

The Editor Speaking

There is some talk of the district attorney and sheriff offices asking the county court to deny the Applegate Grange a dance franchise for the new year as a result of the auto accident which occurred near there.

We believe either office would be unfair to make such a request of the county court, and we also believe the county court would be in error to grant it. The mere fact that an accident occurred following the Grange dance should not be taken as a signal to limit activities of any community group.

Although the greater proportion of accidents occur within or near the larger cities, one never hears of a move by officials to bar social and entertainment activities therein. If someone is a poor driver we doubt very much if dancing will affect their ability—or lack of it.

Well, we feel like Will Rogers when told it was a merry Christmas. All we know is what we read in the papers.

However, the Yule season did remind us of days gone by and of the joys of being alive. And one of the most pleasant reminders was the wonders of mothers, never too poor to buy gifts for their children who, even if mature and raising families of their own, are still just youngsters to them.

Sometimes we suspect mothers are right, too, when they regard offspring as mere children. Although we don't like to think of ourselves as diapered, squalling brats, we must admit that the same thrill still emerges from a mysterious Christmas gift today as when we first were big enough to rip open a package. That same childish delight enlightens our features whenever someone remembers us with a little favor in material form.

Grown in body and activity, pleasure and play still dates back to our first gurgling attempts at crawling across the kitchen floor or the days when we screamingly scampered a bare inch ahead of whoever was "it" in a game of tag. The same principles of happiness and pleasure as applied today, even if some of us are grandparents (er, ah, by the way—in case we're a stranger to you, don't get the idea we're using "grandparent" as a personal term—we haven't even reached the first step in the climb to such a position).

That's why last week we stated that to be happy people must be themselves—even if that would be kinda simple. We believe that the universal attempt at trying to fool the neighbors and appear one or two stations above our real status is the barrier between ourselves and some real downright childish pleasure which, after all, certainly is the most refreshing and enjoyable kind.

And speaking of maturity and problems, the idea occurred to us the other day that divorce is more or less a product of the machine age. Skeptical? Well, listen to our story.

You know, back in the days when mother and father were young, people used to drive horses and buggies, live an easy-going, restful life as a rule. And, if you've ever lived around any of those old timers you doubtless noticed how their every act was directed towards thrift, conservation and permanency. That is why today we have what we believe to be the greatest nation on earth.

When grandpaw got out the wagon he carefully greased her up before starting the three-mile trek to town because, as grandpaw al-

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HOLD TWO FOR ROBBERY DRUG STORE IN CITY

Loot, Damaged and Valueless, Is Recovered; One of Pair Confesses

State police Tuesday night arrested Mark Wilkerson, 32, of this city in connection with the repeated robbery of the Jacksonville pharmacy, and Wednesday arrested Robert Langenbacher, 27, also of this city, for the same offense.

Questioning by state officers disclosed that Langenbacher, better known as "Stub" here, had been an accessory after the fact, in that Wilkerson had brought him the loot for concealment after the robbery had been committed. The loot, some of which had been stolen twice, was recovered, but was damaged from exposure, having been hidden under a culvert near the cemetery.

There had been much public sentiment aroused when the local druggist, C. C. Chitwood, was robbed last summer, and again a week ago, when articles of value including cameras, compact, vanity sets, razors, cigars and other items were stolen. First entrance had been gained by prying open a window, and the second time a ransom was broken.

In addition to merchandise belonging to Chitwood, new boots, shoes and other dry goods items were recovered, indicating that some mercantile establishment in this city—probably the bankrupt Jacksonville Cash store—had been burglarized. Although Wilkerson would make no statement to officers, they stated that a clear case was made in the arrest and confession of Langenbacher.

Wilkerson has been under parole for some time from state penitentiary, and more recently Justice of the Peace Ray Coleman, rather than break the man's parole and return him to confinement, was lenient enough to advise Wilkerson to pay damage wrought while incarcerated and to leave the city and reform his conduct. He, with Langenbacher, is being held in the county jail. Bail had not been set for either at a late hour last night, and they probably will remain confined until bound over to the current grand jury, which reconvenes January 9. As far as is known, this is Langenbacher's first offense of this nature, and his arrest came as a surprise to most residents.

Cache for the loot had been known to officers for some time, and a portion of the first haul, which was returned to Chitwood, was stolen again for the second time.

LOCAL GRANGE WILL MEET FRIDAY NIGHT

Because of conflicting dates last Friday night, regular meeting date, the Jacksonville Grange postponed its meeting until Friday night, December 30. Newly installed officers will take chairs and Worthy Master I. A. Dew asked that all members be present because reports of retiring officers and committee appointments will be given.

