

THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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Address All Communications to Box 138

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, IN ADVANCE:

One Year—\$1.00 Six Months—50c

HEADQUARTERS: NUGGET CONFECTIONERY

TELEPHONE 162

EDITORIAL

Recent news dispatches carried accounts of how Portland district brought about elimination of foreign workers in extensive hop fields there. Only American citizens will be permitted to labor in the industry this year, providing employment for hundreds more of our countrymen. There will be no inducement for Mexicans to pour into this section with a six-months permit from immigration authorities.

What a wonderful thing it would be now if the Southern Pacific, hiring hundreds of the peons on their lines, would follow this example. It has been said, on good authority, that the S. P. has habitually hired greasers at low wages with the understanding they would return to their mother country when time allotted by statute expired. Although immigration rules permit entrance of this class of people for half a year for such purposes it is apparent that for every Mexican allowed to come here some one of our white citizens must join the ranks of the unemployed. We should look after American people first and special interests later.

This railroad, at one time, resorted to such drastic means as cutting off the only possible source of water to families in the Arizona desert to obtain a wage reduction. Importation of foreigners for the same purpose is no less tyrannical and based on like business methods. Why should a group, all the while clamoring for federal protection, assistance and cooperation not see fit to prefer American citizens when there is employment to be given? The Republic of Mexico won't grant the Southern Pacific rate increases, or pay them were they in effect. Yet Mexicans are sought after to work the roadbeds while our citizens go hungry.

Figure out your own reason.

BETTER TIMES ARE HERE

Improvement and progress from the present depression already is in evidence. Look about: people are working harder, saving more and wasting less. There has been a readjustment in prices and relative values.

Many a daughter has learned that frumpieries and non-essentials can be gotten along without; sons realize how large a piece of money a dollar can be; father and mother are making the old car last a little longer and have quit longing for the newest model radio when their present set serves the purpose. Old, disregarded articles have come back into use and people are getting their money's worth from what they already have. No longer do buyers pay top prices unless extra value is apparent. Minds as well as appetites have been whetted.

Just as the gardener weeds out irrelevant and harmful things, so does a period of hard times do away with foolish extravagancies and poor management. Men are leaner and firmer, their minds are clearer and filled with constructive thoughts. There is more time to appreciate wonders and lessons of nature—more bread and butter and less caviar. Humility has become a virtue not uncommon. And the evolution has reached a point where concrete evidence of improvement is apparent.

Take theaters, for example. Prices are lower, programs have been improved and quality of features themselves has been doubled. Merchants are giving better service and everywhere reorganization and new effort is to be noted. Sensible, honest foundations are being laid for certain gains.

Look over the paper you are now reading—The Miner is a product of the depression also. Admittedly it is rather puny, but space has been conserved, stories shortened and boilerplate and patent filler eliminated. A special effort has been made to present only what will

concern readers—news that is available through no other source. Like everything else, this weekly must have a legitimate, useful purpose and fill that purpose in the most conservative way.

And so it goes—both you and I have taken another hitch in our belts, gritted our teeth and gone out to meet the enemy. We are giving more for a dollar and receiving added benefit from the few we can corner. And we're getting a heck of a thrill from the chase.

FREE APPLES AND PEARS

Germany had such a bumper crop of apples and pears in 1931, and there was such a poor market for them, that in some places signs were erected, "Help yourself to fruit, but take care not to damage the trees." God can certainly not be blamed for the chaos which now reigns in all parts of Satan's empire.—The Golden Age.

Have People Advanced?

