

# PEACE IS ONLY A LINK JOINING OUR FREQUENT WARS

### Cowboy-Miner Looks at World Problem Thru Eyes of Reality

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Is anything more disgusting than these "peace at any price" shouters who clamor without cessation for disarmament; who strive by every means in their power to induce our country to scrap its battleships, abolish its army and navy, discard its firearms and reduce itself to a state of utter helplessness simply to accommodate their own absurd ideas.

Thank goodness we have men at the head of our government who have better sense than that. Personally, I love peace. I love it so well that I am willing to put up a good stiff fight anytime to get it. When I say "peace," I mean the short intervals of peace that nature allows mankind now and then. There is no such thing as lasting peace; never has been since the beginning of life, and never will be because it is contrary to the laws of nature. And nature's laws cannot be stifled or changed. Amongst mankind, as long as there are two men and one woman left on earth, there will be war. And if there were no women left, there would still be plenty of causes left for the two men to fight about.

To insure such a thing as lasting peace, the whole scheme of nature would have to be remodeled. The survival of the fittest (or, as I contend, the luckiest) is the supreme law of nature and by conflict alone such survival is determined.

Begin with the smallest forms of life. You scratch your hand and the blood flows. At once a war is started between the poisonous germs of the atmosphere and those of your blood corpuscles and a battle ensues as bitter and hard fought as any in the world war. If the outsiders are successful, the defenders are wiped out and the scratch is polluted by infection. If your own blood germs are healthy and strong enough, the invading army is repelled.

All the way up the line it is the same. Insects, birds, fish, reptiles, beasts, humans, even the elements. And if you will open your Bible and read the 12th chapter of Revelations, you will see that there is war in Heaven itself.

Have you ever seen two angry thunderstorms run together and the battle that ensued between them? Have you never found the locked horns of deer and elk in the woods mutely testifying to a fight to the death? Many a time in the large cities I have seen three little English sparrows fly down to the curb and while one (the female) sat quietly and watched, the other two began pecking at each other. One would hardly suppose they were fighting to the death until one would keel over to rise no more while the female would fly away with the victor.

Cruel and bitter warfare exists among the denizens of the deep. Pierce and terrible are the conflicts between the ravenous killers of the fish family. The existence of every known thing depends on its ability to protect itself. Nations come under the same rule.

If this country would discard its armament, which is its strength, how long would it be before some covetous nation, like Japan for instance, would come over, push us out of the way and move right in? Suppose the Lord of the Universe should renounce His power and authority and decide to be omnipotent no longer. How long would it be before the devil took over the reins of government? I mean, supposing there were a devil.

But I hear you say "Man is an intelligent creature and should know better than to engage in war." Yes, but listen: No matter how intelligent he is or how much he knows, when nature appoints the time for him to fight, he will fight.

How do you suppose nature keeps her balance? Solely by wars, famines, pestilences, floods and other cataclysms. But for that, our little earth would be so full of people there wouldn't be standing room on it for everybody. Guess you all have heard of the man who was hauling a load of manure past an insane asylum. Some of the inmates, lounging about on the grounds, called to him and inquired what he was going to do with the manure. He called back that he was going to put it on the straw-berries. "Well by gosh," they told him. "Folks accuse us of being crazy, but we never did anything as crazy as to put manure on strawberries. We use sugar and cream on ours."

So with me. Folks may think I am crazy, but I never did anything so crazy as to believe we could secure peace by throwing away our fighting tools. The best way to insure peace is to have such a powerful setup, and the determination to back it up, that other nations will be afraid to attack us. But even then we won't have peace because these peace shouters and reformers will see to it that the pot is kept boiling at home.

There may be some who will take issue with me concerning my contention that the survival of the luckiest should supersede the old belief in the survival of the fittest. They recognize the fact that force is the dominant factor of nature and reason that the strongest force must naturally overcome the weakest. But it is not always so.

Confronted by luck, the strongest forces of nature find themselves impotent. Just take notice of what goes on around you in this world and see if this is not the truth. Men who have luck are able to surmount any obstacle, pass safely through any danger, and laugh at the threats of greatly superior hostile forces. In reading of some terrible calamity like a shipwreck, for example, where everyone on board except one or two met death, did you ever stop to consider that there might be a reason why one or two survived? Well, there is a reason. Luck is the most efficient entity I have ever encountered in the entire mechanism of the universe. One cannot see it, taste it, smell it or cut it up with a knife. But any one can plainly see how it works and the results performed by it.

Reverting to the peace howlers, I wonder what would have happened if it had been up to them to settle the west. Well, I know what would have happened all right. The same thing that befell that fine old man Meeker who was certain that he could handle the western Utes without any show of force or firearms and had himself appointed as Indian agent on the reservation.

The Utes didn't understand that kind of language and, after a short time, rose suddenly, butchered Meeker, his hired men and everybody except his daughter Josephine, stole everything in the agency and then burned the buildings to the ground.

The only language those Reds understood was the voices of Colt's six-guns whispering death in their ears. Old Sam Colt did more to aid

the cause of peace with the revolvers he made than all the peace gabblers that ever lived from the time of King Rakatak (20,000 years before Adam's advent) till now.

