

Southern Oregon Miner

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"THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE"

SOUNDS A LITTLE PENNY-WISE AND POUND-FOOLISH TO US!

Consistency is a jewel, and a rare one. At the same time Medford is loudly complaining over loss to Grants Pass of a bus terminal connecting with Crater Lake, sportsmen through the game commission have served a temporary restraining order on the Beaver Portland Cement company to halt work on construction of a dam in Rogue river near Gold Hill.

The dam and power house project, designed to furnish hydro-electric power for the cement plant, represents an investment of about \$150,000 and probably would be instrumental in continued profitable operation of the cement plant, which employs a number of men.

While on the one hand the sister city to the north complains over transfer of a bus terminal which has been operated at a considerable loss to the franchise holder, apparently the same community is willing to stand by and see a much more important business enterprise be hamstrung because of the sacred fish which must be given unhindered right-of-way upstream to riverside lodges of well-to-do vacationists.

Of course the cement plant is located in Gold Hill, but it enriches the entire county, nevertheless. The contrasting cases serve to illustrate our overworshiping of the mythically valuable tourist who benignly casts silver here and there on his extravagant travels.

Each and every legitimate and sound industry in the county should be encouraged and assisted rather than harassed and handicapped.

★ ★ ★

DESPITE MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENTS, THE PRESS HAS REMAINED MUCH THE SAME!

Until the 1932 and '36 elections, present generation of voters generally were content to accept newspapers as dependable authority; what they thought was, in the main, taken as a reflection of the general public opinion. First, in 1932, and again four years later, folks were surprised to learn that the press—the daily press, that is—was as wrong as the now defunct Literary Digest in its interpretation of the public mind. (We are proud to point out, however, that the weekly press, being closer to the people, more accurately foretold the elections.)

That this is no new revelation in American history, however, is made clear in the remarkable book, "America Goes to Press," by Laurence Greene. Delving back into the yellowed files of early publications, Green unearthed biting caustic evidence that since its beginning the press has largely been governed by its own wish.

Commented Greene—and his words sound like an evaluation of present-day political writing—concerning retiring President George Washington at the end of eight years in the White House, "One thinks of Washington retiring to Mount Vernon a tranquil man. Perhaps he was; perhaps his victories in the field and his two terms as president pleased him. But he could not and did not ignore the attacks against him in the press. The newspapers of this country have been curiously consistent in their treatment of public men, particularly those elected to the presidency: the inauguration calls for paeans and bright prophecies; the end of the second year in office brings criticisms; the end of the term or terms is hailed as the salvation of democracy."

Said the Philadelphia General Advertiser on Washington's retirement in 1797:

"... When a retrospect is taken of the Washingtonian administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people, just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put into jeopardy its very existence—Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day (of Washington's retirement) ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

And, during this nation's first great struggle for existence, following the sacking and burning of the capitol in Washington, the administration was given this editorial support from the New York Herald:

"Twenty days from this date congress is to come together, but at what place is not known!—No arrangements can be made for bringing on the President's message by express; for no one knows where it will be delivered. But let it be delivered where it may, we hope it will contain the resignation of the President!"

Such was the faith and indulgence of the press under the nation's first president, and readers need



"A state income tax department is reported considering a suggestion that it cultivate the good will of taxpayers by sending them Christmas cards every year."—News item.)

Mr. Twitchell looked at the pretty card. "Seasonal Greetings from the State Income Tax Bureau," was the inscription on it below a picture of a tally-ho. He put on his glasses and read it again. Then he called Mrs. Twitchell, excitedly.

"What's this?" he demanded, apprehensively. "It's a greeting from the income tax department," said Mrs. Twitchell.

"There's something behind it," declared Mr. Twitchell with conviction and emphasis.

"There can't be anything behind a greeting card," argued Mrs. Twitchell.

"I'm calling my tax accountant just the same," snapped Mr. Twitchell.

II.

"Is this you, Hemphill?" asked Elmer as he rang his tax accountant. "Good! This is Twitchell. I think I had better see you at once."

"What's happened?"

"It's a communication from the Income Tax Bureau."

"Well, what does it say?"

"It just says, 'Seasonal Greetings from the State Income Tax Bureau,'" explained Mr. Twitchell.

"Hm-mm-mm," mused Hemphill. "Maybe you'd better come in tomorrow and we'll look over things."

Mr. Twitchell made the appointment and hung up. He was now quite disturbed. He didn't like that picture of a tally-ho. It seemed too much like the police wagon.

"Always something on the ground those tax departments," he blurted, pacing the floor. "If it isn't one thing it's another."

"But, Elmer, why do you get so excited. You made out an honest return, didn't you?" put in Mrs. Twitchell.