We hear constantly of the great strides science and civilization have taken in recent centuries, of the wonderful inventions which have made this a much better world to live in. At first thought this would seem to be so, but here is a bit of choice confession, sent by Pizzaro to the king of Spain after his thieving venture into Peru, which would indicate that intense civilization has defeated its own purpose:

"The said Incas governed in such a way that in all the land neither a thief, nor a vicious man, nor a bad, dishonest woman was known. The men all had honest and profitable employment. The woods, the mines, and all kinds of property were so divided that each man knew what belonged to him, and there were no lawsuits. The Incas were feared, obeyed and respected by their subjects, as a race very capable of governing; but we took away their land, and placed it under the crown of Spain, and made them subjects. Your Majesty must understand that my reason for making this statement is to relieve my conscience, for we have destroyed this people by our bad examples. Crimes were once so little known among them that an Indian with one hundred thousand pieces of gold and silver in his house left it open, only placing a little stick across the door, as the sign that the master was out, and nobody went in. But when they saw that we placed locks and keys on our doors they understood that it was from fear of thieves amongst us, they despised us. All this I tell your Majesty, to discharge my conscience of a weight, that I may no longer be a party to these things.—Pizzaro."

Today Peru has but a fraction of its one-time happy population, five million where 30,000,000 once flourished. The old sun worshippers, Pizzaro bluntly admits, were far better off before the eastern world sailed the Atlantic, and who can say the North American Indian profited more by the invasion? Queen why we go on believing what has been taught us in our youth rather than arriving at our own conclusions by facing true facts.

EDITOR JACKSONVILLE MINER:

DEAR SIR:

Have been reading the little paper and living over old times when other papers were published in the little old town. I sometimes put little verses of sentiment in then; especially in the Democratic Times; so am sending a little day dream of mine to you. If you care to publish it and have space for it you may do so; if not, no difference in any way.

If it is accepted, and takes with the public, may come again sometime. My name? Well how is this?

SIMP O'DILL

TO JACKSONVILLE

Oh, little town of Jacksonville, so peaceful and so still,
Are you only resting there, beside yon fir-clad hill?
Your gala days have ended, or for a little time,
Oh, will they ever come again, as in your early prime.

I knew you not in babyhood, when gold rush days were here,
But you knew me, from life's first breath down to this present year.
I've played upon your courtyard green, as busy crowds rushed by,
But I cannot now depict the scene, or describe that summer sky.

I've known some of your sorrows, shared many of your joys,
Marched through your streets, on holidays, with other girls
and boys;
But winter snows have closed you in, and summer suns shone down,
Yet both have known your busy din, as a dear old frontier town.

For years I drifted here and there, but no place could be found
To quite compare with my valley home, and dear old childhood town.

Now let's grow old together, dear town of other years,
Still share each joy or sorrow, and dry each other's tears.

Never Can Tell

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

Pa was dog tired as he neared the humble shack he called home. His long tramp through the hot, dusty sagebrush plain, in the hope that he might, at least, bag a cottontail or two, had been fruitless.

He was hungry, too, for on principle he had vetoed Ma's suggestion that he take a lunch along. It was now far past noon and he regretted his decision acutely. In fact he had regretted it almost before it was out of his mouth when Ma had added that she was going over to Susie Moore's to help with certain sewing that had to do with an expected arrival in the family and that, therefore, she would not be home to prepare him a meal on his return. But it would never have done to change his mind after telling Ma he didn't want a lunch.

"So you can just rustle for yourself or go hungry," had been the parting words flung at him as he left the house.

"But pshaw!" soliloquized Pa as he approached the door, "she just said that to nag me. I'll bet she's got a swell feed all set out for me."

But the table was bare of edibles, and worse, a rapid survey of the pantry revealed no cold leftovers to fill the inner man.

But years of residence with his better half had made him something of a philosopher. "I'll just make a pot of coffee and fry some bacon, anyway. It'll do till Ma gets home."

He soon had a brisk fire kindled but as the stove warmed up a strange, savory odor began to fill the room. At first this puzzled Pa and then he had an inspiration.

"Why sure, Ma's left something in the oven for me." With that he opened the door. "Boy! A whole pan full of fish. Hurrah!" he exclaimed and the golden brown morsels looked so tempting he could hardly wait for the coffee to brew. But at last he sat down to as appetizing a meal as he had ever eaten. Fish was his favorite. He didn't stop to figure what kind of fish it was. It was good, food for the gods! And he was too busy to bother with non-essentials.

