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.....Applegate Editor

PHONE JACKSONVILLE 141

Address All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year.....$1.00 Six Months.....50c
Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

of being nothing more nor less than a cluster of light globes suspended by a baloon.

Maybe the reason Clark Wood's Weston Leader is quoted so much over the country is because of the personal touch he gives each paragraph—his editorial column is hand-set.

There's one thing certain, anyway. The liquor situation in Oregon is no more muddled than the liquor now flowing.

Business wasn't so bad till the holding companies moved from a dimly-lighted parlor to Wall Street.

Some people are driven to drink, but the real harm comes when they're driving back afterward.

We hope the bootleggers will wash their hands of contraband liquor now that prohibition is repealed. The stuff tastes like they had been washing their feet in it (so we are told).

Farming must be a paradox, if nothing else worth mentioning. In the good years there is a migration from the farm to the city. In lean years the movement is in the other direction. In good times rural folk discuss living in town, while in hard times they merely cuss those living in the metropoli.

But, to be fair, we must add it isn't the dirt farmers who throw the most mud.

When it comes to recovery, four million former unemployed can't be wrong.

Henry Ford, after ruffling his hair over early movements of the NRA, has become one of the Blue Eagle's strongest boosters, judging from his Dearborn Independent, which says the NRA is here to stay. Henry has been "given the bird" and is liking it—now.

Still, there's nothing so slick about getting oiled habitually.

About the only thing we have left of 1933 is a darned good lesson that probably will be squandered as soon as things are back to normal.

The back-to-the-land movement will have been accomplished when everyone has their feet on the ground.

New Years, sadly enough, is the occasion when celebrants drink enough liquor to float a kidney in an effort to drown their sorrows.

Olin Miller, of Thomaston, Georgia, and Clark Wood of Oregon's Weston, seem to be developing their own brain distrust.

And about every other scene in the movies nowadays is obscene.

Ham Hamilton of the Medford News asked S. Claus to send us a newspaper for Christmas. As a New Year's comeback, we ask Father Time to keep Ex-Senator Ham's organ from talking about its operation.

More holidays and fewer hollow days is what America has just now.

An optimist is a person who believes we'll have better radio programs crooner or later.

The fault hasn't been so much with what we have been doing with democracy as it has been with what we've beeing doing to it.

And, we might add, people seem pretty hard to sell on the sales tax.

There's one thing we can say in favor of the New Deal, however. There isn't nearly so much risk in running business according to supply and command.

But it's not those who travel fastest who get along in this world. With all our speed and mechanical perfection, we've been unable to keep up with the times. It seems that the more power the dollar had, the less good it did those who needed its influence most.

Uncle Shylock may as well quit trying to collect his pound of flesh —war debts—from foreign nations. It is quite clear they have no hearts of gold.

It would be an uphill grind for some of us to go to the dogs.

Famous Last Words: No, Madam, the person who wrote that story isn't in just now.

"An Oregon psychiatrist says there's no such thing as insanity. If he can't find any in Oregon, there must not be."—Olin Miller. He admitted his error upon reading Olin's "Nonsense Notions," saying that there's at least one case in Georgia. —Weston Leader.

It is comforting to note that statesmen now outnumber republicans in the U. S. senate by nearly two to one.—Weston Leader.

Seven prominent Americans have been made honorary members of the Bartenders' union. Old-timers will be reminded of the "ornery" members who refused to set out the customary "morning's morning."—Weston Leader.

Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Four

Advertising for Wife Draws Out Humor of Old 'Gate Prospector

(Editor's Note — Advertising for a wife in Portland newspapers may not be as far removed from little old Jacksonville as some may think. In fact, answers to just such a plea for a mate pouring into this remote village have indirectly brought out another version of the Applegate prospector-poet's versatile humor.)

✣ ✣ ✣

Mack's Matrimonial Market

AN EXPERIENCED, middle-aged lady, widowed seven times by death, five feet one inch, weight 215; dark hair and eyes, considered good looking; good pastry cook; would meet gentleman between 30 and 40, with means. Object matrimony. Mrs. I. Killemquick, Battle Buttes, Mont.

—

GENT 35, six feet six, dark; wants to correspond with attractive, unincumbered widow with $5000 to invest. Object matrimony. Would buy small home and raise cucumbers. Inclose photo with first letter. Guy Fuller Hotair, Whoop, La.

—

MAIDEN, blond, 29, five feet 10, weight 90 pounds; invites correspondence from neat gentleman not over 35. Must not drink, smoke, chew, gamble, swear or snore. Object friendship, perhaps mat. Miss Angula Fraim, Howabout, Me.

—

IS THERE a lonesome widow who owns her own home or business who would marry a gent 32 years old, who will be a real pal. Said to be a good mixer. Not broke, but slightly bent. Owen Lotz, Wopville, Ark.

