

The Jacksonville Miner

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COMMUNICATIONS

For Miner Readers

MOTHERS' DAY

To the Editor:

This little story perhaps means more to me than anyone else but if you believe others might like to read it you can publish it in your paper. And while writing I want to express to you my appreciation of your little home-town paper.

Recent events have caused me to remember this true story, so I am passing it along, although it is late.

By MRS. A. S. KLEINHAMMER

It was the first Mothers' day since Eddie Howbrook, a seven-year-old boy, had come to live with us, and share our home. When possible the children made Mothers' day a home event, so Esther came from her home, Doris from her work and Claus from school, each bringing gifts of flowers, favorite candy or some article of clothing, with expressive cards. Big little things that mean so much and are so greatly appreciated.

Home day was always a happy day so we had the usual good time. In the evening, while their father was taking the children back to their respective homes, Eddy and I stopped in Jacksonville for church services.

As the car had not returned we spent our extra time in walking, and, passing Amy's place, Eddy asked to go in.

Eddie stood in the room and looked all around, and then picked up a package of pressed figs and paid for them from the little money he usually carried in his pocket. Continuing our walk, he passed me the figs and, being very fond of them, I took a generous amount. Passing them to me the second and third time, I told him I would not take another one, that he had bought them and that I wanted him to have them. No, he insisted he wanted me to have them, so I ate till there was not another fig left.

Walking in silence for a time, Eddie said, "Mom, do you know why I bought those figs?" I told him no, but that I would guess. "Eddie, you little rascal, you knew already how well I like figs."

He squared his little shoulders and said with a triumphant smile, "Yes, and it's Mothers' day."

How great indeed had been his gift.

SCHOOL CONSOLIDATION

Portland, Oregon.

To the Editor:

With extremely few exceptions the responsible press of the state has overwhelmingly expressed itself as opposed to the Zorn-Macpherson Initiative bill for the destruction of our present institutions of higher learning and their replacement by weak and costly small units.

In assembling the quotations that appear on the attached news digest, all editorials that appeared in newspapers of communities that could be injured, or benefited, by the proposed bill were excluded. The digest, therefore, represents, we believe the judgment of men who are interested in what is best for the state and its people, without consideration of local effects. Preliminary reports indicated that people as a whole are confused on the bill and believe that it simply proposes consolidation of the university and Oregon State college as an economy measure. Undoubtedly there are a great many of them who are under this delusion.

Publication of the digest in whole, or in part, should prove of invaluable service in clarifying the situation and exposing the menace masked behind the sham claim of consolidation and economy.

Yours very truly,
School Tax-Saving Association
By Amadee M. Smith.

● Mrs. Earl Schneider of Seattle, formerly Gretchen Puhl of this city, entertained at the home of her brother, Louis Puhl, with a birthday dinner in honor of her father, William Puhl, Thursday evening of this week.

THE DEPRESSION; THAT IS THE QUESTION!

(Continued from page one)

swift rivers. Music to them is a world of beautiful natural things—not of human emotion, which may be glorious in purpose but is far more sordid in practice.

As Americans, we sway to notes describing puny humans who fill the stage of life with a passing throng; hating, fighting, cheating, sweating and loving as no other earthly inhabitant could. Below the Rio Grande the home talent yodels about the stage itself, always present, wonderful and enduring. Our dark-skinned neighbors spend less time singing of themselves, their passions and pleasures, and are consequently a happier people.

* * * * *

And speaking of the depression, of which everyone is speaking, either in English or profane of late, we have not yet turned the corner which so many statesmen have assured us is lurking somewhere to spring upon us disbelievers just as soon as we can get the cart before the horse and gain confidence in business, the administration and our problematical future. And we also have noted that without exception the fellow who advises us is a man who has not yet felt the pangs of hunger, who has amassed a fortune and who probably hasn't missed a day's work or income for years. And even down to our own locality, the ones who write and rant about the inherent unwillingness of taxpayers to buy license plates for their autos are the ones who already have theirs, who can get the money and find it impossible to believe that others, if they would just make up their minds to it, couldn't do the same.

But, thank heaven, one thing is certain. The depression and us both can't last forever. One will have to drop out before long, no doubt. It's an uneven race and one of the contestants are going to win, and our money, time, future and half-acre in eternity are bet on the people coming out on top.

