

King Winter Halts Local Mine Work

Lack of Targets Annoys Snow-balls; Move to Import Top Hats, Fat Men

Wednesday morning saw Old Man Winter leave his blanket of white over Jacksonville and Applegate territory to the tune of about five inches — and also saw the younger element (in spirit) proceed to make the most of it.

"Aw heck," complained one of the junior members of the snowball brigade yesterday. "We ain't got no conveniences no more. Every other town I ever lived in had a bunch of Chinamen to throw snowballs at, and here there's nobody but Joe Wetterer and Amy Dow, and they stay indoors pretty much."

The Sunnyside Athletic club, which now is in its indoor training quarters, passed a hasty resolution Wednesday noon, which reads as follows:

"Whereas, the democrats have brought us needed snow; and whereas snow is the best form of moisture for the greatest benefit to the hills, and whereas we believe the snow should not be wasted, but should be confined to Mother Earth's back, we hereby resolve to condemn the practice of throwing snowballs down members' necks, in their faces, against Sunday hats and glass windows because said practice is a downright waste of snow, time and temper."

"Be it further resolved that one of our members with a water-soaked missile the club en masse shall deem it fitting that said culprit shall have his face washed in an uncomfortable combination of cracked ice, melting snow and rock salt."

"Passed and signed, by heck, by the entire membership of the Sunnyside Athletic club, effective from right now till July 4."

It is not known what effect the resolution has had on the townsfolk, but the occasional thud of a heavy snowball against the tin sign on the main stem is heard whenever an intended victim is agile at dodging. Alice Hoefs, postmaster, has been exempted by the city's best shots because of her influential position behind the letter boxes, but Virginia Flick, first lieutenant, was seen to be on her guard, evidently figuring that prestige of Uncle Sam's sanctuary was sufficient for one (1) employee only.

Ray Coleman, who handles more powder than any other dealer in southern Oregon, has commanded respect and protection since the time he nearly threw a stick of dynamite that was covered with snow at his assailants, and H. C. Mechem has been wont to protect his life and limb by wearing an inverted waste paper basket. Vivian Beach, the jeweler, threatens his trade with monkeyshines to their watches if he is not granted immunity while Barney Cody relies solely on his fleetness of foot to save his face the stinging impact of a snowball many find so disconcerting.

George Wendt, milkman, has been the one citizen suffering most severely from the advent of snow laying on every hand, for his open delivery truck offers little safety. "Danged if I don't train the cows to go calling on customers themselves till the spring thaw comes," observed George yesterday as he wiped another snowball from the back of his neck. His first assistant and left-hand man, Bob Metzger, however, has adopted different tactics. Bob simply gives an eye for an eye — or, we meant slush ball for slush ball. The latter scheme seems to furnish a degree of distance between himself and pranksters bent on mischief, if not total immunity.

The Dunnington brothers, Tom and Punk, have called upon their native resourcefulness to guard them while snow sails across California street. Tom, the local meat cutter, wraps himself up like a \$3 order of sweet breads before venturing out in the evening, and Punk who makes his livelihood by rearranging the innards of autos, borrows a hood off the nearest car to ward off snowballs which hurtle through space with the velocity and threat of Howard Lewis' charging Austin.

Other safeguards which have been taken, generally, is a strict adherence to the rule, "If you don't wanta get smacked with a wet snowball, don't go outside where ammunition is plentiful." A letter has been written to President-elect Roosevelt by Democrat Ed Severance asking him, after inauguration, to please see that snow is not permitted to fall within city limits again.

And until that time natives are praying for warm weather or rain whenever the elements wish to bathe this section with moisture.

Doctors Agree Editor Victim Mental Quirk

(Continued from page one)

courage. Whereas to a psychiatrist it is merely a manifestation of self-confessed inferiority, a fear that ordinary conduct will not sufficiently impress those about him with his greatness. This is commonly called "grand-standing." You may be sure that those who strive most for popularity and public recognition feel the need of them. They must be in the center of the picture or they will be underestimated. In other words something beyond their own natural personality is necessary to the desired grandeur.

"Individuals who do not have sufficient confidence in their ability to achieve their goal, attempt

to approach it by greater effort, with the aid of accessory effort and emotion." (Adler.)

If we inspect his relationship in life we find his social connections highly inadequate. He gathers about him only those who recognize his superiority.

According to V. Magnon the course of paranoia is progressive and each individual passes through the stages of persecution and ambition successively.

Persecutory Paranoia

"This form is characterized by delusions of persecution with hallucinations of a painful and distressing character. Toward the commencement of the insanity the patients become preoccupied and very irritable. Suspicion regarding the attitude of others takes possession of their minds. The extraordinary prevalence of this imagined conspiracy may lead the patient to regard himself as a person of great importance, and may result in the formation of great ambitions for power which constantly mingle with the general conceptions of persecution."

