

The Jacksonville Miner

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S-T-A-T-I-C

By JOHN BYRNE

Candidate: I can fight my enemies, but deliver me from my friends!

HOO-HOO HOOVER INDICATES THAT MAN IS STILL A FEATHERLESS BIPED.

A green hunter, hatless, out of breath and out of shells, tried to see if hypnotism would work upon a wounded buck. It didn't.

Sir, I want to enter the political field.

Political Boss: Where do you hail from?

I come from Bray.

H'm. Very interesting. What other qualifications have you?

I inherited \$180,000 and no cents.

Boss: Alright, you'll do. We will run you for congress.

ALL THE NEIGHBORS HEARD THE CRASH:

A. YOUNG AND ANOTHER NASH.

One of the boys just drifted in from the Yreka Gold Rush days and claims to have had a wonderful time. He said when on a still hunt for a little stimulant he always knew what the word "Eureka" meant, but a sign reading both ways—

YREKABAKERY

hung over a little shack had him guessing. Sort of a ketchup coming and going sign, and he don't know yet whether he was seeing things or not. Just try it yourself.

What we need here in Jackson county at the present time as we never needed them before, are some straight honest-to-God men. Don't get stampeded, folks. Just use your calm deliberative judgment, keep your powder dry and wait until you can see the whites of their eyes.

State Policeman: What in Sam Hill are you doing down here in the creek with a steering wheel around your neck?

Drunken Driver: Well, you see, I just pulled out to let the bridge go by, and here I am.

WE BELIEVE MACK LILLARD IS OVERLOOKING A GOOD BET BY NOT MATCHING UP TWO WELL KNOWN LOCAL EDITORS WHO UNDOUBTEDLY WOULD PUT UP A RIGHT GOOD TUSSEL.

We thought it was about time for Ike to break into print. If Mr. Hoover takes Ike up on his proposition, he likely won't go hungry, as long as Ike has old "meat in the pot." We believe, though, if we were in Ike's place, we would have invited Andy Mellon along, too, to insure beans.

The insulation finally wore off the Utility empire and a whole lot of people were shocked, electrocuted, financially wrecked and pulverized. Another debacle or two like this, and we will be back to normalcy.

CHRIS KEEGAN WAS SEEN PICKING WILD BLACKBERRIES IN A STRAW HAT.

Our candidates have now pledged themselves to eradicate or inaugurate everything necessary for the good and well being of Jackson county. All that remains is for the voters to make the right guess, and we will be on a 100 per cent basis.

An elephant will roam on the barren hills
When the work's all done this fall,
And a poor old mule with drooping ears
Will stand in a White House stall.

What the old Ship of State needs most is to be towed into a freshwater harbor and get rid of some of the barnacles.

"President Hoover Repudiated"

(Continued from page one)

work? What can he know of the trials and difficulties encountered every day by the average tax-delinquent farmer who is about to lose everything he owns—if he hasn't already?"

Do you suppose for one minute that a cabinet of billionaires could, even if they wished, get the viewpoint of the common, ordinary "forgotten man" who like as not wonders where next week's meals are coming from? Can a well-fed, rich politician get the same slant on things that the poor, hard working citizens who support him and contribute to his wealth have?

Let us put it this way: Do you have the outlook on life, big business and philosophy (or lack of it) of a millionaire—when you haven't the millions? Of course not. You can't very well say you understand the needs of gigantic business corporations when you have only tilled the soil, worked for small wages or joined the ranks of the unemployed, can you?

And if you think it would be hard to get the millionaire's slant on everything without the millions, how do you suppose a millionaire can get the proper view and outlook of the ordinary, average run American who thinks a thousand dollars cash is a fortune? Is it not true that there is an unbridged gap between the two—one a form of aristocracy and the other a refined peasantry?

Pick out the great men of the world. How many were born with silver spoons in their mouths who did something worthwhile for the common, "forgotten" man? Was it not Abraham Lincoln, born in poverty, reared in and want and labor, who did more for a struggling nation of average citizens than any other single man?

If Lincoln knew not poverty and suffering, do you suppose he could have worked up a great deal of sincere sympathy for those who were in need of help, yet could offer no great concessions, no wealth of dollars, in return?

And, doesn't it strike you that the reason Big Business has been getting all the federal aid from a billion dollar cabinet and president is because Big Business can offer some reward in return? Be logical and reasonable. What can the average forgotten man, without a dime, home or job, offer an administration in return for political plums?

Why was it that banks, corporations and cooperatives could get millions of dollars aid from our government while the ex-soldier, who had already earned the few dollars owed him, found it impossible to collect? Isn't it apparent that the fact the bonus pay would all have gone directly to the service man in small amounts in definite sums which would have to be accounted for—that Washington knew in advance none of the buddies were going to hand back certain desirable concessions in return? Do you suppose the great corporations receiving millions of dollars from officials forgot who granted them the favors? Don't be silly.

And, if you still doubt that a millionaire presidential cabinet and Head Man can have the outlook of the ordinary person—like you and I—why did the president drive hungry ex-soldiers out of Washington with drawn bayonets, gas and fire? They had been only peacefully lobbying in their own interests, but President Hoover, a Britisher by choice and an American born man by accident, saw menace, defeat and trouble ahead in the congregation of his constituents. And why did the president wait until congress had convened to pull his trick of the monarchs? We've never yet heard an answer to these questions, save for unsuccessful attempts to cast suspicion and dishonor onto the ranks of the very boys who "made the world safe for democracy."

