

**The Jacksonville Miner**

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**A Public Benefactor!**

Quite a flurry of gossip was aroused early this week when it was made known that The Miner's dear friend, Mrs. Henrietta B. Martin, was suing radio station KMED for \$35,000 alleged damages because she was refused time on the air for a Christmas broadcast to members of the alleged Good Government congress, several leaders of which are being pensioned and housed by the state at Salem.

Surprise is being manifest by many, and wonderment expressed that Mrs. Virgin, owner of the station, should become involved in such a suit. But people of Jackson county should know by now that Mrs. Martin is not in the habit of doing the smart or just thing (with the possible exception of her "horsewhipping" of the writer).

Sane, thinking people should thank Mrs. Virgin and KMED for refusing to grant Mrs. Martin the medium of radio to foment further trouble in Jackson county. Mrs. Martin already stands convicted of a crime and is now on probation. Her record as leader of the ill-fated "congress" is well known, and how much civic value her activities have rendered to Jackson county also is quite well known, both to the public and to the courts.

The Medford radio station may have to defend itself in federal court for having considered first public welfare and their own troubles second, and The Miner would like to register hearty approval of Mrs. Virgin's action. Too long has Jackson county turned the other cheek to trouble makers, and Medford and southern Oregon may quite properly regard Mrs. Virgin as a public-spirited and level-headed business woman.

And as for merits of Henrietta's Noble Gesture, we can't continue for laughing!



**New Models--And Women!**

With a twinge of mingled interest and jealousy, most of us have scanned the newest model cars recently displayed. And, true to our American habit, we are gravely concerned with anything that is new.

Watching, from a smug distance and out of earshot of the car salesmen, we believe we have caught the Spirit of America in the automotive changes just released. Not only that, but we also have seen a deadly parallel between styles of automobile dress and styles of feminine apparel.

It was but a few seasons back when car fenders showed everything but the motor's navel. They were cut away on the side, and a painted undercarriage was a thing to be paraded. But now, as you have noticed, manufacturers have almost completely relegated wheels and running gear into that category of unmentionables and have hidden such pedal paraphernalia under a skirt of iron and steel.

It wasn't so long ago, either, when women displayed everything but their birthmark to the great American populace, and now what have they done? An afternoon frock will all but sweep the sidewalk and high necklines have taken all the adventure and thrill out of watching a girl mix a soda flip behind the fountain, and we are left to wonder, vaguely, if the critters do have undercarriages.

Which doesn't demonstrate anything in particular, except that we Americans have developed an insatiable appetite for change. Things must be different; and, being different, we presume they are improved fundamentally. We see results of this habit in the divorce courts, in the

pardoning of criminals for a "new" chance, and in the President's recognition of this fact in titling his policies the New Deal, and now, the New Order.

Whether it be the mechanical influence in our lives, or what, The Miner is not qualified to say. But there is a tendency on our part to overestimate the value of anything "new." When appendicitis operations were new, all human ailments were laid to it; the same went for extraction of teeth, tonsils and even to such an inoffensive little unclassified organ as the spleen.

We fear poor old America, with all her "science" and invention, all her "progress" and greatness, has been newing herself from the frying pan into the fire. But, of course, fire is something new after you've spent a lot of time in a frying pan.



**Dr. Townsend's Pink Pills!**

So much has been said back and forth on the Townsend plan for ending the depression and everything else, that The Miner has just about resigned itself to comments being made by readers of the paper. Again this week we present arguments on each side of the question.

There have been so many quick cures for money consumption we wonder whether Dr. Townsend has not taken a leaf from recent patent medicine and has actually made himself believe that some magical discovery of his will cure most of our economic ills by a mad orgy of spending on the part of the old folks, at the expense of the younger ones.

The American people seem to have reached a strange state of mind where they look to government to do everything for them but wipe their noses. This may have been brought about by necessary governmental relief work, and direct aid to workers and farmers alike. It has incubated a dangerous dependence on government where we should look more to ourselves for solution of our own problems.

The hand that feeds the unfortunate always gets bitten and now, it seems, a lot of people are going to feel like biting a lot more than Uncle Sam's hand if he doesn't kick in with \$200 easy plunder every month to old folks free for nothing.

