

The Jacksonville Miner

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The Miner Is Moving!

With progress comes change, and with changes come partings which are far from pleasant. This week-end The Jacksonville Miner reaches that stage of its career where it feels the time has come to move to a larger field of endeavor.

Little over three years ago—it seems hardly more than a set of seasons—The Miner's publisher started a puny little weekly with \$10, a hope and the blessing of Fate, who permitted the paper to continue and grow to where today it operates its own plant, an investment of some \$4000. That progress has been made in, and because of, Jacksonville and her fine citizens.

The Miner believes in Ashland there exists an opportunity for a weekly newspaper. At present no weekly serves that extensive and industrious section of Jackson county; there is room and need for a paper, and large enough field to justify some sacrifice in chancing it there. It is for these reasons alone that The Miner has decided to transplant its equipment from one of the most lovable small towns on the Pacific coast, to a city of approximately 5000 people. Economically, The Miner believes Ashland has more to offer.

But, aside from dollars and cents, this little weekly knows sincerely that there can never be improvement in the type and friendliness of townspeople and surrounding ranchers in any other district over those in and near Jacksonville. Socially, morally and physically Jacksonville is an ideal spot to live and to work.

The Miner has thought of itself as a mediocre little country weekly appreciative of human faults and virtues. It has prided itself in being a part of a famous gold mining town which has been long on neighborliness since its colorful beginning. In Jacksonville, people are too busy being people to bother with facetious habits and hypocrisies of larger metropolises. Her residents live close to Mother Nature; close to the elemental things.

Here people may let their whiskers grow and their dog go without a bath once in a while, but they find time always for living fully, deeply and happily. And The Miner has shared and basked in this simple philosophy which places human pleasure and satisfaction above shallower, material accomplishments of the more blase. Jacksonville is, fundamentally, a town of hard working, right living people who indulge in just enough harmless sin to keep conversation interesting. Jacksonville is a community of common people, people who work and save and spend, who raise children and hike and hunt and fish. They know and respect Nature, and are happier for it.

If The Miner were not a young newspaper, filled with dreams and hopes and ambitions, it would find Jacksonville the ideal place, chosen from a lifetime of travels, to settle down to the fine art of enjoying life. But we are still on the road which all men must travel, and which must always reach up and out if we are to live fully and usefully. The Miner believes it has found a newer, better and bigger niche in the world, and it is going to attempt to the best of its ability to fit that niche.

Parting of friends always is sad, and this paper's withdrawal from residence in Jacksonville is not pleasant in itself. We will miss the friends, the banter, the acquaintances, the gold mines, the simple homeliness of Jacksonville. Three years in a young editor's life spent happily and profitably are not quickly forgotten. We ask your understanding and your blessing in this move, and offer our

Observations on Present Money Situation

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Old Deacon Godman prophesies
A further money flurry,
But most emphatically denies
There's any cause for worry.

Hi Roler tells us he can see
"A future drear and black, sirs,
Due to a threatened scarcity
In our supply of 'jack,' sirs."

Con Tajuus grieves that he has spent
The bulk of his "shin-plasters;"
And speaks in terms irreverent
Of Vanderbilts and Astors.

Doc Killumquick, with heat declares,
The fault lies with the chandlers
Of Wall Street; namely, bulls and bears,
And such-like coin panhandlers.

"There's really nothing to fret about—"
Explains Adolphus Atkins;
But 'Dolphus is a rich old scout,
Well-heeled with stacks of "bat-skins."

Miss Lotta Centz, who teaches school,
Says (and we all should heed it)
She saves her "long green" as a rule
For times when she may need it.

But while each village sage or wag,
With diverse theories dope us,
We've noticed our own money-bag
Could hold a lot more "mopus."

sincerest appreciation for your tolerance
of our work, our faults and shortcomings
since The Miner was established in
1931.



Now It's Share the Pay!

The old order, it seems, changeth to a large order. Our national slogan used to be "share the work," but now it has been changed to "share the wages—you do the work."

Yes The Miner is after the Townsend old age pension plan of donating \$200 a month to those 60 and over. Although the bill was introduced into congress Wednesday, this little village weekly still believes Dr. Townsend's idea one of the most preposterous warps a mind could ever take. The plan, as we see it, is a case of mental mesmerism which dulls the mind to actualities and leaves it glowing in a cloud of sentimental idealism that is both impractical and foolish.

At the outset, labor's challenge to unemployment and its resultant complications was "share the work." When men were idle while others worked, it was quite good reason to believe that some plan should be worked out whereby those who were fortunate enough to have jobs sacrificed a little to help those without jobs.

But now Dr. Townsend, through his plan, suggests that we not share the work, but instead that we take the oldsters off payrolls to share the pay of those who work. And that, to The Miner's notion, is the meat of the whole question, for most certainly the Townsend plan, boiled down to actual practice, is nothing more than that. Those who work will receive less than those who would be paid to refrain from work, and the workers would foot the bill!

If the Townsend plan were a measure to share profits, or share natural resources, it would have a little different complexion. But, in its actual working, it is a scheme whereby a certain idle group of citizens will receive a "cut" from the wages and earnings of those who do work. It will be a case of special privilege living off labor and industry, without participation or contribution on their part. Up until now, all pensions and bonus plans have been based on this "cut" being taken from the beneficiaries' own wages or earnings; Dr. Townsend would transfer this cut from the beneficiaries' earnings to those of others.

Chief reason why the Townsend plan has met with such popular favor is that its special privilege class has been designated as those persons over 60 years of age. Many old folks need help; need it badly. It would be grand to see mothers and fathers and the unfortunate given a job of spending us back into prosperity.

If You Think It's Cold—Listen In



But stop and reflect just what the plan means, when it comes to digging up the money: Suppose any couple eligible for the Townsend pension were to live to the age of 70 years—and many of them triple that span. In 10 years time the government would have to contribute exactly \$48,000 to such a couple!

Forty-eight thousand dollars—just because two people promised to spend the money on receipt! A strong, young man fired with ambition, courage and ability could hardly equal that with Fate and economic conditions in his favor.

With the country hard up now, with a national deficit staring us in the face

with increasing severity each year, how in the world can ANY scheme provide the money to enable the government—which is you and your friends, who'll have to dig up the money—to give away almost fabulous fortunes to millions of people?

If you can figure THAT out, and still be for Dr. Townsend, then nothing The Miner nor anyone else could say will change your opinion. If you believe fortunes can be plucked from thin air just because they are called "revolving," then there is nothing left to do but leave you to your opinions and pray to Heaven that the nation can survive the folly.

**Buzz
Squeal
Howl
or**



HAPPINESS ON THE AIR TONIGHT

Is your radio standing in the corner—silent, dusty, unused—carrying memories to all the family of weird, disturbing noises—or, is it a musical instrument, a companion for all the family, to which you point with pride.

This year's radio will prove a revelation to those whose sets are four or five years old. All extraneous noises practically eliminated. Tone quality of such parity it must be heard to be believed. Naturalness of tone that thrills and beauty that inspires.

Half the money paid before will get a radio today that is a good one. Why not trade in your old set? It will prove the best investment in entertainment and companionship for the entire family you have ever made.

We do not sell radios, but your local radio dealer will be proud to show you the latest instruments. A new radio for Christmas would prove a revelation to the entire family. Ask your dealer about radios today.

The California Oregon Power Company