* * * * *

We have the suspicion that the world-wide chaotic state of things might be compared to the human mind, which surely travels in cycles even as business and the lack of it do.

Sometimes we awaken mornings with a glum, peepless feeling and lie abed wondering just what we're here for and why carry on with it all; we'd probably commit suicide right then and there if we had the ambition to get up and procure the tools, but by that time we'd have moved about and rediscovered the fact that maybe there was something to continue for. And then, perhaps the next day, we'd leap from the covers feeling like a million dollars and bare our fists at an imaginary den of tigers and dare adversity to come our way.

Invariably, when one gets gloriously enthused, excited or too happy, there is an aftermath sets in of the opposite emotion; a balance which keeps us rational. Haven't you ever noticed this, particularly when quarreling with someone? How easy it is for an extreme emotion to reverse itself at the drop of a hat. Don't you remember some choice bit of flattery you particularly liked and lapped up like a hungry kitten would sweet milk? Then, after that intoxicated, puffed-up pleasantness wore off you became doubtful, skeptical and even jealous—and would have to be shown that such kind words were sincere? We are always the battleground for the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of our dual natures—and the constant disagreement between the two, with an occasional temporary victory for one or the other, is what makes life on earth a mixture of heaven, hell and way points.

And to draw a parallel, in 1929 we were flattered, elated and joyously and carelessly drunk with prosperity, so that all-wise something which provides for our pleasures and grief marveled the Mr. Hyde of the universe to take charge, send us to the other extreme for a while and balance us so that this would again be a rational world. From the heights of material luxuries and an unappreciation of real values we were suddenly plunged to the hangover stage which brings us bolt upright to the fact that we had been foolish. But, like most emotional hangovers, the extreme is short-lived, just as was the orgy which caused it.

And now we come to the point (which might have been mentioned in the first paragraph and saved you a lot of time) that nothing has happened to the world at all; human nature has just happened to us as a people, and some time later, when we can reflect on a full stomach, we might agree that it is a good and saving disadvantage to have dual natures and extremes which not only make hell on earth, but also thereby make heaven possible while we are still inhabitants of the greatest little world in the universe!

LOOSE GRAVEL WRECKS CAR; BREAKS BONES

Mrs. V. Daley of Ruch vicinity is in the Community hospital at Medford recovering from effects of a broken collar bone which resulted from an auto accident on the Jacksonville hill Sunday. The coupe in which Mrs. Daley and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edith Daley of Los Angeles, were riding overturned in loose gravel, completely wrecking the car.

The Los Angeles woman received no serious injuries.

MEN, FAR AND NEAR, ANSWER HILLS' CALL

In response to the call of the good old summer time, or the mountains, or maybe it's the depression, numerous men from the length of the Pacific coast have returned to the Applegate mountains to resume work in their mines for the summer, as revealed by a perusal of campfire permits issued at the Star ranger station recently.

Among those centering their intentions on mining are J. A. Anderson from Salem at Five Mile camp

on Middle Fork; F. B. Salisbury and son from Everett, Wash., at Yellow Jacket; Paul J. McCurdy from Port Townsend, Wash., on upper Applegate; W. R. Peabody from Ashland, on Carbury; Ralph Zumwalt from Medford on Middle Fork doing assessment work, and William Stumpe on Big Applegate.

Others coming to the community for various purposes are E. H. Adams from Ventura, Calif., at Squaw lake; C. W. Marshall from Somesbar, Calif., at Dividend Bar, and R. O. Whitson from San Pedro, at McKee bridge.

Some business men are so beset by the greed for immediate profit that they never get it through their heads that service must precede profit.

One of the fine things about business is that efficiency is so promptly rewarded and shiftlessness so quickly rebuked.

If nature had not made us a little frivolous we should be most wretched. It is because one can be frivolous that the majority do not hang themselves. It is sweet to be foolish on occasion—Voltaire.

Theater Seeking Old Costumes and Music

To further enhance a photoplay, "The Last Frontier," which will be shown Friday and Saturday, August 5 and 6 at the Fox Craterian theater in Medford, Donald Geddes, district manager, has announced a unique contest for the two days.