The quicker we return to sanity, the quicker we will return to normal economic conditions. It is true the old, the incapacitated and the dependent must be provided for amply and comfortably. But Dr. Townsend's wild scheme is so far-fetched it ridicules what could be a just cause.

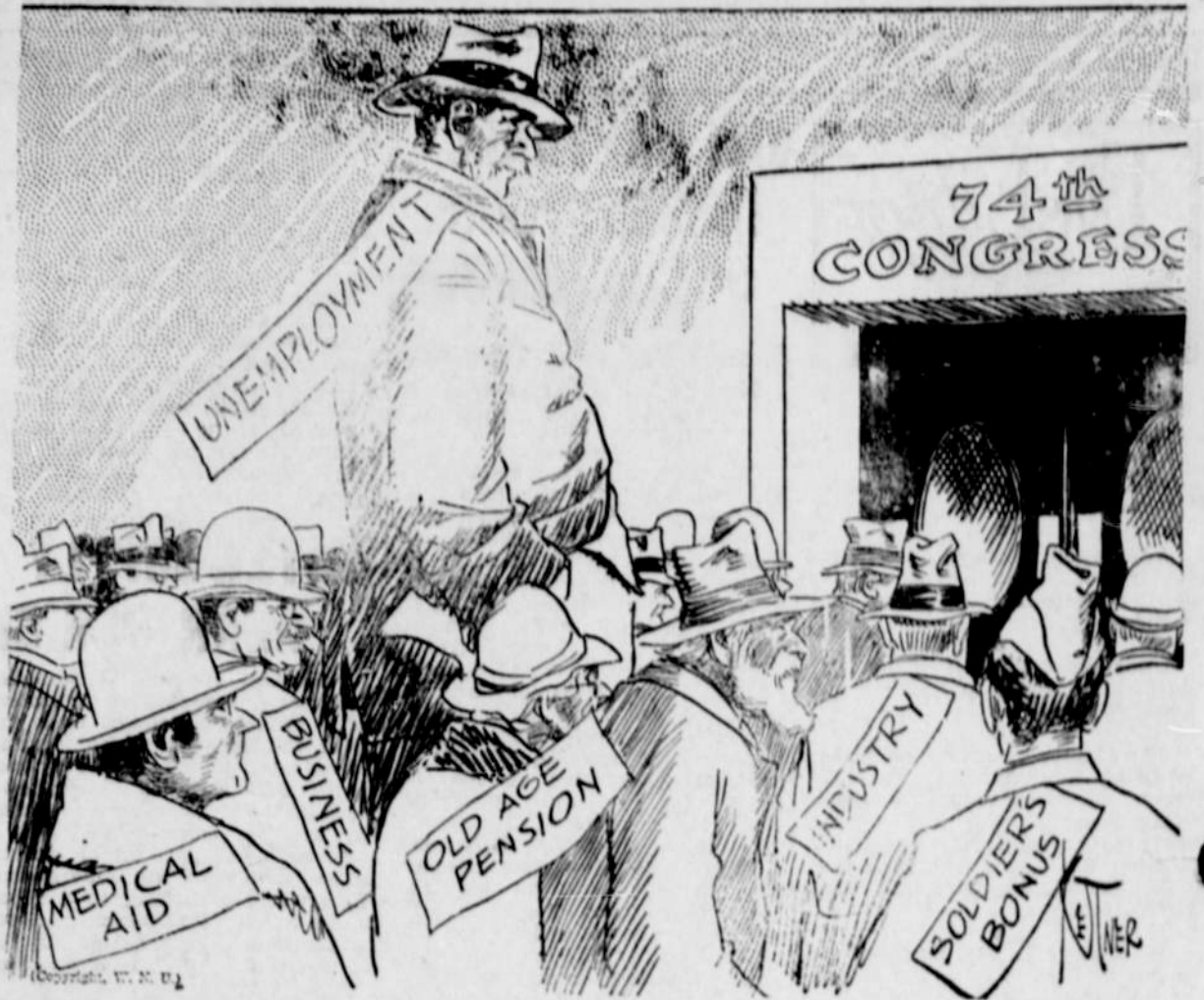


**An Important Clue**

By J. C. REYNOLDS

While many men of learning tell Strange stories of a future hell, Let's have a look around and make Quite certain there is no mistake. For instance, when a thirsty guy Has bought a demi-john of rye And finds it's mostly fusel oil, It makes his inner feelings boil, And as he recollects the "ten" Thus wasted, mutters "Stung again!" And, grieving o'er the way he fell, Asserts, "This certainly is hell." Again, when some hard working gent Is notified his monthly rent Has raised from ten to fifteen "bones," His wrath explodes in bitter groans And language most profane as well, Affirming "This is surely hell." We've met the man who sadly packs A grievous load of income tax; And heard his outraged soul expel The fervent statement, "This is hell!" Then there's the fellow who has felt Rude indigestion 'neath his belt, Induced by eating overmuch Of pastry, devil cakes and such; We've seen the nervous gink who fears That he'll be "snatched" by racketeers. The politician, too, whose boss Has handed him the double cross; All these will easily dispel Our doubts about a present hell; Their sworn assertions, brought to view, Provide a most important clue, Which seems to indicate when scanned That hell is really here at hand, Else why their most persistent yell—"This sure is hell! This sure is hell!"

**Before the House**



**MONEY HAS NO 'MAGIC' TRAIT**

To the Editor:

In your issue of January 4, about the Townsend plan, Mr. Harr says: "—the 21st day of last May I received a check for \$110.72 for pork. Before I could use a cent of this it was my duty to march up to the federal building and fork over \$41.29 for a processing tax. How is that for a percentage?"

In this thought of percentage is the whole dilemma of the Townsend plan. Any man old enough to have played poker knows that unless new capital comes on the table the "rakeoff" will get all the money in sight. Then the game will break up. The advocates of the Townsend pension are all figuring on sitting back and letting the "dealer" split the "rakeoff" with them. It will take a whale of a game to furnish \$24,000,000,000 annually with a "rakeoff" of only two per cent. Unless new sources of income are devised the game will break up even "if" it ever gets started. Every advocate starts with an "if" and pictures what a bonanza will exist "if" they get the money.

Mr. Hueners is even more puerile in his argument. He does not understand the meaning of the words he uses. He says:

