

The Jacksonville Miner
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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
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The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)
action. He again is spectacular,
and newspapers again plaster his
name across the front page.

Like our own Mr. Banks, Ford
is more concerned with seeing his
name in print than anything else.
It matters little to him whether
it is with a lot of Ford employe-
written blah or with news value.
He is getting old, and is tempera-
mental, proud and conceited to a
very unbecoming degree.

He wants to be a leader, and if
the crowd is going one way, he
wants to turn it and go in some
other direction—with himself
carrying the baton. Or maybe he
is just a cheap conscientious pub-
licity seeker.

Phooey on flippers anyway.

Now we've lapped over into our
old stomping ground again. We
mean mention of this fellow Banks.
Just before he slew Officer Pres-
cott, Banks told two visiting news-
papermen that he "came to Jack-
son county to clean it up; his work
here was about done, and he soon
would be on his way to Washing-
ton to clean up the nation."

Somehow or other, probably due
to the evil influence of the sub-
sidized and dyed press, Mr. Banks
caught the wrong train out of Med-
ford. He ended up cleaning up a
cell block in Salem, for early this
week a Medford man went through
the penitentiary and saw him down
on his hands and knees scrubbing
with effective viciousness.

Which prompts us to comment
that we'll bet out biggest ear it was
the first time Mr. Banks actually
ever cleaned up anything connect-
ed with public institutions, Daily
News editorials notwithstanding.

And we suppose, if he behaves
himself, he will be promoted from
the sani-flush brigade and will be
given a rating with the hallway
gang. But maybe not, though. He
never did like Halls.

Our old friend from Central
Point, Arthur Edward Powell, has
taken a few sly pokes at good old
Jacksonville and her Gold Rush
Jubilee in his Central Point Ameri-
can lately. Once he chastised this
city for getting so drunk on that
auspicious—or was it suspicious?—
occasion. We beg to remind Mr.
Powell that the homeguards here
couldn't possibly have created such
a condition as he describes. It was
the outsiders from towns like Cen-
tral Point who hiccoughed all over
the place, we fear.

Mr. Powell always was a flatter-
er, but as Jacksonville's gentlemen
of depress we wish to bow the ap-
plause back across stage. Of
course, most of us had headaches
the week following the celebration,
but it was from saying "sure, you
can carry your liquor," to some of
Art Powell's townsmen.

Art also cracked that the next
time we threw a Gold Rush Jubilee,
or even gave one a good push, we
should set up kangaroo courts out-
side of town to catch and fine
enough riders to at least pay the
expenses of the spree. He says
that in that way our C of C won't
have to worry about any \$600
deficit. We have a better idea.
Just turn one of 'em around and
send him over to the American of-
fice before his bottle is empty.

Oh well, we suppose we should
apologize for the pokes Mr. Powell
has been taking at fine old, sober
as a judge (J.P.) Jacksonville by
reminding readers that a man is
off anyway or he wouldn't be in
the newspaper business.

Huckleberries are ripe in south-
ern Oregon, and where lives there
a man with soul so dead he never
to himself hath said, "I wonder



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Time Is Up

why God didn't plan these things
on the supple, ample lines of
apples."

Those who live on the interior,
however, will never know the frag-
rant, flavorful zest huckleberries
add to two layers of pie dough. For,
in the midwest and points east,
they think you're a harellip when
you tell 'em about "huckleberries."
That's another of the exclusive joys
of the great west.

In case any of you readers get
worried about the dire predictions
of disaster, grief, calamity and fi-
nancial bankruptcy always being
hurled at us by the loudspeakerful
these days by politicians who are
busily engaged trying to shove the
brink from beneath our tottering
feet, consider for one moment a
story appearing on another page
of this week's Miner concerning
Oregon in 1844.

There was some discussion in
congress back in those days
whether the territory of Oregon
should be recognized, or whether
it should be given back to the In-
dians, who had it anyway. Several
got up on the capitol assembly
platform and described, in travel-
og form, the characteristics of the
section now known as green, gold-
en Oregon. A combination of
hades, the Sahara, Manhattan's
slums and the frigid wastes of Ice-
land would have been an oasis in
this territory, according to the
yarns unraveled in that august
assembly room. Read the story.
It's a perfect toxin anti-toxin for
political speeches.

And after reading it ourselves,
we realize that styles in lies change
from generation to generation, but
their size, severity and quality sel-
dom vary, even in congress!

Pardon us for this week while we
get back to cutting off sections of
one of George Wendt's bossy
hawsers. We've received several
demands for cigars.

- B. E. Beekman, son of the fa-
mous C. C. Beekman, is in this
city for a few days from Portland.
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sholer
journeyed to Butte Falls to pick
huckleberries over last week-end.
- Mrs. Margaret Lewis returned
home from a Medford hospital Sun-
day. She is being cared for by her
sister, Mrs. Mattie Matney.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dunnington
and Mr. and Mrs. John Dunnington
motored to Klamath Falls Monday.
- Helen McGrotty of the West
Side district was a guest of Lucille
Flitcroft recently.
- William Hacker, pioneer res-
ident of Jacksonville, passed away
at the Jacksonville Sanitarium Fri-
day morning, September 1. Final
rites were held Sunday and the
deceased was interned in the old
Log Town cemetery.

**YOU CAN'T PAROLE
A DEAD MAN . . .**

(Continued from page one)

but who later emerged to champion the
world—or to sack and domineer it.

