

WHERE IS THAT LIKKER

The Editor Speaking

Now don't all you good readers get the idea we like to fight. This week's encounter was our first pugilistic demonstration in almost 10 years. But for a man who hadn't even been formally introduced to start putting his hands all over us—that just naturally means fight where we came from.

As for peace-time activities, we've been attending the Good Government Congress, and have been wondering just what it's going to be good for.

We don't mean that it is not composed of a group of really fine citizens sincerely bent on improvement of the local political situation, but we do wonder just how far toward accomplishing any actual good it will get with L. A. Banks and Henrietta Martin guiding its destiny.

The members themselves seem to be of a wholesome type, but evidently have been led into believing that our district attorney, circuit judge, county commissioners and two of southern Oregon's newspapers are a direct menace to their safety and well-being. They really feel that law and order in southern Oregon HAS broken down.

It is significant to note, however, that about nine-tenths of the interested members come from the outlying districts, depend on the Daily News for their information and are willing to take the Paranormal Publisher's word as gospel truth when it comes to shenanigans the "gang" has perpetrated on a suffering county.

There is no doubt in the world among those who understand Mr. Banks and know of his past history that his motives in forming a Good Government Congress are purely selfish—aimed solely at furthering his own dishonest schemes. Poof? Well, the first meeting of the organization was a victim to the railroad through of a resolution which decreed that all court action—some 15 or 20 cases against Banks in all—be set aside and held in abeyance "until such time as law and order have been re-established in Jackson county." Well, most of us feel that law and order already is pretty well established in this garden spot. Just who, if the resolution COULD be effected, would decide when law and order have been re-established?

Mr. Banks had much to say about democracy at his meeting the other night, yet we doubt if he has any intention whatsoever of applying its principles. Although graciously declining every nomination offered at the meeting Monday night, he did accept—with a beaming, satisfied smile—the position suggested by a woman seated next to him. She read a resolution which would make of Mr. Banks a super-president of the meeting, delegating that the duly elected president of the congress, and all his subordinates, should ask his advice and get his approval before consummating any act or plan before the meeting.

Mr. Banks, upon passage of this resolution, arose and seated "I had no idea anything of this kind would come up tonight," and then smiled knowingly at the lady with him who had introduced the resolution which, we strongly suspect, was written out on the familiar Banks' typewriter, as are so many of those "anonymous" communications and "name on file" letters which appear in his paper. And then, just to prove that he had

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EDITOR HANGS HOOK ON NOSE OF ASSAILANT

First Blood Drawn in Jackson County Political War; Charges Dropped

MEDFORD, Ore., Jan. 30. (Special)—The first blood was shed in Jackson county's political war today when Leonard Hall, 25, editor of the Jacksonville Miner, hung one on the nose of George I. Maxwell, local miner and leader in the L. A. Banks faction, on the main street of the historic town of Jacksonville.

Complaint for arrest of Hall, charging assault and battery, was filed by Maxwell late today in the city court at Jacksonville. Hall entered a plea of not guilty and was released on his own recognizance. No time has been set for the hearing. The fight followed the appearance last Friday of an article in the Jacksonville Miner, which read: "Conflicting statements uncovered last week when registration cards of George I. Maxwell and wife were scanned are being referred to Portland immigration authorities this week."

"Maxwell, a local miner and 'cheer leader' of L. A. Banks, had sworn that he was born in Trenton, N. J., while his wife asserted he was a native of Scotland. Conviction on a charge of perjury on a sworn statement carries with it a sentence of not less than two years nor more than five years' imprisonment."

The article was headed "Maxwell Alien Case Referred to Federal Immigration Office."

According to the story told in Jacksonville this afternoon, Maxwell met Hall on the main street, told him he would show him who was the best citizen, and attempted to take from the young editor the gun he was recently granted a permit by Sheriff Schermerhorn to carry. Hall took a swing at Maxwell, hit his nose, and he, with the nose streaming with blood, appeared at the judge's office.

Hall has been leading the fight here in opposition to L. A. Banks, editor of the Medford Daily News and leader of the protest demonstration against the county courthouse, asking for the resignations of County Commissioners Billings and Nealon and District Attorney Coddling. Banks also called a mass meeting last week asking for removal of Circuit Judge H. D. Norton and District Attorney Coddling. —Portland Oregonian.

Water Bonds Delivered

The city of Jacksonville third issue funding bonds which will be used to refinance \$13,000 due indebtedness, were delivered to City Recorder Ray Coleman yesterday.