"All economists generally agree that it is not so much the quality of money in a country, but the velocity with which it circulates, which is making for prosperity." How does he get that way? What does economy mean? What man that advocates economy can possibly advocate free spending? Economists are those who consider sane, conservative spending, not reckless. Who look for value received in all transactions. "The Townsend plan is sound," he says, "because, aside from relief benefits, it provides for this sustained prosperity through rapid circulation of money."

By this he means, no doubt, that the bigger the bets the larger the "rakeoff" and the sooner the money will double. Such a supposition is the exact opposite of truth. The larger the bets and the consequent "rakeoff" the sooner the game will break up. "Here again," he continues, "the editor fails to recognize the magic element in money that is kept in constant circulation."

There is no "magic element" in the circulation of money! The whole system of argument is based on a "magic" word. The little word "if." And Mr. Hueners himself fails to recognize the "magic element" in his next sentence when he begins: "If 22 cents of every dollar that I spend (bet) must go toward the pension fund and if this money is not returned into circulation it will cost me just exactly 22 cents, which would be intolerable and burdensome. But if every dollar so spent is kept in constant circulation, it shall return to me again and again so that instead of 22 cents it will cost me only a few cents in every transaction."

If Mr. Hueners will discard his three "magic" "ifs" he will have an unprovable proposition. Namely that this money will return to him! He is assuming that it will come to him without his giving value received. He is making his whole calculation on the postulation that he is the spender and the receiver as well!

Let him, however, for the sake of argument keep the three "ifs" and consider his foolishness. Let the dealer (taxes) take the first "rakeoff" of 22 cents. Then Mr. Hueners will have either the 22 cents or the balance of his dollar, which is only 78 cents. Let him spend (bet) either amount. The next rakeoff is only 22 per cent

of that amount, not of \$1. And at each succeeding bet he lessens his capital by that percentage. Sooner or later he will have nothing to bet. The whole fantastic proposition is based on the idea that the government (which is the people) can reach out like a conjurer in a cheap circus and pluck billion dollar bills from the air by this "magic element" that they have discovered, and to prove it he, by his "sleight of words," tells us he will have his 22 cents and his dollar as well after he has spent it. In other words, that he can eat his cake and keep it too.

