

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Entered as second-class matter
February 19, 1932, at the post office
at Jacksonville, Oregon, under the
act of March 3, 1879.

LEONARD HALL, Editor and Publisher
MAUDE POOL, Applegate Editor

Address All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year.....\$1.00 Six Months.....50c
Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

Communication for MINER Readers

June 24, 1932.

To the Editor:

Have just read your editorial, "Why We Have a Depression." Think this to be one of the very best I have ever read and it no doubt is one of the reasons. You have written into your editorial a certain thought that even those who previous to now—might have been skeptical, but after reading your expression I am sure that many will change not only their opinions—but their actions as well.

This certain type of business method is just what this home-owned studio has to combat. As an example—I know of many county school teachers who have patronized this particular studio I have in mind, and then they will wonder just why they are to suffer a cut in salary next year.

The Central Point American has asked me to send them any material that would be of interest to their readers and I am today sending this editorial, for it is so applicable to the situation that the local studios are facing.

Yours very truly,

J. VERNE SHANGLE.

Pilot Rock

By Alice Applegate Sargent

High on the summit of the Siskiyou mountains in southern Oregon stands grand old Pilot Rock, the travelers' friend, the immigrants' guide, piloting the way to the promised land.

For many miles on every side this great gray rock stands out against the sky, like a beacon light to the weary voyager, to tell him the harbor is near.

To the pioneers this old landmark was invaluable, guiding the way, giving courage to despondent hearts with the promise it gave that the end of the long and toilsome journey was near. Like "the shadow of a rock in a weary land" it held out a promise of toils over, and a resting place.

To the tourist this old landmark is interesting—to the descendants of the pioneers it is precious for the memories it brings of the days so long ago, when the pioneer mothers and fathers watched through the distant haze for the first glimpse of the grand old rock, which would pilot them home.

AN EXALTED STATE OF MIND

Says Professor Richard Burton: "To students plaintively inquiring of me, 'What good will the study of Browning's poetry do me?' I like to reply: 'It will give you a state of mind which you will find the equivalent of a Rolls-Royce car. Thus it will save you several thousand dollars.'"

That is a perfect answer to a lot of similar questions.

What good does it do a man to fish in the Canadian woods? What good does it do a man to live in a fine home? What good does it do a man to smoke first-class cigars? What good does it do a man to become an expert golfer?

Let's follow Professor Burton and say it gives one a luxurious or an exalted state of mind.

We all seek this state of mind and some can achieve it only by living in a 30-room house, by riding the high seas in a private yacht, by sailing over the boulevards in a \$10,000 automobile, or by ordering everything on the barber's list.

Others can get it from looking at an etching or a marble figure in an art gallery, from reading a book, from looking at a sunset or a tree, from listening to a symphony, or from an evening's conversation with a congenial companion.

That's all there is to culture. It's a way of easing the spirit, of sim-

A Frying Pan for A Country

(Continued from page one)

hills they ache for level stretches of some far-away state. What lures them one place continually gives way to beckoning features of another. Or at least so they think. In reality, when the newness of a community or country has worn off and it is time to settle down to the less exhilarating work of everyday living their minds seek relief through new surroundings and variety.

When the going is tough, when payments are hard to meet and work is exhausting and regular they get out the badly worn road map and plan their escape. Usually equities are abandoned, what material possessions are paid for are traded in on a set of tires and a tent and away go the gypsies. It is a lot of fun, but then the trip always has to end somewhere. They usually find themselves in a new community, total strangers and out of both work and money. They must again start from the beginning, build their status up to a certain fairly comfortable point, grow restless and repeat the process. It is easy for them to throw everything overboard, leave old friends and haunts and hike out for new destinations.

This family, in its folly, thinks it is following the course of least resistance when circumstances seem to be stacked against them. They think it is easier to get out, leave a difficult and unappealing situation and start all over again. And as a result, this same family, after nearly a lifetime without an anchor, faces today the impossible task of starting over again in the midst of a world-wide depression. Other families, more stable and more willing to stick when the fun was but a memory, have taken the true course of least resistance—a straight line toward their goal. When times were tough or life lost its appeal they worked the harder, saved more and now, as a result, they are weathering the storm with comparative ease. They are reaping the modest harvest of seeing beyond their speedometer.