—

WIDOW with 11 children would meet kind-hearted elderly man with home and means. Mat. All letters answered. Mrs. Lotta Nurve, Hardpan, Neb.

—

WIDOWER, 92 years old, hale and hearty, desires acquaintance with widow of suitable age with view to early matrimony. No invalids need apply. Fuller Pepp, Youngstown, Utah.

—

SEND for our free hand-book on "How to Flirt," "How to Make Love," "How to Write Love Letters," "The Secret of a Soul-Kiss," Mack's Matrimonial Market, Bullville, Conn.

—

REFINED lumberjack, with job in planing mill, would meet lady with same qualifications; object, good time. Matrimony if stuck. Woody Woodinhed, Lumberton, Mich.

—

WOULD MEET generous young man with motorcycle. Possibly matrimony. Miss Dee Sirous, Nutville, Kans.

—

MAID OF 18, handsome, blond, would marry rich gentleman of 90 or over. Miss Luna Tikke, Battyburg, Wis.

—

ATTRACTIVE, honest little widow would meet A No. 1 man cook with home, auto and means. No bull-cooks need apply. Miss Lotta Centz, Last Chance, Mont.

—

WEALTHY MAIDEN, tall, slim, brunet, well under 40; would marry handsome gentleman who has never been in love. Must devote his time exclusively to home attractions. Widowers, save your stamps. Amanda Gotrox, Richville, Miss.

—

AY TANK et bane gute time fa get mary. Ay bane gute farma. Ay vant nise Svede gul boot 20; gute coke en vorka, vit money en bank. Mutt Muttson, Mutt Center, Minn.

—

Mack's Matrimonial Market:

Dear Mack—Please find inclosed $3 and insert this "ad" in your valuable monthly. I am a young man 24; six feet, one inch; jolly, companionable and fairly good looking; am a coon hunter by profession and write rhymes on the side. Around here I am called the "Candy Kid." Am looking for a soul-mate and feel sure this poem ought to bring home the bacon.

Yours truly,
IVER LOVINHEART
Pleasant Valley, Paradise Co., Ark.

—

When some girlie I find
Of a sociable kind
Who would like to be chummy with me,
You can bet your last dime
We will have a good time
When there's nobody looking to see.
Oh! I'll love her so truly,
So dearly and duly,
She won't be unruly, with me;
She can sit on my knees
And I'll tickle and tease
Just as much as I please—THAT'S ME.

I will say, "Little Dear,
Let me nibble your ear,
For you're sweeter than sugar to me;
You can put all your junk
In my little old trunk
And forever sit here on my knee.
Don't start actin' chilly,
Be nice to your Willie—
And play you are silly—like me;
You can be the whole cheese
While I cuddle and squeeze
Just as much as I please," THAT'S ME.

And if this little dame
Wants to alter her name,
If she'd like to get married to me—
We will go to the preacher
And after, I'll teach her
A pastime the fairies showed me.
We'll play that we're lazy
And cozy and hazy
And sorter half crazy, you see;
And we'll sit at our ease
While I tickle and tease
Just as much as I please—THAT'S ME.

Oh! I'll stick to my Dearie
And never get weary
Of holding her tight on my knee;
And if she likes petting
She'll always be getting
Just all she can handle, from me.
And I'll say to my honey,
"I am feeling so funny
You can have all my money, by gee!
All I want is to squeeze
And tickle and tease
Just as much as I please," THAT'S ME.

Sarcasm from the South Concerning Northern Lynchin'

Now that the civilized northern states have taken up the old southern custom of lynching, it has gotten to where a dangerous criminal isn't safe anywhere . . . Instead of a criminal's life hanging by a thread, it now often hangs by a rope and a rope is much more irritating than a mere thread . . . The hands which so eagerly pull on the rope that will end a life, are they CLEAN hands? . . . "Ah, I see where they are going to hang something on me again," said the old oak tree as it saw the mob approaching.

The cause for this lynching epidemic is said to lie in the slowness and general ineptness of legal justice . . . By the time a prisoner has lived through a half dozen appeals from his original sentence, he is about to die of old age, or the generation which has grown up in the meantime has forgotten that he ever committed a crime . . . A mob is totally devoid of reason, but some juries turn in verdicts for reasons that wouldn't look right outside of a comic strip . . . A mob has no conscience, but fortunately, each individual in it has this impediment to utter lawlessness.—The Toreador in Brady (Texas) Standard.

We'd be willing that Greece should keep Insull long enough for him to put over a few holding companies.—Weston Leader.

A majority isn't always right. A nudist colony is practically unanimous for nudism, and a cannibal tribe for cannibalism. — Weston Leader.

