

**Southern Oregon Miner**

Successor to  
**THE JACKSONVILLE MINER**  
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LEONARD N. HALL.....Editor and Publisher

PHONE ASHLAND 70

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**And We With Green Eyes Popping!**

While the hard-working country editors of Jackson county wear their fingers to the first nick, along comes Fate and bestowes choice attention on a daily paper, the Medford Mail-Tribune.

Far be it from us to complain, but it does seem that a few rewards might be saved for threadbare, homely virtue—with which every weekly paper's press fountain fairly oozes. But no, plaudits of the world had to be directed toward an ordinary, habit-forming, six-days-a-week publication in yon city by the pear tree.

It was not enough for Bob Ruhl's sheet to be awarded the Pulitzer prize medal. No! a 72-point no! Just when it seemed as though we village vagabonds might be able to rope in another subscriber, news emanates from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, that Huey Long has received a bomb with a copy of the Medford Mail Tribune wrapped around its infernal mechanism.

The injustice, the ignominy of it all. When a brother editor a scant 13 miles away falls into such fame, what hope has a little typewriter-punching, ink-smearing nonentity of ever getting anywhere surrounded by such competition? Completely crushing and overwhelming, that's what it is!

Ah, Fame—that furtive, glittering, intangible something which eats moth-like holes in pants of poor printers only to fly away, well-fed, to flick its star-dust across the brow of Chosen Ones. Indeed, we of the weekly fold are in the depths as we go about the tedious task of printing newspapers doomed to start fires and wrap garbage.

Philosophy, hasten with thy soothe.

**Americanism or Gimme-ism?**

"The old system has failed," is a cry heard on nearly every side as various "only" remedies for the nation's ills are recited.

Everything, according to many who fill their oral cavities with words and figures and complaints, has failed. The country is headed for some sort of economic revolution which must needs hasten if it is to save us from chaos, complete and terrible.

The New Deal has failed, the NRA is a nose-dive. Capitalism and industry are folding in on themselves. Nothing is right but the remedies being offered as cures.

Somehow or other, though, many steadfast Americans will not be unduly alarmed by the howlings of impending calamity. It was just this week that a news dispatch told how average farm product prices over the country had raised 74 per cent. The United States, for some unaccountable reason, still is the great nation we beheld with hats doffed before the crash of 1929. The people are the same, natural resources still repose within our boundaries and the sun continues to rise in the heavens each 24 hours.

Apparently many, swayed by arguments for this plan and that as the only relief for depression, have lost confidence in themselves and, having lost that feeling of self-reliance, have concluded that the nation as a whole is slipping. Some people endure adversity so gracefully.

As far as the Miner is concerned—and depression's gauntness is known to this publication too—it still has infite faith in the country of which it is a part. Faith—and patriotism. There seems to

**We Need Wreck-Less Driving!**

In the United States during 1934 36,000 persons were killed in automobile accidents, an average of one every 15 minutes. The average of those who were more or less crippled was one every five minutes for the entire year. The majority of all these accidents was the result of somebody's carelessness, induced in nine cases out of 10 by attempts to exceed a sensible rate of speed. These figures are not far below those of the casualties suffered by our troops in the late war.

During war times, men naturally dreaded being ordered onto the battlefield, where the probability was that death awaited them. But during times of peace no one of either sex dreads, or hangs back from a swift joyride in an automobile, with some speed fiend, where the probability of being killed is fully as great as the risks taken by soldiers on the battlefield in war times.—J. C. R.

**Whose Turn Next?**

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Each fifteen minutes, a person killed; This is the tally, flat.

Four human hearts each hours are stilled—

What do you think of that? Four, every hour, the figures read— Sacrificed to the craze for speed.

Every five minutes, a person hurt, Fact, to be marveled at. Mangled, disabled, crushed, inert— Ponder a bit on that.

Every five minutes, the toll is one; Twelve, every hour, the figures run.

But what is a dead man, now and then? We can't wait on the slow; Our country calls for speedy men— Men with the "push and go;" And in our craze for speed, the skilled, With luck survive; the rest are killed.

Each hour the count goes gaily on— The graveyard claims its four. Each short five minutes, numbers one Bruised victim, for its score. When men for speed so madly strive— Only the lucky may survive.

have been a phrase, once popular, about "may my country always be right but, right or wrong, still my country."

It is almost a declaration of treason for citizens to devoutly declare the government owes them tribute because they have endured a lifetime within its boundaries. Rather, we'd say the citizen who has at any time tired and grown dissatisfied with his nation had better choose some other more attractive spot on the globe or, finding none, quit heaping abusive complaint.

After all, it simmers down to a matter of practical loyalty today, with times admittedly tough, for the citizen to refrain from joining ranks of marchers, demanders and complainers. He should have enough blind faith in his country to carry him past such impractical pleas as demanding \$200 a month, bonuses, gifts. True, there is a definite obligation due the aged, the unfortunate and the dependent; one that must be paid—but only paid in full.

There are a lot of people who have been led to believe they can be handed \$200 a month and prosperity if only the government will yield to their plan. There are hundreds of thousands of good people who are going to feel bitter and resentful when such an amount is not forthcoming from congress. They will not be left with a healthful attitude toward government or the legislators who are doing their best as public servants to help all of us. There will be insinuations of graft, greed, thoughtlessness and dishonesty when what must be is.

We need a little more of that fierce, blood-surgng patriotism characteristic of the spirit which built this great nation to continue building it even greater. We must have faith in ourselves, our country, our government and our president. They have been chosen as our leaders—let's let them lead, lest we get nowhere at all.

**"I Did It With My Little Hatchet, Uncle"**



(Copyright, W. N. C.)

**Old Timer Talks!**

By B. W. TALCOTT

**Do You Remember**—When Virgin's grist mill stood at the entrance to the canyon, near where the city hall now stands. (Photo in Miner office window.)

**Did You Know** — That in the early mining days in the Rogue River valley most of the supplies and machinery came up from Frisco to Scottsburg, on the Umpqua river, by boat and were packed from there on mules and burros to Jacksonville and even to Yreka. Scottsburg, a town of nearly 2000 people, was destroyed by fire in 1862 and never rebuilt except as a hamlet.

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Young peoples' services at 6:15 p.m. Two groups. Epworth league and Wesley foundation. All young people are cordially invited.

Vesper service at FIVE O'CLOCK. Brief organ concert recital. Special music. Evangelistic message. We seek to make all these services devotional, inspirational and interesting. You are cordially invited if you have no other church home.

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

Merle Lloyd Edwards, Minister  
 Church school, 9:45. Mr. Wirt Wright superintendent. This school teaches the experience of the New

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Birth. It shall also sustain the teaching of the necessity of the "Lamb Slain from the Foundation of the World." It shall also sustain that there is no triumph apart from that triumph which is given them "who overcome through the blood of the lamb."

Morning worship, 11 a.m. Pastor's subject, "I Believe in the Resurrection." This is the first of three sermons preliminary to the Lenten series of sermon, which shall deal with "I Believe." The general subject, "The Body of Christ." These start on March 10. We urge consecutive attendance.

Boys' Diamond Lake group, 5 p.m.

Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p.m.

Evening worship, 7:30 p.m.

Pastor's subject, Missionary play sponsored by Missionary society.

The Word teaches us to be watchful and waiting, living momentarily, living expectantly. Prayer meeting is a good place to sharpen your expectations. Our prayer meetings are places to sharpen your living to the point of expectation and we meet on Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Weston may be slow in some respects, but has grown beyond that inane and meaningless formality, the "card of thanks." The Leader hasn't printed one for 20 years.—Weston Leader.

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