

LIQUOR NOT STOLEN

Suspect Gore Ranch Fehl Hideout

The Editor Speaking

Well, folks, things should be much better by now.

Spring is in the air, all the pussy-willows are back alongside the creek instead of cluttering up the living room, smudge pots are in place and one can now blow suds off a coca-cola glass for a nickel.

And it may be that one of the greatest benefits to be derived from allowing beer to flow legally and find at first hand whether it will be practicable or not, will be that newspaper editors won't have to keep trying to figure it all out in their editorial columns. At least that SHOULD come under the head of civic betterment. (Of course we never discussed this subject ourselves—much!)

We've also heard the opinion expressed that if all editors were laid end to end there should be capital punishment for the man who would let 'em get up. The old meanies. We hope such persons aren't able to get to town until all the first stock of beer is gone.

If news reports from Medford can be believed concerning the proposed brewery in that city, possibly valleyites can raise something besides the devil. Or should we have said many unemployed can hope to work for a change. Oh well, let it go. The yeast doubtless would do the raising and man the downing.

By the way, one of Jackson county's dairymen raised in righteous wrath this week to claim credit for starting the milk war which The Miner described last week. He stated that we were either misinformed, or bum guessers. Are our sheets red!

A suggestion for Mr. Wyant, however, who so resents implication of Fehl in the battle. Why should he wait until this paper mentioned the skulduggery to take the glory? When both Fehl and Banks were misinforming southern Oregon as to where credit for the cheap milk belonged, why didn't the indignant dairymen stand up for his credit then?

Personally, we don't care if Foot Creek's "Dolly" moos that she started the milk war. We were writing the story from the standpoint that Fehl had claimed the glory and honor of causing the upset. It was used as ammunition by Banks, and Fehl DID have something to do with it, only the judge's interest in the affray, we must still insist, was that he saw the milk depots as a means of taking a thrust at one member of the Parr jury.

Maybe we'd all better stick to swallowing camels and straining the milk. And there are udder reasons.

Now to get back to beer. (Don't jump at conclusions—this was written before Friday.) The Miner's Philosopher last week stated that beer comes into earliest history with man. And when some of them pass out, beer can be accused of going with them. Aw, let's play some other game; that's no pun. (Continued on page two)

Kasshafer Family Wonders, Did the Egg or Hen Come First in the Scheme of Things?

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kasshafer, at this season of the year one of Jacksonville's biggest poultry raisers, extricated an egg from a nest Monday which caused them to wonder whether the egg or the hen came first in the general scheme of things.

This wonderment was aroused when the egg, more than twice the size of the ordinary variety, was taken into the house and measured. Dimensions, in circumference, were nine inches one way and seven and one-half inches another, which might easily be the description of a large man's foot, an ostrich's supreme effort or one of the derby hats which were sold by a Medford store not long ago for five cents each.

The proud hen which produced the wonder—at least we take it the hen was proud, or in pain—was a Rhode Island Red clucker of the average Kasshafer velocity and temperament. "When bigger and better eggs is made, our hens will make 'em," declared Clarence, who has practiced henfruit husbandry for many years. Mrs. Kasshafer, who also had a hand in the raising

INFORMATION HINTS HE WAS 'ENTERTAINED'

Banker Gore, However, Denies He Harbored Hunted Man at Ranch Home

Information, coming from sources close to the William Gore family, indicated that the county judge may have been a "guest" of the prominent residents for about two days while authorities were seeking to arrest him on an indictment charging complicity in the ballot thefts.

William Gore, formerly president of a Medford banking institution, had been known to be in sympathy with Judge Fehl and his program of questionable policies, and has been under suspicion and surveillance for some time. It had even been hinted that the "most surprising arrest" in connection with the ballot steal might strike close to the heart of the prominent southern Oregon family.

When questioned concerning the report, Gore refused at first to either deny or confirm the accusation, and centered his efforts on attempting to learn who had "let the cat out of the bag." He was visibly relieved when told the information did not come from Fehl himself, but asked if an "employee on his ranch had told." Gore, while nervously evading questions, accused his interrogator of "imaging it, and not knowing anything about the matter." He added, apparently unintentionally, that "you must have known something about it or you wouldn't have come to me."

Gore continued to answer many unasked questions, and even went so far as to say that he "hadn't seen Fehl for several months." He soon qualified this statement, however, and admitted voluntarily he had seen the county judge but a few days ago. When first approached with the subject, which seemed to aggravate him perceptibly, the banker became so nervous he was unable to hold objects in his hand, speak coherently or deny the report. It was several minutes, and only after being satisfied that the judge himself had not "squealed" before he would even mildly deny that he had harbored Fehl for about two days in his Jacksonville highway home.

The Applegate Home Extension unit is making extensive plans for an old time apron and overall dance at Applegate Hall April 22. Additional attractions will be a fish pond and the raffling of a crazy quilt made by the clubwomen. The unit is expecting to be unusually active during the next month or two, owing to the fact that all club work will be dispensed with for the summer months.

