



The Editor Speaking

Often nothing is the most eloquent thing to say.
Coal code is to be revised, according to news dispatch. Evidently its harder for the stuff to soot than we thought.

Congress and the public seem to form definite habits among our chief executives. President Roosevelt was so busy carving second helpings of turkey Christmas he hardly had time to eat himself.

The alarm clock some of us need would be a jigger which first whippers and then pulls the covers off the bed, with a bucket of water ready just in case. At that, there's one fellow we know who'd probably get up wet every morning.

One reason why we do so many lopsided things is because, when figuring them out, we are inclined to lop off argument on the other side of the question.

Tokyo Parliament Eyes Huge Budget—Headline. The Japs are getting their own slant on it, apparently.

It isn't special privilege when you're the beneficiary.

Puns are the lowest form of something or other, but not when they're flavored with sesame seed, says Heinie Fluhrer, the baker.

What this country needs is relief from relief.

Last Monday, the 24th, was the shortest day of the year, and no doubt Paw noticed the same thing about his bank roll.

S. Claus and Wife Visit on Applegate

Santa Claus and his wife Mary Christmas, were Applegate visitors for a short time, the night of the 24th.

This fine old couple, born nearly one hundred years ago, at either Hamburg, Limburg, or Switzerland, Germany, (forget which, have been naturalized citizens of the United States for many decades, and if the Townsend Bill goes through, may soon retire from active practice, as their services would no longer be required, while both of them are eligible for a pension. Their numerous progeny which is growing at an alarming rate year by year, make it increasingly difficult for the old folks to continue to shoulder the fast mounting demand on their resources in their declining years.

With regards,
REYNOLDS.

Studes To Resume Classes Wednesday

Following a two weeks holiday rest, the little red schoolhouse atop a knoll in Jacksonville will resume its educational function come Wednesday, January 2. It is then that embryonic intellectuals will return to the rule and rhetoric for little more than half the school year.

Attendance at Jacksonville this year has been averaging well, with one of the school's greatest enrollments both in grades and high school classes.
Work of building basement under school gymnasium is nearing completion, and auditorium of the building already has been sealed and painted, providing the district with a much needed improvement which has been made possible under SERA privileges.

Next Week Set For High School Work

Week of December 29 to January 5, inclusive, has been set aside by the student body of Jacksonville high school as "work week," during which time members will solicit odd jobs from townspeople and merchants, earnings to be contributed to the student body fund.

According to Cooperation Week committee of the school, students prefer to labor for their coins, although donations toward the fund will be accepted from those who find it impossible to dig up some sort of chore. "Have you a job that has been aching to be done?" asks the student committee, and adds, "we can furnish a student for any job that you may want done."

Both boys and girls will be available for work from this Saturday to Saturday of next week, and businessmen and residents are asked to help the students earn needed dollars which will be used to pay for improvements at the Jacksonville school.

San Francisco bay will have two bridges of size.—Weston Leader.

CLOTHES MARK CHANGE IN LIFE THEN AND NOW

35 Years Ago Women Had Enough Clothes On to Bog Down Mule

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Unless you happen to be an old timer like me you would scarcely take notice of the way many changes have taken place in female apparel during the last 35 years. Even as long ago as 1903, women carried around enough duds on their bodies to almost bog down a pack animal. Nowadays, a girl's entire outfit is not much heavier than a man's pocket handkerchief. Oh, I am not kidding about it. On the contrary I think it is a good idea and I believe the less a girl wears, the healthier she is. I knew quite a lot of girls along about nineteen hundred and took one of them to pieces once to see what made her tick.

First was a big pancake hat with a stuffed bird on it, held in place with four ten-inch hat pins. Around her neck was two yards of ribbon collar, fastened with a heavy breastpin. Then a starched white waist with balloon sleeves and a heavy wool skirt that covered a wire bustle. Next to her skin she wore a thick undershirt, around which was hooked a contraction called a corset, composed principally of nearly all the bones found in a whale's skeleton, and over this, a corset cover.

Next, an ankle-length white ruffled petticoat, under which was a plain cotton petticoat, and under which again was a knee-length flannel petticoat. Further investigation led to the discovery of outside underdrawers decorated with ruffles, which covered heavy underdrawers of wool. And to finish the sad story, thick black stockings, incased in button shoes, reaching nearly to the knees. And inside of all these dry goods, just a little girl of five feet, three, weighing probably a hundred and fifteen pounds. Put all those duds on a man and he would have died from suffocation. I didn't say whether we had been playing "strip poker," or doing all this on a bet. What in the devil do you want to know for, anyway? Maybe I was just prospecting around to see if I could find anything of value. Let's talk about something else.

When I was a young guy, I was quite a singer. My dad belonged to a high-toned Episcopal church, which spent a lot of money on a boy-choir, consisting of eighty members and I was one of the eighty. I remember he paid sixty dollars a year just for his pew. I received four dollars weekly for singing, which helped me out a lot in supporting my girl in correct style.

