

Asks a Reader: "Why use initials? Why not put it thus: Llewellyn Ananias Bunks?"

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BANKS TO DROP NEWS

The Editor Speaking

Well, now that the protesters have protested, the marchers have marched and both Banks and Fehl have condescended to speak to their gang, a careful survey of the good accomplished reveals from a very charitable viewpoint—one new courthouse badly muddled, 41,902 new match scratches on the kalsomined walls and one slightly ignored revolution for sale cheap.

We even believe most of those present wished they had paid admission so they could demand their money back.

And we wonder how many stills blew up from neglect while their operators were in Medford yesterday fighting for law and order.

At least it was a great day for a picnic, and the down-trodden taxpayer was noted at noontime calmly munching a sandwich and biting an imaginary district attorney in the neck with each mouthful.

We did hear one late comer ask where the revolution was. A bystander offered the information it had retreated to its winter training quarters. It is our opinion that when it came into the bright sunlight and saw its shadow it lost no time in scampering back into its hole and pulling the opening in after.

This Medford fracas at least compliments the resourcefulness of the Jacksonville native. We have our town upside down too, but manage to eat a little gold from our local upheaval.

Yes, and when sympathizers in the crowd would yell and raise their right hands wondering why they weren't given permission to leave the room.

In connection with this hulla-balloo stirred up by Banks and Fehl, we thought splitting hairs was going a bit too far, but now we read where some darn fool scientist is attempting to divide an atom!

Banks' and Fehl's followers certainly left the usual rabble trademark all over the place—mud strewn from where some editor ought to be to breakfast. And we'll bet you two-to-one that if the stormy pair had any following among the county janitors before the meeting, they lost them when cleanup time came yesterday evening. Doubtless they cursed the day of Banks' birth with every stroke of the mop and push of the broom.

The Miner wants to ask a favor of its readers. Not something for nothing, but merely a reasonable consideration from those who disagree with the paper's editorial policy.

Those of you who believe we're all wet in the principles we have expounded, both in word and act. (Continued on page four)

WILL BUY OLD FEHL PLANT; BUILDING SOLD

Reliable Information Leaks Name of New Sheet Will Be 'News-Herald'

It was revealed late last night through indirect sources that Llewellyn A. Banks probably plans to thrust his Medford Daily News into voluntary bankruptcy within a few days and consolidate his journalistic activities with Earl Fehl, publisher of the Pacific Record-Herald.

Although no admission of such a move has been made as yet, such a development has been looked for for some time, and cases now at bar against the involved publisher are expected to spell a certain finish to the present Daily News venture of the stormy editor and his running mate, Earl Fehl.

Fehl, an allegedly broke man is known to have raised several thousand dollars cash last Saturday to buy the building housing the printing equipment, much of which had been illegally removed to the Daily News plant, and it was stated by persons taking part in the transaction, and present owners of the plant, that Fehl—or Banks and Fehl—were expected to make a deal soon for the machinery necessary to publish a newspaper, probably of weekly variety.

Under their present arrangements, Banks has been shoestringing along with his daily newspaper and furnishing Earl Fehl a plant and equipment to print his own weekly newspaper, should the foreclosure suit now in court be decided in favor of plaintiffs, both the publishers would be left without equipment. But, to persons familiar with tactics employed by Banks in the past, it is felt that he will be prone to slip out of the picture just ahead of certain defeat at law and leave a host of creditors, employees and merchants holding the proverbial sack.

It was pointed out that mortgage holders can involve only physical assets of the plant on West Main, and that Banks will retain the publication. It was in view of this probability that an investigation was instituted and several disclosures made which point strongly toward abandonment of the Daily News plant and the consolidation with the Pacific Record-Herald in the weekly shop now owned by Niedermeyer, Inc.

One of the strongest indications that such a plan is being considered for very near future is the fact that present labor arrangements seem to be at an end and both Banks and Fehl have already set in type a sample masthead comprising the words "News-Herald." It is presumed this was done either to determine the typographic appearance of such a name, or for copyright purposes.