The bonds, in denominations of \$500, will mature in 1932, and each contains 40 interest coupons worth \$13.75 each, due every six months. Each bond, and attached coupons bear the signature of Recorder Ray Coleman and Mayor Wesley Hartman.

Printing of the issue, 26 \$500 bonds in all, was handled through The Miner, and your correspondent stepped high as he carried the valuable certificates into the local hardware store Thursday.

Mrs. Ray Le Fever and Helen McAllister of Medford motored to Applegate Sunday afternoon. The two ladies enjoyed horseback riding while here.

Justice, Where Are You?



The above photo, coyly posed for by John J. Taxpayer and Mrs. Henrietta B. Meddlin, was snapped last Monday night by staff photographer Verne Shangle for Miner readers. The lady, as usual, was telling all about her uncle Hector who came over on the Mayflower—in the brig—and of her grandfather who shook hands with President Garfield the time he visited Leavenworth prison. Rumor has it that the woman, who dotes on running everything but her own family, caused her husband to be transferred here from Salt Lake City. And there are more rumors concerning another transfer.

Once Too Often

By LLEWELLYN A. BUNKS

"Congress, Save My Che-e-ild!"

Unable to gain the title any other way, the Hogwallow Blatter editor has decided to become a congressman by starting a congress of his own!

"Aw heck, it's a lot easier and a darn sight cheaper to just form a Terrible Government congress (recall and back-knifing senate to you) and have myself appointed Supreme Chief Congressman," he was heard to explain to his first string stool pigeon yesterday.

"My followers can't see through my cunning ways and diabolical schemes, so why not band 'em together, give 'em a fancy name and start our pilfering right here at home? Never did have much confidence in these 'greener pastures across the fence' anyway, and I'm too well known back home to become much of a national figure," summarized the Mis-carriage Misuser.

And so, dear readers, our infamous contemporary launched the Terrible Government congress, with "we're for law and order, oh yeah?" as its slogan. "Loyalty," reads the new congress' by-laws, "shall become a synonym for a Hollywood yes-man," and when they mean loyalty, Banks-appointed officers of the congress (or clan, or gang, or 1933 model night riders) mean loyalty and nothing else buttinski. "You'll do as we will tell you, or you ain't loyal at all," exclaimed one of the charter members Monday night.

And having launched his Ship of State (helluva a state, according to Webster) on the troubled waters of Jackson county's tide of affairs, Captain—er—Congressman of the Hogwallow Blatter steers for Mutineers' island, where courts of justice, lawyers, bar associations and foreclosure reefs are unknown, cautioning his trusting crew to look out for the

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Drunk Grand Juror Fails to Tell Source of His Own Supply

The present Jackson county grand jury has had much to say about the mysterious disappearance of a large quantity of alcoholic liquors from the county vaults. It has pointed a finger of suspicion and doubt at the former sheriff and jailor, but has not produced any information of a definite nature concerning fate of the spirits.

The present grand jury has admitted it was the tool of law and order, yet it failed to take any action when recently informed as to the whereabouts of property removed from under the sheriff's padlock while that property was under judgment to Roy Parr.

In case the grand jury has forgotten the details, the following constitutes a partial list of machinery removed either by, or under the guidance, of Earl Fehl, present county judge:

- One set of linotype spacebands.
- 12 steel galleys.
- 1 mat caster.
- 1 distributor bar (now on No. 2 machine in Daily News plant.)
- 1 linotype magazine.
- 1 font of 12-point linotype matrices (now being used to set up Banks' "Once in A While" column.
- 1 addressograph.
- Approximately 1000 pounds of linotype metal.

This equipment was taken at a time when it had been awarded to Roy Parr, and not even Sheriff Jennings had permission to "loan" that machine—(worth in excess of \$1000) to either Fehl or Banks, and is TODAY in use at the Daily News.

Now, it being quite plain just where the sympathies of the majority of the members of the present grand jury are, and in view of the fact they have recently added another charge for Banks' cannon—mysterious disappearance of liquor under Sheriff Jennings' care—we would like to propound just one question:

Just where do you suppose one member of the present grand jury obtained the liquor he was using a few nights ago when he was observed SO DRUNK he had to be assisted by an officer of Medford into his automobile from a prone position on the sidewalk so that his lady friend could drive him home? (The officer, rather than be branded a tool of the "gang," permitted the grand juror to go home when he should have arrested the man and cast him in jail.)

The grand jury knows liquor has been taken from the courthouse under very unusual conditions. It has had access to this warehouse. Why doesn't it investigate the source of supply of its own members before pointing a finger of anonymous guilt at former county officials?

