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STATIC
By JOHN BYRNE

"Here is something queer," said the dentist who had been drilling and drilling into a tooth. "You said this tooth had never been filled but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill." "I knew it," moaned the patient. "I knew it; you've struck my back collar button!"

After the editors are through exchanging pleasantries, the next number on the program will be a 10-round go between Old Man Depression and Father Time. Nothing barred; and may the best man win!

No wonder country editors are prematurely bald. If they turn out a poor editorial they get full credit for it. But if an exceptionally good one appears the neighbors wonder which one of the strangers in town is responsible for it.

EDITORIAL POLICIES SHOULD CARRY A DOUBLE INDEMNITY ACCIDENTAL DEATH CLAUSE.

Owney Patton and Mose Barkdul were overheard selecting the new cabinet for Mr. Roosevelt. The controversy seemed to arise over the question, "should Roosevelt select a mediocre array of lieutenants and himself supply the brains, or surround himself with high-caliber men and play the hole in the doughnut." It was finally agreed that he would need all the brains available.

"Oh death, where is thy sting?" exclaimed the amateur trapper as he sat down in a bear trap.

Mr. Samuel Insull has decided to settle down in Greece. If he was a poor man he would settle up in Sing-Sing.

Gold diggers along the Applegate have discovered a very important fact. In old diggings where the Chinamen were run out, they are able to make \$1.50 per day and upward, but where the Chinamen starved out, can only make 10 cents a day and downward.

Bill Fruit, chairman of the Sunnyside bachelor's club, has been sojourning in gold old Yamhill. Bill sure knows his chickens. He fed them imagination brand egg mash until the chickens imagined they were laying. They made lots of noise but put Bill on the wrong side of the ledger.

OUR COUNTY COURT SEEMS TO HAVE A RETIRING DISPOSITION.

The bootleggers and drys are evidently too much for the wets.

Lawyers without technicalities would be like Christmas without Santa Claus.

Heard on the radio: Man dies of malnutrition in lonely cabin; hunger march on the sidewalks of New York; how one woman lost 10 pounds in a week; depression sinking into a depression; Herbert Hoover paging Ike Coffman.

Famous Last Words:
When do we eat?

'Survival of Fittest' Is Rule on Paper Day

As a reporter was casting about for the new or unusual tid bits in news, a letter crossed the path and furnished the following paragraph of interest:

"If you could see how we pounce upon The Miner when it arrives, you would be convinced it is a very much appreciated gift. We act like a bunch of hungry wolves. The law of the survival of the fittest is practiced, or something on that order, and since I am slightly more fit than the rest of the bunch, sympathy is in order for the rest of the family."

By way of information, the letter was a message of appreciation to one who sent a subscription to this paper as a Christmas gift. The new subscriber had already made a lasting friendship with The Miner before he received it as a gift.

