

The Jacksonville Miner

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By JOHN BYRNE

After the mercury got through flitting with Madame Zero, the farmers thought the backbone of the winter was broken and were stirring around with their spring work, but now they are snowed under. Well, things are not as dark as they were, and would seem lighter yet if all the niggers were driven out of the various woodpiles.

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The farmers are the most optimistic class in the world, and given half a chance, would pull this country out of a bad hole and as far as that goes, they may do it yet. We were reading just the other day about those farmers in North Dakota who went home to sleep the hogs. Among other reforms, they established a state bank of their own and it is now in a strong financial condition and is earning them a good revenue in spite of the times.

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Several times in the past the people living on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius have gone back and reestablished their homes amid the lava and ashes. It is inherent in the human race.

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Knowledge is power and every failure an asset. Make no mistake—the farmer is going to be heard from.

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NO, WE ARE NOT RUNNING A ROOMING HOUSE, SAID THE JUDGE, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE PLENTY OF RUMORS FLOATING AROUND.

A DAY ABOUT TOWN

One of those delightfully cold days last week we got an early start, and reluctantly wandered into a dentist's office. A sign, prominently displayed, advertised painless dentistry. Won a two-round decision over the dentist. "Thought you advertised painless extractions here," we remonstrated. "It didn't hurt me," he said with a grin, as he extracted \$2.50 from my fast-vanishing bank roll and ushered me out the door.

Found ourselves in the vicinity of the new court house. Snow and fog all about, it looked rather bleak, but comfortable inside. Court was in session and we mingled with some 150 downtrodden taxpayers, mostly married men we would judge, from their scanty locks and worried expressions.

It was difficult to hear the replies of the witnesses in the chair. We would recommend the installation of an amplifier, but the lawyers' mighty stentorian tones could be heard all over the court room. We wonder if their vocal chords are developed from long practice or it is just natural? This must have been an off-day for we did not hear the words immaterial, irrelevant, superfluous and such.

The only thing we could see wrong about the court house was the absence of a soup kitchen on the ground floor.

Medford's \$500 civic expert must have overlooked this important detail.

After listening in on various groups about town we came to the conclusion that Jackson county has plenty of transmitters but is badly in need of a receiver.

Wound up in a grocery store and parted with the rest of my money for groceries, among which was some \$1.09 flour, milled out of 25-cent wheat. We asked the clerk what caused the discrepancy and he said it was to protect the farmer. No doubt it was.

Here we met "Shorty," an old pal of ours, who has four of the finest little youngsters we ever saw. "Yes, I was laid off. Two days work in November and nothing since." "How do you make it, Shorty?" "We have a cow and chickens," was the laconic answer. But we know there is a brave struggle going on in many an American home. What will youngsters like these inherit? Will there be a \$250,000,000 debt resting on their shoulders? The destiny of America lies with the coming generation. We have made a mess of things and are handing it on to posterity.

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We give it up. . . glad to get back over the hill. See you later.

● The Applegate Home Extension unit will meet at the home of Mrs. Fred Benedict this Tuesday for relief purposes, according to plans made at a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Fred Offenbacher a few days ago. The women will devote their time to completing a woolen quilt, and each person will contribute to a donation shower of groceries. The next regular meeting day, which will be the first Tuesday in February, will be the last of a series of clothing meetings conducted by Mrs. Mabel Mack.

Marking the Social Calendar



The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

torney George Coddling. And, to cap it all off, there sits little Earl Fehl in the center of the teapot clamoring, through his "friends of the court," for the resignation of Commissioner Billings of Ashland, who received a thousand MORE votes than did His Nibs.

Doesn't it ever occur to this minority of voters that other officials besides their own candidate got into office on a campaign promise and pledge? And do they realize that the county went two-to-one against Little Earl, who is not willing to be judged as he has judged others?

The deeper one gets into this mess, the worse it gets, and so we conclude again that the sooner Jackson county voters, taxpayers, indigents and aliens realize what a circus they have been witnessing and get a good laugh out of it the better off they'll all be—and the sooner the spring plowing will get done.

Question of the Week: What woman in Jackson county insists on telling what a great guy her grandfather was every time three or more people gather? Does a distant relative who hobbnobbed (so she says) with presidents make her citizenship hallowed? Should she be allowed TWO votes because her Uncle Elmer once shook hands with President McKinley?

