

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF JACKSONVILLE

Entered 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, Associate EditorAddress All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, .50c
Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 142
Medford Headquarters:
JARMIN & WOODS DRUG STORE
Phone 66

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

Many rabid drays have been predicting the worst curses imaginable to come from the legalization of 3.2 per cent brew. Let's see, wasn't there something about crossing bridges when we come to 'em that was drilled into us at the same time temperance was being preached? Seems as though there ought to be about enough problems besetting this nation in the ever-present now without having a group of fatalistic pessimists predicting a world of debauchery, poverty and shivering, ragged children at the swinging door. Seems as though the American people should be given credit for being able to handle themselves properly when the time comes. At least, that's the way we interpret the actions and remarkable support President Roosevelt has displayed.

The thought occurred to us that reformers should set to work in their own household first. And, we believe, if they do a thorough job of watching their own step, and the morals of their families, they will have little time to worry about John Public's conduct. In fact, this nation seems to be made up of individual families, and the most certain way of raising morals and ideals would be for every family to correct its OWN weak spots and let the rest of the nation take care of itself.

But the menace of rabid reformers seems to be in their egotistic view that they are more qualified to run someone else's affairs than the individual concerned. Simmered down to guiding children, there has been a fair "hands-off" unwritten law observed. But when those children grow up to the point where they should be able to take care of themselves, the reformers decide they must be taken in hand and bent around to THEIR way of thinking.

Which is quite similar to some people's version of religion. We believe nearly everyone has worked out some idea of their conception of the scheme of things, and although it may be classed under another name, or code, they still have what serves the same purpose as religion. After all, that is the only real good religion could bring to this world anyway—to serve some useful, practical purpose in making this a better place to live in—here, now. And not beyond the grave, where our future is but a mixture of speculation and uncertainty.

And that, dear readers, is what is called waxing eloquent (or worse) from a typewriter instead of a pulpit. Ah me, and no collection boxes to pass about, the county judge having stolen all the tin cups. It is to be hoped you don't take this column—or the rest of the paper—much more seriously than does the writer, which isn't too.

Oh yes, one more editorial gem. (Will that dirty laughter get out of the room, or pay up his subscription?) Our closest relatives, who reside in Long Beach and suffered the shivering of Mother Nature's surface, which resembled the contortions of a horse's skin when a bee sits down on an unswept portion of anatomy, sent up a collection of the quake pictures. The scenes, printed in a nice booklet and prefaced by an editorial entitled "Long Beach Goes Forward" should have added "—and Backward, Up, Down and Around."

But the most amusing part of the pamphlet, which indicates something or other about the Spirit of the Golden State, was the final paragraph of the editorial prefacing dozens of scenes of complete ruin, destruction and death. It reads, verbatim: "Long Beach extends an invitation for all to come

Spring Migration



to the safest city in the world." Swallow THAT one!

A sister, who narrowly escaped death and was in the midst of the greatest damage and watched dozens crushed within a few seconds, reported that not ONE school building in the city of Long Beach escaped serious damage and the larger ones were complete losses. Had the quake occurred a few hours earlier, every school building would have been filled with thousands of students. But Long Beach is "the safest city in the world" . . . the chamber of commerce and the native sons said it was!

Oh dear, how time does drag in the courts. Here we've been so anxious to attend a state hanging, too. Although it may be stretching things a bit too far, we've already put in our application for a ticket to the ah, er, expected party in Salem, when Satan may throw his lariat and rope in one of his disciples.

We imagine the most famous last words, if that takes place, probably will be "Saint Peter, won't you listen to reason? I tell you there was a damnable miscarriage of justice back there in Jackson county!"

Sorry, but we're getting down to the yeast sediment, and must be on our way. This has been only a 3.2 per cent lucid column this week, but it's the best we could do legally.

Word was received here last week that a former resident of this city, a Dr. Hester of Newburg, Ore., delivered an address in that city recently based entirely on the old days in Jacksonville and its remarkable progress as a residential and mining center today.