Her name was Lillie and she was a good scout. I went with her steady for three years and though several far prettier girls made eyes at me during that time I stuck faithfully to Lillie. She (Continued on page four)

IF YOU DIFFER, WRITE IT DOWN FOR PRINTING

Although The Miner has attacked the Townsend old age pension plan of giving \$200 each month to every person 60 years of age, this paper welcomes any arguments written by readers who may differ from this stand.

The Miner has been sincere in its opposition to any such fantastic scheme for saving the country, but realizes that, after all, its editorials represent the opinion of one person only. You all are invited to express your own opinions for publication, and communications concerning the Townsend plan, or any other pertinent subject, will be welcomed.

NEW DAM WOULD FLOOD CARBURY

With the announcement that the proposed irrigation dam at the Barr ranch would back the water to the Carbury bridge, residents there are taking an active interest in developments and announce that they are going to learn to swim in preparation for the great event if ever it materializes.

Although hasty opinions have been expressed indicating general approval of the reservoir, residents whose ranches would be completely submerged as yet have not considered seriously the necessity of selling their homes should the project succeed, it is said.

GROWERS' MEETING TO BE HELD MEDFORD FRIDAY

Plans for 1935 will be discussed in a series of meetings to be held between growers and members of the control board of the Oregon-Washington Melon and Tomato Marketing Agreement in the various districts throughout Oregon, beginning January 2.

"It is the desire of the board that growers give, frankly, their opinions regarding the agreement whatever they may be," said Morton Tompkins of Dayton, Ore., chairman of the agreement's control board. "Production control, better methods of enforcing the act, and conditions which may be peculiar to any single community will be covered in these meetings between producers and those directing the agreement."

Meetings will be held as follows: The Dalles, Wednesday, January 2, 1:30 p. m. at the county agent's office; Portland, also on Wednesday, January 2, at 8 p. m. in the assembly room, Oregon building; Salem, Thursday, January 3, at 1:30 p. m., in the Department of Agriculture building; Eugene, Thursday, January 3, at 8 p. m. in the county agent's office in the Market building; Medford, Friday, January 4 at 1:30 p. m. in the court house auditorium, and Roseburg on January 5, at 1:30 p. m. in the City hall.

Dentistry, it has been found, was known to the ancient Romans. No doubt the papyrus on the practitioner's table told the story of the flood.—Weston Leader.

NEW YEAR, 1935!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

The New Year's day will soon be dawning, When new resolves should be a-borning; My chance comes then and I shall grab it To resurrect this old-time habit. Booze costs too much these days, I'm thinking, So first of all I'll cut out drinking; Tobacco also, I shall banish Before my dwindling nickels vanish; For coal, I will not spend a penny, While wood holds out, I won't need any; I'll buy no spuds, or beans, or flour, At least till present prices lower; Bacon and eggs and sweetened tea, too, Shall be discarded from my menu; I'll even quit hot-cakes and honey And see if I can save some money; Without the fraction of a flutter, I'll cut out meat and fish and butter; I'll eat no garden stuff in season, I can't afford it, is the reason; I'll have no fruit upon my table That bears a profiteer's label; I'll wear no linen shirts or collars, I'm out this year to save the dollars; Neckties, though really inoffensive, Shall be renounced as too expensive; I'll spend no coin on moving-pictures, I'll go, instead, to hear free lectures; As I think back, my anger rages, How I've let others spend my wages; In future, if they only knew it, I'll turn a trick and beat them to it; I'll fix my future nice and sunny With oodles of adhesive money; And those who growl, both good and evil, May go, gosh dern 'em, to the devil. By quitting drinking, smoking, feeding, And at my daily labor speeding, I someway have a strong impression I can keep step with the procession. I'll surely make new rules a-plenty On New Year's day—no less than twenty.

THIRD EDITION OF 3-C NEWSPAPER PRINTED IN PLANT OF THE MINER

Volume 1, number 3 of the Medford District News, monthly CCC publication, was produced in the plant of The Miner, 5600 copies being delivered early this week. The paper, edited by Lieut. Ray D. Craft, formerly of the Eugene Register-Guard, is a five-column, four-page edition, distributed free to each of the 5600 officers and enrollees of the Medford CCC district, comprising 28 camps of 200 men each.

Another outstanding linoleum cut by one of two CCC artists sent here by the government to depict this section's natural beauties, is being reprinted in this week's Miner from the District News.

REAPER STALKS ON APPLGATE

The joy and happiness of the Yuletide season was broken by death and illness this year for several families of the Applegate section. Grace, six-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Phinney, passed away at Medford Christmas night as a result of scarlet fever. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, with interment at Medford. Other children in the family are ill with the disease.

