

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGONEntered 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 EditorAddress All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:

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

Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162Medford Headquarters:
JARMIN & WOODS DRUG STORE
Phone 66STATIC
By JOHN BYRNE

Old Man Depression repeatedly took the Christmas spirit on the chin, and was groggy in the closing rounds, being saved several times by the bell. In his corner he was well handled by a host of imps and at this writing was recovering rapidly.

Well, one day out of 365 is not such a bad average.

People seemed to get a great kick out of their Christmas dinners and it is the consensus of opinion that turkeys raised on grasshoppers are much more tender and juicy.

"We will pick up the road on the next turn," said the red-headed girl as she stepped on the gas and took out a row of fence posts.

A mysterious-acting stranger drifted into Frank Zell's second-hand store last week and casually inquired if Frank had anything in the line of a big stick. Frank, who is an amateur detective himself, finally deduced the fact that the stranger was looking for Teddy's war club, which disappeared almost a quarter century ago. The stranger paid Frank \$3.75 for an old coffee pot which had been salvaged from a rubbish heap on the old Jacksonville hill road, and departed, telling Frank to address any information relative to the big stick to Franklin Depression Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

Speaking of Frank reminds us of frogs. Fifty million frogs may not be wrong but they make a heck of a lot of noise when blended into an anvil chorus. We should have sent the frogs a Christmas check of a few millions, for trench rent. Just a gesture, reminding Lafayette that we are still here. You can be, or do, anything if you pay the price. We are now paying the price for protecting our millionaires' foreign investments. The most good we got out of the war was a bellyful of the same. If it were not for that we would now be at grips with the wily Jap, testing whether a half-nelson was as effective as judo.

One of the older boys came away from the Christmas ball minus a hat. It developed later that the hat was lost in the recent election.

Ernest McKee was over from the polar regions around Klamath Falls. He grabbed his dad's plow and wanted to run a few furrows, thinking it was springtime in the Siskiyou.

Science and invention have gone a long way in solving some very knotty problems, but we are not intelligent enough yet to remedy a condition where people starve to death in the midst of plenty.

Wishing you all a happy New Year and continued prosperity.

Diversity Is Keynote
of Local Soil Success

(Continued from page one)

from other farm products such as pumpkin, blackberries and saur kraut. The price paid for first grade tomatoes averaged about \$11 a ton last year.

The "Del Rogue" brand of tomatoes, tomato juice and other canned products is featured strongly in all local stores, and merchants declare the repeat orders on the "Del Rogue" brand are increasing regularly, as the consumer realizes the product is among the finest sold, regardless of the fact it is a home product. Tomato juice has experienced a decided increase in sale during the past year, as users are finding it a delicious drink for breakfast.

Officials of the Bagley Canning company who have started the concern on its upward course are O. O. Alenderfer, president, Ralph Koozier, vice president and general manager, W. A. Gates, sales manager, and Oscar Bergner, secretary-treasurer. The board of directors are Gwinn Butler, Ray Reter, Bergner, Koozier, Alenderfer and Gates.

Experiments and investigation on growing conditions for tomatoes are being carried on by County Agent R. G. Fowler, and suggestions for spring plantings will be made in the near future. Properly treated tomato seeds is one of the most important factors in growing first grade tomatoes, and the growers are assured that the seeds will be properly treated this year. Different soils also produce different quality tomato, it is pointed out, affecting greatly the margin of profit in production.

Farmers of the Rogue river valley have become "tomato conscious" during the past two or three years, and with intensive development and a continuation of an aggressive sales campaign, it is