All Jacksonville seems to have gotten the clean up and paint up fever when the sun decided to ray southern Oregon a warm call this week. The E. S. Severance home, which has been the scene of steady landscaping and terracing all winter, is coming into its prime as a prominent garden spot and the new home of Charles Blitch, with its cleared yards and neatly painted fence has caused many passersby to turn their heads and admire the calm serenity and restfulness of the pleasing colors and arrangement. The Emil Britt home, long a prominent landmark of attraction here, also has been blossoming into a green wonderland, with trimmed shrubs and hedges the predominating adornment.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Anderson, who went to Reedsport some time ago, where Mr. Anderson entered employment in the highway construction program, spent a short vacation at their home at Joe Bar recently.

The Philosopher

TO OUR BUTTE FALLS FRIEND

Last week we received a letter from a Butte Falls friend who challenged your Philosopher because of his recent analysis of the Book of Revelations. It is not the wish of your Philosopher to engage in a long drawn out controversy over this book nor will he resent the charge that he is an unbeliever. Since our church folks at the stake that isn't a very serious matter.

We are, however, particularly interested in our friend's suggestion and hope that all will read the Bible. That, too, is the hope of your Philosopher. If read and understood the Bible is, as friend says, "a great romance." To this your Philosopher adds, "and the greatest tragedy of all time." The romance of human desire and the tragedy of disappointment.

If we read and analyze carefully we will see that our Good Book contains the age-old drama of the battle for self fulfillment. As in all ancient religions throughout the whole panorama of the Jewish religion's growth the predominant urge is ever noticeable—hope. Kindled in the mythical story of man's advent into the world and the desire to regain the perfect life of the Garden the spark of hope for a good life has dimmed with adversity and glowed with success as the Jewish race struggled to realize the promises of their early prophets.

Space does not permit detailed analysis of the activities of all the Jewish prophets. The keynote of nearly all prophecy was that respect for and obedience to the Mosaic law would result in a glorious Jewish kingdom. The land of milk and honey was never lost sight of and until the time of Jeremiah, the original "man of sorrows," hope beat eternal in the Jewish breast.

The story of the Jews is the story of nearly every race. The evolution of their religion has many parallels in history. Always the search for the good life here—not elsewhere. Although a primitive people they early learned the beauty of comradeship, the value of mutual aid. Desire kept them restless, reaching from the good toward the better. Disastrous failure was cheered by dreams, anguish was soothed by illusion. The longing for the perfect life, the ancient dream, lived until the Jewish kingdom was crushed—her people scattered, some captive in Babylon, and then hope was renewed.

With the Persians who conquered Babylon came a new spark of hope, for they were teaching a new doctrine. The dream was not to be realized in this life. There were two states of human existence, here and hereafter—light and darkness. The light was good, the darkness evil. If the good life were lived here the good life would continue in the next world or vice versa. The long sojourn of the Jews in Babylon with the Persians brought about an amalgamation of the two faiths and the old Jewish as well as the religion of Zoroaster began to wane and gradually disappeared in the merging of the two faiths.

The wish of your Philosopher that all read the Bible is prompted by the hope that all may have their faith in a good life here, not hereafter. Man's refusal to abandon his ideal in spite of earthly failure surely led him to project it beyond life to a future time. No religion has ever suggested a method of creating a better life on this earth. Generalities are worthless. The frequent suggestion of a return to the simple faith to meet our complex problems of life requires a detailed method of application that apparently cannot be given. No religion has had sufficient knowledge of human nature to build a satisfying earthly home

for man. Today the problem is more difficult.

All the evils of human relationship, selfishness, abuse of strength, avarice, greed, envy, have been reinforced by vast material power. The ease of travel has blended the races into a complex tangle of humankind and religion needs the help of a new force—the force of science. Visualize the faces in a crowded street and the failure of dogmatic teaching is apparent. So few seem really happy. Many, even young faces, are marked by old evils—sickness, anxiety, sorrow or defeat. Yet all around them are signs of man's power through science. Modern labor saving machines, rapid transportation and everywhere signs of luxury and comfort for the common man that were unknown to King Solomon in all his glory.

