

The Jacksonville Miner

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The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

something" which wins him hundreds of lifelong friends. Beeson bids well to become Jackson county's next sheriff.

Of pioneer Jackson county stock, Beeson being one of the best known early day names in the Rogue river valley. Everett is a product of the hardy frontiersman who made this a "great country"—and it is not at all inconsistent to picture descendants of those first families preserving law and order in the fertile country hewn from a wilderness.

We were surprised the other day to learn that there are many Jacksonville residents who believe that a vote of the people moved the Jackson county courthouse to Medford. It did not—the Oregon legislature stripped Jacksonville of the courthouse by an enactment, sponsored by William Briggs of Ashland, that gave the actual push which shoved the official seat five miles farther into the floor of the valley.

And, inasmuch as casting a ballot is a more or less personal matter, the district attorney race offers this city and her sympathizers their first opportunity to frown on the sponsors of that move. It was Briggs and another representative from this district who railroaded the moving bill through the Oregon state house. Jacksonville citizens and helpers had prevented the election, which carried, from moving the courthouse through technicalities and Briggs' master mind conceived a new law which would sidestep local efforts to keep the old town intact.

We doubt if Briggs has developed any love for Jacksonville since—and the district attorney's office could certainly heckle a small town now and then.

And let's see, now... didn't little Earl Fehl say some mighty uncomplimentary things about Jacksonville people and their desire to keep the old courthouse here? If our friends' memory serves them rightly, we believe Fehl's active tongue hurled livid adjectives and gutteral curses toward Jacksonville, her citizens and their character, not unlike his present day overly dramatized accusations of what-have-you.

Yes, we reckon it was only a few short summers ago that Jacksonville's townfolk were contributing to one of the county's biggest miscarriages—according to Little Earl, the local abortion candidate.

The residents who remember that fracas—and they are many—should know how to sympathize with Earl's victims. And maybe they'll remember what office Fehl was trying to get then—just as he is now—by cursing a group of people.

We are reminded of William E. Phipps' editorial classic printed some years ago in his Clarion which described the antics of "Big Foot and Monkeyface."

We don't know whether you noticed it or not, but there is snow on the hills, horehound candy in the grocery stores and honking noses in every family. But more than that, there is a Political Trick being attempted in Medford. At least we'd call it that.

It is in the form of a straw ballot by the Mail Tribune, with more or less—mostly less—dependable totals from week to week. And that raises the query: Why a straw ballot? We'll tell you why, if you haven't guessed it already.

First, the editor of that aspiring daily realizes that throughout Jackson county there is a concerted anti-Fehl movement which seeks to defeat the little fellow with big words and ideas. And, to that class of voters, the strongest opposing candidate will appeal greatly, for the only way to defeat

POLITICAL HOOEY

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

Once more the curtain is about to rise on that great American comedy, "The Battle of the Ins and Outs."

In a few short days we patriotic Americans will strut proudly up to the polls and, with solemn mein, as if the fate of the universe depended upon our doings, make a few hen-scratches on a sheet of paper big enough to make two pairs of pajamas, and slip it into the ballot box.

Then we'll square our shoulders, pat ourselves on the back and march away hugging to our bosoms the fond delusion that we, the sovereign proletariat, have exercised the sacred and inalienable franchise of a free, independent and untrampled people.

As a cold matter of fact we haven't done anything of the kind for we are hog-tied, gagged and fettered so that we can't even wiggle our big toes. Most of our efforts to be good, loyal, helpful citizens are spent quibbling and wrangling over a few bare bones tossed to us by the political ring-master to keep us busy while the real bosses of the country stack the cards and smack their lips over the juicy joints.

Why, nationally we haven't really a whisper in choosign even the entries in the great U. S. A. hippodrome for everything is cut and dried while we snarl and snap over our poor bones.

When at last we are allowed to sit in the chief political fakir smilingly tosses up a coin and invites us to amuse ourselves by guessing which way it will fall. If heads come up he wins and if it

Earl is to elect his strongest opponent. Alright. Who will be the strongest opponent? Figures bear out The Miner's claim that W. E. Phipps has the greatest advantage, and undoubtedly will win the election.

But the Tribune is not backing Phipps. It would like to see Pop Gates the business head of Jackson county. And, hence, it launches a straw ballot which, according to tradition, should indicate the trend of sentiment. And, if people had always thought a straw ballot showed which way the fall election would go, why not make them believe that their candidate, Pop the Weasel, was the Favored One and swing all those anti-Fehl ballots to his cause? It is a simple matter to print any total desired in a straw ballot, especially when every interested person can cast several hundred of the things at will. So, Editor Ruhl paints Pop as the strongest opponent to Fehl in an effort to divorce Phipps' following.