The Lindberghs did pretty well in the matrimonial game when each took a flier.—Weston Leader.

The city health commission of New York is making an effort to secure honest labels for whisky bottles. Still, nobody drinks the label.—Weston Leader.

Outside of This . . . The County Judge Has Nothing to Do

We all have our trials and tribulations, and when each fellow's job is considered individually, it has a lot of kinks and curves we ordinarily overlook. The following was written by Judge Clark M. Mullican, judge of the 99th Judicial District of Texas, at Lubbock recently, for the County Progress, official organ of the county judges of West Texas.

The County Judge—

These remarks are dedicated to the wife of the county judge who often wonders why he spends so much time at his office since the election. Voters are also respectfully invited to pursue these statements before going elsewhere to do their voting.

The County Judge is—
Judge of the criminal court.
Judge of the civil court.
Judge of the probate court.
Chairman of the commissioners' court.
Superintendent of schools in some counties.
Road and bridge overseer.
Highway engineer.
And at odd times works at being auditor, bookkeeper and accountant.

The County Judge has to—
Head all drives.
Mow the lawn.
Feed the poor.
Entertain the idle.
Be husband to all widows of the county, and daddy to all the orphan kids.

These last two items are inside secrets of the profession and are not to be publicly divulged.

The County Judge has also to be—
A diplomat.
An ambassador of good will at home and abroad.
Guardian of the insane.
Guardian of the public and private morals.
Boss of the poor farm.
Trained nurse to all poverty stricken sick, and wet nurse to all foundling babies.
Undertaker for the pauper dead and sexton of Potter's field.

The county judge is not required to be a lawyer, yet he must be what most lawyers are not, "learned in the law."

He must—
Read law.
Interpret law.
Make law.
Practice law.

To the general public he is—
A father-in-law and mother-in-law combined.
Frequently a by-law.
Sometimes an out-law.
And always a hee-haw.

In the afternoon he has to undo what he had done in the forenoon. This is because he was waited on by a delegation at the lunch hour who overruled his decision. He reminds me of a Mother Goose rhyme:

"There was a man in our town and
he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
and scratched out both his eyes,
And when he saw what he had
done, he then with might and
main,
Jumped into another bush and
scratched them in again."

Life with him is just one bramble bush after another.

The county judge is a succession of contradictions.

He must be—
The embodiment of patience, yet as full of snap and ginger as a rat trap.

He must be—
Kind, oh, so kind, (especially to those widow women and all the little orphans), yet hard-boiled and mean.

He must be—
Generous and stingy. Generous in seeing that everything is well paid, comfortable and convenient, yet exceedingly careful that he does not exceed any previous tax money.

He must be—
In disposition, both sweet and sour.

He must be—
Filled to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, yet charged to the point of explosion with hell-fire and brimstone.

To the public he is—
"Too stupid to preach,
And too proud to beg.
Too timid to rob,
And too lazy to dig."

Often women ask—
"Husband, why doesn't he work like you.
Has he nothing at all to do?"

But to me, the poor old county judge is—
"A fit example of human woes
As early he comes and late he goes."

My sympathy goes out to him in the multitude of his cares and sorrows. He is the most cussed, discussed, abused, overworked, talked about, run down, walked on, tramped on, spit on individual I know of.

If ever a man stood in the need of prayer, it is he. He needs prayer to strengthen him, sustain him, guide him, guard him and finally save him, for he is too darn busy attending to everybody else's business to save himself.

Seen in a Daze

By OUR KEYHOLE EXPERT

Two solitary, very busy individuals Monday morning not piping up, with dawn's first gray mists, "This certainly doesn't seem like Christmas to me." The two were Postmaster Alice Hoefs and Assistant Virginia Fick.

Dick Hartman coming down from Portland in one and one-half hours.

Frank Zell sort of peering over S. Wilson's shoulder as he carried great stacks of packages to his mail truck, very evidently suspecting Santa Claus had mislaid his package.

Johnny Renault out, up and thinking of getting at 'em.

Judge Frank TouVelle's house lit up like a Christmas tree.

Maude Pool looking surprised at the sudden arrival of a small gift.

Everyone admitting this was the best holiday season in four years.

J. C. Reynolds displaying a bottle of gold.

Promoter Mack Lillard in Medford making arrangements to inaugurate the 1934 grunt and grimace art at the Armory January 10.

NEW YEAR'S

(By TENNYSON)

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
When Old Year and New Year met
And the wind was whistling and blowing.
And I said, "Oh Years! that meet in tears—
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring—
Wanderers coming and going—
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring."