What we should have in our country is a wailing wall like the Jews enjoy in Jerusalem. Then our peace enthusiasts could gather there whenever they wished and shout, wail, weep, moan, snivel and raise hell generally where they wouldn't bother other people.

These are just simply some of my personal opinions and if you, dear reader, have any you think better than mine or that conflict with mine, be assured it is perfectly all right with me. You have ever bit as good a right to your opinions as I have to mine and I wouldn't think any the less of you on that account. In writing these sketches I am not trying to please you or anybody else. There are plenty of people who like the stuff I write and tell me so, and I don't lose any sleep worrying about those who do not.

You will perhaps take notice that I often speak of the devil of the present time and use the word "it" frequently. I do that solely to conform to the generally accepted custom of society. As I have explained before, there is no devil, there is no present and there is no neuter gender.

Speaking of war reminds me of a little circumstance that occurred in Washington several years ago. I regard the Salvation Army as one of the grandest organizations that ever existed. And I fully recognize not only the great good they are doing now, but also the splendid record they piled up for themselves in the World war.

The Army watches the paydays in the lumber camps along the coast rather closely and we were sure to see some of them show up about that time soliciting funds before the workers had an opportunity to stuff off their wages in dissipation or in other ways. Most everyone would give them at least a dollar and whenever a man gave money to them he could be certain it would be spent in a good cause. As I say, I like the Salvation Army a lot, but never cared much for their brand of religion. That amounts to nothing, though. There are several brands of good tobacco I don't use as they do not suit my taste. So what?

One day I was coming out of the company's office when I met a Salvation Army officer going in. He thrust a paper at me and inquired, "Do you want to buy a paper?" I glanced at it and saw the words "WAR CRY" in big black letters on the front page. "Good heavens, man," I blurted, "we are not at war again, are we? I hadn't heard a thing about it."

"Oh," he replied, "that is just the old war we are always waging with the devil."

"Well," I remarked, "I don't see any sense in keeping up a war with the devil. If he bothers you, all you have to do is to say 'get thee behind me, Satan,' and that settles matters right there. At least that is what my Bible says. I do not care to read any of that kind of war news, but here is a dollar and if you have time between battles, you might buy some poor widow woman something to eat."

What is the use worrying about a devil when we know that Billy Sunday licked him to a frazzle long ago?

## LETTERS to the Editor

EDITORS ARE KINDA FUNNY ANYWAY, RAY

To the Editor: I am surprised at our dear editor's stand on the old age pension. If he will look up the records of the cost of raising a child, cloth-

ing and schooling same, he will find out what the head of a family has been squandering his money for.

His attitude toward the Townsend plan is one of the millionaire type—you would think he was going to have to slave the rest of his life to pay the pension.

He at present has had no experience as a head of a family, so sees only one side of the question. The only person who could possibly begrudge an old person some pleasure in their few remaining years, in my mind, is very narrow minded.

My interpretation of the Townsend plan is a means of circulating money and is worth trying.

The CCC has cost as much money as the old age pension and has not solved the question, so be fair and give the Townsend plan a chance.

R. E. WILSON.

Editor's Note—If it's not nailed down, we can take it, and you readers who agree with the above writer concerning The Miner's stand on Dr. Townsend's plan for painless pay are hereby invited to use this department to unload your opinions. We were quite familiar with the fact that friends of the plan greatly outnumber its opponents, but we write the way we believe, and now it's your turn to do some writing. We'll be seeing you between these sheets, if you choose. Pour it on without mercy; we're asking for it.

## High Prospector

Jacksonville High School

**HIGH PROSPECTOR STAFF**  
Editor.....Helen Lamb  
Assistant Editor.....Lucille Filtercroft  
Business Manager.....Morris Byrne

**SANTA ARRIVES EARLY**  
Santa made an early visit this year, giving the Jacksonville A team a victory over the Ashland high second team. The game was played in Ashland December 17 as a preliminary to the Ashland high vs. Crescent City high game. The score was very close, Jackson-

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**WILL ROGERS "HANDY ANDY"**

Thursday and Friday  
**SPENCER TRACY in "Now I'll Tell"**

ville's team winning by a one-point lead, 17-16.

The lineup for Jacksonville was: Vyron Bostwick and Simon Johnson, forwards; Chester Filtercroft, Center; Bud Mitchell and Russell Ayers, guards, and Morris Byrne and Byron Backes, forwards.

Wednesday night this team played the Ashland high second team 32-10 in favor of Ashland, while the Jacksonville B team was defeated 26-6 by the Ashland high third team.

## ATHLETIC RECORDS

Those on the midget basketball team who earned letter last year are to play the Medford and Ashland junior high midgets. The students whose playing was awarded with letters last year are Bill Johnson, Tom Dunnington, Ken Purcell, Buster White and Joe Beach. The other two on the team are Bruce Metzger and Don Littell.

**ENTERTAINMENTS PROGRESS**  
Christmas plays to be given are being practiced regularly and are reported as progressing rapidly.

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After the Christmas plays are over it is planned that a short, light musical drama will be prepared and presented in February. The actors for this drama will be chosen from the high school glee clubs.

Proceeds received from the plays will be turned into a fund to buy a new stage curtain.

**CRATERIAN**

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