And the same principle is true in government and politics. Where some suggest we throw all the present equipment overboard and beat it off to some new system which, at least, would be a change, others are looking beyond the speedometer. They are willing to roll up their sleeves and go to work. They realize that this, of all times, is not the season for jumping from one thing to another, or pushing all present systems built up through hard-fought war and privation over the cliff. They feel that, although things are not perfect and that graft, corruption and injustice exist in spots, it is far easier to weed out the bad parts and repair them than to throw everything overboard and have to build an entirely new government—which would certainly have its flaws also.

Of course such evil forebodings as some editors pass out have one value—they center our interest on reformation, correction and a return to original principles for which this nation was founded. But they deliberately point the wrong way out of the mess. They suggest jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Or, if they don't suggest it outright they do indirectly through their crystal gazing and forecasting. They are just another example of the group which attempts to cash in on the general unrest and dissatisfaction of humanity and are about as useful as those predatory humans who wax fat from the misfortunes of others.

The story of our country to all but the youngest child is trite and has been repeated so many times it loses its significance. Everyone remembers thrilling tales of adventure, brilliant wars won and less exciting accounts of starvation, torture and sacrifice over a period of several hundred years to reach the goal we are still striving for. Although the government we cuss today has its faults, it represents decades of human life being offered on the battlefield and years of work for the army behind the army. The capitol at Washington, the privileges and burdensome taxes all represent the fruits of struggle. And just because our battle is not over some of the country's editorial

plifying life, of reducing the cost of a happy existence.

I believe in teaching everyone something practical; we should all know the technique of a trade, some way of making a living. Everyone should work, and the ideal should be that everyone shall enjoy his work.

But we need something else—

something that we can put into our minds and think about when we are through with our ledgers and lathes and brick and mortar. If we can cultivate a deep liking for imagery and sounds and lines and color we have a shortcut to that perfect state of mind which many find so expensive and elusive.—William Feather.

writers want to throw the whole mess to the junkman. They will have nothing short of Utopia.

And, it appears to us, it would be a foolish thing to do. Suppose you were climbing one of the nearby mountains of southern Oregon. Say you had climbed for a long time, yet were not near the summit. While sitting down to rest and review your progress you noticed that your course had varied and that had you held a little to the left you'd be much nearer your goal. But, knowing already the difficulties of climbing, you'd never consider going back down the slope to your starting point to alter your direction. You'd conserve every foot of altitude you had gained and would plan your future path from where you rested. You would laugh at the idea of starting all over again simply because you were a little to one side of your goal. And the family we referred to would think only of the immediate prospect of coasting downgrade and not concern itself with the additional climb when the bottom was reached. The same reasoning applies to government and parties, to politics and to everything. It always is wise to plan from the present and to stay by friends and systems which have served well in the past.

And this brings us back to 1932. The depression has awakened us with a start to the fact that we had been a little off course; that our climbing, while continuing steadily, was a bit misdirected and taking us toward a different goal. But, because taxes are enveloping us and times are hard we should not consider for one moment coasting back down and then starting all over again. The thing to do is to conserve what we already have, for God knows we'll have a tough enough battle anyway, and right our directions. The sensible thing to do is to pay the oppressive taxes, do away with constitutional amendments that won't work and fight like the devil himself to get through this depression without losing any of the advantages we already have. The time has come when it is little fun and much hardship to be a citizen of these United States, but then that is true of life in all its branches. We are feeling the thorn today and not sniffing the fragrant rose—but that is no reason why we should cut down the rose bush!

And, just as true as it is far wiser and the course of least resistance (in the end) for the restless family to stick and fight it out against all odds, it also is true that the course of least resistance for ourselves as citizens and taxpayers is to accept things as they are and forget this clamoring for new parties, government and system of taxation. The bonus army which marched on Washington has set a fine example for all of us to follow. In the face of opposition and refusal to their demands, and with insult added to injury by the passage in congress of the pork barrel relief bill which equals in aggregate the sum asked for by the ex-soldiers a few days before, the men, many hungry, in rags and broke, withdrew peacefully and sang the national anthem.

The bonus army realizes, as we all should, that government—bad as it may or may not be—is the people, and to go back on government is to go back on ourselves. So, let's give three rousing cheers for the Fourth of July and those brave men, Americans like ourselves, who declared their independence and launched the greatest nation on earth!

The Place to Get Good Home-Cooked Meals

Hot Dinner Sandwiches

HEADQUARTERS FOR
THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

THE NUGGET

Sandwiches, Fountain Drinks, Candy, Cigars
Barber Shop and Pool Hall in Connection

SOUND HORN FOR CURB SERVICE

PHONE 162