It also has been hinted that the name of S. O. Burgdorf, now associated with Fehl, might head the official listing of the new venture, but that the real editorial content will be furnished and directed by one or both of the two editors.

To Plant Roxy Ann With Poa Bulbosa from Airplane

Only one more thing remains to complete the program laid out by Charles C. Hoover, bluegrass king, for the promotion of his winter bluegrass, he said recently. Hoover is going to plant the west slope of Roxy Ann mountain, from an airplane, and the local Lions club is planning to assist. The Lions club of Medford has been given authority to take the lead in the development of a city park on Roxy Ann.

"Instead of people here looking at a bare hill all winter," Hoover said, "they will look at a green mountain, and thousands of cattle can be pastured on it all winter. Furthermore," he said, "the bluegrass will fill out the bronco grass and foxtail, and it will gradually spread to other mountains."

Due to the lateness of the season, and the illness of the aviator who has arranged to plant the grass will kill out the bronco grass made until next winter, Hoover said, but more definite details of this planting will not be released until later.

made after the first week in February, as the grass is primarily a winter grower, and goes dormant in the spring.

Many valley ranchers are making plantings this winter, Hoover said, although many of them small plantings, due to the natural skepticism on the part of the farmers who want to see for themselves what the grass will do on their own acres. On the Hanley and Gore ranches, and others of that neighborhood, the bluegrass stands matured from two to four cattle to the acre all winter, despite the cold weather that set it back somewhat.

Hoover said that with the exception of a little straw for the cattle to grub around in, the cattle on his ranch pasture all winter on the bluegrass, and the skeptical rancher, if he wants to see how the cattle look, should take the time to go see for himself. No fatter or smoother cattle were found in the valley last winter than on the Hanley ranch.

Comparison of the winter bluegrass with other grasses, both pasture grasses and hay grasses, shows the bluegrass to be far ahead of the others in crude proteins and fats. Figures prepared by the Ore- (Continued on page four)

Paranoiactal Parade Phizzles

Banks and Fehl Address Gathering of Scant 800 at Medford Courthouse

Missing the opportunity of a lifetime to grandstand, L. A. Banks and his assistant, County Judge Earl H. Fehl, were unable to think up anything new when their crowd of about 800 gathered at the court house yesterday to present petitions asking for the resignation of Commissioners Ralph Billings and Emmett Nealon, and of District Attorney George Coddling. Estimates of the crowd varied from 350 to 2500. Those who made an effort to count the crowd, however, reported that the gathering was between 750 and 1000, but, under no condition was it over 1000.

The show was purely one of self-appraisal, as far as the unprejudiced observer could determine, as only Banks and Judge Fehl were allowed to speak. Judge Fehl called upon Commissioner Nealon to speak, to defend himself, but the impartial and gentlemanly crowd insisted on heckling and booing Nealon until he gave up in disgust and turned the platform over to Judge Fehl again.

Banks and Fehl each declared a complete breakdown of law and order in Jackson county, and declared that the former county commissioners were afraid to have the books audited because it would disclose where they had stolen thousands of dollars. They both declared, also, that the two commissioners should be forced to resign because they had refused to vote to set aside \$50,000 from the highway bond sinking fund to use for unemployment relief. With both declarations, the crowd cheered wildly.

When Nealon spoke, however, he declared that the court had voted (Continued on page two)

GABBY GERTIE



"In the tropics a sugar daddy is a big prune and date man."

Once Too Often

By LLEWELLYN A. BUNKS

"Is Turn-About Foul Play?"

Ah, there, Mr. Hogwallow Toreador! So you can't take it, eh?

Of course we all know you can dish—er, er, SHOVEL—it out by the wagonload, but when it comes to swapping places with your victims, THAT seems to be a nag with another whinney!

Like our boyhood pest who used to pick on everyone else in the township, you raise a howl to the high heavens, spout mutterings about "grand jury's duty being plain" and launch into the usual tank-town dramatics when someone hands you back some of your own medicine. (Of course we don't mean exactly medicine—you know what old newspapers are used for.)

