

Southern Oregon Miner

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LEONARD N. HALL, Editor and Publisher

PHONE ASHLAND 70

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Washed Behind the Ears!

To the weary motorist descending the Oregon side of the Siskiyou, Ashland comes as a refreshing relief, a civic gem along a highway which extends from Mexico to Canada. Because of its unique, well-planned arrangement, tourists remember the Lithia City as distinct from the dozens of other places they see.

This city's famous park, her boulevard, her well-kept homes and yards green with lawns and punctuated with shrubbery and flowers give the passerby an atmosphere of rest, comfort and security. But the well-kept appearance of the town does even more than that, psychologically. It builds up an impression, unconsciously, that the people who planned, who built and who care for the city are as pleasing and well-ordered as their surroundings.

As Park Commissioner Dodge pointed out in a talk Wednesday evening, Ashland's natural setting and her wise use of this setting to create what is conceded the prettiest natural park in this country has made the city and its people distinctive wherever there is appreciation for the beautiful, the tidy and the harmonious. Lithia park pays Ashland dividends each time a stranger or outsider passes through its soothing, shaded acres.

Just as surely as a person's countenance reflects his thoughts and habits, does a city's appearance reveal its character to the world. It is little wonder that up and down the Pacific slope the name Ashland is synonymous with dignity, peace, beauty.

One can feel nothing but respect, admiration and friendliness for a townspeople who have created and maintained a community so beautiful and so comfortable as Ashland.

And because of this, there is a distinct obligation on the part of newcomers to become a harmonious, consistent blend with in picture.

\$30 Is \$30, Dr. Townsend!

It was good news to most Oregonians—save those who seek \$200 or nothing—when Governor Martin announced his plan to provide \$30 per month for the aged and unemployable, \$15 of which will come from federal funds, the balance to be made up from a state-county pension fund.

Although \$30 per month is no flood of silver, or answer to every needy person's hope, still it is a considerable increase over what has been available in the past. It is a plan which should be encouraged and welcomed, for it will go far in the right direction toward solving distressing problems for aged unfortunates.

The \$30 per month pension as proposed in Oregon, to be paid only to those aged with no means of support, and unemployables, is the logical answer to the Townsend demand for \$200 for everyone over 60.

In the first place, the federal government and the state can combine to pay, without undue strain, the \$30 a month pension. It has none of the elements of gamble in human nature of the Townsend plan, and it does fill a crying need for special relief to the aged.

Conscientious persons of Oregon, if the \$30 pension materializes, should display their good citizenship by withdrawing intolerant demands for an excessive pension idea as that advanced by Dr. Townsend. They should make the most of Governor Martin's plan and accept \$30 as a welcome improvement. It will average about a 200 per cent increase over that now being paid by Oregon counties.

After all, sanity and caution are as

Just About Got 'Er Made!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

I'm just an average working man,
Of work I'm not afraid;
Of honest toil I've done my share,
My way I've always paid.
But when I found my job too hard,
To the Boss I'd promenade—
And I'd say, "Old Scout, just write 'er out,
I've got mine made."

I've worked at ranches, mines and mills,
I've handled pick and spade;
And I never spoke for an easy place
Or a soft snap in the shade.
But when my job began to drag,
On the Boss I'd make a raid—
And I'd say, "Old Scout, just write 'er out,
I've got mine made."

I've never spurned a busted man
Who called on me for aid;
I've helped a lot of needy guys
In the "down and out" brigade.
But when my job went stale, I'd quit,
Right up to the Boss I'd wade—
And I'd say, "Old Scout, just write 'er out,
I've got mine made."

I don't pretend to be too good,
I hate a masquerade;
I'm just an average working man
And make no grand parade.
But when I failed to suit the Boss
While working at my trade,
I'd say, "Old Scout, just write 'er out,
I've got mine made."

Some day, across the Great Divide,
I'll hit the trail and fade;
I'll leave this dinky little earth
Where I so long have stayed.
But I'll not fret when Death arrives,
Or be the least dismayed—
I'll say, "Old Scout, just write 'er out,
I've got mine made."

advisable in governmental expenditures as they are in private enterprise. There is a need among the ranks of the aged for sustenance, and \$30 a month will provide necessities. Those who seek more than that at this time have no right to incorporate pleas for the aged into their arguments for a \$200 a month pension.

Mister, Can You Spare A Whine?

Much too often one hears the defense, in court, that jailing means the county or city will have to "care for my family." Under such circumstances the defendant generally is released after gushing promises to do better. But, more often than not, he does worse.

Having gotten by with a bluff, he takes advantage of the situation and next time the person is haled before the court he again assumes an attitude of half persecution, half poverty and starts mumbling things about hungry babies and a starving wife.

Which, in a large proportion of the cases, is just a lot of bosh, bluff and baloney.

