

'What's a Mere Contract?' Asks Daily News Publisher

Contracts are a small matter in the life of L. A. Banks, orchardist and publisher, who now wants to overthrow the courts of Jackson county.

In an editorial in his paper Wednesday morning, he claimed that E. C. Corn, who now seeks to collect money from Banks on a fruit deal, has been overpaid. Banks printed pictures to prove it.

For the benefit of the "Great Uninformed," upon whom Banks has such a hold at the present time, figures are herein given which are taken from the contract under which Banks shipped Corn's fruit, and the contract under which Corn delivered the fruit to Banks. The contract is signed by Banks, and it is assumed that Banks was in his right mind when he signed the contract.

Banks set forth, in the columns of his paper, that he owed Corn for so many boxes of Bosc pears, large sizes, at \$40 a ton. The contract calls for \$50. He set forth that he owed Corn for so many boxes of Anjou, large size, at \$42 a ton. The contract called for \$70 a ton. Banks also set forth in his paper that he owed Corn for so many boxes of Comice pears at \$50 a ton. The contract called for \$70 a

ton. Prices quoted by Banks on the small stuff, 195 and smaller, were correct, but there weren't many small ones shipped.

By Banks' figuring, Corn now owes Banks \$523.80. If Banks sticks to the contract, the contract he signed, it is set out that Corn still has money coming.

Banks' contention in the E. C. Corn fruit deal is indicative of his every move since the big agitation started. Had the fruit brought \$90 or \$100 a ton, it is generally believed that Banks would have stuck to the contract, and had Corn sought to demand more money, the contract would have been relied upon as the basis of all good business. Now it is an instrument of the devil, and when someone appeals to the courts to enforce a contract, Banks claims the courts should be overthrown.

To all those who know of Banks' financial slipperiness, his bawling of a breakdown of justice are ridiculous. It is only the unfortunate who read only his paper who swallow his rot, and, it is generally believed that when they too, become closer to Banks, as many of his associates have, they will see through him also.

Fehl-Banks Split Soon Inevitable, Because of Paranoiacal Disease

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a well-known fact that those organs of our body which are essential to life, produce an overgrowth, and overfunction when their productivity is lessened through damage to their normal state. Similarly the soul, under pressure of the feeling of inferiority, or the torturing thought that the individual is small and helpless, attempts with all its might to become master over this "inferiority complex." (Failure to successfully promote the Daily News as well as reverses in the fruit business may have caused this pronounced complex.)

"When this feeling is intensified to the degree that he feels he will never be able to compensate for his weakness he will demand an over-compensation, will seek an overbalance of the scales."

This is known as a pathological power drive. Now let's turn to Fehl.

"The disease of paranoia, chronic systematic insanity, is given a very uncertain position by the attempts at classification of present-day psychiatry. The types of paranoia are described according to their content as 'megalomania,' 'the mania of persecution,' 'erotomania' (amorous), 'mania of jealousy,' etc. In our analytical conception megalomania is the immediate outcome of the exaggeration of the ego (big-head). In the case of the mania of persecution we have noticed a few things that lead us to follow a definite track. IN THE FIRST PLACE WE HAVE OBSERVED THAT IN A GREAT MAJORITY OF CASES THE PERSECUTOR WAS OF THE SAME SEX AS THE PERSECUTED AND IT WAS CLEARLY SHOWN THAT THE PERSON OF THE SAME SEX WHO WAS MOST LOVED IN NORMAL TIMES, BECAME THE PERSECUTOR AFTER THE MALADY SET IN. The change from affection to hate, expresses the transformation of libidinous impulse into fear, which is a regular recurring result of the process of suppression."

One afflicted with an "inferiority complex" must be recognized as the leader. Pride, vanity and the desire to conquer everyone at any price cannot long be maintained in the relationship with a man of Judge Fehl's type. While many may disagree with him in some respects his determination of purpose has never been questioned. Right or wrong, if fully convinced of his stand he fights from his own viewpoint—and fights.

In his position as county judge he occupies a high position in the community—so much higher than his ally that he is bound sooner or later to become a victim of his disfavor.

Paranoiacs recognize no superiors—neither does Judge Fehl if he thinks he is right.

Therefore, it is quite evident that Banks, being a victim of acute paranoia, can not long countenance Judge Fehl in a superior public position to his own as editor of the Daily News.

'Dolly,' Feet Creek Glutton, Likes Linen

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brightly colored thing, maybe the embarrassed host as the animal reluctantly surrendered possession of the remainder.

