

Southern Oregon Miner

Published Every Friday
at 167 East Main Street
ASHLAND, OREGON

Entered as second-class
matter February 15,
1935, at the postoffice at
Ashland, Oregon, under
the act of March 3, 1879.

TELEPHONE 170



Leonard N. Hall
Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION
RATES
(In Advance)
ONE YEAR\$1.50
SIX MONTHS80c
(Mailed Anywhere in the
United States)

"THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE"

OREGON FARMING ON THE UPBEAT!

During last few days it has been hard to determine whether upstate floods are due more to excessive rains or to too-enthusiastic crying by the congested population.

At any rate, inundations the country over will be likely—and salty ones, too—if the present fad of moaning isn't tempered with the facts and tapered off to a spasmodic simpering.

Arguments, like charity, should begin at home. So let's take a look at business conditions here in Oregon in an effort to determine just how much sobbing conditions justify—and how much is being whipped up by a sour-grapes partisanship of sulking businessmen.

(It must be admitted that the greatest impetus to Oregon's fall and winter "recession" was given by labor unrest and unending and cross-purpose strikes. Business—itsself partly to blame—has consequently suffered.)

But take the agriculturist who is, after all, the brawn and sinew of the state: According to recently compiled reports, the Oregon farmer fared pretty well during 1937. Although production and income from wheat in the state dropped noticeably, most other crops brought greater revenue to growers. All in all, the state gain for principal agricultural products was \$22,031,600 over 1936, and \$49,670,600 over 1935!

In other words, the Oregon farmer's income has increased more than 20 million dollars each year since 1935—not including benefit payments—reaching a grand total of \$363,585,600 for the year just ended.

Perhaps the tiller of the soil still is far from his hoped-for goal of financial independence, but here in Oregon he has been making steady progress in that direction. And the agriculturist in Oregon is a prevalent character—a basic industry.

So, despite strikes which have strangled the lumber industry, Mr. Oregon Farmer has been doing better by himself regardless of the reams of bear talk broadcast by some biased newspapers and political opportunists. Money talks, and it says that "recession" is the bogey of industry, not agriculture—and mayhap industry's wish is father of that!

OUR PROBLEM—BULLETS OR BUMPERS?

A tightening of enforcement and punishment of reckless and drunken driving has been noticeable in Oregon—along with other measures intended to help make our highways safer.

Probably the erring motorist—particularly the repeater—thinks stiff fines and actual jail sentences now the vogue are too stringent and not in line with offenses. But were the foolhardy to understand fully the serious consequences that develop from too fast or too careless driving habits they wouldn't be facing punishment.

If a show-off were to run amok down the middle of the sidewalk with a gun, firing it at random just to hear the noise or to command attention he immediately would belong behind bars and would lose little time in getting there. Sounds like a far-fetched comparison, but such a foolish act probably would endanger no more lives and property than if the same man were to hop into his car and show off down the street.

An automobile, like a gun, is a very dangerous weapon when misandled. Rigid enforcement of traffic laws is an aid to longevity, not only for other motorists and pedestrians, but also for those whom the law corrals and punishes.

THOSE DOG-GONE DAYS ARE HERE!

Once again comes that baleful time of year when all businessmen and those fortunate wage earners in the better brackets start worrying about income tax reports, paying taxes, assessments, unemployment

LIFE'S BYWAYS!



compensation tithes, workmen's compensations and so on into infinity.

Many things could be said about hidden, burdensome, obvious, unjust, excessive, nuisance, personal, tyrannical, suicidal and other varieties of taxes. But what's the use? Every last taxpayer who will have to juggle figures, thumb through books and receipts and wonder where the money to pay 'em is coming from will have plenty to say on the subject himself.

And not much of the current comment on taxes would be printable, anyway.

A TOAST!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Here's to our trusty President
And the loyal friends who love him;
Among the great and the eminent
There are none we would place above him.
The name of Roosevelt has always stood
As a symbol of honest dealing;
He gives his best for the nation's good,
High principle thus revealing.

And here's confusion to critics who
Think only of dimes and nickels;
A jealous and most distrustful crew,
From whose tongues dissension trickles.
The brand they wear is the double-cross
And their inconsistency shows it;
But F.D.R. is our chosen Boss
And we don't give a damn who knows it.

