

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.

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Address All Communications to Box 133

Subscription Rates, In Advance:

One Year.....\$1.00 Six Months.....50c

Headquarters:

THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

STATIC

By JOHN BYRNE

Old-timers have been ruminating over the possibilities of a hard winter. The pages of history and weather lore have been examined as far back as 1889 and 90.

Our cold, dry moon was slightly intoxicated last week.

Barristers hanging around the court house indicate that all that is lacking is a warm day and a good queen to put out a right sizeable swarm.

Our wise men of the east are now trying to balance the budget on the rounded shoulders of the lower strata of society.

We carrieth water all summer Until away along late in the fall; This winter sure is a hummer, There isn't any water at all. The river is all frozen over, The springs are all frozen dry. It is hard to get blood from a turnip There is really no use to try. But father is cheerful and happy And only swore once or twice As he grabbed up an axe and a bucket And went out to cut a hole in the ice.

A society of Boston ladies has been trying to induce our state department to keep Prof. Einstein from coming to this country on account of his alleged radical ideas. This is the best we have heard for a long time. Columbus was considered worse than a radical when he claimed the earth was round. Wonder if we would be considered a radical if we claimed the Boston ladies' heads were round—or square?

We should take our hats off to England if it were not so cold. She did not go around, but came straight across.

One good way to settle our foreign debt situation would be to declare an indefinite holiday or blanket moratorium on everything in this country: debts, taxes, mortgages, etc. Then have our foreign debtors supply us with the best they had in the line of food and clothing, to the amount of their indebtedness. We could take all their surplus cars and gasoline, and some fishing tackle, and various odds and ends. We could all travel around and get acquainted, using some of the good roads our taxpayers have been building. Those who didn't care to go could stay at home and work in the garden for pasture. The children would all be well-fed and clothed and in good physical condition. What they would see and learn would compensate for the loss of school. The foreign powers would all be glad to do this, as they would get rid of their obligations to us and at the same time get rid of all of their surplus goods. This would create a great stimulus in all lines of industry and especially the English merchant marine. Their people would all be employed and earning money, and when our holiday was over we could all go to work shipping goods to them, as they would then have the money to buy from us. Our population could be divided into working units, taking turn about in keeping the transportation and necessary departments running, but we would not need any money. There are various ramifications to be worked out, of which we have not the space here.

We would not offer this idea, only that it is now open season on such matters. We consider it a very good idea and if anyone can suggest one better we would like to hear from them.

Famous Last Words—I didn't think the ice was so thin.

• Mrs. Fred Fick was a Friday luncheon guest of Mrs. E. G. Riddell in the latter's new home here.

"The Greatest Miscarriage of All"

(Continued from page one)

Today there are a half dozen suits pending against the man, yet he strives gallantly to turn every attempt to seek redress through courts of justice into another feather in his cap.

To sum it all up, our self-appointed apostle of "free press" certainly has been feeding that "great grand jury—the people," a lot of twisted hooey and downright lies to encourage them to render a verdict in his favor.

Charges of "double-dealing, crooked to the core politics, dishonesty and violation of public trust" are coming home to roost with the Hogwallow scribe, and he still attempts to shift the blame to his adversaries.

He even claims The Miner is published by another newspaper, edited by an employe of that newspaper, and all the while he knows full well—there is no doubt—that his interpretation of the situation as printed is nothing but a downright falsehood. He simply covers up, after conveying the idea, by saying "we are reliably informed" and "it is the consensus of opinion of disinterested parties."

The Miner, although a half-pint weekly just completing its first year of existence, does not choose to throw mud and then wriggle out on a grammatical technicality. We'll come right out and definitely state in plain English what we know to be a fact:

Our contemporary is a rubber-check writer.

He will pay his labor only when met with an ultimatum.

His word can not be depended upon.

He deliberately and knowingly tells but half the evident truth and purposely paints distorted pictures of conditions as they exist.

Now do you wonder why we have been endeavoring, through a series of short articles each week, to tell the real truth about Jackson county's self-appointed reformer? Would you remain silent when such a man was accusing all his neighbors—some of them friends of yours—of every heinous and dishonest crime imaginable?

Just one more thing. The Miner fears no libel suit, even though one has been threatened.

There is no libel in calling a liar a liar.

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

Best able to pay of all European nations, France is most hostile when the proverbial first of the month arrives. Reminds us of the days past when we were collecting for a doctor. Sickness gone and forgotten, invariably those whose word was not good and who didn't intend to pay would yell, just before slamming the door in our face, "the doctor didn't do us any good anyway."

If nothing else, it would be well for Dr. U. Sam to remember his poor pay the next time an emergency call comes in for medical services. Turn about not only is fair play, but also a darn good lesson to some people.

Walter (Mike) Burdell, constable-elect for the Jacksonville district, and at present city marshal during the serious illness of Marshal Jim Littell, mused at times.

In fact, according to Mike, his musings sometimes bear fruit. The most recent crop, harvested while on a jaunt to the city reservoir, came to light yesterday as a downright handy suggestion to be borne in mind for next summer, when another Gold Rush jubilee undoubtedly will be staged.

Noting an abundance of overhanging limbs and washed gullies where once desperate characters had hidden out, Mike hit upon the idea of holding a public hanging on the main square during the next celebration, precipitated by a fake bank robbery. As Constable Burdell envisioned it, Bad Men astride hobby horses could gallop up to a temporary bank erected on the square, produce horrid-looking weapons and demand all the gold in sight. Then a running gun-fight could follow through the surprised crowd until all dastards were captured or killed, those being unfortunate enough to be captured while still alive hastily sentenced to die by the rope in the city's most conspicuous spot.