If you remember Earl Gaddis' scheme during the primary, which failed miserably, you will remember that he attempted the same thing—that of swinging the anti-Fehl voters into line with him, and succeeded only in giving Fehl the nomination. Gaddis came out the day before election with "vote for Gaddis, the only man who can defeat Fehl." Oh yeah?

And a similar "oh yeah?" is being whipped into shape for Pop the Weasel and his pan-banging cohorts who paint him as the great Moses to lead us safely through the sea of county judgeship evils.

We predict the v-8 stock will reach a new low November 9.

Another thing you may have noticed is the fact that The Miner, although consistently opposing Hoover, has never put in a good word for Roosevelt, the democratic choice for White House honors. Well, after listening to the governor's speech broadcast from Pittsburgh Wednesday evening, we can truthfully say our enthusiasm, admiration and genuine friendship for the man has come to life and henceforth we will look upon Franklin D. as one of the great leaders of the country.

We can't answer for the rest of the country, but in our household Roosevelt is gaining ground like nobody's business, and we believe another like speech will precipitate one of the greatest landslides in the history of this nation.

And to back up our conviction we made a bet with Jack Porter of the Porter Lumber company this week. A thousand board feet of his stock in trade was placed against a glaring advertisement, to appear on the front page, in The Miner. If Hoover wins this paper will be humbled not only by the defeat of its ambitions, but also by the appearance of a Hoover ad on p. 1.

comes tails we lose. And we poor suckers fall for it and ask for more.

State politics are just about as bad but there is one place where Jackson county voters can get a run for their money. That is right here on their own dung-hill, so to speak. The local mudpuddle is not so big but neither is it so congested and most any citizen can make a sizeable splash in it if he so desires. Anyway it's better to be even a tadpole in a small puddle than to be utterly squashed trying to be a bull-frog in a big one.

There are plenty of important issues here, too, big throbbing vital ones, if anyone can ever discover what they are.

And candidates to work on! There are oodles of them—all kinds, shapes and sizes. Some of them were chosen by parties, some by gangs, some by Tom, Dick or Harry and some of them even chose themselves.

It is the bounden duty of every elector to thoroughly inspect and investigate every one of these would-bes: Look into their public careers; dig down deep into their private lives—past, present and future; and peek into their innermost souls.

If you tap the right sources of information you'll have a barrel of fun doing it, too, for you'll hear more dirt about each of them than they ever knew about themselves.

That's the beauty of small towns and rural communities—they have imagination.

A teetotaler may stub his toe on a loose cobblestone and the incident be so magnified that he goes down in history as a drunken sot.

As an example look what happened to an innocent young Jay-

And if Roosevelt wins, well—there will be the ring of hammers in these here hills November 9 and a new Roosevelt monument will rise toward Jacksonville heavens.

• Mrs. Ernest Holbrook of San Francisco is recovering from a broken arm sustained nearly two weeks ago in a motorcycle accident, according to word received by her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Cameron. The motorcycle on which she and her husband were riding overturned two blocks from their home when a tire blew out. Although Mr. Holbrook was pinned beneath the machine, he escaped injury with only badly torn clothing resulted.

• Previous to her departure early this week for her home in Australia, Mrs. Ella Cotchett was entertained at dinner at the home of Miss Rose Buckley. Additional guests were John Orth of Medford and Mrs. J. Pelton of Fort Klamath. Although Mrs. Cotchett had expected her husband to return here from England to accompany her home, his plans have been changed, and he is taking his homeward journey via Africa.

For Congress



JAMES W. MOTT
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

He is a man to whom all voters, regardless of party, may give their whole-hearted support with the certain knowledge that he will assume in Congress the same type of forceful, aggressive leadership that has characterized his public career in Oregon.

Read Statement of Record and Digest of Platform in Voters' Pamphlet.

—Paid Adv.

ville girl who tore her dress on a rusty screw thus inadvertently exposing part of her anatomy. Believe it or not, inside of three days the gossips and scandal-mongers had her pegged, labeled and nailed to the cross as an utterly shameless Godiva, only more so, because the poor kid had bobbed hair.

But all this aside, Voters, do your duty! Get the low-down on all these office-seekers. Then discard all those you have a personal grudge against no matter what their character, ability or qualifications. Next call to mind all your pet prejudices and cast out all candidates that run counter to any of them even if it's only the way they part their hair.

If you have any survivors after this weeding out process, junk half of them at random and, providing your conscience will stand the strain, vote for the rest.

And now let us pray—we'll need to.

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—Paid Advertisement

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