

Southern Oregon Miner

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Howdy, Ashland!

(Continued from page one)

wants to become a part of Ashland, and a worthy part. We believe in the city, else we never would have moved the newspaper, its plant and its future to Ashland.

As for political views, the Miner leans toward the democratic side of the ballot, although the paper will never be blindly partisan, particularly in city and county politics. We believe the man is more important than the campaign button he wears.

From an editorial standpoint, the Miner has never rested on anybody's fence, and is not planning a sudden mania for picket-riding. Advertising columns, to the Miner, do not determine which side of a controversy has merit and which side should be suppressed, and we plan to be sincere and fearless, even if horsewhips haven't gone entirely out of existence.

The Miner shan't make any elaborate promises, however. We simply ask your patience, your help and your good nature while we adjust ourselves to Ashland. The paper has a lot of getting acquainted to do, much ahead in the line of finding its way about.

And with Ashland's famous lithia water on tap, the Southern Oregon Miner can't help but become a healthy, useful weekly newspaper.

The Long Way to Justice!

One of the most interesting trials in many months is the Bruno Hauptmann case. Interesting for several reasons, among which are the probable outcome and the outlandish, circuitous route by which justice has to travel to get to a simple destination, namely: punishment or disposal of the guilty.

It is a known fact that Hauptmann was in possession of thousands of dollars of the Lindbergh ransom money; he was definitely seen near the scene of the crime, and his handwriting tallies with that of the writer of ransom notes. Yet the law must spend a neat fortune disposing one way or another of a man accused of one of humanity's most heinous crimes, the kidnaping and murder of an innocent baby.

It seems incredible to the average honest layman that such a regimentation of prosecution, volumes of evidence and scores of witnesses should be necessary to penalize a kidnaper and a murderer. The man in the street has enough levity to realize that if Hauptmann were not the actual slayer of the baby, the mere fact that he was in

Sad Results of Failing Eyesight!

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Since passing by the seventy mark, Like many other guys, I have a lot of trouble With my swiftly failing eyes; And find that objects looked upon Assume a different guise; So I have learned the trick Of being careful.

The spectacles I'm forced to wear, Afford me small relief; My vision blurs till I can scarce Distinguish, (to my grief), A greedy money-lender, From an ordinary thief; Although I always strive To be most careful.

My eyesight has become so dim, That should I chance to meet A tricky stock-promoter And a bandit, on the street, I couldn't tell the difference, So I have to be discreet; Which means in other words, Exceedingly careful.

I hardly can discriminate With eyes that hourly fail, Between a prince of finance With a wagon load of kale— And some dishonest swindler Who ought to be in jail; And so I have to be Extremely careful.

Unfailingly, on gloomy days, Before the lights are lit— A crooked politician, I must honestly admit— Resembles to my failing gaze A two-faced hypocrite; Which tends of course to make me Doubly careful.

Unless the light is at its best, If I should meet the hick Who says good times are on the road And due to hit us quick, I'd probably mistake him For a hopeless lunatic; And that would make me wish I'd been more careful.

Prosperity, no doubt, is here, But when I look, my eyes Distinguish naught but wages Cut to half their normal size, While living costs and taxes Rest contended in the skies, In spite of all my efforts To be careful.

possession of so much of the bloody ransom money is proof enough he is a menace to society. Any man, whether connected with the crime or not, who would knowingly spend that kind of money is a man the world would be better without.

We often hear of the hardships and inconveniences that were suffered by the hardy, frost-bitten pioneer who hewed, chopped and fought his way through life. But there is one improvement he enjoyed over we moderns. His justice was direct, certain and almost always correct. A rifle bullet or a noose seemed to accomplish far more with less ado than all the courts, statutes, barristers and ethics of this modern age.

The Lindbergh kidnaping and the present trial of Hauptmann are glaring examples of the mire and folly we have let ourselves drift into through too many laws, too much talk and too little action.

WOBBLES, ONCE MENACE IN WEST BITTER MEMORY

Applegate Prospector Sees Again Red Menace of Old War Days

By J. C. REYNOLDS

Vincent St. John was one of the most persistent agitators that ever lived. After the labor war was practically settled in Colorado (1904), he found the United States too warm a spot to live in and removed himself to Canada, assisted by the toe of Uncle Sam's boot, who warned him never to cross to the south side of the line again. So it was in Canada where St. John started that well-known organization known as the I. W. W.'s, and generally spoken of as "Wobblies." The organization rapidly grew and soon began to be a factor to be reckoned with everywhere. Personally, I had no use for St. John, whom I knew well, and after a thorough examination of the I. W. W. cult, with whom I have had a lot of exper-

ience in many different states, I found that their beliefs and practices did not appeal to me in any way. Admitting that at the start their tactics benefitted and improved the living conditions in the camps of the entire west, and also admitting that the organization was joined by some mighty fine men at that time, the majority of its members were composed of a class that I had never cared to mix with and who soon began to demonstrate their unfitness to accomplish any real good for themselves or for the union to which they belonged, by their determination to engage in sabotage at every opportunity. And it was for that very thing that I quit the Federation of Labor during the war of 1903 and 1904, and went squarely over to the other side, regardless of the threats and wrath of my fellow members.