"Of course. But what of it? You have to keep explaining things, just the same!"

"But this is just a greeting card..."

"I guess I'll call up my lawyer," said Elmer, grabbing the phone.

III.

"Dodson?" asked Elmer, getting his attorney, "this is Twitchell. Did you get any seasonal greetings from the State Tax Bureau?"

"Calm yourself," said Dodson. "What's the trouble?"

"I am in receipt of a card from the State Income Tax Bureau, sending seasonal greetings. I don't like the looks of it."

"Just seasonal greetings? It doesn't ask any questions?"

"None. What does it mean?"

"I wouldn't want to say without a conference with my partners," said Dodson. "I haven't had any case just like that."

"How soon can you see them?" asked Elmer, anxiously.

"Tomorrow or next day. This is quite new. I once had a case where a Federal tax agent sent a birthday card to a taxpayer and we found out it called for no explanation from us, but a seasonal greeting, well, it's quite new. Suppose you drop in day after tomorrow. I'll have an opinion."

IV.

It was now late at night. Mr. Twitchell suddenly got up out of bed, took off his pajamas and dressed, even to his coat and hat.

"Why, Elmer, where are you going?" asked Mrs. Twitchell.

"I can't sleep. I think I'd better do it," he said.

"Do what?"

"Address a card to the tax bureau, wishing it well. It's just courtesy."

Mr. Twitchell addressed a card, mailed it and went back to bed. But he didn't sleep well.

He couldn't expect to until after those conferences with his accountants and attorney.

REVISED SPELLING

Hitler uses the personal pronoun "I" once in every 53 words, leading all speakers in the world in that re-

PEN PORTRAITS of OREGON

DRAWN FOR THE MINER BY MAC PIERSON



SINNOTT MEMORIAL ON VICTOR ROCK, CRATER LAKE. THE STRUCTURE WAS AUTHORIZED BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS, MAY 19, 1930, IN HONOR OF REP. NICHOLAS J. SINNOTT OF ORE. IN RECOGNITION OF HIS GREAT SERVICE TO CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK AND TO THE STATE OF OREGON.

IN EARLY FRONTIER OREGON TEXT BOOKS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN WERE SOLD BY TRADING POSTS; SPELLING BOOKS THAT SOLD FOR 25¢ IN THE EAST WERE SOLD TO SETTLERS FOR A DOLLAR.

The Washington Merry-go-round

DREW PEARSON & ROBERT AYLEN

WASHINGTON. — One of the strangest paradoxes of the European war is the attitude taken by the state department toward several hundred American medical students, who have sought permission to go abroad to complete their studies at British universities.

They have been refused passports on the ground that their lives would be in danger on English soil. But while taking this restrictive stand toward seekers after learning, the department is allowing a number of



"Trombone? Don't be silly it's the baby elephant's gas-mask." —Answers

these very same students to go to France to drive ambulances at the front!

Official explanation for the contradiction is that driving a war ambulance is "humanitarian" work.

So far about 50 students have been given passports for ambulance service.

NEVER AGAIN.

The biggest laugh during Sen. Burj Wheeler's speech at the hilarious National Press club banquet, where nine presidential possibilities told why they should NOT be elected, was prompted by an unexpected sharp remark.

"I haven't a chance," the Montanan was saying, "because John

spect. Mussolini is second with an "I" for every 83 words. This answers for all time the question, "Popper, how many I's in 'dictator'?"

OBSERVATIONS

He who desires to hit the man higher up had better wait until he can reach him.

Ambition is the spark that ignites the motor of determination.

Live as most men live... and die a nonentity.

Choose between extremes: the green and the over-ripe fruit cause the worst pain. John Harsen Rhoades.

"James Roosevelt Makes Movies His Life Work."—Headline. Wanna bet?

L. Lewis is for me. Another reason is that I was the running-mate of 'Old Bob' LaFollette in 1924. Still another is that Norman Thomas, who is here with us tonight, supported me. If he should do that again this year I'd be sunk sure."

"Don't worry," drily called out Thomas, 1936 Socialist candidate, "I won't. I only support liberals who stay hitched."

Note—Scrappy SEC Commissioner Leon Henderson, a third-term booster, offered to bet Tom Dewey \$5 to \$1 that the next President "is not in this hall," but the young New Yorker smilingly declined the offer. Henderson had no better luck with any of the other aspirants.

Rated by the newsmen as the wittiest speakers of the evening were Democratic Bob Jackson and Republican Bruce Barton.

STATE DEPARTMENT FISH

Joe Davies, ex-ambassador to Belgium and now special state department adviser, has been put in a tough spot by his wife's food company operations.

