

The Jacksonville Miner

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MAUDE POOL, Asst. EditorAddress All Communications to Box 138
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By JOHN BYRNELaugh and the world laughs with
you—weep and you weep alone.

Well, folks, we would like to be able to make you all laugh, or even just smile a little, but these are strenuous times. Scratching around on the bottom of the flour bin is not very pleasant music. We are glad to note the game commission has put the bounty back on wolves and cougar effective Feb. 1. If we happened to catch a wolf around the back door, it would help pay the first installment on a new radio. One full grown cougar kills on an average of 2 deer per week, the year round, and the cougar seem to be on the increase. Of course of the deer were exterminated, the cougar themselves would not be safe if the natives had the right kind of mountain dew.

Yes we have a great deal to be thankful for. I only have two teeth remarked the little lady in black, but thank God they hit.

The assembling of the U. S. fleet in Pacific waters seems to cause the Japanese some uneasiness. We don't know ourselves whether Uncle Sam is fishing, prospecting, or practicing a little subtle diplomacy. We do know that 80 cents out of every dollar collected by our national government goes for war or war purposes.

It is whispered around that a new newspaper is to be launched in Medford. Well, hotbeds are conducive to the germination of many plants and a newspaper plant is no exception. The press of the valley should bury the hatchet long enough to give the new organ, a sower: providing it with enough swaddling clothes to last until it is off the wide track.

We notice the Jacksonville Miner came out in new colors last week. We suppose, along about March 17 it will come forth representative St. Patrick's day in the morning.

One half of the people don't know how the other half lives. Now—when the farmer telephone lines are not functioning it is worse yet. We are glad to note however that our Applegate editor is still on the job. After noting the varied diet of the Foothills Creek Cow, we believe she might supply the milk of many kind-ness.

While the two local editors are being reviewed in their respective corners, preparatory to another barrage of verbal adjectives, and our local attorneys stand speechless, and green with envy, we would like to digress a little, and give the depression another round. In our present dilemma, as we see it, there are several courses we might pursue. We can assume an attitude of watchful waiting. Watching the corner for a pick-up of world conditions. We could work out some plan to move the unemployed out of the cities, onto small tracts of land and enable them to raise a part of their living. Three tracts would have to be tax exempt, relying on a sales tax to make up the deficiency. Of course this would affect the market for the large farmers, but they are used to being walked on and wouldn't mind it. Another way would be to socialize our industries and banking system. Shorten the hours of labor to a point where everyone would be given employment, or we might tax the rich as they are the only ones who have any money, and put all the unemployed to work on large governmental projects. There you are, folks, you may take your choice.

Just when our morale was very low, and our nerves at a rawedge, this word technocracy was sprung on us. A mean trick we would call it but we will probably live over it.

People who dote a great deal on their ancestors, are like a potato plant. The best part of them are under the ground.

Any one who attaches a poor man's wages to bleed him for money to satisfy a dishonest debt, would astute a goat on his mother's grave.

GASTRITIS

By GCSH

The Jacksonville Miner is the largest newspaper of its size in Jackson County for those craving recreation. It has a Pool Hall complex. If you wish refreshment it will fill the bill in that line and

Six More Weeks of Winter?



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

(Continued from page one)

treacheries of sinister gangs which threaten to blow them off their course.

"Why Mateys," chirps the helmsman, "if your money holds out, and the more violent stages of paranoia are laggard enough, we'll effect a safe landing, recuperate our dwindling strength and then set out to scuttle every other ship on the ocean, and by the grace of the Almighty, we'll extend our activities even to Multnomah county, where all good congressmen must sow fertile seeds ere they are sent to Washington." (Of course the Hogwallow publisher knows how to sow—even down to wild oats.)

"These punks who think I'm such a swell guy don't know that for years I have made a practice of overwhelming orchardists with personality and promises, offer them fabulous prices for their properties, bind the deal with an involved contract, hand them a few thousand dollars to make it look honest, and then proceed to take a fruit crop off their land the first season worth twice the down payment. Then I always have been able to stall 'em off for about two more years with affidavits of prejudice, technicalities and other seemingly legal crookedness and harvest a couple more valuable crops off the land, without having to pay taxes, overhead, mortgages or anything.

"These followers of mine have never been told that I have not only done this same thing once, but DOZENS of times, in southern California before I invaded Oregon. And if any upstart of a newspaper digs into such dope, I'll promptly let the public know the Gang is behind 'em and that they are attempting to thwart Justice and Law and Order. It's nobody's business if several Riverside banks have vaults stuffed with my worthless paper . . . and who should question the fact that I went through bankruptcy three times, but was always too smart for 'em to let 'em get my all-in-all?

"I'll tell you, Art, for you are my most trusted stoolie, I'll call anybody's damnable bluff who tries to tell 'em that I have not only done the same thing on EVERY property purchased in Jackson county, but I haven't paid ONE CENT of taxes to their dinky little county they take so seriously. Not only have I shoestrung hundreds of acres of valuable pear orchards, but I also have succeeded in taking as many as two crops off southern Oregon orchards, packed and sold 'em, collected the money, all without having to pay a solitary dime to the grower. Yes, I'm just too smart for 'em.

