaged by late frost. Jangt Mann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mann, continues to improve from severe attack of pneumonia.

Democrats in congress charge Republicans with "stealing Muscle Shoals from the people." Presbyterians of city to celebrate on March 29, the establishment of their church in this city, 40 years ago. The organization meeting was held in a hall near the present site of the Nash hotel.

Jacksonville chamber of commerce opposes sale of Barnum railroad. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. March 26, 1915. (It was Friday.) The American submarine P-4 sunmerges in Honolulu, and fails to rise to surface, and 18 men are trapped in 35 fathoms of water. All hope for their rescue fades.

"Don't rock the boat," plea of President Wilson to American people, and "calls upon their traditional oath to act as stabilizers when erratic ideas flood the nation."

Mayer Emerick lends the Commercial club a cougar hide and a bear rug to be used in the Jackson county exhibit at the San Francisco fair.

Merchants are urged to "look out for a gang of hoodlums" who are headed by a beautiful blond, now operating in northern California.

Frank C. Bushman in "Stars, Their Courses Change," at the Paper; "The Gypsy Girls" in vaudeville at the 11; and "The Typhoon of Hate" at the Isis.



(Continued from Page One)

ultimate question to be settled by debate between them and Mr. Hoover is how many drips make a pouring.

To afford an idea of which farm imports are increasing and how much, the following official round figures for February may be cited, showing increases over the same month of the previous year.

Butter, three million pounds, or five times as much as in February, 1934; live cattle, 38,000 head, six times as much; pork, 168,000 pounds, or thirty-four times as much; canned meats, four million pounds, three times as much; corn, 1.8 million bushels, or 121 times as much; wheat, one million bushels, twenty-eight times as much.

The trick in the Hoover statement was in its wording. His exact words were: "Because of food destruction and restraint on farm production, foreign food is pouring into our ports, purchase of which should have been made from our farmers."

No one can deny the food was destroyed. Mr. Hoover's implication was that the New Dealers are responsible. The New Dealers say it was the drought.

The truth is the AAA curtailment program has been curtailed so much that little of it remains. The AAA-ers are now openly getting out from under the policy.

The latest step in that direction lifted the ban on spring wheat. The reason for it was the dust storm and drought prospects in the western part of the winter wheat belt, as stated.

The corn-hog program already has been modified to call for a 10 per cent reduction in acreage instead of 20 per cent.

The strangest phase of the new wheat program is that the AAA will pay the farmers exactly the same amount for growing wheat this year as it paid last year for not growing it. The explanation is that the wheat program was a two-year proposition. The farmers agreed to cut acreage for two years by which time the AAA was designated. The fact that no amount was designated this year makes no difference in the contract.

Clarence Darrow was chatting with some New Dealers the other night. In the party were some AAA-ers and some dog fanciers. Darrow told this yarn for the benefit of both.

"You can tell who a dog's owner is by the characteristics of the dog." "I went hunting once with three bird dogs, one a merchant's, one a banker's, one a farmers dog."

"The merchant's dog got right down to business and signified the bird each time so I could shoot. The banker's dog then ran ahead and devoured it, but the farmer's dog just sat back on its haunches and howled."

MODERNIZING ESTIMATES. ASSISTANCE IN ARRANGING FINANCING. A COMPLETE BUILDING SERVICE. BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE ONE.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 26.—Noel Coward, sailing for far away China, was awry with the aftertaste of his first defeat since his spectacular zoom across the theatrical horizons. He came cropper on "Point Valaine," the lustful Caribbean play he believed his best work.

He expected to scale a new peak and the fever of the "Dear Ned" first nighters ballooned to his hope. But the critics saw things differently as did the public that made penny appearance during its short run. Frankly puzzled, he lapsed into artistic sulks.

It's his intention to abandon himself to some tag end of the world for a little solitude and then work on another play. For Coward, with all his icy attitudes, is not easily squelched. Before he hit his stride he has been on the off end of some mighty critical swats.

There was one of his early plays in which he saw the light, particular star. London bowed and gasped soundly. But "Cavalcade" made him the fair-haired boy and sprouted rumors of a lightning. His brushes are all aesthetic. In his early 30's, he has amassed a million.

Gloria Vanderbilt gave a gallant try to be Spring at recent first night. Her evening cape was entirely of artificial violets. Incidentally, florists report the eclipse of the orchid once of the ace of corsages. It became too much the symbol of the chorus girl and the crepe de chine charmer and has been supplanted by a bunch of white violets centered with a spray of gardenias.

The surprise seller of the book trade continues to be Alexander Wolcott's "When Rome Burns." It has led the non-fiction list for more than a year in every state in the union. Most of the material had appeared in widely circulated magazine. Critics did not hail it with especial rapturous vociferousness. Those who profess to know say popularity he attained on the radio did the trick. Curiosity buyers.

The most suspicious of after theater merriments are Major Bowes' midnight buffets in his air laden apartment over the Capitol theater. The host's celebrity concepts shakes out a mince pudding miscellany of the stage, radio, screen and opera. The Major invites them, spreads a larrikin feast and lets nature take its course. On one divan Porsche and Tibbett may be in animated pataway with Col. Stoppagne and Bud. On another, David Warfield and Joe Weber receive Tony Pastor, but still another Gracie Allen astonishes

MINERAL, Cal., March 26.—(AP)—A 15-foot snowpack blankets many sections of this high Sierra range today as the remainder of severe winter storms in which a total snowfall of 22 feet was recorded, the greatest in 12 years.

"Soundings" taken by the government weather observers, revealed a snowpack of over 100 inches in the vicinity of Lake Helen in Lassen National park, which is 8000 feet above sea level.

By means of weighing instruments, this 15-foot pack was found to be equivalent to a water content of 72.84 inches, forecasting plentiful water for irrigation purposes in mid-state valleys this summer.

SNOW PACKS DEEP IN HIGH SIERRAS

