

Southern Oregon Miner

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Not A Bald Barber in Town!

Many are the vanities of coast cities, and varied are their claims for distinction, but as a rule their pride leans toward a municipal expostulation of scenic, geographical or moral virtue. It remained for the Southern Oregon Miner to unearth, late last week, a startling fact which should make every Ashlander's heart swell with pride, and which should elicit the wonder and admiration of other municipalities and chambers of commerce.

After almost literally combing the tonsorial parlors and knobs of Ashland, the startling fact was bare that this city has not one bald-headed barber! And they used to think a man biting a dog was news.

We realize it will take the reader a few minutes to comprehend the full significance of this phenomena, to fully appreciate the prevalence of small horny fibrous tubes with a bulbous root growing out of the skin attached over knobs of chin whackers and conversationalists of Ashland. To make the story even more bizarre and unbelievable, it might be added that local barber shops boast hair tonic, too, which is an inseparable hand-mate of barren pates, or baldness.

So, while other mayors prate of their green fields, their big buildings, their expositions, their history, Ashlanders can point with pride to barber poles and shamelessly direct the wanderer into razor and clipper palaces unafraid that sensibilities will be offended by shining skulls. No deceit, no nudity to be found there, and not a toupee in the lot.

The possibilities of such a civic virtue as hairy-headed barbers can not be overstated. With lithia water, climate, sunshine and elevation to exploit, what more marvelous attraction could Ashland discover than this? Not only is Ashland a clean city, a handsome city, it also is a place where the patient in a barber's chair does not have to sit and look, in awful horror, at a hairless example of the evils of senility.

Why, even Ashland's solid granite hills are covered with a dense growth!

Who Wants A Dodo Anyway?

It is with near-apprehension that the Miner adds its few editorial paragraphs to the Blue Eagle's exploration with the supreme court manipulating the guillotine, but here goes anyway.

Benefits from the New Deal measure championed by the American eagle were many and easily recognizable. But, like any political monster, it had its drawbacks, too. However, in justice to the NRA, we believe it should be pointed out that the alphabetical system's badness were due more to a built-in weakness which permitted the unscrupulous to exploit its authority than to any intentional monopoly or unfairness.

Inasmuch as the Southern Oregon Miner was concerned, the price-fixing feature of the National Recovery act was the double-edged sword which lent itself to grasping monopolists as well as to the promotion of fairer business usages because it was a keen weapon which was pounced on by those who already have, and it is a known fact that those who have, want.

For example: With prices equal, many businessmen attempted to bring other pressure to bear to effect an advantage in getting orders. The small town printer was forced to charge approximately the same as the large metropolitan plant, and the city typographer immediately seized on this fact and preached convenience, equipment, location, larger payrolls, better work and a lot of other hokey to snare the buyer of printing. His argument would go something like this: "Well, you can't save anything by taking your work to a small shop, so why not take advantage of our greater facilities, etc., etc., which cost you no more." Which left the small printer holding what closely resembled a sack much of the time. The idea, of course, worked out about the same in other lines of business.

Price-fixing features of NRA, as well as taking away a destructive offensive of cut-throat slashers, also took away the privilege of defense against such advantages as those claimed by the larger shops. Which worked to the direct advantage of big business, and left the small operator even

more helpless than before. (Which, however, appears to be the usual result of most government control of business.)

Any power which gives one business man the right to tell another what he shall or shall not charge for a service is a dangerous thing. That a great number of businessmen will seek personal advantage in every trade agreement, alliance, code or price fixation must be an accepted fact.

Even here in Ashland one newspaper promoted an agreement which obligated every publisher to charge 10 cents a line for first insertions of legal publications in order to eliminate price cutting, and then turned around and started setting its publications in a smaller type face so as to require fewer lines, at a lower total cost to the buyer—which resulted in offering the same service for less money. Yet when the Miner met this gesture with a lower rate which equalized the charges this paper was attacked as undermining an established price structure.

