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"THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE"

EDITORIAL

AN ENFORCEMENT LESSON

A man we know has been trying to raise grass in his yard for years. Every time he gets it started, school children walk across the lawn and ruin it.

So one day he put up a simple sign reading "please." When that didn't work he began to toughen up his language. His next sign read, "Positively no trespassing."

When that failed he put a little string fence around his yard which was knocked down the next day. Then he planted a hedge, buried a barbed-wire fence in it and still some of the children trespassed.

Finally he reached the solution. He sat in the window each morning and when a boy touched foot on his grass he went shouting out of the house wielding a big club. Now he has nice green grass and the children walk on the other side of the street.

Somehow this story reminds us of the rubber situation as we read about the rubber shortage and still see hundreds of cars being used for non-essential purposes. Signs, and messages probably won't improve the situation. Mr. Henderson needs a club.

WHO WILL BE DRAFTED WHEN?

It is pretty hard, based on the almost daily conflicting reports from Washington, to determine just when each classification of men will be subject to selective service.

But all the stories you read on this subject are what might be termed "guesses based on fact." The facts included figures on the speed with which the army is able to handle new men at present, the plans for speeding up induction in the future, and the size of the army we will finally need to win the war.

The best guesser, however, should be General Hershey, in charge of selective service—and he admits predictions he makes are merely good guessing. His guess is this:

The 18 to 19 year group will be taken as soon as it is legally possible. The married men with children will not be taken until the last quarter of 1943. The draft of married men without children will begin by Christmas.

Dale Carnegie

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."



HONESTY STILL BEST POLICY

Not so long ago, a tall, gawky, overgrown, long-legged boy was working in a drugstore in Magnolia, Arkansas. His duty was to sweep out the drugstore, run errands, paste labels, and wash bottles for re-filling.

His name was Harvey Couch, and he had been born on an Arkansas farm a few miles away. He had come to this town to get "store work." His pay was 60 cents a day.

Living in this same town was a doctor who had his prescriptions compounded in the drugstore. His name was Dr. H. A. Longino. He was also a partner in the ownership of the drugstore. The money was kept in what was called a "cash register"—the store could not afford a real cash register. One day the doctor went to the cash drawer to see how the receipts were coming along, and among the change he found a slip of paper on which was written "Charge me six cents for stamps. Harvey Couch."

The doctor was impressed, for the boy could have taken the stamps and they would not have been missed. The doctor's thoughts were: "A boy who is honest is worth trusting." But he said nothing about the incident. The boy did not know his IOU had made any impression on the doctor. Harvey was ambitious and soon was able to get a job for himself on a railroad as mail clerk. As he was riding one day in the mail car, he saw men putting up tall poles. He asked what this was for, and was told that it was for a telephone line. He thought, "That's a good idea. Maybe I could get in on the building of such a company."

He managed to get a job with a telephone construction company, studied the work, saved his money, and then launched a telephone construction company of his own. He got the wire on time—and the posts. Then came a crisis. He had to have \$1,500. Where in all the world could he get it?

The richest man he knew was Dr. Longino. So he went to see him. He hoped to get a loan, but he had no guarantee whatever that he would ever be able to pay it back. But the doctor remembered the debit slip in the cash drawer!

His loan pulled young Harvey Couch over the crisis. The company began to boom. It became one of the most prosperous companies in Arkansas. In 1911, Harvey Couch sold the company to the Bell interests for \$1,500,000. The doctor received \$70,000 for his original investment of \$1,500.

What the doctor had really invested his money in was the boy's character. He had shown himself honest in small things; it was natural to assume that he would be honest in big things. "Honesty pays" is a trite, old saying, but how true!

TODAY and TOMORROW

by DON ROBINSON

IRON . . . victory

Some readers may think I have written too many columns lately on the subject of "junk." I'll admit those rusty tools down in the cellar, the broken-down lamps in the attic and the battered toys in Junior's room wouldn't ordinarily constitute a very inspiring subject to read about or to write about.

But my apology for writing so much about junk is presented in thousands of slogans which all of us see practically everywhere we look—slogans which all say, in different words, "Junk is needed to win the war."

By now, most of us have done something about junk. Some of us have really searched our houses, barns and yards and have turned in enough scrap to do some real damage to the Japs and the Nazis.

But there are still plenty of people who, if they realize the need for scrap at all, don't yet comprehend the fact that they may be indirectly responsible for the death of American soldiers because they are letting a few pounds of iron rust in their back yards instead of making it available for making more tanks or shells.

OFFENSE . . . furnaces

No matter what a civilian may be doing to aid the war program or to build up a local defense organization, there is no work right now which is as important as getting in the scrap.

Defense work is important. Air raid warden organizations should be built up. Auxiliary firemen and policemen may be very necessary later on and we should have them in every town. But those are all defensive measures and the war is going to be won by offense.

Collecting scrap is the first opportunity the civilian population has had to aid in the offensive—and the strength of our offensive will depend to a large extent on what we do right now to furnish the scrap which will keep steel furnaces going full blast.

For blast furnaces to operate, it is necessary to feed them a diet of at least one-third scrap iron. If there isn't enough scrap iron to keep feeding them this proportion day and night there is nothing to do but close down the furnaces. Some already have been closed down and many others will be unless scrap collections are speeded up.

I don't know why it is that steel can't be made entirely of raw materials instead of necessitating the use of scrap. But that is because I don't know much about the steel business. Those who do know tell me there is no other solution—they must either have scrap or stop making steel.

PROBLEM . . . rural

A lot of scrap is obtained from large manufacturing plants. War industries are turning in every ounce of waste metals and all other factories are now gearing themselves to see that no scrap is wasted. Old machines are being discarded to feed the steel furnaces. Industry is doing all it can to help.