"They don't even realize that note W. H. Norcross is suing on for collection is a clear-cut case of embezzlement on my part, and that co-signers are holding off criminal prosecution until they see if they can collect a bit of money to replace their houses at my expense. Nobody got wise when I mislabeled

friends, that the quickest way to get rid of all the muck and mud that has been thrown in southern Oregon is to rub some of it in the face of those who would get control of county affairs behind a barage of it.

I have worked on forest fires in the Applegate for many years, and have learned well the lesson that fire is fire's worst enemy. More power to you.

A TOLERANT FRIEND.

Reedport Interested

To the Editor:

Congratulations! The days of the "fighting editor" are not yet done. How about an exchange? We can't offer much in excitement beyond a few assault and battery cases. But we can give you some light reading, and we think, a damned good exchange.

Roy Parr has dropped in several times to show off his Miner. He thinks it's good. We think so, too. Sincerely,

JACK BAUER.

Managing Editor, Port Umpqua Courier, Reedport, Oregon.

Former Resident Writes

To the Editor:

Greeting, editor of The Jacksonville Miner.

On seeing an article in this morning's Oregonian that reminded me of times of pioneer days when I was a boy, and early manhood, when I saw several scraps on old Main street of the old pioneer town.

Now, my wife and I were residents there. In fact, she was raised there and of course we are interested in anything occurring in the old home. Her name was Clara Smith. There may be some of our old-time friends there yet. I lived

there awhile as far back as 1857.

Then later, as a school teacher at Ashland, Phoenix and Sterling, and of course any items concerning the old home is interesting to us. I can hardly realize how time has flown. We would gladly wish to see the scenes of long ago, if it were possible. But we are growing old. Scenes and friends of long ago are fast passing away. There was no Medford then.

I must close, wishing you well, and success.

Very truly yours,

HORACE V. GRUBBS.
Box 212, Waitsburg, Wash.

Boulder Bunks, the Bunco

To the Editor:

Being a staunch supporter of your attitude in the matters of "Boulder Bunks, the Bunco, I want you to know, regardless of my lady-like name, I'm no lady if at any time you need help in removing the aforesaid "Stink."

I, like the good old Anglo-Saxon, sure would like to rise up.

There's not much use if moving him south for we would only meet the whole citizenry of California at the line; they would outnumber us and push us back into a huddle.

To the sea with him. He quotes "Eoly Writ" so freely, give him a chance to walk on the water—it's been done, so it should be easy for Boulder Bunks, the Bunco.

—M. E. R.

P. S.: I am not afraid of guns; my LATE husband used to take pot-shots at me while I poured his breakfast coffee. "Good till the last drop."

Congrats from Pennsylvania

To the Editor:

We note that apparently you are

fruit, or noticed—for a while—that my pear boxes were several pounds' capacity smaller than regulation.

"When they suspicion anything at all, all you've gotta do is yell 'thief, robber, fire!' and they all gallop down the boulevard at top speed and forget all about what you're doing yourself. Why, to get away with grand larceny in Jackson county all you have to do is to call policemen and distr attorneys crooks and taxpayers'll become so distrustful of one another they'll think its some kind of avengful conspiracy when your own business is a' red. Right now I've got every other citizen in Jackson county believing that the only reason papers and officials oppose me is because I'm uncovering THEIR graft! Boy, that's a wow! (Art, damn you, laugh or I'll ram this pearl-handled Colts down your yellow throat.)

"You know, the cleverest thing I ever did in my life, however, was when I conceived the idea of libeling my opponents and claiming all employees who wanted pay already owned me money. It sure makes it awkward for a man to put up a good fight when half the township thinks he's already gouged me. Oh yes, they don't know that the reason I panned John Mann, and all his lifelong friends is because he wouldn't succumb to my advertising manager's blackmail.

"I wrote a stinking, libelous article, had Si prepare a choice advertising contract, and sent him up to John (figuring that he had the most valuable and highly esteemed reputation in the county, and could afford most of all to buy me off) with both of 'em. Si cornered their advertising buyer while the Old Man was out of town, showed him the libelous article and the contract at the same time, and told him that if the advertising was not contracted for, the next morning's paper would contain the article. Of course it was criminal extortion, but there were no other witnesses, and besides, it took like wildfire. People who had always thought Mann the idol of civic citizenship gloried in the scandal I invented about him, and the slop I smeared in my column. Them sure were the good old days.

"But you know how a good idea grows on one. Why, I ascended the Filthy Throne with lightning rapidity. I got attention, and how! My papers sold like Police Gazettes—I had found myself!!