But when the edge of his hunger was dulled he began to wonder. It looked something like eels but, of course, it wasn't for Ma knew that he wouldn't eat one of those slimy things for a million dollars because they were so much like snakes. Probably it was some new fangled fish Ma had bought of the peddler who made weekly rounds. Just like her not to say a word about it.

One thing was certain—henceforth it would be a frequent dish on his table.

By this time the immense platter was swept clean and Pa felt so good that for the first time in years he decided to wash the dishes and rid up the kitchen and a short while later the room was immaculate and he was enjoying solid comfort in the old porch chair.

He was just dropping into a doze when Ma returned. "Wish I could

sit around all day and loaf," she remarked pleasantly as she swished by. Pa let the challenge go over his head for he was too comfortable to fight, but hardly had he heard her enter the kitchen than she was back again and there was the light of battle in here eyes as, with arms akimbo, she glared at him.

"Well, what did you do with 'em?" she demanded angrily.

Pa usually had a ready comeback under such circumstances but for once, having a clear conscience, he was too amazed to even answer.

His wife went on. "Don't know what I ever married such a darn fool for anyway. A body can't leave the house for a minute else something happens."

"Come on, I want to know what you did with 'em. I slaved all morning getting 'em ready and frying the oil out, had to watch 'em every second, and now they're gone."

During this tirade Pa, a veteran of 30 years of domestic strife, had somewhat regained his wits but a faint misgiving was beginning to dawn. It must have something to do with that fish.

"What you talking about?" he countered. "Getting what ready? Frying oil out of what?"

Ma must have realized that he was actually at sea for she deigned to explain.

"Why, Pete brought 'em over just after you left and wanted me to fry the oil out. You know his grandma's bad with rheumatiz and rattlesnake oil—" but she didn't finish for at the mention of rattlesnakes Pa had clasped one hand to his stomach and, with the other guarding his mouth, had bolted off the porch and around the corner as if a million of the reptiles were after him.

"Land sakes," gasped Ma, "the man's crazy."

Then as the muffled sounds from the back yard reached her a great light broke and she fell into the comfortable old porch chair shaking with unholy joy.

WHAT A CONFESSION!

On October 12 an airplane went up over Sacramento, California, sponsored by the community chest of that city, and showered the city with the usual annual appeal for funds. The appeal started off with the following extraordinary statement of the way in which our national leaders, the apostles of Big Business, and their spokesmen, have fulfilled their promises to the boys that went to France, that on their return (if they returned) they should come back to a new world, a world in which every man would love his brother and there would be a square deal for everybody all around.

It would be the time which everybody has been looking for, when the common man would get what is coming to him. Big Business, his big brother, would step aside and let him have his share; not in the neck; oh, no, Big Business would not do that. But read:

"Fourteen years ago our streets were full of marching men—grim, determined men—marching on to the roll of drums and America's bugled summons to sacrifice. The patriotism of every man, woman and child in Sacramento was put to the test. Men and women gave of their lives and treasure that those inner things we call "America" might be served. Today the drums are still and the bugles silent. Yet again our streets are full of men—grim, silent, shuffling men—tramping, searching men—seeking food, shelter, existence for themselves and their families. Again America and those inner things we call "America" are tested. So give without stint this year."

Well do we remember when that past master of the great American art of windjamming, Woodrow Wilson, let fall from his pen or his lips the statement when the Rus-

sians first threw off the yoke of czarism, that "the way in which we now treat the Russian people will be the acid test of our friendship for that great people," and in no time, because the Russian idea of government is so different from the way we do things in Sacramento, and everywhere else in America, he was one of the first to insist that, in our holiness, we should not recognize the Bolsheviks or have anything to do with them. We were too honest and too pious for that. But now the Russians have plenty of work and we have little, they are full of hope, and the most we can say for our great and near great statesmen, orators, financiers, militarists and others that have made us what we are is that if they are full of anything it is mostly prunes.—The Golden Age

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