Mrs. Gertrude Haak, who installed the officers of the Applegate and Jacksonville Granges two weeks ago, has drawn much favorable comment on her thorough and inspiring work in installation ceremonies. The Grange has expressed its appreciation for Mrs. Haak's installation team.

The Jacksonville officers installed were I. A. Dew, master; Walden Hartley, overseer; Leona Niedermeyer, lecturer; G. O. Sanden, secretary; Ted Sims, treasurer; George Wendt, steward; Robert Cook, assistant steward; Irma Niedermeyer, chaplain; Frank Henspeter, gate keeper; Anne Wendt, Ceres; Reva Henspeter, Flora; Mabel Sims, Pomona.

Edwin Taylor was installed as master of Applegate Grange.

GABBY GERTIE



"Happy is the bridegroom who can say on his wedding night, 'A loan at last.'"

GRAND JURY WILL RECONVENE JAN. 8

The present Jackson county grand jury, which to date has completed two partial reports, will reconvene for the conclusion of its work Monday, January 8.

Recommendations include placing of the county judge and the county commissioners under bond; abolishment of two justice of the peace districts, that marriage fees be turned into the general fund, and that husband and wife be not on the county payroll at the same time. The grand jury will make a report for the year on the prohibition fund and on the conduct of the county officers. A new grand jury will be drawn in February.

Walter (Salty) Stephenson of Star gulch left Monday for a motor trip to St. Louis, Mo.

Once Too Often

By LLEWELLYN A. BUNKS

"Why So Much Bunks"

The writer of these lines (with apologies for lifting the phrase bodily) feels that if Jackson county can tolerate a self-appointed "I'm O-K But He's a Crook" editor to distort and misrepresent the truth, then Jackson county also can tolerate a writer who chooses to tell the other side of the matter—hence Mr. Bunks at your service.

Our contemporary in question, the venom-spluttering editor of the Hogwallow Blatter, that ill-composed and skinny disgrace to the journalistic world, and the state in general, has seen fit to pounce upon every other businessman and public official in Jackson county. Or is it merely that he has seen fit (or thrown one) to fill his paper every day with his own troubles and glory?

We have sometimes wondered whether he really believes all he writes about what were regarded as honest people or whether he merely uses them as a tool to tell that great grand jury—the people—about his own glories and sacrifices on the altar of public uplift. There's scarcely a shade of difference between a writer trying to push himself up by pulling everyone else down and one who pulls everyone down to push himself up.

And whenever we read his dripping sheet and then investigate the facts of the case, which are just as available to the Hogwallow editor as to any citizen in the county, we know darned well he doesn't believe all he writes and is not sincere in anything except his attempt to gain attention and acclaim from the downtrodden taxpayers.

While speaking of downtrodden taxpayers, we'd like to thrust in the observation that the most downtroddening thing that has happened to them in recent years is the crop of self-appointed saviours who are attempting to rise on a tide of taxpayer acclaim when they damn everyone and everything. And we always had thought taxes were burden enough for the people to bear without suffering the extra burden of a group of yipping kid-minded scribes, who ought to have their toy printing presses taken away from them, trying to play a game of "you support me and I'll cuss them."

"Sleek philanthropists who labor
Gratis for mankind each day,
Ever prompt with prayers to aid you,
Always seem to make it pay."

Perhaps you remember seeing some youngster at some time, when conversation wandered to other topics, who kicked the family dog in the shin or yanked little sister's hair, just to gain the coveted attention? Every time the Hogwallow scribe's fist gets well and the public eye is not directed toward himself, he promptly sets out to abuse someone or something and winds up with a fist-banging orgy all over the office.

But, of course, we must admit our contemporary is somewhat successful. Yes, sir. He certainly has the attention he wants, but we'd just as soon take a double order of mother-in-law's caresses as to exchange places with him. We fear the attention he is getting will expand until several keepers take a guardian interest in the poor fellow.

Oh yes, by the way. Speaking of poor, downtrodden taxpayers who enjoy the vitriol of a self-elected champion, what does our friend, the publisher of the Hogwallow Miscarriage, know about taxes?

For three long years he has been extracting money from Jackson county in the form of fruits of the soil and to date he hasn't paid one cent of taxes. Although he alleges this county is "rotten to the core," overrun with "dastards" and "stinks to the high heavens," he has seen fit to stay here in his own interests, ship fruit to eastern markets and bleed and bleed southern Oregon without so much as putting a fraction of his profits back in the form of wages.

And if he is such a community asset why has no one profited

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UGH, NO SHOES? MARSHAL SEES LOSS IN TRASH

Minion of Law Finds Himself Barefoot and Minus Pair Violin Cases Friday

Walter Michael Burdell, constable-elect of Jacksonville and present city marshal pro-tem during the illness of Jim Littell, was put back on his feet last week in spite of the depression. And, Mike related, due to the depression he'd have stayed on his feet if pranksters had done a more thorough job of hiding his shoes.

