

# All Is Not Gold That Glitters!

## The Chit That Gives You the Jitters

Open Letter to Our Contemptuous Contemporary, 3-in-One Publisher-Editor-Whatnot of the Hogwallow Blatter

Listen Llewellyn, one of your favorite practices of the past few years has been to publish in your slander sheet a series of insolent, insulting questionnaires directed to some of our most respected, outstanding citizens, such as Mr. B. E. Harder, president of the First National bank, Mr. Albert Burch, member of the State Board of Higher Education and of State Horticultural board, etc., etc., trying to embarrass them into answering a long list of questions regarding their private business affairs and so on.

### Past and Present Intermingle at Ruch

(Continued from page one)

unto set my hand and caused the seal of the post office department to be affixed at Washington city, this 15th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1897, and of the independence of the United States the 121st.

"James A. Gary, postmaster general."

It is significant to note that Casper Ruch continued in that capacity until his death June 10, 1930, when his wife, his deputy, assumed the responsibilities of handling Uncle Sam's mail.

After "Cap" had continued and prospered in his new enterprise for several years a great change came into his life. A new schoolmarm moved into the community and began tapping a stern ruler on the Ruch school desk. Miss Anna Boylan, who had been born in Trenton, N. J., at an unadmitted date, later moved to Hardin county, Iowa, and finally returned to Medford with a visiting sister, who still resides in the pear city, was the representative of civilization's progress who attracted the attentions of the young storekeeper.

An effective courtship sprang up and scarcely a year later, following exams in the spring, the country school teacher and the general store proprietor decided theirs was a common cause and were married June 11, 1913. Neighbors and friends of the couple still express admiration for success of the venture.

Although population on the Applegate has more than doubled in the past year or so, many grown-ups still cherish the memory of that cheerful store where they trudged for the daily mail and paper "from the city" and stood, on tiptoes, to gaze into veritable acres of appealing penny candy in shining glass cases with their mouths watering as they conjured schemes of earning the price of an all-day sucker that seemed to wear out in two or three hours regardless of how lightly and considerably it was stroked with one's tongue.

Dozens, returning after many years in the far corners of the nation, feel a lump rise in their throat as they gaze upon the same variety of goods which used to greet their youthful eyes; the same display of gold pans, old fashioned mercantile stocks mingling with modern, up-to-date cellophane wrapped articles. A sharp sensation of hurt smites them as they note electric lights protruding in the midst of black soot from lamps that illuminated the establishment in years gone by; they see with sadness one of the fast disappearing village postoffices, with its interesting collection of pictures of wanted men, their fingerprints and crimes, of posters announcing the need for harvest hands in the great wheat belt three years ago and a huge placard announcing opening of homestead lands in Alaska.

Old-timers, in a reminiscent mood, are wont to think back to the days when "Cap" bought the plot of ground from Jim McDonough, the proud thrill they enjoyed the day word was received of its designation as a postoffice, the happy days when Mr. and Mrs. Ruch were married, and the resulting pleasant relations with the couple ever since. They inquire into the well-being of Mrs. Ruch, who used to seem so young and friendly to the neighborhood kids, and are moved with an overwhelming emotion at the changes time has wrought on man and his works.

Yet all the while Mrs. Ruch carries bravely and cheerfully on, content in her daily task of serving the needs of the community both physically and mentally with her array of groceries, clothing and daily supply of cherished mail. A though her revenue as postmaster comes solely from cancellations in her post, she awaits with a human eagerness the sight of the mail car coming over Jacksonville hill and hastens to distribute to each person his allotment of news from the outside world.

"Many new people have moved into the neighborhood," added Mrs. Ruch, "but as a whole they are of an industrious type, coming here to pan what pittance they can from the nearby gravels and creek beds. About 40 families are served by the Ruch postoffice now."

"No, I don't have any trouble running things here, although I do find it necessary to keep a pair of boxing gloves handy to use on the menfolks when they gang up on me in an argument or debate," concluded the popular storekeeper-postmaster as the interview ended.

### Throckmorton Flue Shoots Works at Nite

Considerable excitement was prevalent in Ruch Tuesday evening when the flue at the A. Throckmorton home burned out. No damage resulted from the fire, although neighbors remained on guard at the home until early the following morning.

Suppose we try exactly the same thing on YOU, and see how you like it?

(1) Is it not true that your highly touted Footh Creek gold mining venture has turned out to be a flat failure, as all the old-timers and mining men expected, as has almost everything else you ever tried to put over, such as your involved California fruit orfey, your tail race for a seat in the U. S. Senate, your newspaper fiasco, etc.?

(2) Is it not true that you have stalled off for six months your overdue creditors and hungry employees by promising a golden stream in 90 days to clear up every old debt when your gold mine started?

(3) Are not the sacrificed Utah bonds further sacrificed now?