So the Wobblies and myself have never gotten along together any too well. It is my private opinion that the majority of the union is composed of morons, who when they become so disgusted with themselves, their neighbors, the world they live in and everything else, that they think they can't stand it any longer, they naturally gravitate to the I. W. W. organization.

As I stated in a previous story, I spent the winter of 1916-17

around Twin Falls, Idaho. Also the spring and summer months. Down at Pocatello on the main line, was a strong Wobbly headquarters and they became exceedingly active throughout all southern Idaho. As soon as ranch work began they scattered out by hundreds and began their work of sabotage wherever they could gain a foothold. Nearly all of them carried printed orders giving in detail what to do in every instance. For example, a Wobbly would hire out on some ranch, (for half wages if necessary) his instructions being to watch his chance to enter the kitchen and toss a quart of coal oil into the oven of the cookstove, which for a full month would tend to spoil anything that was put into it to be cooked. Then of course he would beat it to some other place.

Every Wobbly carried copper tacks, the idea being to drive them into as many fruit trees as possible where he was at work. Any fruit tree will slowly wither away and die if a copper tack is driven in it and the tacks are nearly impossible of detection. This branch of industry became so well known, that any stranger arriving at Twin Falls who looked like a workman, was forcibly searched to see if he had any copper tacks with him. And if he had he didn't stay long. They also

Knotty Problems



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carried a kind of gum, (phosphorus, I think) that they would toss onto a haystack when they passed one. This would start a fire and burn the stack to the ground, as soon as it was wet by a summer shower. Farmers all over that section had to pay for armed patrols to ride guard over their stacks day and night. Eighty determined men, all owning swift cars, were banded together in Twin Falls for one special purpose. Any time of either day or night, if a telephone ring came in from any outlying ranch, at least a dozen of this posse would be on hand to race to the scene of disturbance. Fifteen minutes would be enough for them to reach ranches, five, six or eight miles distant, and many a Wobbly who thought he was safe in putting over his sabotage far from town, found he was caught in the toils before he had a chance to make his getaway.

They start picking fruit early in that country and every Wobbly had his orders to let his thumbnails grow long and stick them in every apple he picked, thus ruining it from being first class. They had every chance in the world to play such dirty tricks that year, as the war was just starting. That is to say, the U. S. was just entering the war. It would take a long time to set down all the mischief done by these Wobblies who apparently seemed to wish to aid the Germans in every way possible, and it was even whispered around that they were in the pay of the German empire.

One of them, of German descent, who worked in a bakery shop in Twin Falls, conceived the idea of putting a lot of ground glass into the dough, thinking perhaps to help his fatherland by bumping off a few Americans. As luck would have it, a number of people who bought the bread discovered the glass in time so that none of them suffered any of the consequences that would have ensued if they had eaten it. Many of them came back to the shop at once bringing their bread for proof and the baker had to put up quite a talk before he convinced them he knew nothing about it. His helper of course had skipped, which perhaps saved him from being lynched by the angry customers.

One day six men with suitcases arrived in Twin Falls by train. Their business, they stated, was peddling salve, of which, they claimed, they had a very superior kind. Scattering out in different directions they started selling the salve to the farmers for half what ordinary salve was worth. To the farmers who did not care to buy, they would present a free sample box, saying the salve was so good that on their next trip they could sell a lot of it. A couple of men who used the salve were stricken with a strange disorder and the salve was analyzed. It was found to be full of lockjaw germs and the entire country was warned in time to prevent a great calamity. Soon the sheriff and several posses were scouring the section for these fellows, who were supposed to be Wobblies and German sympathizers. But they had suddenly disappeared, which was no great trick in that part of the state.

There were at that time ten thousand automobiles in Twin Falls country and I have never been anywhere where people were so good natured about giving anyone a ride. One could start walking in any direction and be assured the first car that came along would stop and invite him to ride, if there were room in it. In that country everyone has cisterns. These are of all sizes and depths and are well cemeted from top to bottom. They are filled each spring from water carried from the Snake river in the many ditches. Then they are purified and preserved by some preparation which

keeps the water fresh and good indefinitely and being as cold as ice, makes as fine water to drink as ever came out of a well. It was discovered that these six German salve peddlers had asked for a drink at every place they stopped and were directed to the cistern where were always buckets and dippers. They had taken advantage of such kindness by dumping a lot of typhoid germs into each cistern while pretending to drink. That surely made a lot of trouble, when it was found out.