LETTERS to the Editor

EXPRESSES THANKS

To the Editor:
On behalf of the inmates and employes of the county farm I wish to thank all those who made the Christmas season such a pleasant one for all here.

I wish especially to thank the Full Gospel church of Ashland, the police and the Apostolic Faith church of Medford for the treats received by them.

Also I wish to thank the young ladies of the St. Marys academy and those in charge for the fine program given here and so much enjoyed by all.

Those who have provided reading material for the home have helped to make the time go pleasantly and if any have good reading material that you have finished reading it will always be used here as nearly all those in the home like to read.

The newspapers that have generously furnished complimentary copies of their papers for so many years are to be commended.

It is a great thing to be able to make the declining years of the aged brighter and on behalf of all at the county home I extend to the citizens of Jackson county a happy new year.

D. M. BROWER CHAFES
SUPERINTENDENT,
Jackson County Farm.

To the Editor:

Our attention has been called to last week's issue of The Miner which reads as follows: "Speaking of has-beens, we wonder what has become of Dr. Francis E. Townsend and his \$200-a-month bait?" We wonder if you were asking for information, or were making a desperate attempt to be funny. If the former, the following is just a little for your benefit: Dr. Townsend has his headquarters at room 800, North Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., where is printed his national weekly.

There are over 5000 clubs which meet from one to four times a month. Most, if not all, states

have organized workers and speakers actively engaged in spreading and organizing his National Recovery plan. The TNRP is much livelier than the NRA, which the supreme court declared unconstitutional. The former is battling for what it knows is the greatest movement in the USA.

The Ashland Townsend club meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Visit them—maybe you will get an eyeful. Maybe you might meet a horsewhip. We hope not. When desperately in need of something funny to say, come again but be sure to come up on the right side.

DR. D. M. BROWER,
(216 Central avenue)

EDITOR'S NOTE — Well, Doc, we can take it, but it surprises us somewhat that such a profound thinker as you would get off on a tangent of personalities. Did our paragraph really nettle you that much, or do you jest?

TRIVIALITIES!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

China's intentions (we hear) are pacific. Japan's intentions (we firmly believe) are Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic, Antarctic, with the Great Lakes and Mississippi river thrown in for good measure.

We heartily endorse Japan's proposition to the U. S. to divide up the Pacific ocean on a 50-50 basis, providing the Japs take the bottom half.

We are in favor of birth-control for bed bugs, wood ticks, hornets, Japanese and all other pestiferous insects.

Suggestion for bathing suits for 1938. Two feathers and a button.

We saw 100 pounds of striptease dancer in swimming last summer. She said she weighed 103.

One of Hollywood's actresses, visitin' gear here recently, was visiting near here recently, was fence by a billy goat. Probably he just wanted her autograph.

Hunting Out Sports

By LARRY HUNTER

NOW, with basketball season well under way, there comes the annual renewal of Ashland's favorite winter sport—discussion of present hoop talent as compared with the cage heroes of years gone by, generally to the disadvantage of the recent hoopers.

In fact, the other night, one of the old timers made the remark that the best basketball player ever to wear an Ashland uniform was Walter Phillips, now deceased. Not only was he steady and dependable but, without being particularly flashy, was the cleverest ball handler ever here.

Never having seen Phillips, of course, and also being in the dark about the now almost legendary Al Marske, Sonny Leedom, various Ramsays and Ramseys and other erstwhile Grizzly stars, yours truly is no authority on the early vintage boys, but if any five of them, granted the miracle of time standing still, would live up to their reputations against a quintet picked from the best players since 1930 the game ought to pay rent for the gym on a one-night stand.

Right from the opening gong in 1930 the combination of Howell, Reeder and Gill, aided and abetted by certain other players, kept fans on the edges of their seats throughout the seasons of '30 and '31 while winning southern Oregon titles.