Mrs. Davies, the former Marjorie Post Hutton, is the aunt of Barbara Hutton and the largest stockholder in General Foods, probably the biggest food manufacturing and distributing company in the world.

And it has just been revealed that General Seafoods, a subsidiary company, has negotiated a deal with the government of Newfoundland whereby Newfoundland fish, canned and frozen by Newfoundland labor, will be able to put many New England fisheries almost out of business.

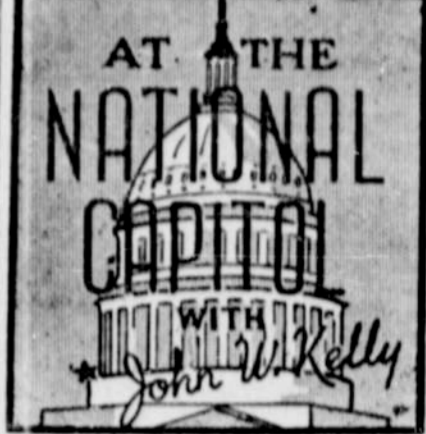
What makes the situation embarrassing for Ambassador Davies is that the deal was negotiated with the co-operation of the state department, of which he is an influential official. What happened was this:

General Seafoods negotiated a contract with Newfoundland whereby the company set up a factory in Newfoundland to can, freeze and process fish. The Newfoundland government subsidized General Seafoods to the tune of \$200,000, and in return, General Seafoods agreed to employ only Newfoundland fishermen to catch the fish, and Newfoundland labor in the factory.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Ex-Ambassador Joe Davies wears high silk hat and opera cape in going about Palm Beach in the evening. Once, arriving for a dinner party, the servants showed him to the rear door. They thought he was a magician, scheduled to pull rabbits out of the hat.

At a luncheon for Jim Farley, given by "Chip" Robert recently at Palm Beach, most of the tables were set outside in the sunshine. However, Farley's table happened to be inside. Result: It was almost



(Continued from page 1)

ington and Oregon now are served by private utilities and transmission lines from Bonneville would not have enough customers to pay out.

By only three votes the house defeated a proposed amendment prohibiting salaries or expenses be paid to any Bonneville employe violating the Hatch "purity in politics" act. There was general denunciation of Bonneville workers promoting and electioneering in the campaign to create PUD's. The only reason this amendment was defeated was because it is held that the Hatch act now takes care of violators and special legislation for Bonneville is not necessary.

At this writing it appears that the employers and the CIO and AFL, who are dissatisfied with the National Labor Relations board can look for a real battle over proposals to amend the Wagner act. Mary Norton, New Jersey new dealer, chairman of the house committee on labor, intends doing nothing with proposed amendments until next year and there is a movement in the house to take the matter out of her hands completely. One difficulty about amendment is that none of the three—CIO, AFL or employers—can agree on what changes should be made. Tip from the White House is that Mr. Roosevelt wants the present members of NLRB ousted, but he cannot, himself, fire them; but this can be accomplished through amendments by the congress.

There is a gold and silver mine in eastern Washington employing 500 people and which produced \$3,000,000 last year. It is in the region which the department of the interior wishes made into a national park. If it becomes a park, transmission lines carrying power to the mine cannot go through the reserve. Representative Leavy, Spokane, asked Secretary Ickes point blank if he intends creating the so-called Cascade national park. The secretary did not answer yes or no; said if such a park was recommended he would give it consideration. Other parks are being eyed for Oregon.

WASHINGTON SCENE—The magician who was an entertainer at the cabinet dinner to the President "stole" the wrist watch from the President three times, and Mr. Roosevelt surrounded by watchful secret service men.

Most amusing scene in congress in years was when the members of the senate stood up in a body and made a dignified bow to Archduke Otto, pretender to the throne of non-existent Austria, who was sitting in the visitors' gallery. He who would be king (says he is here in the interest of democracy) bowed back to the logamen on the floor below him.

An American born girl of Chinese parents was a hit with the congressmen when she appeared as a member of the Oregon winter sports carnival delegation. Some of the lawmakers tried to be funny when introduced by starting with "Confucius say..." Because of red tape it required two months and 20 letters to obtain Washington approval for replacement of a messenger boy at Bremerton navy yard, and the secretary of the navy himself had to issue an order authorizing a chauffeur in another navy yard to work overtime.

Congressmen from city districts in the east are organizing to refuse consent to the senate inserting an appropriation for party payments in the agricultural department supply bill.

Impossible to get anyone else to sit outside.

Mrs. Crosby McLean, Little Rock, Ark., is telling friends that a Republican fund solicitor canvassed her community and got a number of subscriptions from Democrats, who wrote on the back of their blanks, "Good only if Roosevelt runs again."

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