It all came to pass last Friday afternoon when Marshal Burdell, who is just a plain gold miner when not engaged in hounding criminals, was working near the city hall. It had been raining and Mike discarded his shoes in preference for a set of hip boots and placed the remnants of civilization's progress on the running board of his auto (at least that's the term Burdell uses when referring to his mode of transportation).

"You know how it is when a fellow loves his work," related Mike the other day. "I just got so doggone interested in the job that I forgot times were hard and that a good pair of shoes laying around might have an unusual appeal." And it seems that the city marshal, his work completed, failed to find the dirt coverings when he laid plans for the trek back home. A thorough search was instituted, but to no avail. Jacksonville's city marshal was just naturally barefooted and there was no getting around it. "And I was going to spend that \$3.19 I saved up on the kids," mused Mike as he reluctantly—and somewhat fearfully—traveled homeward.

Once inside his house and under Mrs. Burdell's surveillance, he received orders to doff the soiled boots. Hesitantly, and with apprehension, the head of the house complied. The instant his toe pro-

The Philosopher

How would you like to walk down the long, long trail of time with your philosopher and see man in the making?

Many doubtless have taken a few little journeys into the past via the school histories, but school histories deal with nations and wars and individuals; in discovery, invention and other material achievements, and the perspective of man in his long climb to our present degree of civilization is lost.

Some day those who prepare the school histories will learn that nations and individuals are mere things of the passing moment—that dead languages, like dead languages, are just excess baggage of useless information—that time devoted to their study could be better applied to acquiring knowledge useful to the human race in meeting its daily problems.

It would be useful, too, because there are no new problems. True, we have man's history covering but a very few of the millions of years he has

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truded from his right sock his wife frowned. "I knew it was coming," mused the victim to himself.

To make a long story short, Mike suffered the same fate one of his sons would should he return unshod. City Marshal Burdell left in quest of the City Hall—both of them. Back to the city hall went the barefooted and shivering Dignity of the Law to look for his shoes.

Sensing foul play, Mike's Conan Doyle mind began deducing. "Now they couldn't walk off by themselves, even if they are pretty strong," eulogized the stockinged warrior. "I smell a rat." Rummaging around in a trashpile nearby Mike discovered not a dead rat, but his shoes, none the worse for their experience.

Exultingly Jacksonville's city marshal and constable-elect rushed home, leather heels pounding out a tattoo of victory at every step.

Wilson Injured As He Offers Help to Car on Highway

State police investigated an auto wreck and general mixup on the lower Applegate road near John Pernoll's store early Christmas morning that resulted in injuries to Orville Wilson, 19, member of a dance orchestra. Wilson was hit while aiding in fixing another auto, and was hurled over the hood and sustained serious injuries to one arm and extensive bruises.

Wilson is alleged to have been injured, when an auto driven by Mrs. Bart Asher of this city crashed into another car, that turned over twice when it failed to negotiate a turn at high speed. The driver of this car is not known. A woman companion was pinned beneath the auto but unhurt.

A crowd returning from the Christmas eve dance held at the Applegate Grange hall stopped to view the wreck and it was then that Mrs. Asher, apparently confused by the lights of the "visiting autos," crashed into young Wilson. Some of the witnesses alleged that Mrs. Asher was traveling at a high rate of speed.

The state police and district attorney's office said this week that they probably would ask the county court to revoke the license to hold the dances on the Applegate, as complaints had been received of speeding to and from the affairs.

HEPPNER—(Special)—A campaign is on in Morrow county to test enough of the beef cattle to permit the county to be placed on the tuberculosis accredited list, reports County Agent Smith. Many tests have recently been made by Dr. H. H. Green of the state veterinarian's office with almost no reactors found.

"A Tiny Thing it Was, Bundled There in Darkness"—First Miner

Once upon a time in the pitch blackness of a cold starlit night I found it. A tiny thing it was, huddled there in the darkness waiting for me in the young hours of the New Year's morn as I prepared to depart from a dance. It had crept under the covering used to keep the radiator from freezing, and as the car rolled away, I glimpsed the first issue of The Jacksonville Miner in the dim rays of a flashlight. I did not investigate further than to scan the general appearance of the paper and to see who the new editor might be. My first impression was that some stranger had a lot of courage and initiative to start a newspaper against the obstacles of a depression and two neighboring dailies.

DIVERSITY IS KEY TO LOCAL SOIL SUCCESS

125,000 Cases in Can Is Hope Southern Oregon Packers During 1933 Season

By MORRIS HAMILTON

With 45,000 cases of vegetables, fruits and berries canned at the Barley Canning company plant during the season just passed, the managers of the plant are now laying plans for the canning of upwards of 125,000 cases of the "Del Rogue" brand during the coming canning season, according to W. A. Gates, sales manager for the company.