"During the course of the disease the patient's suspicious as to the authors of his persecution vary in indefiniteness. He usually refers to them as 'they' or some corporate body, such as 'lawyers,' 'priests,' or some lodge."

"When the persecution is attributed to individuals the matter is serious from the standpoint of physical danger for paranoiacs in the advanced stage of their insanity are usually armed and become killers with little provocation."

Ambitious Paranoia

"A not uncommon form of paranoia, combining both ambition and persecution, is where the subject believes he is a man of unbounded power, of the rights of which he is deprived by the machinations of his enemies. The patients frequently obtain their knowledge on which they base their delusions through auditory hallucinations. They are often so troublesome, threatening and persistent in their determination to obtain redress for their imagined wrongs that they have to be forcibly detained in insane asylums for the public interest."

"The clinical form of litigious paranoia presents uniform characteristics which are recognized in every community always in court, always being defeated but stubborn and extremely critical of the courts at all times. He accuses the judges of corruption; the lawyers of being in the pay of his enemies, and imagines the existence of a conspiracy to prevent him from obtaining justice."

The above are not the writer's own descriptions of these symptoms of insanity, but are from the above authorities and the Encyclopedia Britannica. They should enable any layman to recognize a 'nut' at sight; also the authorities if anxious to protect the citizenship.

53rd Anniversary of 'Gate Couple Noted

Accomplishing that which many people are unable to do, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Peachey of Ashland were honored with a dinner Saturday in observance of their 53rd wedding anniversary, which came on that date, and which also is coincident with Mr. Peachey's 80th birthday anniversary.

The dinner was given at the home of a son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Peachey, of Ashland. Although relatives from a distance were not present for the event, 28 guests residing in the county assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Peachey started life together at West Line, Missouri, 53 years ago, and resided for some time in Kansas and Oklahoma before coming to Oregon in 1901. Events in the life of this couple are closely linked with the Applegate, where they spent 12 summers on Tallowboy lookout. Just since the last three seasons have they left this important work, which leaves them with many pleasant remembrances, go to another. A few years ago the unusual life of this joyous haired couple on the mountain top was featured in the Portland Journal by a local writer, Mrs. Peachey is the mother of Mrs. L. C. Port of the Applegate.

Real Cougar, Not D-T's Worry of Applegater

A face to face meeting with a cougar wasn't included in the program for Burl Brown, Medford youth, who is visiting a cousin near Rich, but anything exciting might happen on Applegate.

Mr. Brown was walking along the highway Saturday, when he saw a cougar, which immediately climbed a tree. By the time Mr. Brown went for assistance the animal had disappeared, and had not been seen since. Charley Sims was called from Medford with four of his expert hounds, but apparently the cat left not even a scent. When the snow, which has since fallen, disappears, Mr. Sims will return for further search. By the feline voices heard frequently in the forest nearby, it is believed that two of the animals roam in the vicinity.

● Mr. and Mrs. Lance Offenbacher visited relatives at Grants Pass Sunday.

● Mrs. Tom Mee expected to leave Tuesday evening for Seattle, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

● A sort of an anticlimax to this rapidly progressing world came recently when two school boys refused to accept a ride from a passing car. Grown-ups like to say that "a kid will ride two feet," but these very young men refused to budge. It was all because they had been excused during school hours to run an errand, and they feared they would get back to school sooner than necessary if they submitted to the driver's kindness.

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, Mr. Ed, I thought I'd give your kind readers (not to mention the MAD one) a change this week, and fill up this column with poetry — or, er, verse, then.

You all are familiar with that rollicking old tune, "Frankie and Johnnie." I hope the following parody on it will prove to be a Medford saga that will be sung and whistled from one end of West Main to the other—at least as far as "1000."

LLEWIE AND LOVERS

(Tune: Frankie and Johnnie Were Lovers, But He Done Her Wrong)

Llewle has had lots of lovers, (Oh my gawd HOW he can love!) Swore he'd be true to each of them, just as true as the stars above, But he was the man What done them wrong.

Llewle and Earlie were lovers, Their offspring was "Little Orphan Anne," Known as "Abortive Recall" To ruin Jackson County's finest man.

But it died a'bornin'; They done it wrong.

Ashamed to acknowledge the par- entage Of a child of the hidden left hand, Earl left the baby on Llewle's doorstep, Saying, "Give it respectability if you can."

So I lew pushed petitions, But he pushed 'em wrong.

Then once in a moment of frank- ness Earl spilled a lot he knew about Llewle, His past life and what Llewle was doing.

While Earl was saving the totter- ing News From the union men's woulkout; Llewle was in the wrong.

Llewle then called in his reporters, Threatened putting Earl on the spot, But Llewle needed Earl and Earl needed Llewle, So hard feelings were promptly forgot;

They kissed and made up, But they both done wrong.

Then Llewle and Wilkie were lovers,

The last lawyer left in his net; Llewle pledged to elect Wilkie D. A. If Llewle could use that office to "get"

Every victim he wanted To ruin and wrong.