At last we have discovered just who comprises this "gang" which has had southern Oregon by the throat for several years. They are a fraction of the county voters who want to set aside election laws, precedent and law and order to oust those with whom they disagree. Talk about "gang" rule, rule, Jackson county would certainly be suffering from an overdose of it if the "thousands" of taxpayers who gathered to applaud L. A. Banks and his tools had their way.

In their search for Law and Order, which allegedly absconded with Prosperity, this group of misinformed folk overlooked the fact that their platform, if followed implicitly, is going to expose their leaders. Or maybe they meant to unearth the truth only as they wish to believe it.

LETTERS
To the Editor

YES, PARANOIAC!

To the Editor:

Nothing I have read in years has made such a profound impression on me as your quotations, in your issue of January 20, from scientific authorities which prove beyond question that your poor raving contemporary is utterly insane.

For months such has been the opinion of hundreds of citizens to whom I have talked—they all say that nothing else could explain his astounding actions and published ravings. However, your scientific quotations PROVE it—one cannot read down that column without being struck how it applies to that man, WORD FOR WORD.

But the next to last paragraph applies most forcibly, especially in the light of his last Monday's performance—using as cat's-paws a group of misguided persons to join him in his announced seditious intentions to overthrow our established courts of justice. Therefore I think that you should reprint in bold face type, so that all who run may read, that significant paragraph:

"The paranoiac . . . is 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

The Philosopher

(Continued from page one)

cruel chief is still with them. Even though his body is out there where they reverently placed it, he was plainly seen in the camp.

Last night while our primitive friend was asleep, the chief came to him as real as life and was as cruel as ever. He awakened badly scared and was more scared than ever when, upon going out to the burying place, he found him just as they had left him.

Here, indeed, was a fine mess. How could he be out there with the dead and back in camp at the same time? What answer could we expect from our poor primitive to what is as yet an unsolved riddle to our modern scientists? Surely there must have been two of him—one died, the other still here.

This conviction must have been strengthened by other dreams in which he figured: Sleeping under a tree, he would roam the hills, kill game, accompany the tribe—in fact do anything he might do in his waking hours—perhaps as the chase became very exciting he awakened. There he was in the same place he had fallen asleep, yet he had been far away just a moment before. Must be two of him also!

To get back to our cruel chief. Here was another element to be considered in the magic ritual. He too must be served in some pleasing manner or he would return to continue the abuses to which he subjected them when he was alive.

Surely the best plan suggested was to give him what he liked best—food. Of this, his choice was meat. How he had gorged himself after the hunt when the game had been roasted to a crisp brown. Maybe that was what he came back for. They would try it, anyway. So meat was secured and a suitable place was arranged on which to cook it. Stones were grouped in a mound, crude at first, but gradually becoming more elaborate. Excavations in ancient primitive settlements clearly show the evolution of the sacrificial mound into a highly ornate altar. As the altar evolved the ritual doubtless kept pace. Dreams have played an important role in human affairs. Bad dreams first suggesting evil spirits; pleasant ones suggesting good.

Who knows but that the dream—a riddle to science—was intended to introduce man to the spirit world?

Next Week: The Mythical Golden Age
Editor's Note—If you disagree, or wish to query the author of these articles, address The Philosopher, care this paper. Your views and reactions are solicited.

conspiracy to prevent him from obtaining justice."

What a perfect picture of your contemporary!
AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

Alice Hoefs Appointed
To Postoffice Position

Word was received a few days ago by Alice Hoefs, local postmaster, of her reappointment by President Hoover, upon the recommendation of the Oregon senator, W. C. Hawley.

Confirmation by the legislature in Washington, due to political developments, will not be made until the new congress convenes after March 4. However, it is expected that her appointment will hold, as both legislators from this state were reelected last fall.

Miss Hoefs, who has held the post for the past four years succeeding Florence Thompson completed her term January 1 of this year.

GASTRITIS
By A MAN UP A TREE

Bob Ruhl of the Mail Tribune is in California Ponce de Leon. Between times he is endeavoring to capture a Technocracy alive. He has found a few fresh tracks and has shipped us back some of them but as yet has not got close enough to one of the critters to toss his lasso over its horns.