Time to Wind It Up



GOD'S COUNTRY

By JOHN BYRNE

Let those who wish to take their way when outings are in vogue By Ashland's scenic boulevard, or to sunsets on the Rogue But I would take a road that leads to Jacksonville and there Winds up among the wooded hills and on and on to where, By many a scene of childhood days that stir my heart anew The ramparts of the Siskiyou range come clearly into view. How often as a boy I watched the Red Buttes' evening glow And later stood and marveled at the whiteness of the snow. For etched by many a lesser sight, all tinted with nature's hue They seem to float like summer clouds within the central blue. Here sunshine routs the winter months and rules in simple state The people smile and say to you, yes this is Applegate. No kinder folks have ever lived within our golden shores Though thin with use, the latch string still is hanging out of doors. The ravages of time and change have creased their brows with care For Father Time is on the job, and each one gets his share. So if for laughter there's a smile, forgive them, will you please, Their hearts may rest beside the ones that sleep beneath the trees. We all were young and happy then, and had our Christmas cheer And later on in hayingtime, we had our lager beer. The ball games and the picnics, the roundups and the fun, Are all departed strangers now; time put them on the run. But if the grass should cease to grow and all the streams run dry, I still would like to pitch my tent out there beneath the sky. I see the purple shadows that form in streaming lines Along the timbered ridges up there among the pines; The mountain quail are calling and feeding down the hill Through manzanita thickets and clumps of chaparral While all the world is changing, and hope to some seems dead. A voice we all are heeding has whispered here and said: There is light and love and laughter and better days ahead; So fill the glasses up once more for it is growing late; Once more we smile and say to you, yes this is Applegate.

felt by many that tomato growing will become one of the leading crops here. The Bagley plant in Ashland can be tuned up to pack 350,000 acres of tomatoes a year, which will mean a great addition to the income of the valley.

Cities in the northwest where wholesalers handle the "Del Rogue" product include Boise, Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, The Dalles, Yakima and Wenatchee, besides many smaller cities, and nearly every city in Oregon. Distribution also is given as far south as Yreka, Calif.

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

ways put it, "don't know when I'll ever be able to buy another wagon." Meticulous care was used in the preservation of every piece of equipment either on the farm or around the town home. Every article was sold more or less on its ability to withstand the ravages of time. The Sunday sulky was cared for so that it lasted a generation. Horses were carefully groomed and fed so they'd render many years

The Miner Expands

Well, it finally has arrived. No, we don't mean prosperity—we mean the first birthday of The Jacksonville Miner.

In observance of this feat (or feet—take your choice) the paper has been enlarged, new features have been added and it is our sincere desire to build a weekly of genuine county-wide interest.

Features which have been the most successful during the paper's first 12 months of existence have been the yarns dug up from the past concerning one-time glory and glamour of an old mining camp in her prime and the associated adventure and romance such a beginning conjures. And it is our promise that, during the second year of its existence, The Miner will endeavor more than ever to serve just the kind of news and features which prove most popular with readers.

The Jacksonville Miner believes that, although millions of dollars have been taken from nearby hills in the form of gold, other equally rich treasures were deposited therein in the form of history, legend and human interest.

We have made several mistakes—just as we predicted a year ago we would—but we believe The Miner has emerged a more worldly and wiser publication because of them. And we also realize the paper will continue to err from time to time, but if the splendid cooperation of the citizens of Jacksonville, Ruch, Applegate and surrounding country is as plentiful and sincere during the coming year as it has been in the past, we believe further mistakes can be profited by.

This much we assure all readers—whatever the policy of the paper is or may be, it will be an honest one. If we are wrong, it will be because we have been wrong in our convictions. The Miner will continue to print what it believes to be for the greatest public good, and will not hesitate simply because news or editorial policy followed does not meet with instant public acclaim. The Miner has been complimented as having a fearless editorial policy and we mean to deserve that regard.

Well, to boil it down, happy New Year, folks, and thank you very much for the support and constructive criticism offered. And may we remind you that we are still in this business to learn, and will appreciate all comment and criticism from our readers. (We've been bawled out by experts, and can listen to an oration based on our bad points without throwing a rage—or loose office furniture.)

Sincerely, we have enjoyed our stay and want to express our deepest gratitude to you for having made our newspaper and home here both possible and pleasant to us.

LEONARD HALL.

The Philosopher

(Continued from page one)

been on this planet, but within that time every problem known to us has been met and solved. Now your philosopher does not mean to infer that he has a solution of every problem confronting humanity—if his knowledge of the past were full and complete, he could—so could your statesmen. American statesmen, however, are not selected for their knowledge but by their ability to catch-phrase or slogan themselves into popularity. As H. G. Wells puts it, "The great hazard to American government is the selection of uninformed officials by a misinformed electorate."