(4) Instead of daily handling your promised 1000 yards of ore worth fifty to one hundred DOLLARS (\$100.00) per yard and thus producing merely two-hundred-fifty five dollars which was at a daily rate of merely 70 yards worth twenty five CENTS per yard, thus producing seventeen dollars and fifty cents per day instead of five-thousand to ten-thousand dollars daily as promised?

(5) Offsetting this paltry two-hundred and fifty-five dollars production with your "gigantic Diesel dredge", are there not some two thousand five-hundred dollars in unpaid wages to your miners, plus large amounts due on Diesel shovel and equipment?

(6) Did not you yourself grab half of this measly two-hundred and fifty-five dollars, leaving your poor employees to divide the remainder, some thus receiving only \$10—the merest fraction of what you owe them?

(7) Didn't your employees come to Medford January 6th to file liens on the Bates Mide property to collect these overdue wages?

(8) After all your big editorials about relieving the local unemployed by putting Jackson County citizens to work in the mines, is it not true that with scarcely any exceptions, you hired California men for your mine and they are still using California license plates on their cars—just as your imported California packers for your fruit?

(9) Did you follow your usual custom of passing the buck, for your own mistakes, to your employees, blaming your mine superintendent? Also hasn't your foreman quit, while your crew and all plead for their wages?

(10) Now that your other little scheme has failed, of ordering the sheriff to give your brother-in-law a star and an order from Feh! to take over the County machinery, do you think your brother-in-law will do any better in your new appointment of him as watchman (or is it foreman?) of your Footh Creek mining machinery?

(11) Do you consider this appointment legal?

(12) What are you going to invent as a new scheme to stall off creditors and fool hungry employees on your various "constructive" enterprises, now that this last excuse has burst like the bubble nearly everybody knew it to be from the first? It must take clever scheming to retain the title of World's Champ'on Deadbeat!

(13) "I allow you until Thursday noon to answer or resign".

### To Plant Poa Bulbosa from Airplane Soon

(Continued from page one)

son State Department of Agriculture gives the following results:

|                        | Protein | % Fat |
|------------------------|---------|-------|
| Winter Blue Grass..... | 8.26    | 2.08  |
| Ky. Blue Grass.....    | 1.9     | 0.7   |
| Orchard Grass.....     | 1.7     | 0.6   |
| Pye Grass.....         | 1.75    | 0.7   |
| Timothy.....           | 1.5     | 0.7   |

The above figures, Hoover declared, show why cattle remain so fat on the bluegrass pasture all winter, and why there is enough pasture on an acre to pasture three or four cattle all winter.

While other fields were desolate and bare, and while the snows covered the mountains, the Hanley and Hoover cattle are peacefully grazing on the ankle-high pasture, and it is Hoover's dream that sometime the cattlemen and farmers of this section will have the mountains as green in the winter as his ranch is.

Bluegrass that was planted in the Applegate district last year on 50,000 acres of burned over land is growing luxuriantly, Hoover reported, and the Jacksonville Grangers, who assisted Hoover in the work, are pleased with the results. The grass has spread down the hill for more than 75 yards in many places, and will continue to spread, Hoover declares, until the mountains are green. The grass spreads both from the bulbs on the roots and the bulblets in the seeds of the grass, giving a double spread and building a firmer sod. The sod formed by a good stand of bluegrass will hold up a cow or horse in the winter, even in the lightest land, thereby making a better pasture and protecting alfalfa land

from being pitted by cattle's feet. The bluegrass is especially fitted for planting in alfalfa fields, as it affords a pasture all winter, kills out all fox-tail and bronco grass, and strengthens the alfalfa stand, Hoover said. The bluegrass dies down in the spring, and starts growing again in the fall about the time the last cutting of alfalfa is off. Except for the first cutting of alfalfa, there is no bluegrass in the hay from an alfalfa field.

### City Keeps Littell But Cuts Pay to \$75

(Continued from page one)

to the garden were introduced. "That wasn't so bad," complained the victim of the city's random drainage, "but when it reached my outdoor plumbin' that was carryin' things too far." A motion was made and seconded that city officials pray for dry weather. Another complaint was lodged against one of the city's streets which had been acting up due to the heavy precipitation. It was charged by several local miners that they repeatedly stub their toes o the windshield of an old flyver which attempted to chug through the bog. An appeal was made to the city to furnish a truck for one day, the residents of that section to furnish three husky men and the gravel free of charge to remedy the situation. After several ballots the jury would have been hung had it not been for the usual rising of Jim Cantrall to the situation (after a few timely remarks by Councilman Dunnington) by offering his team and a driver at his own expense.

### The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

tion, doubtless have your own ideas about our editorial spoutings, their purposes and causes.