Perhaps due to the purity of the atmosphere the Applegate country seems not to have become contaminated with the germs of skinphobia. However, judging from press reports, one of their highly esteemed citizens seems brussed up to the extent that he wishes to tangle horns, verbally, with anyone in any form, how, when or where. We would hardly wish to pass ourselves off for skinphobia specialists, but we consider, to use a dairy cow expression, he is a favorable reactor. Kind neighbors are keeping a watchful eye on him and if he starts running a temperature around the farm or attempts to beat his best pair of overalls into golf pants they are going to choose him for some public office.

The holy war, which owes its existence to the aforementioned disease, is getting along as well as could be expected. It seems the insurgents have not as yet resorted to the trench method of warfare, but are hiding behind Banks and mud fences. When the fracas started we climbed a tree to avoid the mud and the selective draft. As we watch the monkey-shines down at Medford while we swing by our tail and jump from limb to limb, we conclude that Darwin must have been right.

From our elevated position we can clearly see both sides. We believe it would be a pregnant idea for a lot more of Jackson county citizens to climb a tree and take notice. Of course we can plainly see the leavers of the insurgents have selfish motives in view and not the welfare of the public at heart. The fat salaries these offices pay look good to them and to their friends and relatives. One of the most important of the advantages is the fact that you get to select jurors. It can readily be seen how handy this might be. Most people think jurymen are taken just the way they run through a gate, like a bunch of sheep. This is not so; they are sorted like spuds. We know a man who was discarded 15 years ago on account of his political faith and he is still in the cull sack.

Then there are other advantages, too. We can't see them so clearly but we know they are there, otherwise the "gang" would have let Phipps and Fehl fight it out instead of shoving big "Pop" Gates in and have him wreck the raft. Clairvoyantly speaking, we seem to see a nigger in the woodpile. It appears to be only a small nigger, perhaps just a piccaninny. Another reason we think so, we consider it humanly impossible for anyone, even yours truly, to make up out of whole cloth all the rot the Pacific Discard Herald and the Daily Noose have told us. We actually believe there was a fellow by the name of Dahack who was shot by an officer of the law without just cause or provocation. We know it is contrary to political table manners to admit an officer did wrong, much less to punish him. But the jury might have been instructed at least to hit him with a rotten club. That would have made it look better. It would also have destroyed one of the hand-holds that demagogues climb into office with.

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So we will close now, hoping everyone will make the best of a bad mess, swallow their medicine, and instead of trying to charivari the new courthouse, go home and do a little thinking on the side. There's nothing election day just around the corner. And above all things,

"FELLOW CITIZENS"

(Continued from page one)

rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Doesn't the same logic apply to courts, laws, elective offices, to duly appointed county commissioners, businessmen and merchants? If you tear down the standing of a district attorney or circuit judge, county commissioner or county judge, do you suppose that the ones you would put in their place would be a bit more immune to such attacks?

If you disregard the property rights of those whom the hogwallow Blatter editor owes, do you suppose YOUR property rights are a bit safer? If he can beat his bills and get away with it, isn't it reasonable to suppose YOUR creditors can eat YOU? Think it over—it's always a different story when YOUR shoe gets a hole in it.

And don't you suspect that the Hogwallow editor's motives in asking his followers to set aside ALL semblance of courts and justice in Jackson county is merely to beat his own creditors? Who wouldn't wish for a discontinuance of courts when those courts contain about 15 individual suits claiming money due? And remember this—if your champion can successfully set aside courts in Jackson county, by just what method will YOU attempt to secure justice and that "square deal" the Blatter Bleater has been blithering about? If somebody skins YOU, what are you going to do to get your money? Doesn't sauce for the goose make a saucy gander?

In yesterday's paper the Hogwallow Blatter's official Wiper, when speaking of the "miscarriages" in the county, discoursed thusly:

"... when these officers constituted themselves as judge, jury and high executioners, they laid the foundation for a dozen other crimes of a similar nature which have taken place since . . ."

Now, to be fair to yourself, just what do you think he's doing himself? If he doesn't declare himself judge, jury, executioner and blackmailer, what would you call it? Dozens, even hundreds, have investigated these cases which have aroused feeling in the county, but have been unable to arrive at any conclusion of guilt. Juries, grand juries, judges, prosecutors and bystanders have worked on the matters to no avail. And then along comes this Hogwallow Miscarriage and sets himself up as a still HIGHER authority and, without even reviewing the facts or questioning the alleged guilty ones himself, proceeds to try, convict and persecute them in a few brief issues of his daily column.