In the long run everyone must paddle his own canoe, and any law which seeks to regulate the dips or energy of his paddle will run into complications and eventually accentuate rather than minimize inequalities. Perhaps it is just as well that the supreme court outlawed the NRA. There is no reason why its benefits cannot be continued and some of its more dangerous powers forgotten.

Without meaning to pun we can point out, however, that the NRA gave us our initial start out of the depression and it is a milestone which we have passed and which has lost its greatest significance.

Strawberries To You, California!

One might think, what with its Dr. Townsends, Upton Sinclairs, film studios and other hokey-spreading agencies, that California's soils would be the most fertile in the world. Too, one could easily conclude they should be prolific in things to eat, in addition to the well-known frivolities which emanate from the Bear state.

But, for example, even a little strawberry tells an awful truth about the state to the south which chambers of commerce and travel ads overlook: A few weeks ago the California strawberry invaded the local markets at a low price. They were scrubby, flavorless and unappetizing in appearance, compared to the fine, luscious, fully ripened southern Oregon strawberries which now are commanding a better price and which really glorify that world-famous delicacy known as short cake, probably because every dinner table is far too short of it.

Gorgeous, juicy, bright red, with a permeating scent, are these strawberries grown hereabouts—acclaimed the best in the world—and they take their rightful place alongside the notable Rogue River valley tomato as real table delicacies, than which there is no finer. Yet the world hears far less of the green wonders of Oregon than she does of the ultra-superlativeness of "golden" California, a parched, barren accumulation of low hills and desert in comparison.

Not that we are attempting to belittle the great state to the south of us, however. Nosiree. But the Miner would like to impress on the eaters of strawberries at this time the tasty contrast between fruit and produce raised north of the Siskiyou in comparison to that grown to the south. Oregon, fundamentally, is quiet, unassuming, wholesome and fertile. Her people reflect this natural advantage by putting the goods into the containers, rather than onto the labels, a fact which you might well reflect next time you take bib in hand.

Sunny-Jim Stuff

By J. C. REYNOLDS

We are advised, particularly by those who reside on the Sunny Side of Easy Street, to laugh at present-day troubles.

Trouble, decrees the latest style,
Should now be flouted with a smile.
The frown, say those on Easy Street,
Is fast becoming obsolete.
The fad now is to laugh in glee
At every form of villainy;
To snicker at the luckless skate
Whose profits go in paying freight;
And grin when bold manipulators cheat
The farmer on his hard-earned wheat;
And shriek with noisy merriment
When landlords elevate the rent.
Why sympathize with those who feel
The impact of a Coal Czar's heel?
Or give the workingman a thought
Whose wages have been cut to naught?

When greedy speculators join
To boost the price of tenderloin—
And managers of traffic band
To raise the carfare in our land—
When avaricious sharks convene
And hoist the cost of gasoline—
And judges, whom we term "supreme,"
Defeat our most progressive scheme—
And countless overburdened backs
Are breaking 'neath a weighty tax—
Why interpose in their behalf?
The proper caper is to laugh.
"Laugh long and loudly—and repeat,"
Say Sunny-Jims of Easy Street.

SNAKE SNACKS NEW FLORIDA BUSINESS IDEA

Nibbling on rattlesnakes may be an unpalatable idea to most folks, whose first impulse on seeing one of the poisonous reptiles is to reach for a weapon instead of a napkin, but down in Florida a small truck gardener had a farm of rattlers and an idea, and now has a good business canning the critters and selling their by-products.

An interesting account of how the new food came into use is told in the words of Russell Kay, written under the heading, "Too Late to Classify," in the Union County Times, Lake Butler, Florida. His journalistic gem follows: "I've been 'seem' snakes," but wait, don't start your temperance lecture until you hear my story. For a long time Nate Reese, publisher of the Arcadia Arcadian, has been urging me to come down and have a look at George End's Rat-

tiesnake cannery, so as I happened to be in the neighborhood the other day, I took time out to visit what folks down that way choose to call "Rattlesnake Headquarters."