No matter how bitterly you oppose our tactics or beliefs, will you grant us this one thing: Give us credit, at least, for having honest convictions and a mind of our own. Believe us when we state frankly to you that the reason we have followed up our attacks on Llewellyn A. Banks is a sincere desire to render Jackson county and southern Oregon a real service. We have been telling on our Medford contemporary because we believe that the sooner his methods are understood and objectives made clear the sooner will Jackson county return to that happy, peaceful, contented state which should be the rule and not just a dusty page from ancient history.

We are convinced that the real rottenness in Jackson county lies not in its public officials but rather in the terrible stench flipped from the rear of a striped back to the four winds. We believe that Mr. Banks has sought to not only cover up his own dishonesty and shortcomings by casting aspersions on everyone else, but that he secretly has been plotting all along to wrest some material, monetary gain from dividing the county against itself. Any man who incites class hatreds and mob violence as the Medford editor has practiced for three years cannot possibly have the general welfare at heart.

In view of these deep-rooted convictions concerning our adversary we want to make it clear we are not prejudiced or prompted by malice toward the man simply as Mr. Banks. But we ARE opposed to the destructive Public House L. A. Banks would make of himself, and shall continue to employ his very own tactics against him so long as we see any menace in his presence. And there is one more thing we want to make plain and that is the fact that we have been egged on by no one—our present battle has been a child of our own brain, nursed and developed by us, and NO OTHER NEWSPAPER, or "GANG" or INDIVIDUAL has had any part in our plan or its pursuit whatsoever.

The Miner has not been coming into your home accusing you of selling your birthright or taking the fall for some more powerful influence. Will you grant it the same courtesy and wait until some tangible proof is offered before believing in your own mind that we have become the mouthpiece for some other group or influence?

Will you demonstrate your inherent wisdom and love of fair play to us by demanding more than "it is rumored, reported, or it appears to be" before you complete an opinion? Will you master that human tendency toward the concealed conviction that everyone else is

### Once and for All OR Never Again

With No Apologies to THE MEDFORD DAILY NUTS (Or NERTZ to You)

The MIS-Leading Newspaper of All Southern Oregon

Well, well, Mr. Ed., thanks a lot for your assurance that this column is being well-received. But don't give me the credit; give it to my inspiration—Bloody Llewie.

First of all, three lusty cheers for the American Legion, and their patriotism and common sense in not falling for Llewie's Hooey of the past three years. And as for Him—Dictator Llewellyn A. Stalin, let him consider this: Even Kaiser Wilhelm couldn't "call the bluff of the handful of those who now compromise the American Legion", so how do YOU expect to do it, you common Agitator?

Now, pupils, give Teacher a synonym in three words or the Daily

crooked but me, and not glory in thinking the worst of your neighbors, friends and home-town newspaper?

There certainly are many of you who disagree with our ideas on the political mess which has beset the county and rendered untold damage to every resident. But can you see how The Miner could honestly print anything but the TRUTH as it appears to it, even if a few short-sighted readers chose to rush us with demands that we stop their paper at once?

And while on the subject of broadmindedness—which certainly is nothing more nor less than a wholesome state of humility—will those of you who are not acquainted at first hand with the true situation in county politics be just a bit tolerant with those who are conscientiously attempting to bring you a true picture and reserve your final, closed-mind opinion a few weeks or months until necessary perspective can be gained and Earl Feh!'s and L. A. Banks' attempted horseplay can be viewed in its true light?

It is our honest opinion that the arrest and trial of Judge C. B. Lamkin—one of the most honest men in the county—and Victor Bursell late last week was the most disgraceful thing which has ever occurred in Jackson county.

We don't question Feh!'s sincerity in the matter, but we do believe that he was acting either through animosity or plain ignorance and at the insistence of his senior partner, Llewellyn A. Banks. His actions in "carrying out the mandates of my constituents" were the greatest display of stupidity and two-by-four mental capacities we have ever witnessed in our life. And as for Llewellyn, Feh!'s real "constituents" whose mandates must be followed, there is not a doubt in the world but that he was actuated either by his paranoiac deformity of mind or by the common impulses of a lowly north-climber, and guilty of engineering and dictating the entire affair.

These may be harsh words to followers of the pair of hell-raisers, but at least we are candid and quite honest in giving you our opinion of the two and their doings.

We believe a newspaper's course is quite plain under these circumstances and will not hesitate to bow to the line regardless of the fact that a few chins might fall in awkward and regrettable places.