Then down a few more paragraphs in the same paper he declares:

"An old miner is arrested, cast in jail and banished from the state of Oregon by conspirators who had but one purpose, namely, to steal the valuable property owned by Mr. F. A. Bates."

And therein lies the ONLY TRUTH that Blatter distorter EVER uttered. Bates certainly WAS banished. And efforts to fleece him of his mining property WERE made. But did you ever take the trouble to learn just WHO demanded that he leave the county? And WHO attempted to mine the gold on his property? No one else but the very man who seeks to cleanse his own black soul by splashing mud on reputations of those who know the truth—the Hogwallow Blatter editor, wet nurse to ALL the miscarriages of justice in Jackson county!

Look up the court records—he INSISTED that Bates leave upon purchase of the Black Channel mine by himself and associates. And today, poor old nutty Bates HAS been fleeced, but not by some mysterious power of the gang, no indeed—no one else but the Hogwallow Paranoiac has caused the property to become involved in court. And here's something else you might not know—Bates NEVER DID buy outright the Black Channel mine. His method of securing it STILL rests under a shadow of suspicion and distrust.

True, there IS a vicious, vindictive, wicked gang operating in southern Oregon—operating in an effort to choke, strangle, bleed and prostitute the county into bankruptcy. There HAVE BEEN miscarriages of justice in this fertile valley of the Rogue, but the ones who turned in the alarm also set the fire. Those who yelled "robbers, thieves, liars" certainly knew such acts had been committed, but carelessly forgot to inform the startled taxpayer just WHO had been robbing and lying.

You doubtless have noticed that the Hogwallow scribe has never been able to answer ANY of the questions propounded in this column. His only defense has been the wail, "The Miner is owned and controlled by the Mail Tribune, the power interests and the gang." At least this paper can claim the distinction of being owned by SOMEONE! And if the Tribune did control The Miner—which it certainly does not—what difference would that make? If the charges printed herein were untrue, wouldn't that make it all the more desirable for His Royal Lowness to sue for damages? His complaint has been that the Mail Tribune has been hiding behind this little paper, which is not financially responsible. Well, if such deductions are true, and the Tribune IS using us as a cat's paw, what better case could the Truth Chopper have in court?

We'll let you in on a little secret between the Hogwallow scribe and ourselves—we both know the statements (and many more unprinted as yet) are entirely true, and would incriminate him in a courtroom—any courtroom. THAT is why he yells "gang," "invisible government" and "corrupt courts" instead of DOING something about it. He can either make further allegations, admit the truth of these attacks upon his character, or go into court and have them proven true. Is it any wonder he chose the first course?

Does a liar ever hesitate at telling another glaring distortion? And if the Hogwallow Butcher isn't a liar he's something worse—a paranoiacal maniac. Do you suppose he could prove his sanity at ANOTHER hearing and be discharged AGAIN as sane?

More about that later.

don't believe anything you read or hear and only half what you see—even if you see it from a tree.

ZANE GREY WESTERN WITH
GEORGE O'BRIEN COMING

A Zane Grey picture, especially one with George O'Brien playing the leading role, always is welcomed by lovers of outdoor dramas. Such a picture is "Robbers' Roost," at the Rialto theater Sunday and Monday. In this picture O'Brien has a new leading lady, Maureen O'Sullivan, who made such a hit in "Tarzan." It is a picture full of thrilling action, hard-riding, shooting and fighting, enough action to please everyone and with just the right amount of romance thrown in to make things interesting.

WARDEN LAWES SUPERVISED
SCRIPT FOR FILM, 'SING SING'

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, author of "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," the book from which the First National picture which comes to the Craterian theater for a three-day run Sunday, was dramatized, personally supervised and revised the motion picture script. After finishing, he wrote to the Warner Brothers—First National officials:

"I am very happy to say I am more than pleased with it. It is a masterly presentation of the facts of the book. I am personally cooperating with your men on the job here and I am quite sure you are going to be agreeably surprised with the results obtained by them at Sing Sing."

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