Why a man who has been convicted of some offense for which a punishment is prescribed should be turned loose just because the county or city will have to feed him or his dependents is beyond us. Suppose he does have a family and a ravenous appetite. Provision has been made to care for the needy and feed prisoners and the thought occurs that perhaps, in administering a few lessons to habitual offenders, it might be money well spent.

One of the most striking weaknesses in the argument about hungry children and worried wives when bluffing the court out of a jail sentence is the defendant's very apparent lack of sincerity. He has found an argument, a clincher, that always works. Were he so filled with remorse at his family's plight he might better have been showing it in deeds outside the courtroom.

Where the situation at home is acute, leniency and help should be proffered without hesitation, but this old gag of "If you jail me my wife and kids will starve or be on the county" is a hackneyed, abused escape from punishment.

What Is It?



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LETTERS to the Editor

YEH, TAX THE AIR TOO!

To the Editor:
While such a hullabaloo is being made all around the place concerning the best and most efficient method of raising additional taxes, allow me to point out a very simple solution right at hand, which apparently has been overlooked by the distributors of brainy ideas who are at present attempting to do our thinking for us.

As every known commodity has been thoroughly examined and taxed for as much as the traffic would bear, with the exception of the air we breathe and part of our water, what could be easier or more expedient than to slap a small per capita tax on the atmosphere.

Let each one of our 120,000,000 population be examined as to lung capacity and charged accordingly, at so much per thousand cubic feet.

Children under six half-price, of course, and over that up to the age of 12 a trifle more.

Twenty-five cents could be charged for such examination, which would produce 40 million dollars to start off with and the steady stream of money derived from the tax itself should be sufficient to pay the national debt and keep it paid in future.

Laws governing the collection of taxes from delinquent air users and the amount of tax per person could be passed by congress, as well as an extremely high tariff on all air, brought in or imported from foreign countries.

No patriotic citizen would fail to endorse such a beneficent measure, especially if guaranteed that all air furnished by the government would be strictly fresh and not contaminated by the poisonous, heated variety of gas, exhaled in such enormous quantities by some of our politicians.

This would give employment to at least 20 million persons who would be eager to accept government positions as inspectors of the filtered product.

Heretofore our common class has been allowed to inhale the same kind of air as the millionaire element free of charge, which doesn't seem to be right when our country needs the money for expenses, etc., etc.

J. C. REYNOLDS.

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Old Timer Talks!

By B. W. TALCOTT

Do you remember when the last stage coach went through Ashland before the railroad was built?

Did you know that Dan Cawley, who drove the first stage over the Siskiyou about 1856 drove the last stage in 1885, when the railroad was completed?

Did you know it was pulled by six white horses? (Picture in Miner office window.)

Do you remember when a certain type of women's coat was called a redingote. The coat has been in and out of style ever since but the name is coming back again. Usually styles come back with a new name.

FABLES FROM LIFE

Patrick and Terrance O'Brien were iron moulders in Ireland. They came to America but failed to write back home. Some years later their cousin Mike McGann came to America and thought he would have no trouble in locating them but searched in vain. One day he saw a stove, "Patented 1856" was cast in the hearth.

"Pat and Ted. That's the year they came over," ejaculated Mike. "Howly Mither," said he, "the boys must have a factory of their own." Presently he saw a plow. That bore the inscription "Patented." Again he marveled. How his cousins must have prospered and spread out.

Find the moral for yourself if you can.

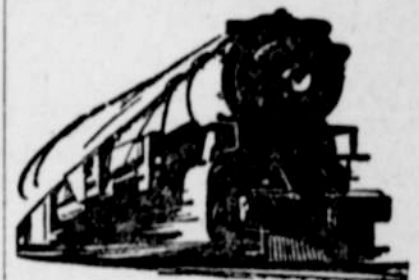
I notice they spell it "cole slaw" in cook books now. It was originally "cold slaw" in distinction from "hot slaw" which is prepared the same but wilted by heating without being cooked. It was much used in the days when we did not have summer vegetables all winter.

A man who does \$10,000 a year

business and makes \$2000 or 20 per cent is a good business man and a Christian. But if he does a billion dollars a year business and makes five per cent, or 50 million dollars he is a grafter and a menace to society. Why?

"You can hold a crocodile's mouth closed with one hand," a naturalist declares. Still, we would not want to give even a little crocodile a great big hand.—Weston Leader.

TRY THE TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA



When you go to California, try the train! Big changes have taken place on our rails. Pullman charges are a third less than last year. Rail fares are touching bottom at 2¢ a mile and less. Complete meals in car dining cars cost as little as 80¢. For details, see your local agent or write J. A. Ormandy, 705 Pacific Building, Portland, Oregon.

Southern Pacific

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