But surveys make it clear that, no matter how much industry cooperates, many furnaces will have to close down unless millions of tons of scrap can be collected from the homes and farms of America. And all surveys indicate that the major part of this job must be done in the small towns and rural areas.

In one reliable analysis of the situation, it was found that probably 80 per cent of the scrap which is available from homes is located in the rural areas—the unincorporated farm villages and the towns of under 10,000 population.

So, as far as this scrap phase of winning the war is concerned, it looks as though the victory depends on the country people.

If the people don't get in the necessary scrap it is hard to say what the government will do about it—but if the problem gets tough enough it may be necessary for the government to confiscate our metal belongings—to demand that every man, woman and child turn in at least 50 pounds of scrap, or else!

DISCOVERY . . . 50 pounds

I have talked to a lot of people who think it is ridiculous to imagine that they might be able to turn in 50 pounds of scrap. At first thought some of them can't think of a pound of metal they might have which isn't being used.

But if you go into detail with such people it is amazing to find how scrap is discovered. They may begin by admitting there are a few old keys around that don't unlock anything. Then there are three or four flat irons which have been lying about since electric irons came into use. In fact, maybe there is an old electric iron that has been discarded.

They go up in the attic to look for the electric iron and maybe bump their heads against an iron bridge lamp. Then there's a broken grate and some old fire tongs they used before they got that brass set of fire tools.

Go through any home, in which a family has lived for some years, and there are few which can't yield 100 pounds or more of scrap metal. But let's not think of it as a game—a sort of new fangled peanut hunt. This is a serious business.

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Aces Up



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace of aces in the first World War, pays a visit to his old flying buddy, Maj. R. W. "Shorty" Schroeder, now recovering in Hines hospital, Chicago, and exchanges reminiscences with him. "They need you now, Shorty," he says; "you can't keep a good flier down."

THE KNOTHOLE

Jerry Notowitz, a back on Missouri's 1939 Big Six conference champions, was killed on a routine flight in England. He was a bombardier in America's first air attack on the Lowlands. Three American league clubs—Cleveland, St. Louis and Washington, never have won 100 or more games in a season. This year the Yankees topped that mark for the eighth year.

Baseball attendance in the Southern association totaled 743,383 this year, an increase of almost 60,000 over 1941. Ken Krouse, former Penn State back who was drafted by the Giants, now is a naval ensign, stationed at Boston. When the current season ends, Danny Fortmann, now playing his seventh season of pro football with the Chicago Bears, will be in the army medical corps.

Bob Hanley, son of Maj. Dick Hanley of the marines, is a candidate for freshman football at Illinois. Ted Lyons, veteran White Sox hurler, once went through 88 consecutive games without an error. The Dodgers and the Cubs have finished last less than any other clubs in the National league, each having occupied that spot once.

ABOVE the HULLABALOO



By LYTLE HULL Justified Homicide

Why didn't the man who invented war provide for the disposal, by torture or otherwise, of that particular variety of shopkeeper, or store clerk, which informs the customer that "there's a war going on" whenever he gets short of merchandise—or of his temper? What cruel fate decreed that suffering humanity should be compelled to bear the burden of a thousand wars plus the existence of this fishy-eyed "consequence" of military strife—this "eruption" from the volcano of social unrest, which advises the shopper of the current political status of the world every time he himself happens to run out of canned beans.

We haven't legalized murder as yet in this country. That pastime is still solely an international privilege. But among the scientific giants of this modern age there must be one genius who could invent a spray, or some other insecticidal implement which would relieve mankind of this fungus on the "body politic."

There are two varieties of this pernicious rash: Type No. One—which merely states that "there is a war going on"; and the even more noxious Type No. Two, which creates a superfluity of adrenaline in your system by asking you if you are aware of this fact. These bacilli-pestae are definitely retarding the war effort by causing mental and physical anguish in those whom they advise, or question, on the war situation.

Now the only way to effectually arrest the present trend toward inflation is to keep people away from the shops. So why not pass legislation compelling every store in the nation to have at least one of these "there's a war going on" clerks behind the counter. The death rate would undoubtedly be high, but the ranks could be refilled from the

simian collections in the various municipal menageries.

The results of this wise legislation are easily predictable. The American shopper is now buying everything in sight with the "easy money" which he should be investing in war bonds or tucking away in the savings bank against the hard times which always follow war. A few "run ins" with Types One and Two, and we would soon be avoiding the entire shopping district in order to preserve our mental equilibrium or to stay our hand from murder.

The probability is that this invaluable suggestion will not be enacted into law, because congress is too busy thinking up new taxes, and the president doesn't have to do his own shopping. So the corrective becomes the obligation of the tortured people.

Philosophers and scientists have come to the conclusion that ridicule is the surest antidote for this baneful malady. They suggest some of the following crushing rejoinders to the "statement" of Type One: "So what," or "I can scarcely believe my ears," or just plain "No!!!!" Type Two might be temporarily squelched by "Yes—is that the reason they had to employ you?" or "I have known that for a long time—did you just hear it?" or simply "So I hear."

Fellow sufferers—let us arise in vociferous revolt against these destroyers of the proverbial American "Gentle Disposition." Let each one of us help to win the war by crushing these terms with our most scintillating sarcasm. Let us rid war forever of this smirch upon its otherwise glorious name, so that in the future nations may fight happily on in the knowledge that those "behind the lines" don't have to learn about the war from those "behind the counter."

Unable to get a linotype operator in time to get out this week's issue, we are having most of our type set by the Central Point American at Central Point.

During World War I, airplane engines needed overhauling every 50 hours; today's engines go 600 hours without repairs.

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