Just because we chose to tell the truth about your actual treatment of employees who not too willingly print the disgraceful slop you serve your readers you launch into a maniacal word debauchery describing just what you propose to have done about it. However, one thing you evidently haven't learned yet is that although you might be able to fool your readers some of the time, you simply can't fool with the truth once it is clearly established all of the time.

And there is not a doubt in the world that our story last week concerning the pitiful pittance you dole to your back shop is true in every detail. In fact the authorities already have had the facts verified to their entire satisfaction. But we doubt if the state labor commissioner is so well satisfied with the mess.

You know, after all, an employer is not supposed to attempt to coerce his employees into swearing to an affidavit which contains an absolute lie. Doubtless you realize that last Friday evening when, we are informed, you called into your office the young man we so truthfully described in the paper issued that day, you attempted to force him to sign an affidavit which stated he had received an average of \$31 a week in cash. As a matter of fact, he received just \$33 the past month from you—and most of that was in grocery orders.

Oh, but why go on? You'll just jump to another subject when we sew you up on this last atrocity committed in your Hogwallow Blatter. We suppose the best thing to do is to remember your proclivity for telling the truth—in installments—and proceed to reveal your present and past to your followers in its shocking, disgraceful entirety.

But did you hand your readers a laugh when you stated that, to let such true stories continue unpunished would leave "no citizen in Jackson county safe from slanderous, personal attacks." Are you, the author of HUNDREDS of scathing, personal, defamatory, character-assassinating editorials, just awakening to the dreadful menace of such newspaper tactics when The Miner chose to produce a mirror the time you directed your last Napoleonic evil-eye toward us?

Does someone have to kick you in the shin before you discover kicking shins isn't nice? And will you ever realize that your Hogwallow Blatter will never serve any useful purpose until you use some kind of ink that won't smear?

And anyway you ought to realize that a man of your type—with so many sins and failures to your discredit—is certainly not in a position to cast reflections on anyone else. An ageing (Continued on page two)

The Philosopher

Last week we left primitive man with his own answer to what undoubtedly was his first question:—Why do the rocks, trees, wind, water and other things in nature get angry and try to kill me?

Science tells us—there is never a result without a cause but frankly admits there are many without known cause. There are the choice elements in life. Primitive man unconsciously voiced this decree of science when he felt the necessity of avoiding the disastrous results good or bad luck: Unable to distinguish between animate and inanimate objects, everything must be as himself, have the same emotions, anger or gentleness as they were pleased or displeased.

He felt that he must do something about it and do it at once. The law of gravitation, the cause of storms, all unknown to him compelled him to resort to the only course possible for him—magic. Excavations in primitive set- (Continued on page two)

Demmer Brothers Narrowly Escape Death in Explosion

On Thursday of last week, Paul Demmer and his brother Walter were victims of an accident that might have proven fatal to one or both of them.

While working on a tunnel in the hills west of Jacksonville, they kept their store of explosives inside the tunnel near the entrance. In some unknown way the explosives caught fire, causing a terrific explosion, causing a terrible explosion. Walter Demmer was inside the tunnel at the far end, on a ladder. He was knocked from the ladder, bruised and shocked and almost rendered unconscious by the fumes before reaching the outer air.

Paul Demmer was outside the tunnel, just starting to enter. He also was knocked down, bruised and a four-inch gash cut in his back, necessitating four stitches to close it. If the men had been a little closer, they would have been killed, as it is, they are recovering from the effects without any serious injuries.

The dinner pail and water jugs were blown to bits, the overcoats hanging near by were riddled with buck-shot and the entrance to the tunnel was wrecked, the timbers being blown clear outside. A lot of work will be required to put the mine in shape again.

Jack Hulse, Applegate's jack-knife carpenter, whose skill in bow and arrow making has attracted considerable attention, is now making an archery set for a North Dakota boy. A local man has ordered three sets for friends in the middle-west.