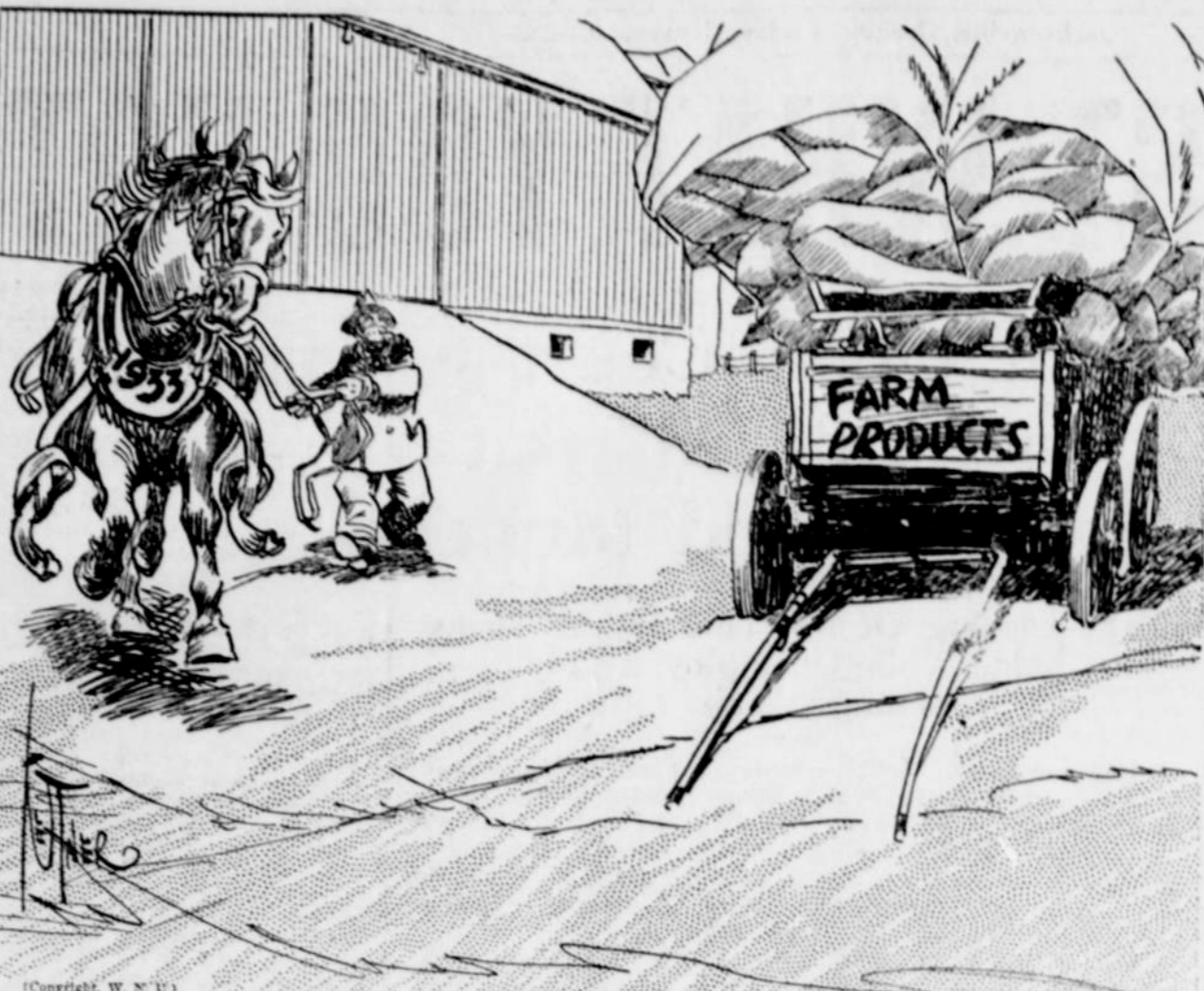
POTPOURRI

The Ghost of the Heavens

The zodiacal light, most pronounced during October, is a ghostly glow which appears in the eastern sky an hour or two before dawn. It is broad at the base and tapers upward toward the south. Astronomers believe it is sunlight reflected from the many small bodies revolving around the sun within the earth's orbit.

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A New Horse



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MEDICINE HOME TO ROOST

There have been many claims that Jackson county grand juries "whitewash" criminals habitually.

We are just wondering whether the present grand jury, which was given information this week concerning the peculiar disappearance of about \$1000 worth of equipment from a Medford print shop while under the official lock of the sheriff, and its unexplained appearance and continued use in the plant of the Medford Daily News, will make a thorough investigation of the facts and examine all the witnesses whose names were given to that august body?

Yes, we wonder if all the county's "miscarriages" of justice by dastardly crooks will be looked into by the present grand jury now in session.

The Philosopher

(Continued from page one)

couldn't understand—a stone would race down the mountain endangering his life. Trees would fall; the lightning would frighten him back to his cave where, in cold semi-darkness, he shivered and tried to figure out why so many things tried to harm him.

Why did the wind, which often cooled him when hot, or warmed him when cold, at times act so strangely? Why did the rocks, the trees, even his own cave, behave toward him as he behaved when angry? Even the tree from which he sometimes got food would, when heavily laden with the fruit he liked so well, let a branch fall, endangering his life? Truly this was bad.

On the other hand, there was the sun to warm him, the moon to guide him at night, the warm spring showers to make things grow, the cool bubbling spring to quench his thirst. Now all of this was good, but at times they were unkind. The hot sun was unbearably so. The moon would stay away for a time; the rains would continue until the floods were another hazard; the spring would become dirty and his drink was distasteful; the clouds that brought the rain would hide the sun and he would be cold and miserable. Surely they must be angry.

They surely must be alive. The rocks, the trees, the wind, the sun; everything was like himself. When things pleased them they were kind; otherwise angry. Since their feelings seemed to be directed to him he must have either pleased or displeased them.

Right there he had to ask himself another question: What shall I do to please them? He felt that if he didn't things wouldn't work out as planned. Sometimes things were easy, whereas at other times, try as he might, a mysterious something interfered and in spite of himself he failed.

Today, lacking a more intelligent explanation, we attribute success or failure to good or bad luck. We know that inanimate objects are not alive but we are not as far from our primitive friend as we would like to believe when dealing with the chance element in life.

Next Week—The Primitive Solution of the Chance Element

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

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● Louis Straube attended the alumni banquet of the Central Point high school which was held at the Central Point Grange hall one evening last week.