SHERIFF, AFTER PANNING, WANTS PERMIT BACK

Attempts Browbeating Method Following Admonition By Papa Banks in Column

Jackson county's present—and probably temporary—sheriff—Gordon L. Schermerhorn, wants a young editor's gun permit back.

"Give me that gun permit," greeted its bearer in Schermerhorn's private office this week. "C'mon, hand it over, or off to jail you go right now!" continued the irate peace officer, who granted the right to carry firearms but two weeks before—after having read the Oregon code covering such matters.

The sheriff, after heated argument, was content to NOT get the permit, and was undecided as to whether he would cancel it, when the interview was concluded. It was pointed out that it was unnecessary for the sheriff of Jackson county to threaten citizens with a jail sentence to cancel such permits. The regular procedure is for the officer merely to notify the possessor of such permit that he had canceled it, and make an official record of the matter.

The mixup was not the result of misuse of such permit, but followed as an aftermath of an editorial from editor L. A. Banks, who seems to have some strange power—possibly indirectly—over Jackson county's present representative of law and order.

Schermerhorn, who ran on a strictly democratic platform, has never explained his appointment of four republican deputies. One, Phil Lowd, was Banks' defeated candidate in the primaries, but seems to have the goodwill and support of both parties as a conscientious, ambitious young man. The other deputy—who is reported to have never yet taken a SINGLE ASSIGNMENT from the sheriff's office—seems to attract disfavor and criticism from all sections. His name, Amos Walker, when mentioned seems to bring to mind scenes of robbed safety deposit vaults, crooked bank practices, burning garages filled with automobiles, liquor rings and other odious recollections to old settlers who have been acquainted with the life and habits of southern Oregon.

It is generally known that Walker has been, rather than a deputy sheriff for which he receives his salary, a deputy county judge. Regular duties of deputies which normally require the services of two men, have all fallen on the shoulders of the one.

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Rolling Whiskey Barrels No Child's Play Avers Linguists

"No sir," agreed a group of local members of the Upturned Nalikeg Squadron who were gathered in Ray Coleman's hardware store yesterday, "I can't think of nothing more strenuous—or welcome—than rolling full whiskey keags up Green-spring mountains."

Thus started an interesting recollection of the dear, dead days when Jacksonville was queen of the southern part of Oregon, and a woman's skirt was something which could be hidden behind. In fact, it was brought out, an entire regiment could have been concealed in the wake of some of the eastern models local maidens daintily lifted above village mudpuddles. The entire conversation, which shifted to trucking teamsters, livery stables and days when mankind dodged clouds thrown by horses' hoofs, was precipitated by the breaking of a singletree, and the necessary pur-

chase of a new repair bolt in the store.

"Never will forget," drawled Ray Coleman, on returning from waiting on the customer, "the time when George Humphrey departed for Klamath Falls with a six-horse load of whiskey. Always a hard trip, this time it took the old codger three weeks to complete his journey."

"Back in those days they had to take the steep, tortuous road over the mountains which is still visible down in the canyons. George was driving along one of the high points in the road one afternoon, lazily humming to himself and picturing the sweet relief and relaxation he would find in the Falls on his arrival when he got a bit too near the edge of the narrow road."

"Probably not understanding

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Wm. Pierce Tucker, Class '26 Writes History of Jacksonville

By MAUDE E. POOL

Jacksonville's renown as a historic center is visibly mirrored throughout a social history of Jackson county which has been compiled by William Pierce Tucker, student of the local high school in 1926, who is now a graduate student of the University of Washington.

The history appears in the December issue of the Oregon Historical Quarterly, and the activities of the old town since 1850 are outstanding. In many instances Jacksonville was first in sponsoring new developments, some of which are shown below:

First school district in the county was organized at Jacksonville in 1853.

First schools and churches were established in Jacksonville and Ashland in the early 50's, and both

soon had academies. In 1854 the first territorial university to be chartered in the Northwest was started at Jacksonville, but before the building was completed, the legislature located the school elsewhere. Western University was chartered at Jacksonville, but failed to materialize.

First photographic studio in the Northwest was established by Peter Britt in 1853. His photo of L. F. Mosher was the first photo taken in Oregon.

First rain gauge in Southern Oregon was installed by Peter Britt.

Most of the distinguished pioneers listed for the 1850's were were Jacksonville men: Judge P. P. Prim, Wm. Colvig, John Cantrall, Wm. Bybee, and Peter Britt. In the paragraph on inventive

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