Enough of that for the present. We may, however, want to take it up later. We are traveling too fast. Let's get back to our journey.

Somewhere, sometime in the natural course of man's growth necessity created, one by one, those institutions now so essential to our form of civilization—the house and family, marriage customs, religion in its multiplicity of forms, prohibitions of various kinds, around which grew our moral code; medical science, chemistry, astronomy and other sciences, none of which is as far removed from its primitive source as we are led to believe.

Your interest in this column will determine its continued publication. Your questions will be welcome—and answered if possible.

If you are interested in the origin of any human custom, institution or superstition, send your question to your philosopher. All questions are answerable with sufficient research and your philosopher will in time answer you.

How did primitive man meet his problems? No printing, no accumulated knowledge, nothing but instinct to guide him. How did he solve the problems that confronted him?

Next Week—Primitive Man's First Question and His Answer

Editor's Note—Address all questions and comment to The Philosopher, care of The Miner.

of useful service and the old windmill was patched and repaired to avoid the necessity for replacement.

In fact, everywhere one went about a household which reached its prime when Jacksonville was a young town, one noticed the care and permanence sought in those days. This city boasts the first brick building in the state; our courthouse is reputed to be erected on a foundation strong enough to support the new edifice in Medford; entire business district was so constructed that today the solid masonry of our grandparents' era is sound as ever.

Permanence, wearing quality and care were the keywords then. But today is permanence really so emphasized? We don't think so. We love to leap from last year's extinct model car to today's creation; refrigerators good enough a few years ago are the bane of our existence now. When allure and that giddy thrill of newness wears off we start casting about for means of replacing whatever the object may be. We use furniture, autos, homes and conveniences roughly, thinking "well, I'll be tired of them and ready for newer models in a short while anyway. I'll just about get used to what I've got and something better will be out and make this look like the dickens."

And is it any wonder that the difference in attitude toward everything else has sifted down into our relations with one another? Can you reasonably be surprised when kids raised in an environment of a "they gave a new thrill" world of material things cast about for a new mate when the sledding gets

"Why So Much Bunks"

(Continued from page one)

from contacts with the man? Is everyone out of step but the Hogwallow Blatter editor?

We have come to the conclusion that the only way to fight fire is with fire. The best way to discredit a man who accuses another is to prove that the accuser is a liar from the old school. So here goes for some of the Hogwallow editor's own tactics:

If you are such an honest champion of the forgotten man and the fruitgrower, can you explain just why several cars of someone else's fruit "spoiled" in the east while you were in New York City in 1931 and had to raise a sum of money immediately lest you lose your linotype machines?

When the Mergenthaler Linotype company notified you that you would either pay your arrears or they would repossess the machines—the heart of a newspaper—didn't you from somewhere raise funds to wire immediately? And then didn't several cars of valuable pears conveniently "rot"—to the complete loss of your growers?

Have you ever heard of such a thing as a buyer selling cars of sound fruit in one city, and then picking up other cars of rotting fruit for a few dollars to be stored somewhere as concrete evidence that so many cars of pears actually rotted in storage?

And by the way, dear editor, why didn't you include the name of Don Newbury in your list of bar association conspirators who have filed suits against you in the past few months?

Why doesn't your great grand jury get the facts on case No. 3071-L filed by W. H. Norcross against you and others for collection of a note signed by you?

And what became of the \$800 or so you admittedly collected on a per-box basis from fruitgrowers in 1930 to pay this note which was to cover cost of equipment for caring for spray residue?

With the exception of \$178.33 not one cent ever reached the holder of the note, yet you were commissioned to collect \$1000 from fruitgrowers to pay this, and did collect all or nearly all of it.

Where is this money? Isn't misappropriation of funds commonly known as embezzlement?

You've been inviting your opponents the use of your columns to answer charges made by you.

Now take some of your own medicine.

rough and that first magical thrill of just being near someone of the opposite sex vanishes?

