

Southern Oregon Miner

Published Every Friday at
167 East Main Street
ASHLAND, OREGON

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

Application made for reentry as second class
matter at the post office at Ashland,
Oregon.

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PHONE ASHLAND 70

Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year \$1.00 Six Months .50c

Maybe Huey's Not All Hooey!

Condemnation of Huey Long seems to be a popular pastime in every part of the country but Louisiana, where only his avowed political rivals have declared themselves as against the Kingfish.

However, after living through a very recent and somewhat similar political strife in Jackson county, the Miner is going to be reluctant to judge either Long or his foes from this distance. True, it appears from press dispatches that Long is easily at fault. But we remember faintly such newspapers as the Oregonian in our own Portland painting the recent Llewellyn A. Banks as a martyr and coloring the local picture much differently than did those who were here and who knew and understood the complete story.

It was for this reason the Miner termed the Oregonian a "weathervane," and was in turn called a lot of things itself, all because people and the press judged too readily from a distance. They absorbed the romantic, sensational side of the question and followed the natural inclination to blame constituted authority on Mr. Banks' say-so.

The bayou-soaked state of Louisiana is a long way from here. Mr. Long and his governor represent constituted authority in his state. Perhaps there may be reasons why Hooey Huey uses his extreme methods; perhaps not. Leastwise, the old south is a different country than the west, psychologies are at variance, and remedies for existing problems that fit the Pacific slope might not apply at all down in a state where black men, levees and moss-laden trees abound.

Whether Long be right or wrong, we are going to be hesitant to judge. After all, Louisiana's problems should be for Louisianans to decide. We of other sections of the country would do better to meddle less, lest we muddle more.

Huey's hooey, if that's what it is, will out in the end anyway, without our preconceived prejudices being formed from news accounts which must needs be more or less one-sided.

Sh-h-h! The Townsend Plan!

The burning question—and sometimes the "burning-up" question—seems to be Townsend old age pensions. It has been whispered about that perhaps the Southern Oregon Miner opposes such payments, but undertoned conjecture need be used no longer.

Although this newspaper is for security and comfort for the old folks, and the speediest return to recovery in a business way for all of us, still the Miner has been unable to figure out just how we're going to dig up \$24,000,000,000 a year to give to about 10 per cent of the population. When we have been convinced this sum can be dug up, without providing a cure worse than the disease, then the Miner's editorial columns will be pro-Townsend, and then some.

However, the Townsend plan is not so much a question of whether we recognize the need of persons over 60 years, or whether the man who has lived in this country all these years is entitled to some reward for not climbing into the Ashland granite quarry and pulling a pile of slabs down on his head. Many persons who oppose the idea of giving \$200 a month to the aged are sincerely recognizant of the need for some old age pension provision. And it used to be enough for us to believe that any citizen who wasn't glad to live in the United States during his natural life had better depart for other shores.

As Clark Wood of the Weston (Oregon) Leader said last week, "government does not create wealth; what it

MY VALENTINE!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

As my thoughts upon this day incline
Toward the fashioning of a valentine,
There comes to mind a vision rare—
A memory that my heart enthralls,
Of a girl, true-hearted, winsome, fair—
A girl who is dressed in overalls.

Sensible, clever and full of grit,
And never afraid to do her bit;
A "regular" girl who loves her work—
Who's always "present" when duty calls,
Who never thinks of a way to shirk,
But tackles the job in overalls.

In our last great war, as all men know,
And husband or lover had to go;
When brothers were battling at the front
And bravely facing the rifle-balls,
She was ready to do her little stunt
And climbed right into her overalls.

An honor and credit to her race,
She trips through life with a charming
grace.

Distributing sunshine on the way.
No hardship daunts—no fear appalls—
No timorous doubt may ever sway
The heart of the girl in overalls.

Where does she live, this damsel fair?
All over our country, everywhere;
From the Hudson clear to the Golden
Gate—

From the sunny south to the north,
where falls
The heavy snow when the blizzards mate
You will find her there in her overalls.

There will many a queen of fashion pray
For a kind remembrance on this day,
As arrayed in silks and satins fine
She sits in a cage with gilded walls;
But the queen who gets this valentine
Is the girl who is clad in overalls.

So while we are choosing a valentine,
The girl in the overalls is mine;
And when we meet, wherever we're at—
On earth or in far Celestial Halls—
With a great respect I'll raise my hat,
To the peerless girl in the overalls.

gives to some, it must take from others." The money to pay the Townsend pension idea must be paid to the government by earners, to be given away to non-earners. Which would result, in actual practice, in those persons not 60 years of age (who couldn't go home and live off the old folks) working for the pensioners. It would be actual serfdom; slavery—under a 1935 name.