**ROXY ANY TIME 10c**  
KIDS 5c

Friday and Saturday  
HOOT GIBSON in  
"A MAN'S LAND"

Sunday and Monday  
"COCK OF THE AIR"  
with Chester Morris

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday  
"TOM BROWN OF CULVER"

Friday and Saturday  
RIN-TIN-TIN in  
"PRIDE OF THE LEGION"  
BARBARA KENT

Continuous Saturday & Sunday

**The Place to Get Good Home-Cooked Meals**

HOT DINNER SANDWICHES

Headquarters for  
**THE JACKSONVILLE MINER**

**THE NUGGET**

Sandwiches, Fountain Drinks, Candy, Cigars, News  
Barber Shop and Pool Hall in Connection

SOUND HORN FOR CURB SERVICE

PHONE 162

"Once In A While" column. Answer: CROSS Word Puzzle. (CROSS is right!)

Now explain the meaning of "THE HEIGHT OF INCONSISTENCY". Answer: After a self-seeking, bull-doing editor has brutally and viciously attacked innocent victims and assassinated the characters of literally hundreds of our finest citizens, public officials, civic bodies, etc., in his slander sheet for three years and thinks that's just fine and dandy, BUT when finally a poor little country editor takes one page out of the "Free Press" book of the Assassinator and gives that Assassinator one dose of his own medicine, the Assassinator screams that it is "libelous, slanderous, blackmailing, villainous, scurrilous" and cries to the Grand Jury to nail the Boy Editor! (Why not nail the Assassinator first?)

GRAND PRIZ! The Miner Editor agreed to give a week's subscription to everyone turning in to him a synonym for "KING OF CRANKS", which also rhymes with it.

The Valley is up in arms—not only on account of the CHARGE of the Free Electric LIGHT on the Court House, but also because the newspapers all over the country have announced the granting of the title of the World's Champion liar to some man in Denver. That's stealing the honor from Medford, where it really belongs.

BOOK REVIEWS—  
It is rumored that when a certain newspaper goes to the wall, the editor thereof will recoup his fortunes by publishing a text book on "How To Tell a Lie" or "Lying Made Easy". 1000 examples of readily swallowed and easily digested lies will be included from the previously published works of the author.

Another book promised from the same publishing house will be entitled: "How I Changed the Name of the Bar Association to the Bar Assassination with My Bar Sinsister".

Never a disciple of Free Love, I now sign myself off (in lieu of Llewie).

Yours for FREE HATE,  
"ONE OF HIS VICTIMS"

### Brass Nuggets for Gasoline Bum Deal

Trading gold for gasoline seems to be the latest development of the times. An Applegate service station owner all but pumped several gallons of gasoline in exchange for gold, when he noticed that the gold nuggets were brass and that the diamond ring offered had a 10-cent store origin. With this discovery the gas man informed his customer that he could not accept virgin gold. The traveler was a Californian.

However, a more honest autoist succeeded in trading his gun for five gallons of gas at the same station.

Send in your subscription today.

**"DAD" DYNGE**

Now Playing at  
**DREAMLAND**  
HALL—MEDFORD

Every  
**Saturday Night**  
9 to 12

LADIES FREE MEN 35c

### Attendance Grows At Applegate Class

Twenty-eight in the attendance report for last Sunday at the Applegate Sunday school, which was organized in December by Rev. D. D. Randall of Medford, missionary of the American Sunday School union. Much interest is being shown in the new organization which meets during the afternoon at the community hall.

Officers and teachers are as follows: Superintendent, Charles Pitts; assistant superintendent, Mrs. Tom Mee; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Harry Brown; pianist, Herbert Elmore; intermediate teacher, Charles Pitts; junior teacher, Mrs. Pitts; primary teacher, Mrs. John Pernoll. Owing to changes made in classes since organizing, the name of the Bible teacher was not given.

This is the third Sunday school organized on the Applegate by Rev. Randall, the other two being at Beaver creek and Thompson creek.

Mrs. Scott Darby and three children of east Medford visited at the home of Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer Sunday afternoon. William Jennings of this city also is remaining at the Kleinhammer home for a short time.

**CRATERIAN**  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY

**"I AM A FUGITIVE"**  
with  
**PAUL MUNI**  
"A 4-Star Picture"—Liberty

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

LESLIE HOWARD  
ANN HARDING  
in  
**"ANIMAL KINGDOM"**

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

**"FAST LIFE"**  
with  
**WILLIAM HAINES**  
**CLIFF EDWARDS**

**RIALTO**  
Saturday Only  
**BUCK JONES**  
in "FORBIDDEN TRAIL"

Sunday and Monday  
**JACK HOLT**  
"MAN AGAINST WOMAN"  
A battle of wits — Strength against beauty; a man's brain against a woman's wiles!

Tuesday and Wednesday  
**GEORGE ARLISS**  
"A Successful Calamity"

Thursday and Friday  
**GEORGE RAFT**  
"The UNDERCOVER MAN"

ANY SEAT  
ANY TIME **15c**

Continuous Shows  
Saturdays 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.  
Sun. and Hols. 2 p.m. to 11 p.m.

**1 CENT**

**will make**

**44** slices of toast

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