According to the rules, a guy is supposed to take a good stiff drink before he can expect to see snakes, but I'm tellin' you, this is a case where you need a drink a heck of a lot worse after than you do before.

It seems that a long way back durin' the real estate boom some slick real estate promoter got a hold of a tract of flatwoods scrub palmetto land east of Arcadia and sold it in little chunks as the world's best trucking land.

George End and a few other folks went out there with a vision of making a comfortable living from the soil. They built homes and started wadin' round in the palmetto scrub buildin' fences and carryin' on generally like good truck farmers are supposed to.

But Osceola J. Rattlesnake and his tribe had been making their

home here for many years and this invasion on the part of pale-faced planters didn't act well at all and the war was on.

Not only was the land of little value for farming purposes, it was so infested with rattlers that even attempting to clear it was difficult. Of course George could have surrendered, taken his loss and pulled out, but he was made of different stuff.

Everything he had in the world was tied up in that little so-called

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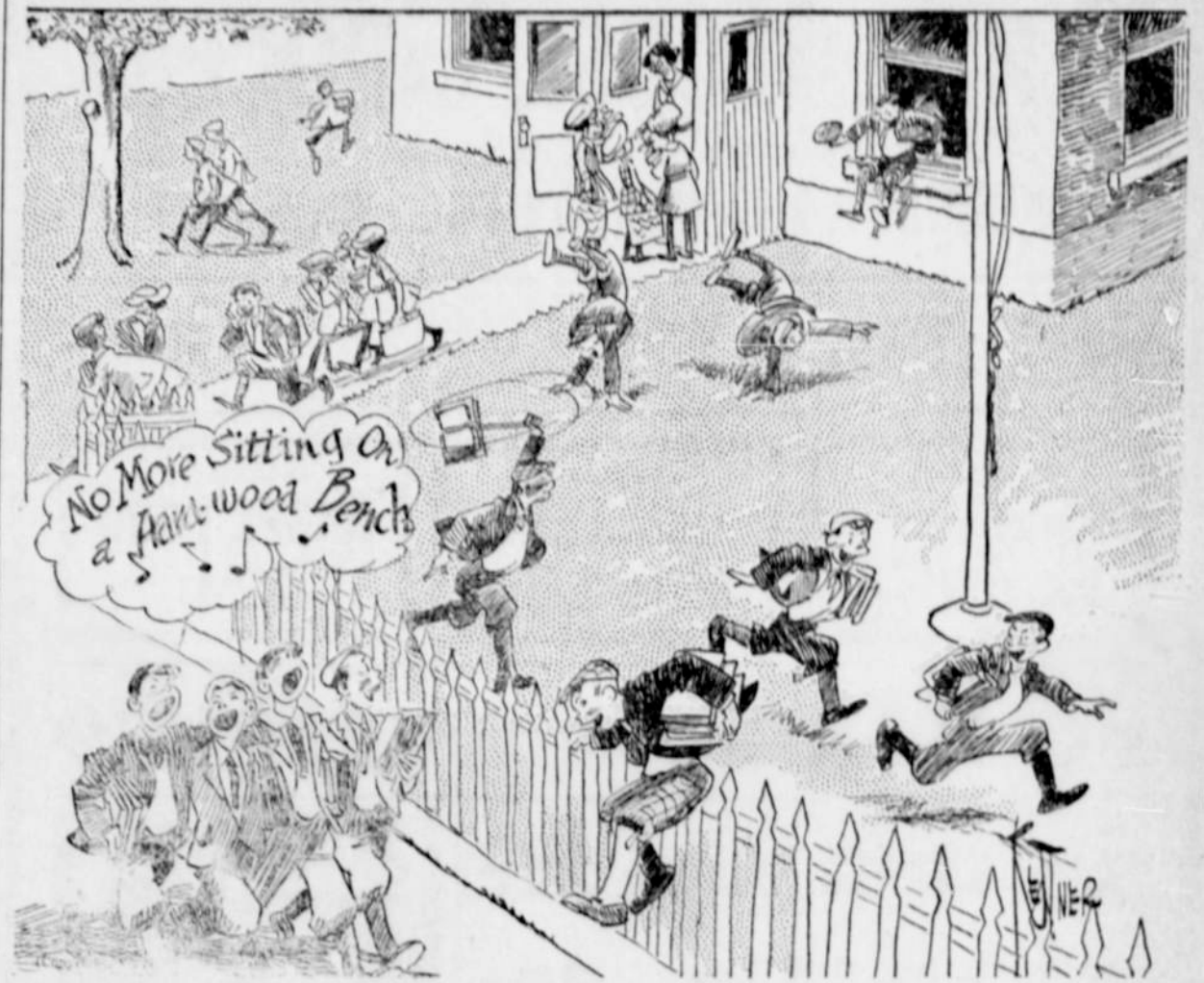
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farm. He had a family to provide for and nowhere to go and nothing to go with. So he doggedly went about the business of killing rattlesnakes and skinning them for their hides when a wild idea struck him: why not try eating one of the darn things?—the meat looked good, their habits were clean, they lived on rabbits and small game.