Costumes worn in pioneer days, such as will be unearthed for Jacksonville's recreation of 1882 days, are to be worn by feminine entrants in the contest on the final night, Saturday.

Old time music, common in Oregon's early history, will receive its attention and prizes on the Craterian stage Friday night. This contest will include vocal and instrumental numbers.

An interesting lobby display, composed of historic relics, entered in exhibits by various groups, will be shown for the two days in the foyer of the theater. The Jacksonville museum, under the direction of J. B. Wetterer, will submit two cases of the institution's collection in the contest.

Three places will be awarded in each of the three events, a \$5 cash prize topping the list. Second and third will each receive merchandise prizes. Winners in the first two contests will be picked by audiences by acclamation, and a group of southern Oregon pioneers will be chosen to decide merits of relic entries.

Geddes is desirous of obtaining Jacksonville and Applegate entrants in the three features and asks that all interested parties get in touch with him at the Fox Craterian theater at once. Entries in the costume and music contests will be admitted till next Friday noon, with appearances scheduled following the first performance each evening about 9 p.m.

Feature attraction to be shown, which has inspired the local display of clothes, relics and talent, carries an all-star cast of Johnny Mack Brown, Evelyn Knapp, Zasu Pitts and Raymond Hatton. Southern Oregon's first bar, loaned by Ray Toft, with an ample supply of free lunch and near beer, will greet theatergoers both Friday and Saturday of next week.

START NON-MILITARY SERVICE

A group of British social workers, the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, has taken up the work of attempting the regeneration of men long unemployed. It will organize a camp to which such men may go for training in physical and mental health, so as to be fit to reenter employment if it presents itself.

WILDCAT BROADCASTING

An overly clever young man in Milwaukee rigged up a small sending set, attached it to the family aerial, and stirred the whole city by announcing that Hoover had been assassinated, Japan had declared war against the United States, prohibition had been repealed and Signor Grandi had been pushed off the boat and drowned. The offices of the Milwaukee Journal were flooded with inquiries within a short time after the young man let his imagination run riot.

Example is the most powerful sermon—Lindbergh furnished more inspiration to modern youth than all the writers.

The best kind of pride is that which compels a man to do his best work even though no one is looking.

Only exceptional men can run enterprises on idealistic lines and make them pay.

Ficks Depart for Convention

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fick, as Jacksonville's representatives in the extensive Shrine celebration and national gathering in San Francisco this week, departed on the Hillah special from Medford Sunday via Southern Pacific. It is expected the hardware dealer, known over the entire district, will uphold the glorious and precious traditions peculiar to Jacksonville and give the bay cities proper indication of the caliber of local males.

The couple is expected to return the latter part of this week from the annual event.

FOUR BIGGEST BANKS

From the standpoint of deposits the four biggest banks are the Chase National of New York city with 1450 million dollars, the National City of New York city with 1410 millions dollars, the British Midland with 1200 millions, and Barclay's (British) with 1120 millions.

RAIL WATCHMEN MUST GO

Rapidly, now, robots are taking the place of humans in all places where they can be installed. The latest to go are watchmen of crossings. Modern electrical devices do the work as well, and are rapidly taking the place of the watchmen.

SPAIN AND HER MILITARY

Spain got rid of its military curse by retiring all its superfluous officers on full pay, but decreed that any officer thus retired who goes to work will lose his allowance. At the same time the two principal military journals of the country have been ordered to close up and quit.

POLAND DIVIDES WITH POOR

Poland is said to deal with its farm problem and food relief problem in a very simple and natural way. Farmers who have surpluses of food which they do not need and for which there is little or no market take it into town and give it to needy relatives.

FACTORIES TO WORKLESS

In Germany a plan has been proposed that idle factories should be turned over to idle workers and operated, not for profit, but to make shoes and clothing and other necessities for those that are out of work. The products of these factories would not be sold, but merely used to alleviate the wants of the needy.

BLIND STUDENT HONORED

Samuel Konefsky, 17 years of age, a blind student at Thomas Jefferson high school, Brooklyn, this year had the highest average of any student in his class, and was the winner of the American Legion gold medal for history. He was born in Russia, and has been blind 11 years.

High prices always seem to stimulate a woman's appetite.

Harold B. Gillis

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SOUND HORN FOR CURB SERVICE

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