Haying season came on and men being scarce, were paid good wages on the ranches and also treated well besides. A farmer north of town was sitting on his porch resting after his day's work, when two men came along the road, turned up to the house and asked him if he needed hay hands. He told them he could give them both work. They inquired what he paid and he told them he paid the going wages, four dollars per day and board. They remarked that he must be a cheap old guy to think he could hire men for that amount of money. He replied that nobody was paying any more and that he only worked his men ten hours and there were no chores to do either in the morning or at night. The board was good and they could get their money at any time. That made them angry and they told him that he was a cheap old son—, and they wouldn't work for him at any price. They were Wobblies, they said, and either had to have real wages or they would not work. Some hard words were passed on both sides and they went along by the road. About three hundred yards along the road were two big stacks of hay belonging to the farmer. Watching them from the porch where he was sitting, he saw them leave the road and go behind one of the stacks. Presently a great smoke arose. They had set fire to the hay. Stepping inside his door, he yanked down a high-power rifle and threw in a cartridge. By that time the two men had stepped back into sight and were standing there talking. Taking aim at one of them, he fired. Just at that instant the other man moved a little so that both of them were in line and the one bullet went through the two bodies, killing them both. Yelling for his men, he made all haste to reach the spot and after a hard fight, succeeded in putting out the fire, after which he went into town and surrendered to the sheriff. He had a hearing and was discharged at once and it was rumored about that he was highly complimented besides. All these facts I am relating are part of the history of Idaho and can be easily verified. The records of the state will show them all and much more. Things finally became so bad that Governor Alexander personally conducted a raid on the headquarters at Pocatello, putting it out of business and destroying a vast amount of the most incendiary literature imaginable. I venture to say the communists of today never have put forward anything that would cap it. I got to see one of their song books some time afterward and will never forget one song I saw in it. Here is a verse from it:

"Force your way in every house, Pretty maidens seize; Use your might and sacred right To treat them as you please." I am afraid they wouldn't have lasted long if they had tried to put such a doctrine as that into effect. I have heard poorly informed people class the Wobblies with such unions as the I. L. A. That is not so. I belonged to the I. L. A. for over a year during the war. In fact every worker in the shipyards either had to join them or lose his job. At that time they were a fine organization and they not only would not allow a Wobbly to join, but would not tolerate them around where they could stir up mischief. The O. B.

U. (One Big Union), known as the I. W. W.'s, is a thing of the past and can never again gain a foothold in the West.

The WORLD and YOU

By D. E. NOURSE

Editor's Note: The views expressed in this column do not necessarily represent those of The Miner, but are printed for their general interest. Pages of this newspaper are open to all schools of thought.

Do you feel that your particular place in life is hard? Well, "gold is refined, the diamond is cut, wheat is threshed and character comes from trials." Every worth while thing in life has come through the channel of opposition. When God would give some good thing to the world, He has done so through men who could deliver the goods in spite of circumstances.

A young minister was advising with a friend as to the wisdom of accepting a call to a fashionable church. The counsel was "Don't do it; you will either fail and be a miserable man, or succeed and become a popular preacher and go to hell." The question is, just how dangerous is this business of being popular?

I had two men to call upon. I expected cooperation from one but not the other. It was rather disconcerting to have the first tell me "No." Then, with the thought, "Well, I might as well take my licking and get it over with," I proceeded to the second. Imagine the surprise when he said "I'll do the best I can." And so it goes. The good sometimes comes from the unexpected and the pleasant experiences balance up the unpleasant. But, how often we grumble about the one and forget the other. The good will more than balance the bad.

The only thing that Hitler has been unable to dominate in Germany is the church. Once again has come the question of whether obedience is to man or God. Another aptly says that, "Hitler came into conflict with Luther and Luther won." It will be a sorry time for any nation or the world when Luther loses that conflict. Just so sure as the sun sets, that contest is coming to the United States. The decision of the supreme court against the two boys in California who objected to military drill in college, for conscientious reasons, is a warning. Religious freedom is not a fact, and it is becoming less so. Church and state? No. The state insists that it shall be supreme even in matters of conscience. Only the future can tell what the answer of the church will be. Will American Christians have the courage to stand for conscience as German Christians have? Let no man pass this lightly. It is coming. To be a Christian may yet mean some of the things that it did in days of old.

It is well for one to carry weight, but not at the waist line. —Weston Leader.

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