● The first meeting of the Little Applegate sewing club to be held during the new year was scheduled at the home of Mrs. Gilbert Barshaw Wednesday. Meetings had been postponed since Nov. 30th on account of the busy days during holiday time.

VIEWS OF OTHER PEOPLE

MAN

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He laboreth all the days of his youth to pay for a gasoline chariot, and when at last the task is finished, lo, the thing is junk and he needeth another. He planteth corn in the earth and tilleth it diligently, he and his servants and his asses, and when the harvest is gathered into the barns, he oweth the landlord eight dollars and forty cents more than the crop is worth. He borroweth money of the lenders to buy pork and molasses and gasoline, and the interest eateth up all he hath.

He begeth sons and daughters and educateth them to smoke cigars and wear a white collar, and lo, they have soft hands and neither labor in the fields nor anywhere under the sun. The children of his loins are ornery, and one of them becometh a lawyer and another sticketh up a filling station and maketh whoopee with the substance thereof.

He goes forth in the morning on the road that leadeth to the city and a jitney smiteth him so that his ribs project through his epidermis. He drinketh a drink of whoopee juice to forget his sorrows and it burneth out the lining of his liver. All the days of his life he findeth no parking place and tormented by traffic cops from his going forth until he cometh back. An enemy stealth his car; physicians remove his inner parts and his teeth and his bank roll; his arteries hardeneth in the evening of his life, and his heart bursteth trying to keep the furious pace. Sorrow and bill collectors followeth him all the days of his life and when he is gathered to his fathers, the neighbors sayeth, "How much did he leave?" Lo, he hath left it all. And is widow rejoiceth in a new coupe and maketh eyes at a young sheik that slicketh his hair and playeth a nifty game of golf.

Woe is man! And from the day of his birth to the time when the earth knoweth him no more, he laboreth for bread and catcheth the devil. Dust he was in the beginning, and now his name is mud.—Rotary Punch.

GASTRITIS
By THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Bend Dawson, our local sheep baron, reports his hired hand lost 14 sheep and two toes from his right foot down near the mouth of the Applegate recently. No reward is offered for the return of the sheep.

Farmers in the raw have spent some time of late toasting their shins.

U. S. Bankers say money will be available for England to stabilize her currency if war debt instalment is paid—news item. "You pay me, then I can pay him, and he can pay you." Around and around in financial circles.

We are reliably informed that some local husbands who are overconfident of their agility have presented their wives with archery sets. One might be pretty good at dodging rolling pins but when it comes to outdistancing a speeding arrow or the family shotgun it might be a hearse of a different color.

"Save the surface and you save all" is a slogan that pertains to paint. Now a word of warning to the fair sex may not be amiss. The aforesaid should be taken by them with a little salt or applied with a brush or broom and not with a spray pump as is done when whitewashing a barn. Public officials, when caught in some lines of cusdedness, are whitewashed by means of the swimming bath. For the benefit of the unsophisticated, or those of us who haven't been caught yet, will explain that a swimming bath is where the patient—or victim—is shoved into a vat of whitewash, sheep dip, tar and feathers, righteousness, or rouge, and is allowed to soak awhile. This causes them to take on the appearance of a whitened sepulchre, a sheep minus its parasites, a human clothed as a chicken, a self-appointed Moses, or a house afire. Judging from the flaming appearance of hordes of our fair (?) sex, we take it their veneer was applied by the latter method. Sorry to have neglected this timely bit of counsel so long. Careful investigation, however, reveals to us that beauty of this type is only skin deep anyway and sometimes not even as much as that.

While debating the cons and pros to the prohibition question our lame duck congress almost incorporated free-wheeling and no brakes while their subjects are consumed with hunger, thirst (?) and high taxes. Nero, hang up the fiddle and the bow!

Regarding the free (for all)

Even one of the youngsters of the age Fehl believes should be included in his revision of the taxlevying basis can grasp the fact that if it takes a certain sum of money to educate Jackson county's students, lessening the amount collected to pay this expense by one means or another in no way saves the taxpayers anything—for if a certain sum must be raised for education, eliminating income from one source merely places a greater burden on some other.

We note with interest that Medford, renowned as the best lighted little city on the Pacific coast, is to cut out a portion of its remarkable street lighting system. Making the depression mighty conspicuous, we'd say.

We also note, with a bit more

"Do Two Lies Make One Truth?"

(Continued from page one)

ty is the Mail Tribune and the "gang", and that all honest, clear-thinking citizens are for you 100 percent. But you are mistaken. Our entire interest in this matter is purely ethical. For if one editor succeeds in convincing readers black is white and purity and honesty are foreign to all contemporaries, won't that be a reflection on all newspapers if they permit such tactics to continue unquestioned?

So won't some of those good business men slip us a little subsidy so we won't have to make the Hogwallow Blatter and its editor out as liars?