JAY RODERIC DE SPAIN  
609 Mission Street,  
San Francisco, Calif.

**READERS POUR PRAISE ON PLAN**

To the Editor:

You will probably see the number of question marks on this rumination, so don't think I am out. Now to the plan: It does seem that we, as a people, do not know whether we are going or coming with the compilation of facts, figures, sayings of economists, both true and false.

Possibly, before the Townsend plan becomes a law, we might put forth a code on receiving and disbursements of taxes, also probably a code on economists. You see how it is in our state: Turned down the sales tax; California, with a two and one-half per cent sales tax, gone to the bow-wow. If you don't think so, contact Sinclair.

Now look at the Grange power bill, turned down. The people would rather let the company to pay the taxes than to pay them themselves. You see, we could save some of this tax for Townsend's old age pension, and just think of the 87 billion business you mention. Crime says "you must dig up 13 billions of it if you want to play with us."

We could probably save some on that. Oh! Yes, let's see—ah! We have to have 19 billion for the plan.

Now, again, there is the state old age pension. Now, oh! Well we can't expect anything on that, as it is so small you would not notice it, so there is the processing tax, which would help a lot.

Now we would have the revenue that we dig up to keep the old folks. Oh, I forgot, you said they were earning now, via those who earn would have to pay for those who do not. Well, anyhow, there must be a lot more we could check up on. Now let's see—we are going to have: Two per cent sales tax, but you think the wealthy will kick. Well, possibly they will? Yes, they buy more luxuries than the CCC, PWA, CWA, FERA. Now, we might ask John D. (not Dillinger) for a part payment of that 29 millions that would help us start the plan. But we sure did make a mistake in putting roads all through the hills—we have created a fire hazard which will take more taxes to fight.

Now let's see. We are talking of unemployment insurance. Who is going to pay the premium on our possible 12 million unemployed? Now, again, if I stop my subscription for The Miner, that will then make 12 million one? So when my subscription is up, stop my paper. No! No! No! I don't mean that, darn it. I am all mixed up, don't know whether I'm going or coming.—W. D. PECKHAM.

The general yen to reap without sowing gains more ground, we fear, than even Uncle Sam can handle.—Weston Leader.

Sometimes, too, a pedestrian is broadened by travel when his objective is no farther than the opposite curb.—Weston Leader.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Jackson  
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ELIZABETH COULTER, DECEASED.

CITATION  
To Gretchen Schneider, Fred C. Puhl and Kenneth Puhl, the heirs at law and next of kin of the above named decedent:

You, and each of you, are hereby summoned, cited, ordered and required to appear in this said court and cause in the County Court-room at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a.m., on Friday, February 1, 1935, said date being more than four weeks after January 4, 1935, the date of the first publication of this said citation, and then and there show cause, if any there be, why Louis Puhl, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the above entitled estate, should not be authorized, licensed, empowered and ordered to sell all of the right, title, estate, lien and interest that he as such administrator, or said estate may have or claim to have in and to the following described premises lying and being situate in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

Lot 7 of Block 2 of Palm Addition, City of Medford, Oregon.

Lot 7 of Block 29 in the Town of Jacksonville, Oregon, less those certain premises described in deed recorded in Volume 189 of the Deed Records of Jackson County, Oregon, at page 284 thereof, to-wit: Beginning at the Southwest corner of said Lot 7 on First Street, thence East 100 feet; thence North 59 feet; thence West 100 feet; thence South 61½ feet to the place of beginning.

at private sale for cash, or one-half cash and the balance in negotiable security, as prayed for in the petition for sale on file herein, specifically referred to hereby and by this reference made a part hereof.

Witness the hand and seal of the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, this 3rd day of January, 1935.

EARL B. DAY,  
County Judge.

Attest:  
G. R. CARTER,  
County Clerk,  
(Jan 4 11 18 25)

NOTICE  
On and after this date, January 4, 1935, I will be responsible only for debts contracted by myself.  
MARIAN S. HULSE.

**DON'S RADIO SERVICE**  
Stewart-Warner  
Service - Sales - Rentals  
423 East Main Street, Medford  
TELEPHONE 668

**S. C. PETERS (D.M.D.)**  
Dentist  
Opposite Post Office  
JACKSONVILLE