The Miner has been warned "not to say much about the Townsend plan" in Ashland. Sentiment here is allegedly crystallized solidly behind the idea of everyone, or their immediate relatives, receiving \$200 a month free for nothing. But if the Miner's existence here, or anywhere else, is going to depend on its hypocritical silence on such a topic, then we might as well get started down the road now as later, because we just can't figure how the nation can afford to set aside 24 billion dollars out of a national income which last year totaled only 47 billions.

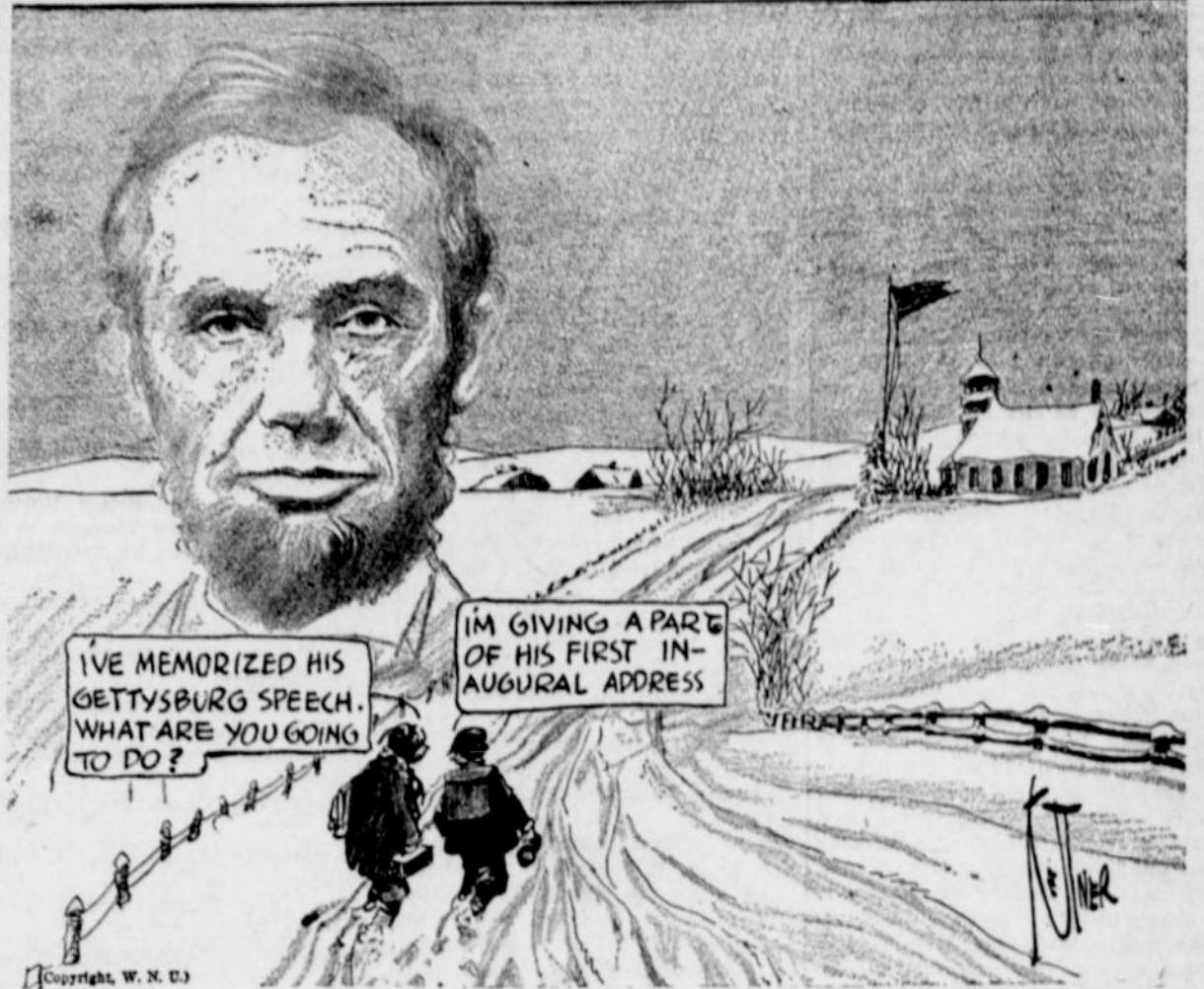
When giving away fortunes which total \$48,000 in 10 years to the average couple will balance the budget, restore normalcy, end poverty, halt crime, do away with charity, etc., etc., ad infinitum, then it is high time the country fall in step with Dr. Townsend. But there are a lot of sincere, level-headed people who do not believe such a scheme will work. Their opinion is to be respected, whether agreed with or not, and it is with them that the Miner sides editorially.