In the meantime stretched hemp could be arranged and the doomed men stored in the city bastille. When all was in readiness several dummy bad men could be extricated from the cooler, dragged to the spot marked "x" and hanged right then and there, amid the screams of women and jeers of celebrants.

Well, anyway, the idea has untold publicity angles and should be kept in mind. Gunplay, whisks, gold and lynchings are the dramatics of early days best remembered, and should be capitalized next summer here. And, in due respect to the fact that the idea is a child of Mike's brain, he should be given the high honor of being first to be presented with a hempen neckties—if he chooses, we mean.

Send in your subscription today.

ROLLA A. TAYLOR PASSES, AGED 84

Rolla A. Taylor, Civil war veteran, 84 years of age, passed away at his home in this city Sunday, December 11. He was born in Fairfield, Iowa, July 31, 1848. He enlisted in the seventh Kansas cavalry. After the war he was united in marriage to Dilcy F. Bonham at Lawrence, Kansas, and to them were born nine children, six of whom survive.

Mr. Taylor was a member of the Congregational church and always lived a Christian life and was a devoted husband and father.

Besides his wife, Dilcy Taylor, the following are the surviving children: Mrs. Lillian Huffman, Aberdeen, Wash.; Mrs. Lydia Jones, Kellogg, Idaho; Adrian Taylor, Atlanta, Mo.; Hamilton Taylor, Aberdeen, Wash., and Jules and John Taylor of this city.

Funeral services were conducted at the Conger chapel by Rev. Howell at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday. Interment was in Siskiyou Memorial park under the auspices of the Medford G. A. R., with the American Legion assisting.

• Mrs. R. S. Birchard of Little Applegate has returned to her home after spending some time visiting friends at Medford.

• Mrs. Gladys Lawrence and son Kenneth, of Medford, are being cared for this week by their sister, Carmen Dortohy, R. N.

• Herbert Elmore is recovering from the disagreeable effects of having his foot pierced with a nail. The injury was not severe.

• Misses Helen Tjosdal and Irene Clark of Ashland motored to the Applegate Sunday, where they were dinner guests of Mrs. L. C. Port.

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DR. REDDY HEADS NEW GROUP OF MINING MEN

Thirty enthusiastic mining men of the Rogue river valley met at the chamber of commerce building in Medford this week and organized a permanent mining association with articles of incorporation drawn up and signed, by-laws adopted and officers elected for the ensuing year. They are Dr. J. F. Reddy, president; L. R. Shurtleff, secretary, and H. B. Fleming, treasurer.

These officers, together with C. C. Clark, J. T. Dradenstott, Bert Newman, A. E. Kellogg, W. E. Liljegren and George Barton constitute the executive committee.

Among the purposes and objects of this organization are to aid, foster and encourage all branches of the mining industry, to call the attention of capital to the advantages of this section from a mining standpoint, to collect reliable data concerning mining properties, to carry a display of minerals to be found in this section, to maintain a school to teach the art of placer mining to the uninitiated and to secure properties where the unemployed who so desire may work with some hope of making a day's wage.

Although his name had been connected with the move, John Opp of this city stated yesterday that he had taken no part in organization of the mining bureau.

• W. G. Beardsley, Big Applegate miner, finds the weather too cold for mining, and has returned to his home in Rogue River for the present.

• Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hackert of Jacksonville are spending the week as guests at the home of Mr. Hackert's nephew, Ora Phillips, at Squaw lake.

• James Littell, senior, who has been seriously ill the past 10 days, is reported to be slightly recovering. Doctor H. B. Gillis is the attending physician.

• Mr. and Mrs. Hamacker and family of California, who purchased the former Ray Toft residence here, have established themselves in their new home here.

• In compliance with the annual custom of the dairies, the Clover Leaf dairy on Applegate placed a tuberculosis seal on every bottle of milk delivered Monday. The number of seals used totaled 290.

• Those from this city attending a Christian Science lecture in Ashland last Friday were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis and son Ray, Mrs. Nell Finney, Mrs. Bertha Keegan and Mrs. Ethel Olson and daughter Violet.

CLOSE OUT BANKRUPT STOCK AT HALF PRICE

A. W. Hubbs, merchandiser in charge of disposal sale of the bankrupt stock of the Jacksonville Cash store here, announced late yesterday that all merchandise in the store, at receiver's orders, has been marked down to just half the price previously asked in the past two weeks.

"All stock and fixtures must be sold at once," said Howard D. Feary, receiver, "regardless of price received. If we can't sell it at a dollar, we'll cut it to 50 cents. If we still have merchandise left, it will be cut in half again."

The final closeout, which includes everything but a few items displayed on consignment, commenced at 9 a. m. this morning and will continue till even the fixtures are sold, it is understood.

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Harold B. Gillis

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105 West Main Medford

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CANDY, NUTS, DATES and ORANGES

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Fancy Socks, pair (and up) 10c
Heavy Wool Socks, 35c and 50c
Ladies Silk Hose, \$1 value 79c
A Few Pair Left of Embroidered Pillow Cases
Pineapple, No. 2½ can 15c
Mince Meat, 2 pounds for 25c
Prince Coffee, pound 19c
Wheaties, 2 packages 15c

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