Power, however, has outrun intelligence and ownership is too great for enjoyment. There is no evidence of a common will for the common good, no vision of a human goal.

Failure to solve these problems was not so apparent while life was simple but in the tangled complexity of modern times the situation is decidedly acute. Civilization will either crumble or emerge into a new and ideal home for mankind. Because of a sincere desire for the latter, your Philosopher earnestly hopes for a return of that anticipated perfect life from the hereafter to here. Because of this desire he joins with our Butte Falls friend in a request that all read the Bible—and pay particular attention to this salient fact: The demoralization of the Jewish race was not complete until they lost their hope for the worldly ideal.

It would be very difficult to convince a Mohammedan that the acceptance of Christianity would be a guarantee of future happiness but both would welcome relief from poverty and distress, in fact any assurance of happy and safe living would unite them in a common cause.

Read your Bible intelligently and beside the romance of human hope and the tragedy of disappointment you will find the philosophy of life essential to building that earthly home for mankind. The Book of Job, the Proverbs of Solomon, Ecclesiastes and that portion of the Gospel embodying the teachings of Jesus. The overzealous Paul, whose writings reflect ideas of Jesus radically different from those of Jesus' own disciples, are not essential. Paul had never met Jesus but claimed a special revelation for his interpretation of Jesus' mission to the world. To a degree Paul's preaching detracts from the teachings of the Nazarene who hoped to make the world a better place in which to live.

To survive, a religion must have social value. Today as never before religion is being put to the test. Can it serve society, or must society serve it? If the latter, it must eventually pass into history, as have thousands of earlier religions.

Religion faces the task of joining with the resources of science in that the social order will embody both a better material life and a less selfish religion. Isolation from the material world in the solitary solace of spiritual bliss will either destroy civilization or religion or both. To divert the motive of spirituality from self-preservation to mass improvement is a job for organized religion. Only a rebirth in a new form can prepare the churches for such a task.

We trust our good friend at Butte Falls will have revised his opinion of your Philosopher so far as his belief is concerned and will realize that in his earnest desire for the better life here he was merely separating the

chaff from the wheat in his former article.

Sometime all must face the great unknown—your Philosopher would rather meet it with a record of having tried to make the world a better place for his fellow man than to have sung all the huzzas and repeated all the self-centered prayers in Christendom.

Frankly speaking, your Philosopher is inclined to believe that "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

Local and Personal

Dr. J. F. Reddy of Medford visited the Big Applegate a few days ago in the interest of a possible mining deal.

Money alone was not the only reimbursement in the sale of the black walnut trees at the Frank Cameron ranch a short time ago. Mr. Cameron has obtained 20 tiers of wood from the limbs and upper section of the trees. L. W. Robnett, Crescent City dealer who purchased the trees for fulfillment of an order from Germany, took only the largest portion of the tree bodies.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Lilly of Grants Pass visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Jones on Little Applegate.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Saltmarsh were among the 38 guests present at a dancing party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loys Hamilton in Talent Saturday evening. The affair was somewhat of an April fool arrangement in that everybody was expecting to get fooled and didn't.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Arant, residents of Little Applegate for the last five years, moved from the community last week and are residing in their new home on Morrow street, Ashland, which they obtained in a trade. Before their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Arant were honored with a surprise farewell party at their home by members of the Little Applegate sewing club, in which Mrs. Arant had taken an active interest. A former resident of the Applegate, W. O. (Bud) Johnson of Malin, has rented the Arant ranch and now is residing on the property.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer Sunday were Rev. and Mrs. Sam Jones and Miss Issie McCully of Jacksonville, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Muchmore of Medford. The Medford group enjoyed picnicking in the Sterling country.

Ruch residents have expressed resentment over the fact that some visiting motorists, admiring nature's touches around the village well, dug up the ferns overhanging the well's edge. Evidently the visitors believed that this is a free country, and took the bit of greenery to beautify their own doorway.

Mrs. Fred Benedict of Applegate entertained with a 12 o'clock dinner Friday in honor of the 81st birthday anniversary of her mother, Mrs. Carolyn Winetrou, of Grants Pass. Those present besides the honor guest were Mrs. Clarence Winetrou and son and daughter of Grants Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burrellson, Thompson creek residents for the last year, have returned to Middle Fork, locating on mining property.