There have been those who wondered that Dolly still retains her esteemed position with the Feet Creek family, but only because they are unacquainted with Dolly's finer points. Unperturbed by the passions and foolishnesses of mere humans, the ever-hungry bovine seems to possess a sixth sense—or feminine intuition—which guides her in determining honesty of people who inhabit Feet Creek. Placidly she strolls unconcernedly down picturesque lanes and across yards totally unimpressed by the terrible stories which have been circulated in a Medford paper concerning her captors and their neighbors. It may be, too, that inasmuch as Dolly is rather illiterate and not given to swallowing half-truths and printed lies, she gains a far truer perspective than human beings, who are wont to believe the worst about their own race.

Anyway, Dolly shies suspiciously at strangers who invaded the neighbor-

hood to "make a million with a just-as-good dry-land barge," and hovers behind the protection of ranchers who have demonstrated since the day of her birth that they were a pretty darn nice sort, and demonstrates her appreciation by even loving the garments they wear—whenver they are seasoned with luscious soap and daintily-colored bluing.

Dismissing the Feet Creek one-man conspiracy with a careless toss of her noble head, Dolly continues to demonstrate her superiority over mere man by ignoring paranoiacs and reaching for the fluttering right-leg of a fresh pair of flannel underwear instead of a sweet, only to lunge off to a vantage point when discovered to digest thread and buttons and reflect, bovine-like, on the folly of an outside world which regards her lifelong friends as "that Feet Creek gang." And then, when hilltop and forest have cast their long shadows over the charmed canyons, Dolly closes her day's activities by wondering why man, who has accomplished such great and noble things, should do such a bad job of placing blame where blame lies and be so glibly willing to swallow poison administered by warped and unsound minds.

GRANGE HOME UNITS CARRYING ON WORK

Despite the turmoil of the political pot in the valley, the home extension units of the Granges of the valley have been carrying on their work all winter, and will complete the series of meetings on clothes renovation work sometime next month.

Following the completion of the clothes renovation meetings, the different units will take up the study of "Low Cost Meals," featuring the use of whole wheat, and of milk, eggs and cheese, all local products. The use of whole wheat is especially pertinent at this time, according to Mrs. Mabel Mack, home demonstration agent, because of the extremely low cost of wheat, and the necessity of using up the surplus.

Home extension unit meetings planned for next week, for the study of clothes renovation, are as follows:

Tuesday, January 31—Central Point Grange hall, under the direction of the Central Point home extension unit, with Mrs. Gene Blackford as chairman.

Wednesday, February 1—Talent Grange hall, with Mrs. W. H. Higgins as chairman.

Thursday, February 2—McLeod, with Mrs. N. F. Ohrt as chairman. Place of meeting will be announced by Mrs. Ohrt.

Friday, February 3—Eagle Point Grange hall, with Mrs. Floyd Barrett as chairman. Clothing renovation will be studied at all of the meetings.

JACK HOLT AVIATOR FOR HIS THIRD TIME AT ROXY HERE

Jack Holt's role as a soldier-of-fortune type of aviator in "War Correspondent," Columbia's dramatic film, teaming him once again with Ralph Graves, is the third picture in which he has played an aviator's role. The others, "Flight" and "Dirigible," were two of the best films in Holt's remarkable screen career of 16 years. "War Correspondent" comes to the Roxy theater in Medford Sunday and Monday.

An Applegate farmer has long-standing plans for celebration of Ground Hog day. He hopes to have a cake to otherwise make the day complete. The plan is in coordination with the idea of congress or the president, or whoever it is responsible for a holiday about every time this farmer goes to town on a little business. Since he believes that "there are more hollow days than sound ones, he is just helping the idea along."

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Well, Mr. Ed., this week I'm offering you some up-to-date MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES—something that even the children can understand and enjoy. Therefore it may be possible for some of Llewle Bunk's simplest followers to get this through their heads and realize how he has misled them.

HARK!

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Stirred by Sedition
To sign Bunk's petition
To tear our Government down.

BLACKBIRDS

Sing a song of six pence,
A pocket full of "rye,"
Four-and-twenty JAIL-birds
Signed up to a LIE.

But when the Lie was analyzed,
The Legion began to sing,
"Wasn't that SOME petition
Started by their King!"

He claimed three thousand taxpayers,
Four hundred was the most,
And lots weren't even voters
And some were of the worst.

But HE just dotes on jail-birds;
His decent friends got wise
To the following he really seeks—
They now see through his lies.

LLEWLE BO-PEEP

Llewle Bo-Peep has lost his "sheep"
And doesn't know where to find them;
They ditched him at last when
They found that the Dastard
had used propaganda to
blind them.