Big Wardlow Howell is plenty good for basketball conversation yet, having had spectacular success after high school at SONS and U of O. Over six feet six in height and built proportionately, his rough and clever game must insure him an all-time Grizzly post at either center or forward. Lyle Reeder, lanky all-state forward, and southpaw Lawrence Gill made up the threesome which generally carried opponents off their feet with great dispatch and finesse. Helping them no little in 1930 was Earl Winkleman and, in 1931, Keller Mabbott, both better than fair players. Other members of those teams, while capable enough, definitely were not of all-star quality—with the possible exception of Tom Simpson, guard in 1930.

Then into 1932-1933, Ashland high school had another gang of swell hoopers dropped into her lap from Coach Earl Rogers' junior squad.

Don Faber fell heir to no less than Bob Hardy, Bill Hoxie, Parker Hess, Hjalmar Kannasto and others. It was no trouble going to Salem then. In so doing, Hardy came mighty close to Howell's star position and, no flash in the pan, still is going great guns at U of O after two brilliant seasons at SONS.

With one rather off-season, Faber bowed out but left a fine squad of reserves for the present mentor, Skeet O'Connell.

Last year the team, with Steve Fowler, Walt Lee, Tiny Jones and Walt Scheiderer pacing the attack, O'Connell breezed through the conference in a walk. This year still is a good bet with Charlie Warren, Everett Nance, Jack Weaver and Buzz Roberson strong contenders for the local hall of basketball fame.

At any rate, this column offers a challenge to any and all "old settlers" who claim that it is necessary to go further back than 1930 for an all-time Ashland all-star team.

Put Howell, at his best, in the center post; Gill and Hardy at forwards; let Scheiderer, Kannasto, Mabbott and Hoxie flip coins for the starting guard jobs; back them up with the rest of the fellows previously listed as reserves and, take the word of this department for it, they would make a clean sweep of any teams the cobwebby past could produce!

What? You don't think so? Well, anyone who can pick a better all-star team is welcome to send in his opinion. Go as far back as you want to, name 1937-38 players if you feel they deserve the mention and, for your convenience, use the following ballot. Just send it or leave it at The Miner office and between us we'll pick a team satisfactory to most of us:

Player	Pos.	Year
.....	F.....
.....	F.....
.....	C.....
.....	G.....
.....	G.....

● Virginia Hales, dean of women at Southern Oregon Normal school, returned Sunday from Eugene where she spent the Christmas holidays.
● Perry Cooper of Dunsuir was an Ashland visitor Tuesday.

Nininger's Change Dance to Clubroom

Clothing of the dance floor at Nininger's cafe, temporarily at least, was under way this week as partitions were installed by Max Crowson between the cafe proper and the large room in the rear which now will be used as a clubroom for men.

Booths have been moved forward and the place will accommodate approximately the same number of diners as before. The tobacco counter, bus agency desk and other arrangements will remain unchanged.

Partitions have been constructed to facilitate removal if trade should warrant further rearrangement.

FOG IS UNPLEASANT

But why increase the discomfort by filling your house with steam doing your washing at home.

You can keep your home inviting in all kinds of weather on wash-day by sending us your bundle.

We return it promptly and carefully done.

You will be pleased.

ASHLAND LAUNDRY CO.

Phone 165 31 Water Street

"For the ideal wash way, Just call, That's All."

IS YOUR PRESENT LIFE INSURANCE ADEQUATE?

See

STEVEN R. SCHUERMAN

Phone 334-R

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

TIM TELLS 'EM

I DIDN'T HAVE ANY IDEA LUMBER WOULD COST SO MUCH FOR SUCH A LITTLE JOB!



PERHAPS THE COST IS VERY SMALL

ASK ASHLAND LUMBER CO.

AND YOU'LL GET THE PRICE IN DOLLARS AND CENTS FOR THE SMALL JOB YOU HAVE IN MIND!



ASHLAND Lumber Co.

PHONE 20 OAK ST. at RAILROAD

We Never Close . . .

WE have no after hours or holidays for we realize that when the summons comes, prompt and courteous attention is needed. Our living apartment in connection makes this 24-hour service possible, and is a valuable aid to those who have suffered loss.

Funeral Service Since 1897

LITWILLER FUNERAL HOME

(Formerly Stock's Funeral Parlor)
We Never Close—Phone 32