Beaver creek school board has employed Miss Lucille Reeder of Ashland to teach the coming term of school. Other districts hiring their teachers recently are Uniontown, which obtained Miss Eleanor Maul of Portland, and Applegate, which reelected Mrs. Ethel Ludwig.

George Taylor, pupil at the Beaver creek school, is suffering from a slight concussion of the brain as a result of colliding with one of his school mates on the school grounds Friday. He has been unable to attend school since the accident and consulted a Medford physician Wednesday.

John Devlin, who underwent a serious operation at the Sacred Heart hospital three weeks ago, is steadily improving, and is expected to be about early next week. As soon as possible he will return to the home of his sister, Mrs. Miles Cantrall, for recuperation.

"Shorty" Stevens, of the Medford fire department, in charge of relief work, was on the Applegate in that interest Tuesday.

A. Throckmorton, who became an octogenarian Monday, was honored with a birthday dinner at his home at Ruch Sunday. A number of relatives were invited for the occasion.

Mrs. Ethel Ludwig is fortunate in having assistance with the re-

mainder of her teaching duties at Applegate for this term. Her husband, who had completed training at S. O. N. S. recently, has accepted the opportunity to assist with the upper grade students as practice work. Mr. Ludwig has taught during the last two weeks.

F. E. Bigalow of Ruch returned Wednesday from a business trip to Albany.

Dr. J. W. Robinson, who has been spending the colder months in a Medford hotel, has rented his home here to the W. M. Barrie family. Mr. Barrie is an officer of the Jacksonville Gold Mining company, Limited.

LEGAL NOTICE

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson

In the Matter of the Estate of Grundy Barnes Lindsey, Sometimes Known as J. B. Higley, But Being One and the Same Person, Deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that I have been duly and regularly appointed Administratrix of the above entitled estate under and by virtue of an order of the county court of Jackson county, Oregon, duly made, rendered and entered upon January 11th, 1933, and all creditors having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, with vouchers thereunto attached, and all persons owing said estate are notified to pay their said indebtedness to me at the office of G. M. Roberts, my attorney, in the Medford National Bank building, rooms 201-3, Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 23rd day of March, 1933.

LONIE SARGENT

Administratrix of the Estate of Grundy Barnes Lindsey, Deceased. (Mar 24-31, Apr 7-14-21)



MILK is baby's natural food. But it must be pure milk—perfectly pasteurized and of even butter content.

BUY ONLY PURE MILK . . . FOR PERFECT PROTECTION BUY FROM SNIDER'S Dairy & Produce Co. Phone 203—Medford

PERMANENTS

\$2.50
•
\$4
•
\$5.50



Children's Ringlet Permanents \$1.98

SPECIAL SHAMPOO Finger Wave and Manicure \$1.25

OIL SHAMPOO Finger Wave and Manicure \$1.50

Marcel 50c and 75c—Reset 35c

Finger Waves, Wet 35c, Dry 50c

Hot Oil Shampoo \$1.00

Cleansing Facial 50c

Regular Facial, \$1 and up

Eyebrow and Lash Dye 75c

Manicure 50c—Arch 35c

HAIR CUTS 25c

Bowman's Barber and Beauty Shop

105 West Main Phone 57

IF YOU GET OVER-ANXIOUS AND DRINK TOO MUCH

BEER

We Are Ready to Ease That Morning-After Dullness and Headache with

NYAL SALTS and CHARCOAL LOZENGES

The Ideal Way to Get Back to Normal Following Too Much Night Before

WE'LL BEER SEEING YOU

Jacksonville Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTIONS

PHONE 12

for **SAVINGS IN FUEL**

BUY A BIG DOUBLE LOAD

Green Slabwood

Fir \$4.25 Pine \$3.75

(For Delivery in Jacksonville, 75c Extra)

Timber Products Company

A GOOD FIRM TO TRADE WITH

End No. Central

Phone 7

Medford