Nevertheless, you Townsend fans who believe otherwise are hereby extended a special invitation to news columns of the Miner for presentation of your cause. This paper's opinion is that of one person, but it is an honest opinion. You are expected to believe as you yourself decide, and if you feel there is something to be said in behalf of the \$200-a-month pension, your letters will be welcomed.

And Yet We'd Die for Him!

Several moves are afoot lately to banish those who would overthrow our pres-

The Immortal



ent form of government by force, and they are commendable, timely moves.

But we sometimes wonder if our patriotism isn't a bit too dramatic, and not enough in actuality. For instance:

We see every day, in our dailies, extensive criticism of Roosevelt. He is being panned, discussed, criticized, abused and burdened with tommyrot economists, politicians and know-it-alls. And, sadly enough, all this hokum and hoop-tee-do meets either with the approval or amused interest of the great American patriot.

There is one thing we should always

hold uppermost in our minds, according to this little weekly's notion, and that is the fact that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the PRESIDENT of these United States of ours! Mull that over in your mind; think what it means. Mr. Roosevelt, the man we all have sworn to die for, if necessary, and whose work most certainly will lead him to an untimely grave, as it has all other presidents save one.

Wouldn't our loyalty, our citizenship, seem a little more genuine if we would swear to live for the president a little, too?

LEGAL NOTICES

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 12th day of January, 1935, in a certain suit therein, wherein J. H. Butler as plaintiff recovered a judgment against the defendants, George Schumacher and Marie Schumacher, husband and wife, for the sum of \$2500.00, plus interest at the rate of 7% per annum from the 17th day of December, 1932, plus \$200.00 attorney's fees, plus costs and disbursements taxed herein in the amount of \$47.90, plus interest on said judgment from the date of the decree herein, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said court in said county on the 12th day of January, 1935.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will on the 23rd day of February, 1935, at 10:00 o'clock, a.m., at the front door of the court house 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 defendants herein, George Schumacher and Marie Schumacher, husband and wife; Howard Hill; L. A. Banks; W. B. Barnum; O. B. Morrow; L. D. Harris; C. H. Taylor; W. H. Norcross; Don R. Newbury; George B. Carpenter; J. F. Wortman, trustee of the estate of L. A. Banks and Edith Banks, bankrupts; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real estate described herein, had on the 18th day of June, 1930, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 4 and 5, block 1, First Extension of South Sea Addition to the city of Medford, Oregon.

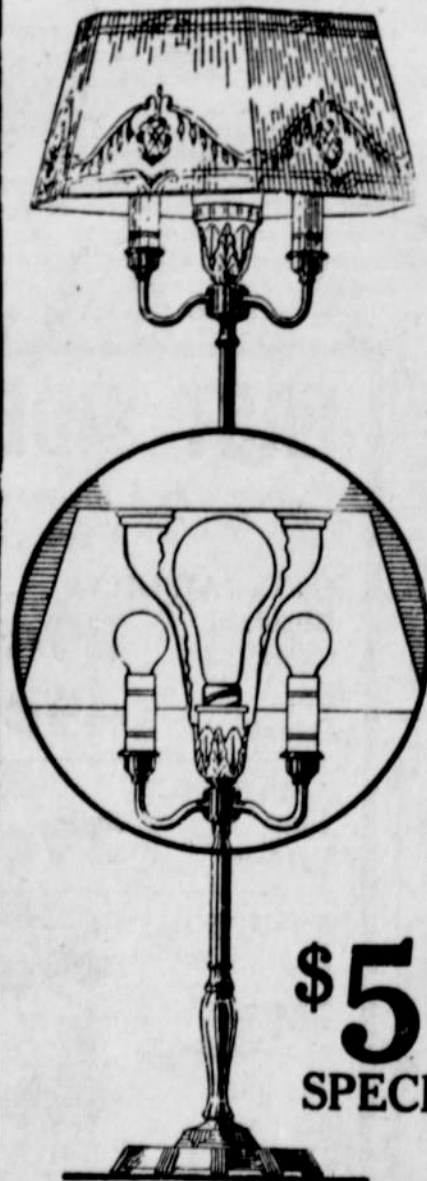
Dated this 14th day of January, 1935.

SYD I. BROWN,
Sheriff of Jackson county, Oregon.
By HOWARD GAULT,
Deputy.

(Jan 18 25 Feb 1 8)

A dozen contortionists are on the rolls of a New York relief agency. Even in good times we have seen them in pretty bad shape.—Weston Leader.

Take No CHANCES...



Eye strain is a very real danger. Few of us realize that we pay dearly for every hour we strain our eyes. The tragedy is that we seldom know that we ARE misusing our eyes. Attempting to read, work or study in poor or glaring light is the cause of most eye strain. The two or three pennies a day saved on your light bill isn't worth the risk of impaired vision. See this new type lamp (recently designed to help correct the evils of improper home lighting) at your dealers.

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