CITY RETAINS LITTELL; CUTS SALARY TO \$75

New Council Cursed in; Water and Marshal Duties to Remain Same

The Jacksonville city council, quite unlike other governmental bodies in southern Oregon, enjoyed a very peaceful inaugural ceremony Tuesday evening of this week when new officers were sworn in—or at—and took their chairs for the coming months of struggle with city affairs.

Peter Pick, the only new face in the ranks of city dads, was initiated into the Order of the Public Goat and seated himself with composure in the badly dilapidated chair allotted to his ward. Other councilmen, Clint Dunnington and Jim Cantrall, silently blink-ed their acknowledgment of admission of a brother sufferer, being holdover members, while E. S. Severance and Mayor Hartman, re-elected this fall, retook the oath of office and apologized for the mildness of terms used, adding they knew some swell oaths they'd like to introduce from time to time. Recorder Ray Coleman, who holds office in yearly installments, also swore to something or other and (continued in with the "gang") (This term used because we insist on being on a par with Medford.)

Business handled, beyond the usual allowing (not always paying) of regular bills included the decision in the pertinent matter of whether Jacksonville should have a marshal AND a water commissioner, or a marshal-water commissioner.

Although sentiment failed to be unanimous, the city dads agreed to let Jim Littell serve the martial and liquid interests of the municipality for the coming year, but at reduced rates; that is, \$75 per month instead of the former \$100 for the combination task which all but includes washing the village dishes during the three hours Jim will have no official duties.

This matter of chiseling a Reconstruction Finance corporation loan to handle water improvement bonds was turned over in the gray-templed minds of the city dads and the whip was verbally snapped at City Attorney Hanna to prepare an appealing communication to the Washington government department in charge of routing the gray train. It has been repeatedly pointed out that this little community should get its share while the gettin' is good—and possible—and that success in the venture is attainable. They hope.

Other matters of great moment such as the annoyance of having water run from a street ditch into one's front yard, under the house, through the basement and out in- (Continued on page four)

Past and Present Intermingle in Pleasant Relation at Ruch

To the casual tourist it might seem to be just an old-fashioned country store with the usual array of staple merchandise and clothing, groceries and light hardware, but to the initiated native or former resident returning from other lands, the general store at Ruch is a veritable mine of past history and boyhood scenes.

And, reigning among an assortment of nail kegs, random counters, shoes, tires, automobile batteries, overalls, flyswatters and beneath a halo of lanterns, kerosene cans, frying pans, coffee pots and whatnot suspended from the ceiling, Mrs. Anna Ruch still carries on the traditions and customs of her beloved husband, "Cap" Ruch, who established the business in 1895.

"Yes, the old place has been here a long time," said Mrs. Ruch when interviewed this week concerning background of the old landmark. "Nearly 38 years now since 'Cap' cleared underbrush and built the first unit of the present store." Further questioning brought out the fact that Casper M. Ruch was born on the Applegate near the present home of Edward Kubli May 8, 1865, and lived there until the death of his parents at the age of eight. Mr. and Mrs. Louise Ray then took charge of the orphan and raised the young man, who was later to become one of the

best known and best loved store-keepers in the entire Applegate valley.

At the age of 30 "Cap," as he is known by hundreds, felt the need of a general store in the vicinity of abandoned Logtown and took it upon himself to clear away manzanita and erect a modest structure to be designated on all maps as Ruch, Oregon. Two years later he was awarded a postoffice, fourth class, and an imposing certificate, still treasured by the man's widow, announced to the world that "Whereas, on the 24th day of May, 1897, Casper M. Ruch was appointed postmaster at Ruch, in the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, and whereas he did on the 5th day of June, 1897, execute a bond, and has taken the oath of office as required by law: Now know ye, that confiding in the integrity, ability and punctuality of the said Casper M. Ruch, I do commission him a postmaster, authorized to execute the duties of that office at Ruch aforesaid according to the laws of the United States and the regulations of the post office department; to hold the said office of postmaster, with all the powers, privileges and emoluments to the same belonging, during the pleasure of the postmaster general of the United States.

"In testimony whereof I here- (Continued on page four)