

The Jacksonville Miner

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The Editor Speaking

Necessity is the mother of convention.

And it would now appear that we bought this depression with easy payments.

Gutenberg, inventor of printing, was the first man who ever caused the world to revert to type, we hear.

And it appears now that Medford papers have just gotten wind of the proposed railroad to the Oregon coast announced in The Miner in glaring headlines some six months ago.

While speaking of railroads, it is interesting to note progress of contemporary thought as a new project develops. Ways of humans are curious: When the road to the sea was first announced a few days ago people made a wild scramble to join the bandwagon with plain and fancy boosting and kind words. Then, a day or so later, when enthusiasm naturally catches its breath, others run to the publicity front hurrying to be first with warnings and dashes of cold water. The aggressive start the show and the pessimists, given a day or two to get going, join in—and often close it.

Outside of President Hoover, the district attorney and poison oak, the greatest menace confronting Jacksonville today is those doggone high buttons bulging up out of the most used section of the main stem. How do we know? The other evening, while driving idly down California street, we thought the Rogue river valley had gone back on us and thrown a rip-snort-in', hell-raisin' earthquake—we had carelessly attempted to drive over one of the darned things.

Meaningless words we read every day, and have for the past two years: "Cheer up, the depression has passed its low point and business is on the upgrade." And if things don't pick up pretty soon we Americans will have forgotten how to count.

Henry, Mere Canine, Knows His Groceries

Displaying an unusual quirk for canines, Henry, the six year old airedale belonging to Miss Lena Johnson of Jacksonville, knows the difference between the various raw materials which go into the average kitchen. Sent to the house for a potato, Henry will return with one of the Irish morsels. If the command be apple, Henry will dart hastily indoors and commence search for Eve's Waterloo.

The animal, large, with a fine covering of airedale kinks, displays as much savvy as a grown person and apparently understands the general shop-run brand of English language. Large eyes seem to penetrate one's mind and no doubt Henry is an apt lip reader, for when told to fetch a stick, find a lost ball or beat it he promptly responds to the command. Henry performs minor tasks about the California street home and does everything but wind up the windlass and run the pump for a backyard mining venture in full bloom there. Miss Johnson has raised the dog since puppyhood and has developed an unusual animal.

Henry has reached the ripe old age of wisdom for dogs and can readily tell the difference between an officer and human being.

NEW MEXICAN LABOR LAW

A new labor law of Mexico requires 90 per cent of all employed persons to be natives. Under this law thousands of Chinese are being sent back home. The law is being so strictly enforced that there is talk of not permitting American trainmen to enter the country.

IT MAY BE A GREAT WORLD

(Continued from page one)

realize what it was made it so? Was it Dame Nature's elaborate generosity, the natural resources and great expanse of fertile soil, or was it the wise foresight and careful planning for the future by our forefathers? This was not the greatest nation on earth until it had been deliberately made so by the wisdom, the courage and intelligence of the pioneer, that former race of inhabitant who left for his children and grandchildren a solid foundation to build upon. And if this is so, isn't it reasonable to suppose that, at least in part, our present plight is due to our growing disinterest in our goal and the willingness to "let George do the worrying about where we're headed"?

Today, back in the prairie states where a few years before there was not a single tree for hundreds of miles, groves of cottonwood, catalpa and other midwestern species abound. Rivers today are lined with green foliage and patches of woods dot the landscape. They were planted by far-seeing and ambitious pioneers who realized that, although they themselves would never enjoy in full the benefits of trees, their children and children's children would inhabit this vast empire. And now, after the growths have reached magnificent proportions, humans take them for granted, are indifferent to their origin and the great lesson in forethought they can give. And right here in our midst we enjoy fruits of the selfless forethought of pioneers who were full of the milk of human kindness, were not heckled on all sides by hurry and the machine age, and who did some mighty deep thinking. Jacksonville itself is a product of such a race, unselfish, hardworking and willing to give up comforts and conveniences of the present for the doubtful future. Had they been like a lot of us, looking only to today and following the course of least resistance, there would be no great state of Oregon, overflowing with stirring and precious history. But the pioneer, the people who made this the greatest nation on earth, looked to the future that posterity might pat itself on the back and be stirred with emotion at sight of our flag waving over the land that once was a wilderness.

And now that we have the richest, the most democratic and greatest nation on earth, what are we going to do with it—what are our plans for the future, and what are we going to hand down to our children and our children's children? Are we going to carry on the noble traditions of those who have passed before us, or are we going to lay down on the job, get by as easily as we can and not worry about Neighbor Jones next door or a thousand miles from us?

* * * * *

We have been the victims of human nature. We have been our own executioners. We have pinched pennies and thrown away prosperity. But what may be worse than the difficult present, is the future we will leave for those to follow.

Less than 15 years ago a new note was struck which seemed to be a good thing. It was found that to chain everything, to link business and gain monopolies effected a few cents saving for Mr. Consumer, who was the source of much income to the nation. Mr. Consumer promptly grabbed at the reduced price offerings and busied himself with other problems. And it was only natural—it is human nature to have thoughts occur to us, to accept new ideas, which at the time seem good and beneficial, and to form a habit thereon and promptly dismiss further study of consequences until developments reach a critical stage and demand attention. When chain stores first began it was too soon to vision the ultimate destruction an apparently helpful system might wreak. We became chain-minded and forgot the important place independents had played in the country—we even overlooked the glaring fact that we were going back on the very principles for which these United States were founded—equal chance for all. We were ear-deep in post-war troubles and unaware that we were becoming traitors to our forefathers, all for the sake of modernism, the alleged New Era.