But besides this "trade-in" mania which possesses us today, there is that lack of consideration for the wearing qualities of things and people. If we don't treat our "buggies" now so they'll last a lifetime, isn't it inconsistent to think that the same minds will treat partners so they'll wear well for a lifetime? Isn't it easy to picture grandpa muttering "no, the place is good enough for me now; don't want no newfangled house at all" and then in the next breath asserting that "maw's held her job down pretty well for the past forty year, and I guess she'll do for the rest of the way."

We, as the younger generation, were raised on the milk of thought that we should never have closed minds to new ideas and customs. "Don't fall into a rut" was the religion thrust down our throats from the first grade on. It became a virtue to accept the new and discard the old. And then, a few years later after the seed had been planted, we were expected to stand up before a preacher and commit ourselves for permanency and a closed mind on matrimonial propositions.

We were trained to expect new things; that the latest creation was somehow better than last year's model. Horse sense will bear us out when we say the same principles that the twig was bent with would make the tree tingle with mischief when a new, different member of the opposite sex trailed along our path and seduced us. Accustomed to discarding the familiar and taking up with the newer and stranger things of life, wouldn't there undoubtedly be some association of thought-habits, unconsciously perhaps, that would sway a human's mind against his best interests?

Wouldn't it be far better to forget so much emphasis of the terms "progress," "advancement," "newer and better things" and all that rot? It has gotten so that "scientific" means anything from an extra long hair in the middle of a tooth brush to the best way to boil water without scorching the pan. We believe that so much emphasis has been placed on "new models," "just out" and "why hang onto last year's fur coat" that they too are trite and harmful to the general morale.

To gain a few measly dollars for new conveniences, cizarets and automobiles, advertisers and promoters are seriously affecting the stability of our general thought habits and welfare.

P. S.: We're not admitting a thing.

Father Sage Says:



Every fortune teller, in order to inspire confidence, has to be more or less of a misfortune teller.

Applegate Children
Present Programs

Applegate school children are enjoying the annual holiday vacation, following the usual programs presented during the week-end. The program at the Uniontown school Friday afternoon follows:

Opening number, Christmas carol; "The First Christmas Eve," by Beryl Cunningham; "What Would You Say," by Nell Arant; "Merry Christmas," by Betty Randall; Little Jack Horner, by Deloss and Dewey Copeland; "Luther's Cradle Song," duet by Loren Perkins and Nell Arant; "The Night Before Christmas," by Ruth Barber; "Than Columbus," by Donald Copeland; duet by Betty and Alva Randall; "A Puzzle," recitation by Dorothy Dandall; "Why Not" by Aubrey Taylor; piano duet by Beryl Cunningham and Nell Arant; "Christmas Cheer," by Lucille Taylor; "Jingle Bells," sung by Donald Copeland and Nell Arant; exercise, "Roman Soldiers," by four girls; "Au Bureau of Christmas Information," dialog, by Marjory Fitzgerald; "The First Noel," sung by three older girls; "The First Christmas Song," recitation, by Lola Straube; "Don't Sleep on the Floor," by Joy Randall; "Hanging Up the Christmas Stockings," by Mary Hanson; "Jolly Christmas Toys," play danced by school; two solo tan dances by Joy Randall and Eleanor Thomas; closing number, "Holy Night," sung by school. Each number was announced by Glenn Perkins, and gifts were presented by Santa Claus, better known as Eugene Hanson.

On the same afternoon, Watkins pupils presented a splendid program in which music played a large part, including piano, violin and harmonica numbers. Some excellent plays were given, which also were noted as gloom chasers.

Patrons and pupils of the Little Applegate school enjoyed their programs also on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Glenn Saltmarsh assisted as organist. Thompson creek school has its annual observance Saturday evening.

A real bargain—The Miner for 50 cents a year, new or renewal. Send in your subscriptions to The Miner, box 138, Jacksonville, to Jarmin and Woods drug store, Medford, or to Maude Pool, on the Applegate.

JACKSONVILLE MINER

Anniversary Subscription Bargain

Per Year
For a Limited
Time Only

50c

EITHER NEW OR RENEWAL

Address Box 138, Jacksonville, or Any of the Following:

Jacksonville Office Medford Office
The Nugget Confectionery Jarmin & Woods Drug Store
Phone 162 Phone 66

Applegate—Maude Pool, Phone Jacksonville 31-F-6