So he tried it and was delightfully delicious—better than frog legs. It surprised. It was tender, tasty and equalled the breast of quail. It was food for a king and his domain was plentifully supplied with it.

Then the big idea struck him: Why not start a rattlesnake cannery and sell this food extraordinary to the world? So he announced his project. People laughed and hooted, but the idea was so unique and so startling that news men and feature writers found it wonderful material. Stories appeared in magazines, trade journals and newspapers.

Inquiries began to pour in from all over the country. Drug houses wanted to purchase snake oil and venom; leather goods and shoe people placed orders for hides; universities, museums and zoos wanted live specimens; hotels and clubs asked about this new delicacy and placed orders.

Overnight George End's truck farm—a total loss—became George End's Snake farm—a rattling success. Today the institution is known all over the world. People from everywhere come to see this unique establishment. Its products, a dozen or more, are in demand at good prices and the business is growing with amazing rapidity.

Two food products are produced: Canned rattlesnake in supreme sauce and snake snacks which are deliciously seasoned bits of choice meat smoked over hickory. Those who indulge in this delicacy have formed what is known as the Subtle Society of Snakesnackers, and a snacker of snakes, the attractive membership card informs, is insured an elegant appetite and a stupendous thirst at all times.

Well, sober or vice versa, I'm the kind of a yap that will try anything once, so I now pride myself as a full fledged snakesnacker. Not only have I snacked—I have also chewed and chewed on a full-sized chunk and hereafter the buzz of a rattler's rattle will be to me as a dinner bell and my mouth will probably water in anticipation of the treat in store.

And I tip my hat to George K. End of Arcadia—a guy who took

it on the chin and came back up with a rattlesnake in each hand.

Little Old Man and Dogs Jog To Town In Tour of Country

The little old man with the dog team about whom people were remarking at the recent carnival in Medford is Karl Lindauer, who spent two days in Ashland this week. He is a very happy little man and as his story unfolds, it is gathered that he has been many places and has seen strange sights with his diminutive wagon and unique method of traveling with six dogs as motive power.

Lindauer has traveled approximately 25,000 miles during the last four years, financing his journey by sale of pictures of dogs and wagon, as advertising medium, and by performing at carnivals and circuses, providing they both are in the same vicinity at the same time.

He said that he had been in Chicago at the World's fair, in Washington, D. C., in New York city, and many of the larger and most interesting spots of the west and middlewest. From Ashland he planned to see Crater Lake before going on to Alaska, via Portland and Seattle.

The dogs manage to get a rest

quite often as Lindauer works them in shifts of three; while three pull the wagon the other three ride, eat and catch their forty winks.

He plans to make Alaska his final objective in his "See America First" program, and possibly will remain there.

An unorganized majority still seems to have some standing at the White House.—Weston Leader.

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