Many farmers who have land suitable to tomato growing, or other vegetable production, are already laying plans for larger plantings during the next year, and Gates said that it is estimated that 700 acres of tomatoes and vegetables will be planted to satisfy the demands of the canners in filling orders, most of which are already on file.

"We are making additions to our plant to handle the next year's pack," Gates said, "and we expect plantings of about 700 acres. With the addition of machinery, we will be able to pack as many tomatoes as the valley will produce."

The making of a many-crop valley out of the Rogue river valley is the underlying idea behind the development of the tomato industry in the valley, the managers often have declared. With peaches the only major agricultural product, the valley suffers too acutely from a crop or price failure. The valley will never come into its own, they contend, until the production is diversified.

"Now there are about 15,000 acres planted in fruit in the valley," Gates said, "and there is another 176,000 acres which should, and will, produce a crop equally as valuable. We have the market for the tomatoes, we can grow the best tomatoes in the nation, and there is no reason why it should not be one of our leading industries."

A cold August prevented a crop of 75,000 cases instead of 45,000 cases during the past season, and, according to gardeners, last year was the worst year for gardening experienced here in a decade. Besides being the finest tomato produced in the nation, from a standpoint of food content, the per-acre production of the soil in the Rogue river valley is nearly double that of California, Utah and Indiana, which all average about seven tons to the acre, with many crops running to 20 tons and more to the acre, depending largely upon the season.

With the organization of the new company an aggressive sales campaign has been launched, and the area already included on the list includes all of Oregon, Idaho, Washington and parts of California. These areas are heavy users, and a large field will be opened as soon as production catches up with the demand.

The Knight Canning company of Portland is featuring the Rogue river tomato in its advertising, both on the radio and in newspapers, and has greatly increased the demand for the "Del Rogue" brand. Daily broadcasts over radio KGW in Portland also advertise the "Del Rogue" pack.

That tomato culture must be developed in the valley just as the near industry was is self-evident, those interested in the canneries declare, but last year, with a bad ripening season, many growers netted better than \$125 an acre on their crops. One grower, W. J. Cummings of the Midway road, received a gross return of \$1100 from four acres of beans, Gates said, and some handsome profits were made

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Lies Hurlled Annoy Cupid; Frighten Nuptials All Away

Another dramatic example of the toll Jackson county is paying because of its support to newspapers which delight in printing misleading information and unfounded charges is in the marriage license business formerly enjoyed. Sale of "lifetime" knots has dropped to less than half the usual number.

When it was rumored that County Judge C. B. Lamkin, appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Alex Sparrow, held office illegally after the election of Earl Fehl for the coming term, both a Medford daily, well-known for maliciousness, and Fehl's own paper pounced upon the apparent mistake and shouted the four corners of the Pacific coast that all marriages performed by Lamkin were illegal, that couples would have to remarry and that the judge would have to refund fees collected.

It happens, however, that both Fehl and the publisher of the Daily News knew when stories were printed that an opinion handed down by the attorney general of the state of Oregon held that Lamkin was official judge and that his acts were in order. Yet always ready to criticize and nag—in the

alleged best interests of the county—the malicious propaganda spread so eagerly has been swift in its work of impairing the once splendid standing of Jackson county.

No longer do the cozy confines of the Rogue river valley appeal to northern California as an ideal spot to say "I do." Rather, thanks to the self-appointed saviours running wild in the county, they regard it more as a place where corruption and vice run rampant, where officers hold forth illegally and where justice is dead. In addition to being already the laughing stock of the rest of Oregon, the two Medford newspapers have succeeded in carrying Jackson's reputation over the Siskiyou as "rotten to the core and smelling to the high heavens," terms loved and abused by the publishers.

It simply is a swift, conclusive example of where such tactics as those employed by the coming county judge and his lieutenant will lead the community. In view of such developments, harm done by malicious criticism has been made so plain that the man who runs can grasp its significance at a glance.

RELIEF PROVIDES CHRISTMAS CHEER

Two hundred ninety residents of Jackson county Saturday received welcome bits of wherewithal to spread Christmas cheer when relief work checks were issued to them by the county court.

Judge C. B. Lamkin and the county court purposely had employed as many men as possible the week before Christmas and pay averaged about \$12 per employee. Issuance of the warrants at the court house started at 4 o'clock the day before Christmas and payments were made to the year's largest crew of relief workers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Demmer of California, who have been visiting Mr. Demmer's mother, on the old home place, have decided to spend the winter here and have rented a cabin of T. S. Cady near the Summit service station.