This thing of paroling criminals con-
victed of serious charges like murder and
other felonies is one of the sins of modern
America: Four out of every five men ar-
rested for various crimes have been paroled
at some time or other. In many instances
they have worked on the sympathies of
parole boards two and three times. It may
sound great over the pulpit and in the news-
papers for some big-hearted parole board,
or governor, to turn loose a man and "give
him another chance," but the facts in the
case are quite different than impressions
handed out.

Following the same line of reasoning as
that used in promiscuous paroling, one might
as well tear down a great dam after time
and money had been spent in erecting it.
If man stops the flow of floodwaters with
a great barricade, just because the valley
below then ceases to become flooded is no
reason why this dam should be torn down
again. Certainly the same condition that
first caused the erection of the dam will ne-
cessitate its reconstruction—after more
damage has been done.

Our prisons and jails are dams for the
deviltry and dishonesty of human nature.
Perforating their walls with paroles so that
hundreds who belong there can be turned
loose again nullifies their effectiveness.

It is high time we Americans got wise to
ourselves and cracked down for keeps on
these criminals who continually and per-
sistently are entering our homes, murder-
ing our peace officers and disrupting our
communities. We simply can't afford to go
on like we have been—softies for any crook
who comes along. It has cost us too much
already and will do even greater damage
in the future if our careless leaks are not
stopped effectually.

We have been hunting too many crim-
inals just for the sport of the chase and have
been satisfied to get a pair of horns to hang
on the wall while we disregard the really
valuable part of the job—the keeping of
the carcass.

- Wesley Hartman returned to his
home in Jacksonville September 1,
after spending several weeks con-
valescing in Dr. Coffee's hospital
in Portlad.
- Roy Jones of Central Point and
the Oscar Lewis family of this city
tried their luck as anglers at Sul-
phur springs on Yale creek.
- Mrs. William Edens is caring for
Mrs. Jim Lytell junior, who is con-
valescing following the arrival of
a son a few days ago.
- The Jacksonville Home Econom-
ics club met at the home of Mrs.
Thomas Gifford Wednesday after-
noon.
- George Hibbard of Molalla, Ore.,
and Dr. Taylor of Portland, visited
at the home of E. S. Severance over
the week-end.
- Miss Bernadine Arnold visited
Monday and Tuesday with Alice
Walton of this city.
- Mrs. Betty Demmer departed
Monday for a visit in her former
home, Eugene.
- Miss Grace Pierce, who has
been visiting her brother, Paul
Pierce, has returned to her home
in Seattle.
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fick and
daughter Virginia are spending the
greater part of this week visiting
in Portland. They expect to return
Saturday.
- Mrs. George Sweeny and son and
daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wes-
ley Sweeney of Yreka, Calif., were
at Crater lake for a brief sojourn
Monday. They visited at the home
of Oscar Lewis on their return.

"Few of us are ignorant of the
things we shouldn't know," says
Olin Miller, who is ignorant of
everything else.—Weston Leader.
The sound and healthy laborer
has no kick coming, even though
the slodding is tough. He knows
he wouldn't swap identities with a
dyspeptic millionaire.—Weston
Leader.
Government costs a barrel of
money, but would we hark back to
the days of its first "billion-dollar
congress"?—Weston Leader.
One is unable to conceive that
either end of Olin Miller was
shaped by divinity.—Weston (Ore.)
Leader.
At all events, Huey Long has
acquired an optic in color harmony
with his reputation.—Weston (Ore.)
Leader.
Ziegfeld's debts totaled one mil-
lion dollars at death." The result,
perhaps, of his Follies.—Weston
Leader.
Public health is said to have been
improved by the depression, but
there's hopes of a change for the
worse.—Weston Leader.
Hoboes of America adopted a
code, but it may have been merely
an "empty" gesture. — Weston
Leader.
Under the international wheat
pact, the wheat packed will not be
so burdensome.—Weston Leader.
The "big noises" of industry do
not, we read, take kindly to the
NRA restrictions. Perhaps their
poison will be us little squeaks'
ment.—Weston Leader.
We anticipate failure of this
country's renewed attempt to get
Sam Insull out of Greece. He ought
to be sleeker now than ever.—West-
on Leader.
Dire consequences of its failure
is the big reason why the NRA
program should have universal
support.—Weston Leader.

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE
In the County Court of the State
of Oregon for Jackson County,
in the Matter of the Estate of Wil-
liam K. Godding, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that pur-
suant to an order made and enter-
ed in the above entitled Court in
the matter of said Estate, the un-
dersigned Administrator, from and
after the 9th day of October, 1933,
at the office of Harry C. Skyrman,
in the Medford Center Building,
Medford, Oregon, shall proceed to
sell, at private sale, to the highest
and best bidder, that certain real
property situated in Jackson Coun-
ty, Oregon, described as follows,
to-wit:
Commencing 40 Rods East of
the Southwest corner of the
Southeast Quarter (¼) of the
Northwest Quarter (¼) of Sec-
tion Sixteen, in Township 38
South, of Range One (1) West of
the Willamette Meridian, in Jack-
son County, Oregon, and running
thence East 20 Rods; thence
North 40 Rods; thence West 20
Rods; thence South 40 Rods to
the place of commencing, and
containing Five acres,
on the following terms, to-wit:
\$200.00 cash, and the balance on
credit, to-wit: \$90.00 within three
months from the date of the deliv-
ery of the Administrator's deed

thereto; \$90.00 semi-annually there-
after until the expiration of three
years from the date of the delivery
of said deed, at which time the en-
tire remaining purchase price shall
be paid; all deferred payments to
be applied first, to the accrued in-
terest at the rate of 6 per cent an-
num, and the remainder to the
principal.
EARL GODDING,
(Sept. 8-15-22-29) Administrator.

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