✣ ✣ ✣

NEW YEAR'S

(By REYNOLDS)

I stood on a mountain of debt,
When Old Year and New Year met,
And thought of my money owing
And I said, "Oh Fate! So obstinate,
Is there any relief foreshowing?
Prices are rising and soaring—
Living costs steadily growing—
Plenty of cause for deploring,
But aught of relief worth knowing?
Creditors madly were roaring,
Money most rapidly going,
Hard times prodding and goring
But little relief foreshowing.

WAR SPY PICTURE COMING TO RIALTO THEATER SUN.

A beautiful spy in whose charms and intelligence are vested the power of an army corps is the role enacted by Constance Bennett in "After Tonight," coming to the Rialto theater Sunday.

Miss Bennett is said to win new honors in one of the most difficult roles of her career. Wringing secrets from the enemy, she must appear in various kinds of raiment and in various occupations, ranging from that of a seamstress to a cafe singer and then a nurse at an Austrian base hospital.

Forever in the shadows of a firing squad, Miss Bennett must retain her poise as bombs are dropped behind the lines from planes and, finally captured, look into the eyes of the enemy captain she loves and await the sentence that all spies fear.

The famous Will James' story, "Smoky," is being shown at the Rialto Friday and Saturday with Tim McCoy in "Police Car 17" also on the same program.

'INTERNATIOAL HOUSE' AT ROXY THEATER SUNDAY

One of the largest and most notable casts ever to appear in a single film will be seen in Paramount's "International House," lavish musical comedy, which makes its local debut next Sunday at the Roxy theater. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, famed international beauty, heads the imposing cast. W. C. Fields has the comedy lead. Stuart Erwin and Sari Maritza supply the humorous romance. Seven radio stars—Rudy Vallee, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, and Baby Rose Marie—are prominently cast.

"J. P. Morgan always keeps his name off steamer passenger lists." For that matter, so do we.—Weston Leader.

The man who spends too much time in waiting for his ship to come in, usually finds that it's a receivership.—Weston Leader.

It's the plight of the utilities that they are taxed to capacity in order to produce, not public service, but public revenue.—Weston Leader.

LEGAL NOTICES

In the County Court of the County of Jackson in and for the State of Oregon

In the Matter of the Estate of Gus Nichols, Deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

NOTICE is hereby given that Alice O. Nichols, executrix of the will and estate of the above named decedent, has filed in the above entitled court and estate her final account and report of her administration of said estate and said court by an order duly given and entered therein has fixed the 20th day of January, 1934, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the court room of the above entitled court in the Jackson County court house at Medford, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of any and all objections to said account and report and for the settlement thereof.

ALICE O. NICHOLS
Executrix.

(Dec 22-29 Jan 5-12)

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an execution in Foreclosure duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson, to me directed and dated on the 14th day of December, 1933, in a certain action therein, wherein Jackson County Building and Loan Association, an Oregon building and loan corporation as Plaintiff, recovered judgment against G. L. Britt and Lucile Britt the defendants, for the sum of two thousand and no/100 ($2,000.00) dollars, less the sum of $635.00 paid on stock, less the sum of $106.47 accrued earnings on said stock, being the sum of $1258.53, plus interest on $2000.00 from the 22nd day of January, 1933, to the 18th day of October, 1933, at 10% per annum, being the sum of $147.77, plus interest on $1258.53 from October 18th, 1933, to date hereof at 10% per annum, being the sum of $13.61, plus $17.60 for insurance premium paid by Plaintiff, plus $5.00 for continuation of abstract of title, plus interest on judgment at 10% per annum with costs and disbursements taxed at twenty-four and 80/100 ($24.80) dollars, and the further sum of one hundred twenty-five and no/100 ($125.00) dollars, as attorney's fees, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 14th day of December, 1933.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will on the 27th day of January, 1934, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Courthouse in the City of Medford, in Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, together with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the said defendants, G. L. Britt and Lucile Britt had on the 8th day of December, 1927, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lot five (5), block twenty-five (25) of the original town (now city) of Medford, Oregon, according to the official plat thereof.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1933.

WALTER J. OLMSCHEID
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon
By OLGA E. ANDERSON
Deputy

(29-5-12-19)

WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE A LITTLE SHRINKAGE CAN MAKE!

—That's Why the Pantorium Takes Pride in Its Work!

Cleaning and Pressing Prices
MEN'S SUITS.....$1.00
DRESSES, up from.....80c

PANTORIUM
DYE WORKS
6th and Holly Phone 244

CONGER
FUNERAL PARLORS
Medford, Oregon

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

Here's One Expression That's Not in a Capsule:

Greetings, Neighbor!

—MAY WE CONTINUE TO SERVE YOU TO A HEALTHIER, HAPPIER NEW YEAR?

The Rexall Store
WEST SIDE PHARMACY
Main and Grape Phone 874