But Wilkie went campaigning in Ashland, Sought votes by denouncing the Recall, Llewle flew into a desk-pounding rage,

Wrote a "ONCE WHILE" and told it all— How he had "made" Wilkie, Who done him wrong.

"He didn't have a cent or a client, Nor a friend—he's a bum anyway; I picked him from Oblivion's gutter And I'm sending him right back there to stay;

He's a low-down traitor; He done me wrong."

Wilkie threatened to expose Llewle's shady dealings And the Recall conspiracy, too; But Llewle said he'd give the P. O. department

An obscene letter that Wilkie wrote Llewle; So Wilkie knew that Llewle Had got him in wrong!

So Wilkie "crawled" and licked Llewle's golf shoes, Kissed his foot and armpit as well; Then Llewle took back his renounced candidate And said he was wonderful as Hell—

Just the kind of a man Who couldn't do the county wrong.

Of course Llewle loved all his em- ployes, But hid their wages in his money belt;

When they asked for their due he fired them all, Branding them "dishonest as Hell," And made his readers believe THEY had done HIM wrong!

Llewle and Will H. were lovers; This lasted for quite a long spell, Till Llewle sponged five hundred to save his linotypes When he had ten thousand in his money belt!

Well, I maintain That was doing Will wrong.

Llewle loved the American Legion, But 'twas only their VOTES that he loved;

So when they warned, "Stop your sedition!" He screamed, "I call your bluff— Your damnable bluff; I can't do wrong."

Then Llewle just adored Artie Who would make gold where none grew before;

But when Llewle's gold mine failed like everything else, Llewle kicked poor sick Art out the door

And said as a gold-saver Art was all wrong.

This refers to the "rich" mine of F. A.

Llewle's favorite "miscarriage" of all—

The man he made a "Saw-dust Martyr" of

To achieve square George Coddling's downfall;

But in working his scheme He done 'em both wrong.

When the "Martyr" learned his Hero had gypped him

And let lens weigh his property down,

He rushed back from his SECOND "banishment"

And went raving all over the town; He was looking for the man

What done him wrong.

(Now the Martyr was not really a martyr

Put a two-gun man of wide renown; He had threatened men and women and children

And terrorized the Creek up and down.)

Now Llewle's own Frankenstein Was ready for Wrong.

Llewle came down the broad stair- way, Screamed, "My God, F. A., don't shoot!"

Martyr pulled out his .38 Smith & Wesson—

And four times Footy-toot-toot!!!!

But he missed the man

What done him wrong.

Now Llewle had "done" everybody, But had cash galore hid in his belt, So he sneaked into "Banks-run- ture" and got away with it, And told his creditors to all go to H—ll!

He fooled his friends— He done 'em ALL wrong.

L'ENVOI

This is the end of Llewle, Oh my gawd, how he could HATE! Swore he'd be true to the Common People,

But they saw through his bunk too late;

He pretended to love 'em BUT HE DONE THEM WRONG.

* "A damn good gun! Sure it was loaded—what do you think I carry a gun for?"

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When in Town Drop in and See Us

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● Earl Sylvia of Wilderville motored to Little Applegate a few days ago. He was accompanied by his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Pursel, who was returning to her home there after spending three weeks at the Sylvia home.

● Having attended the Presbyterian church here Sunday forenoon, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer, were luncheon guests of Mrs. Lilla Haskins at Rich on their return to the Applegate.

● Mrs. Hattie Logan, who had been spending some time as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ansil Gilson, is remaining at her home in Jacksonville for a short time while taking treatments from Dr. J. J. Emmens at Medford.

● Otis Buck and Lester Hodson have returned to their homes at Applegate and Jacksonville, having been employed in beetle eradication at Hackamore, Cal. The work has been discontinued for the winter. Mr. Buck says they returned home because the bugs died.

● E. C. Crowell, sheep herder employed by Ben Dawson, was removed from Steamboat to the Community hospital Monday as a result of blood poisoning from an injured foot. Mr. Crowell severed a little toe with an axe a month ago.

● Mrs. Hoke, employed as cook at the Big 4 mine on Steamboat was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital Monday. Mrs. Hoke was seriously ill as a result of heart trouble.

● Mrs. Floyd McKee, Applegate correspondent for the Daily News, was shopping in Medford Saturday.

● Elmer Centers, who is remaining at the home of E. R. Jones this winter, motored to Anderson creek Tuesday, returning the following day.

● Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Redden and Mrs. Carl Franklin and two daughters of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith of this city.

● Ivan McDonough has entered the ever popular mining circle and is working on the property at Rich belonging to his mother.

● E. H. Taylor expected to attend a meeting of Grange masters at Central Point hall Wednesday evening, which was to be in charge of Ross Cline of Eagle Point. Poma Grange master. Mr. Cline was to instruct all of the new leaders in their new line of work.

● Mrs. C. C. Buck spent a few days last week as a guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Clark, at Medford.

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