Just what do you think of the president of a great nation who refers to his countrymen who come to the aid of their nation and offered their lives as "criminals, hoodlums and anarchists." Is that the proper attitude for the nation's hired man to take toward the people who gave him his job?

We repeat: The Jacksonville Miner repudiates President Hoover, and how!

MEMBERS OF THE SUNNYSIDE BACHELORS' CLUB HAVE GONE INTO A TALE SPIN.

A politician and a man had a fight—the politician licked the man.

Hunters should attend a few home demonstration meetings on how to cure meat. In case of shooting a horse for a deer, they would know how to take care of it.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IS, WHERE IS ALL THE COLD CASH WHICH THE DEPOSITORS PUT INTO 4450 DEFUNCT BANKS?

G. O. P.—Going Out Pulverized.

The story is told of a certain colonel who served under Grant in the Civil war. Later when Grant became president, the colonel was given a federal job in the consular service. At this time no examination was required, but a few years later he was notified that, changes having been made, he would have to pass a civil service examination. This worried the old man as he was not very well educated.

One of the first questions to be filled out was: "How many soldiers did England send into the Colonies during the Revolutionary war?"

This was a stumper for the colonel, but after pondering over it for a long time, he wrote down the following answer: "A damned sight more than ever got back."

A short time later President Grant summoned the colonel into his office and, with a twinkle in his eye, told him he had passed the examination.

ZANE GREY STORY IN FILM FORM COMES TO RIALTO

Zane Grey has written many stories of the west but none has enjoyed more popularity than "The Heritage of the Desert," the screen adaptation of which shows at the Rialto theater Sunday and Monday. It is a stirring story of the old time west when a six-shooter and a man's courage ruled the wild frontiers. Randolph Scott plays the leading role, that of Jack Hare, and Sally Blane and J. Farrell MacDonald are in the supporting cast which also includes many other well known stars.

As added attractions the Rialto is showing a Slim Summerville comedy, "Kid Glove Kisses," Screen Snapshots and Fox News.

THE "TAX FREE" GAG

"There have been some recent press dispatches about towns that claim to be 'tax free' because of profits accruing from municipally owned utilities. The 'tax free' statement is misleading, it refers to 'municipal taxes' only and does not include federal, state, county, school district and other special levies.

"However, there isn't any talk concerning towns which have private utility service and likewise pay no city taxes. A survey in Oklahoma shows that 52 cities and towns will omit general city tax levies during the coming year. Forty-two of these have no municipal utility service, except water. Only 18 have municipal electric distribution, and only two have municipal gas distribution. Seventeen own municipal electric plants.

"As a matter of fact, the number of towns that have seen taxes skyrocket because of municipally owned utilities would make an in-

initely longer list than those which have gone city tax-free from the same cause. Hundreds of American communities have either sold their municipal electric utilities or abandoned them—simply because rates were too high, service poor, or the deficit too great.

"It is undoubtedly possible to build and run a municipal utility as efficiently as a private plant—if the political angle can be eliminated. But the private company contributes about 10 per cent of its gross receipts in taxes, pays its way without the aid of the public treasury, distributes dividends to its security holders, and, in case of loss, shoulders the burden. In other words, at its best, municipal ownership can give us no better service and loads the taxes it should pay onto privately owned taxable property. At its political worst—well, the statistics of Los Angeles, Seattle and other cities tell that story most impressively."—Nashua, N. H., Telegraph.

McCarthy to Reenter Ring Saturday Night With Colored Terror

Jack McCarthy, handsome young pug who has adopted southern Oregon as his home, will square off Saturday night at the Medford armory with Frank (Cyclone) Johnson, colored nephew of the former world's heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson, in a fast 10-round main event.

In view of the high quality fight cards staged in the past few months by Promoter Mack Lillard, it is expected another of his fast entertainments will be offered fans and that sensational displays will be enjoyed by those present from the 9:15 curtain raiser down to the last bell. A full program of pre-

liminaries, a fast semi-windup featuring Burrel Brown, the local freak finder, and Harlan Tremaine, which is touted as a grudge battle from the old school, will feature the card until Timekeeper Ike Dunford hammers the old brake drum for the opening clash between McCarthy and Johnson in the final go to keep fans on the edge of their seats throughout the entire evening.

Cyclone Johnson may be a better boxer and he may carry an advantage in weight, but Jack McCarthy, the local puncher who meets the negro Saturday night at the armory, isn't worrying about these two features, for the Irish lad doesn't believe in ring strategy nor the wearing down process. He goes in to win, and as quickly as possible.

McCarthy's battle tactics didn't win against Jimmy Byrne or Leo Lomski here, but he had them both on "queer street" once or twice during their encounters, and made friends with the fans by his willingness to mix.

"I've been fighting a long time," says McCarthy, "and I have my first time to be booed for not mixing it."

Harold B. Gillis

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FACTS---Not Promises!

All county legal business has been handled by the regular district attorney's office force during my administration. No large attorney's fees paid for special counsel as in former years.

I have voluntarily accepted a salary reduction, in accordance with the recommendations made by Governor Meier's committee.

Mark Your Ballot

X—GEORGE A. CODDING

for District Attorney

Southern Oregon's Best Music Awaits You at

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IKE PORTER

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ADMISSION 10c — LADIES 10c

SATURDAY NIGHTS 40c—LADIES 10c

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