

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Every Friday at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF JACKSONVILLE

Entered as second-class matter February 19, 1932,
at the postoffice at Jacksonville, Oregon, under
the act of March 3, 1879.

LEONARD N. 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

Oregon Isn't So Dumb

Oregonians are accustomed to listen by the year to how California and Washington do this and accomplish that. Constantly are the laws of neighboring states thrown up to the electorate as a shining example of how we should do this or that.

But there is one development in Oregon which, we believe, far overshadows wisdom of the sunny state to the south. We refer to Oregon's handling of the liquor situation. More or less temperate and old-fashioned, our own green state has injected far more good judgment and common sense into the handling of spirituous liquors than has California, as even native sons of that proud domain will admit.

Beyond the Siskiyou the retailing of liquors is made a frenzied, gaudy business reminding of the ridiculous days of peewee golf. Every cigar store, every hat shop and clothing emporium has its partitioned storeroom of whiskeys and wines. Liquor signs dominate the streets and cutthroat competition is the rule in disposing of spirituous wares. California's way bespeaks indulgence, frenzy, confusion and extreme commercialism, and a decided over-emphasis of liquors and wines.

Staid old Oregon, with her timbered mountainsides and lush meadows, is taking the liquor business more sedately and with far more becoming reserve. Here the imbiber must seek out an unpretentious, inobtrusive state liquor store which conducts the quiet, orderly business of selling intoxicants only to those who have qualified under the law and who have liquor permits. The state liquor control commission sells its wares at the lowest possible price, but does not tolerate price competition, too much sales effort or foolishness.

The Oregonian who wants his spirituous liquors knows where he can get them, but those who do not care for the products of fermentation do not have them constantly flung in their faces every time they step onto the street.

The Oregon method of handling liquor is as dignified and quiet as such a business can be, while California has become raucous and common through her permission of noisy, garish selling methods, with every merchant a liquor dealer.

Competition may be the life of trade, but too much of it in the handling of intoxicants leads to trouble every time, and Oregonians should be well satisfied and even proud of their liquor control.

A Personality Passes

The sudden death of Olga E. Anderson last Friday took from the Jackson county courthouse one of its most familiar and dependable figures. Nearly everyone in this county knew Olga and recognized her as an indispensable personality, a willing and cheerful sheriff's assistant who had become an institution herself.

It is not necessary to make exceptions when we say EVERYONE liked Olga.

Now Let This Be A Lesson—

The Morro Castle sea disaster grows more sensational almost every day as an investigation into details of the tragedy is pressed. Aside from reforms which probably will result in shipping practices from the disastrous fire, there lies a great lesson to we Americans as a whole, if we will comprehend.

It is reasonable to presume, so long as the Morro Castle was afloat and running under average conditions, her mas-

ters and crew were capable of handling the craft, although their negligence or disinterest may have set the stage for just such a conflagration as the fire which took more than 130 lives. Rules and principles were disregarded, discipline was lax and responsible positions apparently were filled with incompetents. So, when the crisis came, there was great bedlam, much disorder, blunder and costly mistake on every hand. Lives and an entire ship were wasted.

And so it has been with the running of our government. A few years back, when there was no crisis, people were content to slip into an easy-going, careless rut in personal matters and affairs of state. When the depression struck we were thrown into a frenzied, ridiculous panic that was costly, wasteful and entirely unnecessary.

It took us some time to get perspective, to see faults and flaws. And then, like in the present case of the Morro Castle, it was too late to reclaim that which was lost. We could only note the blunders and make resolutions for the future.

As a result of the Morro Castle incident there have been some too-drastring reforms suggested already. Measures and safeguards are being cooked up by dozens of legislators, and it probably won't be safe for a seaman to appear for passenger ship duty with a dirty fingernail—for a while. The pendulum of change will swing to an extreme of over-caution and over-discipline, as contrasted with the prompting lack of it, that will tend to make effectiveness of the lesson short-lived.

Too, in the case of government we today are in the midst of what probably is the opposite extreme from forces which brought about the depression. From an era of too much laxity and indifference we have, humanly enough, plunged ourselves into an opposite era of too much regimentation, too much discipline and too much reform, which will hasten its downfall by over-effort.

Too much of anything good is bad, for in both the case of the ship fire and the "fire" which raged through our ship of state, we will be nauseated with reform till it will be a relief to slip back into the old rut that leads us into the next jolt.

Fortunately, however, there always is the middle ground that is to be passed while we travel from one extreme to the other; that same middle ground which might never be reached by foolish people did it not lie between the two extremes.

Yes, there is a graphic, helpful lesson to be learned about government and ourselves in the recent Morro Castle sea disaster. But the lesson, characteristically enough, will be today's editorial and tomorrow's bore.