By the way, we wonder why our contemporary, the Hogwallow Blatter Toreador, suddenly ceased reprinting this column the other day? After reproducing two articles en masse, and sending one of his employes over after two copies of last week's paper, he suddenly changed tactics. Rather than continue reprinting the articles he chose, discreetly enough, to merely criticize with the comment, "if the statements contained in any of these articles regarding the publisher of the Hogwallow Blatter were true, then in very truth the grand jury when it convenes should indict Llewellyn for the crimes he has been charged with" and "in fact, he should be hung in a public place where all citizens could witness the hanging."

We notice, however, the Hogwallow scribe was careful NOT to divulge the charges to his "great grand jury" nor did he ONCE DENY the charges. Rather, he chose to shift the conversation to "who is back of The Jacksonville Miner?"

In truth we are at a crossroads and don't know where to turn. We are at a loss to decide whether the greatest public good would come from deleting pertinent questions to the Hogwallow editor so that he will continue to reprint articles, thereby giving them his added 000,000,005,032 copies circulation, or instead to continue to query into his own acts—thereby curbing his desire to give this column further publicity.

But he might already suspect the boost he has given to Miner circulation, so we will play safe and choose the latter course. Hence:

Mr. Distorter, did you fail to tell your readers about supposedly rotting fruit purposely, or was it an oversight?

And how about case No. 3071-L, filed by W. H. Norcross, and now pending? Why didn't you explain THAT to your readers? And also, why do you seek no publicity on this score? Is it because you'd rather not have your followers learn that their Chosen One is guilty of the very crimes with which he has accused others?

Do you think embezzlement of others' money a discreet act for one who places himself in the role of martyr?

Is it not true that you placed Okanogan apple labels on southern Oregon boxes of fruit because you knew the Washington variety commanded a higher price?

And finally, would you like to explain to your readers just what the Riverside chamber of commerce referred to when it telegraphed The Miner yesterday that you were a one-time owner of citrus property there, but became INVOLVED? Or shall we explain your past history in this column ourselves?

Think it over, Little Nemo; we're simply itching to burst into print over here in Jacksonville.

medical examination to determine what is wrong with The Miner, would like to say we think it is a very normal child, and considering that it has just passed its first birthday has done exceptionally well and, barring accidents, has a very bright future before it.

We, like humans, are prone to err. One of our faults that sticks closer than a brother is our proclivity to lend our ears to gossip. Ben Told informs us The Miner is wet. This is very, very bad if true, but we console ourselves by hoping this weakness will be outgrown in time.

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

If Fehl is sincerely interested in saving Oregon taxpayers money he should turn his efforts toward devising some cheaper or more efficient way to educate children rather than to figuring out some scheme by which revenue to pay that expense is cut down. His line of reasoning would be like that of a worker who decided he was spending too much money. "I'll have the boss cut my salary 20 per cent, and then I won't be spending so much."

Even one of the youngsters of the age Fehl believes should be included in his revision of the taxlevying basis can grasp the fact that if it takes a certain sum of money to educate Jackson county's students, lessening the amount collected to pay this expense by one means or another in no way saves the taxpayers anything—for if a certain sum must be raised for education, eliminating income from one source merely places a greater burden on some other.

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fewer street lights, have been turning their attention toward progress. More street lights—not fewer—is the crying need in most cities and, thank heaven, no one in southern Oregon has as yet proposed to let Mr. Moon take the burden of illumination from taxpayers.

We noticed in the news of the week that Henry Ford, that national figure who loves to pose as an international apostle of good will and the crux of patriotic loyalty to this country, has started shipping timber here from his Amazonian plantations in Brazil.

We up here in the timber belt can appreciate the evident lack of sincerity of Henry Ford's philanthropic desire to "help pull this country out of the depression" when we learn that, for his personal gain, he has resorted to shipping lumber—that one product of which the northwest has an over-supply—to the United States. The first shipment went to his factory in Dearborn, Michigan.

As we remember it, Henry was one of the men who declared that unless we reelected Hoover this country would go to pot. Well, he's certainly doing his little bit to see that the northwest, which depends on timber to a great extent, gets plenty of foreign competition.

We believe Henry Ford's plan of developing timber resources on his plantations in South America for shipment into this country tells a great deal about the insincerity of our national leaders who supposedly have the interests of their country at heart. If Ford's philanthropy were anything but a cheap way of buying publicity we believe he'd look to the absorption of our own timber resources first and keep his Brazil lumber out of the United States at least until the lumber business of his countrymen could be pulled out of the slough.

New Medford headquarters for The Miner have been established in Jarmine & Woods drug store, phone 66.

SO MUCH IS LIFE
By Charles Sughros
The Slay Racketeers