THREE BLIND MICE

Poor blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after Llewle's bunk,
He did his stunt, then "Oh you Skunk!"
And Jackson County 'to Heaven stunk,'
But still they swallowed that awful
junk!
Poor blind mice.

BAA, BAA BLACK SHEEP

Bah, Bah, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, Sir, LIES sir,
Three bags full;
One for my "Master"
To fool the hicks,
To "pull wool o'er their eyes"
To hide his dirty tricks.

Wilkie, Black Sheep,
Have you any bunk?
Yes, Sir, LIES, Sir,
Fresh from The Skunk—
Fresh from my "Master,"
Who knows you are sunk
If you try a squirting contest
With a well-primed skunk!

PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-FOOT, where
have you been?
I've been snooping for Llewle with-
out being seen.
He sends us by dozens to spy on
the "Gang"
And invent lies and libels for
which someone will hang.

THE OLD WOMAN

There was an "Old Woman" who
lived in a stew,
He had so many Conspiracies, he
didn't know what to do.
So he fed them with LIES, with-
out any Truth,
And whipped them all soundly—
but went to the "Coop!"

A CROOKED MAN

There was a crooked man
And he had a crooked heart;
He ran a crooked paper—
Fooled many at the start.
But being paranoiac,
He thought everyone but he
Was out of step, and crooked too

DRY WOOD

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And unjust as could be.
So he libeled everybody.
Thus lost friend after friend,
Till finally not one was left
To mourn his tragic end.
For at last his misled followers
Woke up to see this Light:
That thousands couldn't be all
wrong
And ONE crooked man be right!

LITTLE EARL HORNER

Little Earl Horner sat in a corner,
Eating political pie;
What he thought was a plum
Was Cook Bunk's rotten scum,
But Earl has to "eat it" or die.

Well, Ed., here's hoping that the health of Llewle's Little Ones will be improved by the above homeopathic doses. Incidentally, you'd better take care of your own health—I've heard some serious criminal threats are being made against your person. Well, cheer up, the END is near.

"ONE OF HIS VICTIMS"

Mrs. Sarah Cantrall Honored on Birthday By Kin and Friends

Entertaining with a birthday dinner at 1 o'clock Friday, January 20, Amy Dow honored her mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Cantrall, on her eighty-seventh birthday.

Relatives and friends present at the banquet which was spread in respect to the aging pioneer, were Mr. and Mrs. John Cantrall and daughters Gale and Norma, Mr. and Mrs. Truitt Cantrall and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bachelder and daughters Curtis and Frances, all of Medford; Mr. and Mrs. Miles Cantrall, John Devlin and Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Cantrall of Ruch; Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cantrall, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Cantrall, Mr. and Mrs. John Cantrall, Misses Shirley and Donna Cantrall and Mr. and Mrs. Van Gelder and son Jack of Jacksonville.

Mrs. Sarah Cantrall, who received many gifts for her birthday, came to Oregon in 1853 from Missouri at the age of seven years. The family settled first in Benton county, making their home there until November, 1857, when they bought property on Little Butte two and one-half miles beyond Eagle Point. Later they moved to Reese creek.

In June, 1862, Sarah married John Cantrall and they in July of that year moved to the Sterling mine where Mr. Cantrall was employed by George Yandes until 1865 when Mr. and Mrs. Cantrall filed on a homestead on Big Applegate, which is now the Frank Preston ranch, where Mrs. Cantrall lived 47 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantrall were the parents of 12 children, of which five are living. Mr. Cantrall died in 1890. Mrs. Cantrall moved to this city in 1920 and now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Amy Dow.

Glenn Brown, Big Applegate miner, went to Alturas Sunday, where he expected to spend a few days.

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Income Filings Due By March Fifteenth

Under the new federal income tax law, passed last year, many thousands of new persons will be compelled to file income tax reports, according to L. E. Foy, local deputy collector. By the new law the brackets were lowered to take in single persons with net incomes of \$1000, and married persons with net incomes of \$2500. The federal income tax payments are now due, and filing will continue until March 15, Foy said.

"Due to the 1932 Revenue act," Foy added, "we expect considerable misunderstanding, but the facts are simply that the exemption for single men was cut from \$1500 to \$1000, and for married men from \$3500 to \$2500."

Income return blanks will be mailed to all persons who have previously filed returns, Foy said, but the thousands of new persons, who will have to file returns this year, are not on the government records yet, and must call at the internal revenue collector's office on the top floor of the post office building, to get their blanks and receive instructions.

Income taxes now payable are on incomes received during the year 1932.

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Sunday and Monday
"WAR CORRESPONDENT"
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