It's Those Foreigners Again

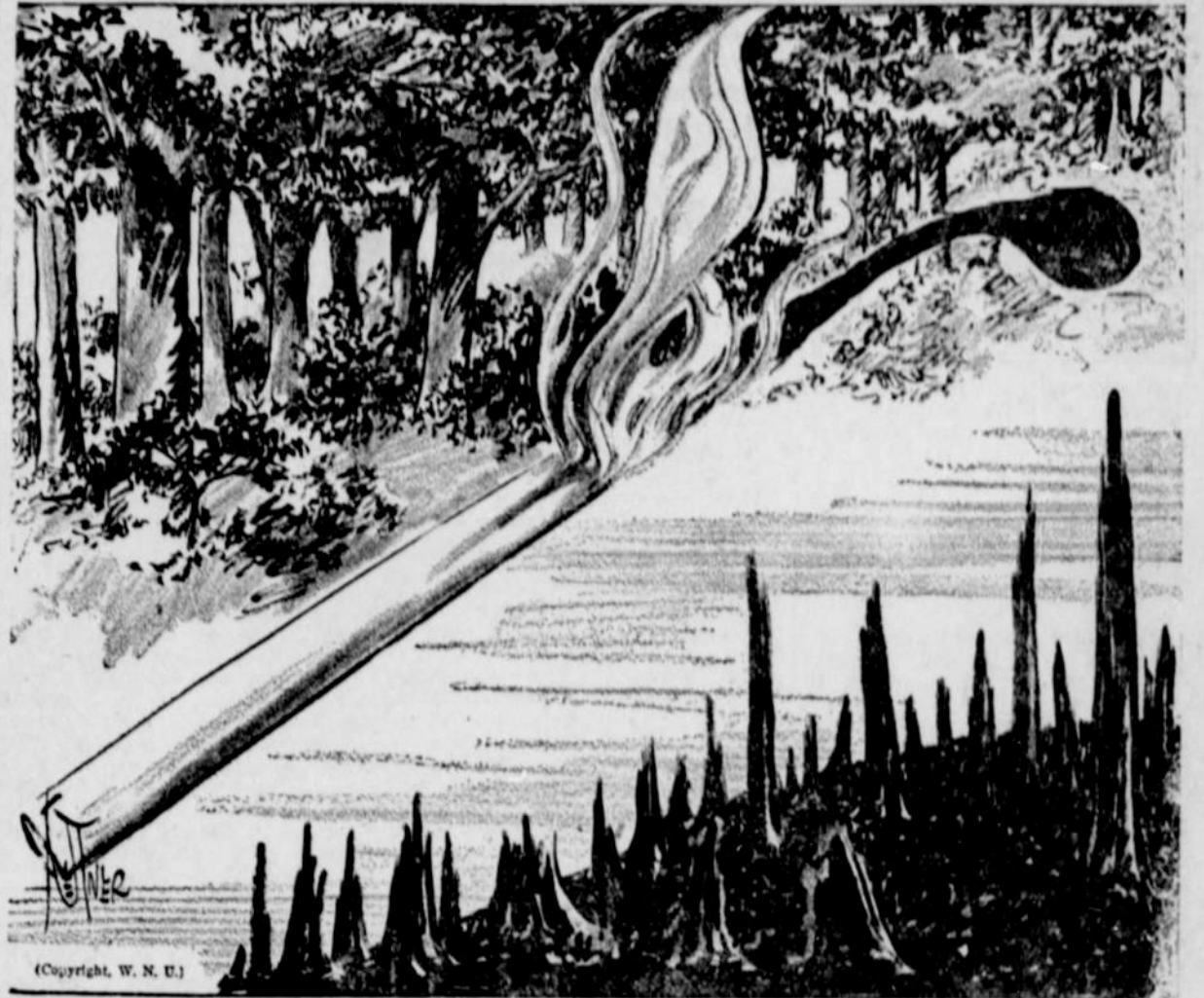
Much criticism is being heaped onto textile strikers of late, and probably rightly so, for at this distance they seem to be striking for the love of trouble as much as anything else.

But there is one angle to the strike situation throughout the east and south that probably is misunderstood in the great American west, where we have neither the foreign class workers of the east, nor the ignorant, uneducated masses of the old south. Whereas many of us might be blaming unionism for the troubles which admittedly are hindering business, we should more accurately place blame where it belongs—on leaders who take advantage of a poor and uninformed type of worker who doesn't know how to behave when loosened from his long-time labor bondage.

Jackson county should know by now to what extent a certain class can be swayed by spellbinders. The average textile worker of the south and east for years has been working too long for too little and now, that the NRA has liberated him, he has lost his sense of proportion and it is easy for unscrupulous leaders and agitators to sway him and cause violence and disorder based more on past injustices than on present grievances.