"Then, not long ago, after I had made a cleaning in jumping everything from mortgages to promissory notes and contracts, I got interested in mining. Old Bates, a nut I wouldn't have around me five minutes, had invented a swell wail which fitted well into my pattern and I wet-nursed his miscarriage and fostered his banishment. And believe it or not, I BANISHED him and made the people believe George Coddling put him out of the way for a fellow down on Foothills creek. I got hold of Bates' mine and some equipment—of course I used other people's money and the usual shoestrung arrangement, you sap—and started todig out my first million. (I still believe the ground was worth \$21.99 a yard but the dastardly gang picked up all the big nuggets the day they finally got me into court.)

Like everything else, it was flattering to my vanity—and didn't do my reputation any harm—when I fired Foreman Clements off the mine a day or two before I heard he and the boys were going to attach for wages. I sure cooked his goose when I printed an account of how he owed me money, and that all other claims were false. Well, even if they do tie up the mine with labor liens old Bates will hold the sack—not me.

"It's a funny thing, too, this being such a small world, that it isn't generally known I've been under observation for mental trouble before. Yes, 'deficiency' I believe they termed it, but like every other jackpot I've ever been in, I got out. No, there's but a narrow bridge separating genius and insanity, but why should I tell 'em which side I'm on?

"By the way, though, things DO look a bit tough right now. I'm not certain just how low the people are going to swallow my pills here. I've touched every financier backer of mine to the breaking point—in fact poor old Will H. Wilson probably would have been saved from bankruptcy if I had've returned the \$500 he loaned me—and the circle is just about complete (around my neck, I fear). I have been trying to get this here Terrible Government congress to snatch my chestnuts out of the legal fire, but somehow I have grave misgivings that they aren't ready to forcibly close our circuit court and give me a bit more time to evolve new schemes to keep the good old Breakdown Ball rolling.

"What am I going to do when they take the Hogwallow Blatter away from me in a few days? Why didn't you hear? As soon as I'm closed out here I'll jump gracefully to Earl's old shop, which has been cleaned and dusted, and let 'em down with a weekly rumpus. Why not jump over there now? Why you ought to know that I can't do that—that's outright fraud, and I never commit a crime unless I can make it appear that it was a conspiracy of the gang.

"Did you say 'what about these miscarriages of justice?' You think of everything, Artie, my boy. (By the way, are you my circulation, business or orchard manager today? I can't seem to remember your official ranking from one edition to the next. Although I demote and promote you almost daily, I DO like your tongue, Art.) Oh yes, those miscarriages. They're just like the 'invisible government'! Haven't you ever heard the wheeze about the 'invisible mirror?' Why, when some skeptic wants to see it, you just assure them it's there, but because it's invisible you can't show it to 'em."

going to be more generous than we intended when we mailed you recently a postal asking for a copy of your paper, for apparently you have added the name of the Johnsonburg Press to your mailing galleys. Just one copy was all we expected, and the way we secured your name was through the Publishers Auxiliary, in which there was an item saying the Miner was one year old.

Anyway we have received two copies of the Miner to date, the last one in a wrapper with our address set in slugs. In comparing the two editions we note that in addition to the paper being one year old, it also came the second time in an enlarged size, printed on pink paper. I have read both copies thoroughly and observe that the Miner varies greatly from the average run of country weeklies. I wish to compliment you on your literary style and the mechanical appearance of the Miner.

I get quite a few country papers in response to the cards I send out occasionally. Some of them I never hear from, and occasionally some one puts me on the mailing list, which is not my intent. A fellow down in Kansas one time put my name on the list for his four-page, six column daily. It took me two years to get my name off the list but in the meantime I read his paper every day until I felt as though I was an old-timer in his town.

Yours fraternally,

ALVA H. GREGORY.
Editor The Johnsonburg Press,
Johnsonburg, Pa.

Sends Congratulations

To the Editor:

Please accept my congratulations

and thanks for your fine stand on the subject of recent disturbances in Jackson county. It is really very gratifying (and somewhat surprising as well) to discover a publication with the courage to call a spade a spade and a skunk a skunk. Will Rogers' classic remark, "all I know is what I read in the papers," fairly states the position of the average citizen. If the facts are misrepresented by the press, erroneous conclusions on the part of the public can only be regarded as a natural result. As one who has always prided himself upon a fair and impartial attitude toward public policies and affairs, I must again thank you for blasting away the smoke screen which has hitherto obscured the real activities of Banks and associates.

There is one phase of the recent "revolution" in Medford which has not, I believe, been brought to public attention. I refer to the fact that many of the signatures on the petitions circulated by Banks and Pehl were undoubtedly secured through misrepresentation. Under the impression that they were signing up for unemployment relief work, two of our neighbors signed the petition and it was only because of later developments that they began to suspect the true nature of the document. One man asked to withdraw his signature, but was refused; his request to examine the paper he had signed was also refused; it is his opinion that the signatures were detached from the original document and affixed to another. All of which brings us to the very interesting speculation of just how many of those 800 signatures were obtained by the same methods.

Sincerely yours,

J. G. BARBER.