The war had taught us the advantage of camouflage—we hid behind grandiose and imposing phrases which obscured the bare, heartless brutality of the newer business methods, the muscling out of that backbone of the nation—Mr. Average American and his chances for moderate success as an independent man unshackled by big business or shifted here and there by bosses who were considering dollars and not humans. We liked the sound of "scientific, wasteless, economical, efficient" and all the other adjectives rammed into our ears so that our heads would be too full of such hooey to permit independent thinking on our own part. The human element was left entirely out—distribution was a dollar and cents proposition.

It took a few years for the thing to develop to the present magnitude, when it is easy to see results of business based on dollars and not on humanity, for which business is supposed to perform. Rather, we are the slaves of business, shackled by a dollar of our own creation. In our foolishness we are cutting not only our own throats, but also the throats of our children and their children—because, as we contribute to the chain system, aiding in its development and engulfment of independent business, we destroy the chances for the younger generation to ever become independent, self-reliant and successful. The more we aid monopolies of any sort the more difficult we make it for youngsters to go into business, to work for themselves and to be their own bosses as they take their place in the business world.

Apply the same ethics to yourself. Take for example farming, a field consolidation has not yet entered to any great extent. Most of you Jacksonville and Applegate folk are independent, working for yourself. Although you may be having a hard time, like everyone else, you at least have the satisfaction of knowing you are your own boss, captain of your own soul and monarch of your premises. The chain store idea, applied to you, would rob you and your family of all that—you would become a tenant, working for someone else. Perhaps returns from your crops might be a bit greater and expenses less, but where would the difference go? To you? To the consumer? Or to your landlord? And where would your individual, independent initiative go? What would the future hold for you? Would life on the old homestead be as pleasant, the sunshine as glorious and the wonders of nature seem to be performing for you alone? Would you feel as secure, as per-

manently imbedded as you do now? We doubt it. Would your sons and daughters not be robbed of an opportunity to enter the world's greatest trade as an independent, upstanding bulwark of the community? Could they attain the same degree of self respect and comfort if they shared earnings with some far-away millionaire?

After all, to amount to anything worth considering, we've got to try to make this world as bearable for our children as we can—it is only good sportsmanship to leave the old, greed and graft-torn orb in as good condition as we found it. The law of nature tends toward propagation of the race as against the individual, and to violate rules for the common good is to buck the elements—a trick we, as humans, are far too puny to ever accomplish successfully. And, to deserve the spark of life we all have been bestowed with, we should consider humanity and its troubles first, and acquisition of legal tender only as a means to an end—that of serving people rather than dominating and subjugating them. We should plan for the future, plant trees for our children's children to enjoy and be unselfish enough to feel that, when we come to the end of the road, we have not grabbed what we could and thoughtlessly made an already difficult life on earth harder for those who are to follow.

We should be able to feel that, after we have departed, we will be looked upon as pioneers, blazing a trail and hewing a future for our children from the wilderness of heartless business practice and commercialism and as being big enough and intelligent enough to have withstood the temptations and thoughtlessnesses of the day that this may continue as the greatest nation on earth.

'A RANCHER'S WIFE' ADMITS LIKES WORK

"I Am a Rancher's Wife," a brief, optimistic article by Nell Von Der Hellen, southern Oregon writer, appears in the August issue of the Ladies' Home Journal. The author entertainingly portrays the long, toilsome tasks of the farm from being a cowgirl to plowing and sawing wood, yet through it all she has the versatility of nature to see the beauty of the toil and to love it. Her work is physical, she writes, and her mind is free to wander to the far corners of the earth. Concluding, she says that she gains courage from contact with the soil, and in it she buries her troubles. Mrs. Von Der Hellen is the wife of Carl Von Der Hellen, and lives 15 miles from Medford in the Wel-len district. She wrote a number of children's stories for the Medford Mail Tribune some time ago.

FEEDING INDUSTRIAL ARMY

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Steam Shovel Leaves Bridge Bow-Legged

The wooden bridge across Applegate at Murphy was badly damaged last week when a large steam shovel belonging to the R. I. Stuart contractors at Medford was taken across the structure. As a result cars are detouring from the main highway to the north side of the river to Murphy.

H. H. Flanagan of Grants Pass, who is in charge of state bridge construction, says the state will not build a new bridge, as was reported, but that preparations are all made to repair the old one. The machine causing the damage was being moved to Roseburg, where Stuarts have the excavating contract for the soldiers' home, although the reason for taking the shovel through the Applegate valley is not definitely known.

PUHLS RECEIVE WORD DEATH OF FATHER

Coming hard on the heels of one loss in the immediate family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Puhl Wednesday received word of the death of Mrs. Puhl's father, Charles A. Sappela, which occurred in Seattle. Mrs. Puhl left for that city via stage that evening to be present at funeral ceremonies, and 's expected to return here some time next week.

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