As a shining example of this are the textile districts of Texas, which to date have not suffered a single strike or disorder. Texas' textile industry is still young and unorganized, and workers have been drawn from a higher type of

A Careless Match



laboring class, a class capable of thinking on its own hook to an extent. Very few foreigners live in the Lone Star state while the "white trash" element was never incubated under the state's six flags.

It is characteristic of the ignorant, miserable foreigner that he wants to join some "cause"—any cause that will give him an opportunity to demonstrate, strike or indulge in any other form of "self-expression." The poor white trash of the old south, working for years for four or five dollars a week, can't adjust itself to what is prosperity to them, and

is foolishly following subtle leaders, who probably are making plenty for themselves out of the difficulty while their "subjects" face police bullets and national guardsmen.

Unionism can hardly be blamed for the textile situation, when few of the strikers can even faintly understand its true principles of organization. Unionism, in its finest sense, is the workingman's form of self-government, while the textile strikes appear to be the workings of a gigantic dictatorship to the working class.

High Prospector

Jacksonville High School

FOUND IN THE DIGGIN'S
Welcome, Freshies! Don't be afraid of those barking sophomores, they can't bite. (Their teeth aren't developed enough.)

From all the buzzing, pounding and grinding noises that come from the study hall, you would suppose it was full of wormy nuts.

It is true that "a little powder and a little paint will make you look like what you ain't," but we wonder why some of our classmates insist on making themselves look like savages.

Well, well! A whole week has passed and Mr. Coe hasn't had to read any passages from the "little blue book." Let's keep up the good work.

Listen, Classmates, and you can hear the goo goos and ga gazz of the budding romances.

You would suppose that some of the students had the seven-year itch but we presume its just poison oak.

Two of the girls practicing acrobatics in the hall during activity period.

We see that two of our dashing senior boys have adorned their heads with girlish curls (made by a permanent wave machine).

Some of our boys using cosmetics to cover up the trace of "pimply youth."

Mr. Nee inspecting the pupils to find one with a cold so he can take his dose of soda.

One of the younger girls trying to imitate Tarzan.

NEW GRADE STUDENTS

Mrs. Hunsaker, instructor of the fifth and sixth grades, has 17 less students than last year. There are five new students: Jack Wilson, Clifford Baily, Dorothy Fuller and Harvey Blaine, all of the sixth grade; one, Russel Johnson, from the fifth.

Mr. Hunsaker has an increase of six pupils: Richard and Glen Baily from Ashland junior high; Alvin Beardsley, Salem; Ward Blaine, Antioch district, and Gertrude Kitchen from Medford junior high. Joe Beach and Elmer Zumwalt, both of the eighth grade, are back after a year's absence.

FROSH WIN GAME

A close baseball game was played between the eighth grade and freshman boys Friday, September 14, but the eighth graders lost 6-8. The grades will play the sophomores two games before playing any outside schools.

WELCOME NEW STUDENTS

Although the freshies of last year have given their honorable seats to this year's frosh, they wish to extend their welcome to the other new students as well. They also have a sly eye on the forthcoming freshman initiation, and hope that both the new and the old upper classmen will join them in their fun. And last, but not least, the student body welcomes the two new teachers, Miss Rebec and Miss Charlton.

COOPERATION UNDERSTOOD BY FROSH

(Editorial)

Although they grit their teeth and bite their lips while attempting to spell the word "cooperation," many of the frosh probably understand its meaning better than upperclassmen.

The record of student body dues already paid for the year affords fairly dependable proof for the above-mentioned statement. Freshmen names greatly outnumber those of other classes bedecking the list.

Those who have paid their dues have either done so merely as their

duty or as a result of using their thinking apparatus. The latter would imply the realization that nothing can be accomplished without government nor can government function without cooperation on the part of the people. By this realization they see that the student body can function but feebly without cooperation in the payment of dues.

As the general people derive many benefits from paying taxes, why shouldn't we, as a student body, be willing to pay our small tax of 50 cents for nine months of our separate school government?



Electric Cookery

Cool Perfectly insulated ovens keep the heat inside while surface cooking uses all the heat. None is wasted to raise room temperature. You enjoy cool comfort in the kitchen.

Clean Electric heat is clean as electric light. No flame. No smoke. No soot. No blackened pots and pans to scrub. Your kitchen will remain clean and attractive.

Economical This modern, better way of cooking costs approximately 1c per meal per person. There is no wasted heat.

Automatic Meals literally cook themselves without watching, testing or basting.

An electric range is the first major electric appliance which should be purchased in planning the "All Electric Home". It is the key to economy in the use of domestic electricity. A small down payment and easy monthly terms will put an electric range in your home. See your dealer today.



THE CALIFORNIA OREGON
POWER COMPANY