Late last week Mr. and Mrs. J. A. West received a telegram stating that their five-year old grandson, Russell Ballard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rush Ballard of Colusa, Cal., had died with what the physician believed was diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ludwig and niece, Miss Virginia King, left last week-end for Los Angeles, having received word that Mrs. Ludwig's father had been killed in an automobile accident.

Receiving a telegram concerning the serious illness of their mother, Lawrence Fields, CCC worker at Star Ranger station, and brother from Camp Applegate, left for Portland shortly before Christmas, arriving following their mother's death.

Funeral services for John H. Devlin, whose death occurred late last week at the Sacred Heart hospital, were held at the Sacred Heart church at Medford Monday forenoon, Rev. Father W. J. Meagher officiating. Interment took place in the Jacksonville cemetery.

Mrs. Lloyd Hanscam has spent this week in Medford with her father, Mr. Connor, who is seriously ill.

JACKSONVILLE MASONS INSTALL THURSDAY

Warren lodge number 10 of the order of Masons and Adrel Star chapter number 3, held joint installation of officers Thursday, December 27 in the blue lodge at Jacksonville. After the installation ceremony a turkey dinner was served.

Most Worshipful Grand Master of the State Ezra M. Wilson of this city conducted the rites, and Grand Persovereign of the grande lodge, J. E. Crawford, also past master of Warren lodge number 10, was acting marshal.

Lulu Saulsbury was the installing officer, and Mrs. E. G. Riddell was installing marshal for the Stars.

There may be no bats in Japan's belfry, but she has a lot of chinks in her Asiatic.—Weston Leader.

COUNCIL OKEHS 3 RETAIL BEER APPLICATIONS

Fourth Applicant Awaits Blanks from State Liquor Board

Three Jacksonville applicants for retail beer licenses were given the official nod by city dadas in a special meeting held here Wednesday night. They were applications of Ray Wilson for the Nugget confectionery, Harold Reed for his card room, and Sally Cole for the Marble Corner. Miss Cole also received favorable council action on her restaurant license application, which provides for the serving of beer and wines with meals.

Action on the application of Mrs. Amy Dow, for Amy's Place, was postponed due to failure to secure proper blanks, and the matter is expected to be taken up before council next regular meeting night, January 2.

It was brought out during Wednesday night's meeting there had been no complaints received by city councilmen, nor reported by the state liquor control commission, against the three applications which were passed for consideration of the state commission, but that several complains had been lodged against the application still pending. It was understood by councilmen that the state liquor commission would follow recommendations of city councils and county courts who pass or reject applications.

The special meeting closed after a brief discussion, and Jacksonville's officials will gather to succeed themselves next Wednesday evening, January 2. Following week they will assume duties prolonged another term by November elections by appointing city marshal and watermaster for 1935. Mrs. Lula Saulsbury, was recently appointed city treasurer to succeed the late C. C. Chitwood.

Mayor Wesley Hartman will continue in his official capacity for another two-year term, as will Councilman Severance and James Cantrall. City Recorder Ray Coleman was reelected for a one-year term.

Hooded Demon Dares Belcastro To Winner Take All Match Here

The Hooded Demon, puss-punching wrestler from parts unknown, Thursday night issued a challenge to Pete Belcastro, hairy-chested Italian, for a return match next week at the Medford armory. Pete a few weeks ago put the bee on the Red Bonnet when his flying dropkick sent his opponent to the second ringside row and the second and final fall.

This week, resuming his weekly schedules following Christmas, Promoter Mack Lillard turned Broccoli Bob Kruse of Oswego and Pretty-Boy Boesch, Brooklyn collar ad loose in the ring as a deservng headliner. Kruse pinned Boesch with a body press and an arm-bar for the first fall, while Boesch came back in the second to connect his flying dropkick for a sleeper that evened the count. Kruse took the third and deciding fall when Boesch's dropkick connected with ozone only.

In a snappy and exciting appetizer, Lillard had pitted Roughouse Tony Catalano of Italy and Joe Hubka of Iowa, Hubka taking two straight falls on fouls from the Italian, who used gentle essence of garlic, or something, to get in the doghouse with Referee Swede Anderson.

Promoter Lillard stated yesterday he would announce his complete card for next Thursday night over the week-end.

SEEN In A Daze

By OUR KEYHOLE EXPERT

EMMA KASSHAFFER carrying a baby—Mr. and Mrs. Scoop Puhl's little son.

TWO LOCAL PEOPLE not knowing something from a hole in the ground when they fell in mine shafts over the holidays.

RAY COLEMAN wondering who put a "bomb" on his car.

LAST SUMMER'S dry weather being just so much water over the dam in Jacksonville.

MAUDE POOL being advised SANTA CLAUS was coming.

POSTMASTER EATON and ASSISTANT digging out of a roomful of letters and packages.

MRS. EDWIN TAYLOR going into the pantry for candlesticks.

A good way to cure nagging wives would be to show 'em an empty trunk and a meat axe.—Weston Leader.

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