Mrs. Ted Fish and three sons, Ted, Tom and Dick, of Talent, visited recently at the home of Mrs. Fish's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brown.

Mrs. Cora Crump and Miss Gladys Ankeney of Eugene are expected to visit Applegate relatives this week. The Eugene visitors are spending two weeks in southern Oregon and at present are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cora Crump in Medford.

AH, THERE, MR. HEMINGWAY!



Chamber Appoints 3 400 Chicks Perish As Groups in Monday's Kasshafer Brood Stove Meet; to Press Drive Explodes Tuesday Nite

The Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, Oscar Lewis president, Monday night appointed committees to continue the membership drive, to make recommendations for beautification of the city to the council, and to oversee baseball activities here this season.

After a long and interesting meeting, during which time many matters of much importance to this pioneer city were discussed, Ray Coleman, Tom Rudy, Wesley Hartman, Vivian Beach, John Knight, Ray Wilson, Oscar Lewis and Clint Dunnington were appointed as membership committee to work toward swelling roster of the organization so that even greater accomplishments might be made in the future. Each member of the special committee was apportioned several prospects and told to go "bring 'em in."

The committee which made recommendations to the city council at its regular meeting Tuesday night was composed of Fred Fick, Ray Wilson and John Knight. This group made several suggestions concerning the use to be made of the relief work which has been made available to the city by the rearrangement of county relief work. Improvement of the city's appearance and property was the main theme of the committee, and doubtless both city councilmen and chamber members will unite in this program.

A baseball committee, to oversee and sponsor a local team here this year, was made up of Leonard Osborne, who last summer managed the Jacksonville Pirates, Donald Dorothy and Vivian Beach. They will have charge of the complete assortment of suits and equipment which the chamber owns, and will lay plans toward a home-town team and its activities.

The invitation to all townspeople to join the chamber was reiterated by Secretary J. B. Wetterer, and preliminary plans for the staging of another gold rush jubilee were discussed. Work will be carried forward on the new park along the highway near the old brewery, it was pointed out, and upon completion of that project it is expected jubilee committees will be chosen.

Next regular meeting of the commerce chamber will be Monday, April 17, at 7:30 p. m.

Good Old Pie Social on Docket April 15 Beaver Creek Club

Everybody and his friend is cordially invited to the Beaver creek school house Saturday evening, April 15, for a jolly time with the Beaver Creek community club.

A pie social will be the principal attraction. One restriction has been placed upon this feature, and that is that all pies must be inconspicuously wrapped in newspaper to avoid foul play of any kind on the part of the bidder. There will be a program of an impromptu nature, in which everybody may participate who wishes. The remainder of the evening will

be spent in numerous diversions. The club is sponsoring the event to complete funds for purchase of two dozen chairs for use at the school house.

Come and see if you can find out if your lady friend can make a pie!

Awakened by crackling flames at the Clarence Kasshafer home in this city at 4 a. m., Mrs. Ray Wilson Tuesday night awakened her husband and son-in-law, Hubert DeHaas, and sent them hurrying toward the volunteer fire equipment. Wilson is chief of the department, and was not long in rushing the truck to the scene of the blaze, which had not yet awakened the Kasshafer family.

The brooder house, which was mothering about 400 baby chicks, was a complete loss, but quick action on the part of the firemen prevented the flames from spreading. Kasshafer stated that about 1 a. m. he had gone out to the brooder to build up the fire and found everything in order. A hole in the side of the brooder stove, which was fired with compressed coal briquettes, indicated that an explosion of coal gas had occurred which set fire to the building. But 18 chicks survived the flames.

The department made another run Wednesday evening to the Filtercraft home on the other side of town, where a flue was burning out. The usual precautions of throwing salt in the fireplace and inspecting attics were taken, and the fire resulted in no damage. Cobwebs 18 inches from the chimney had been scared, however, and unguarded, the blaze may have resulted in serious damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Young, formerly of Ashland, returned to their home on Little Applegate Sunday from a brief trip to Algoma, Klamath county.

Oh, You Milk War!

R. L. Wyant, through the communication columns of the Medford daily press, complains that he started the milk depots as a protest against the monopolistic tactics of a Medford creamery.

At the time Wyant went into the retail business he was receiving 17 1/2 cents per gallon for all whole milk sold by the creamery at 25 cents a gallon, and was paid butterfat prices for the surplus. At times his average may have reached his claimed eight to 11 cents per gallon rate, but we suggest Mr. Wyant review his own business before claiming honors.

According to word received, Wyant today is paying Fred Barneburg 10 cents a gallon for grade A milk and is retailing this same milk at 20 cents per gallon—a 100 per cent profit for himself. The creameries, at the height of their affected debauchery and graft, never realized but a fraction of that enormous profit.

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Surplus, Not Shortage of Spirits in Vault Revealed by Sensible Investigation

The Reason Grand Jurors Couldn't Find the "Stolen" Liquor or Name Thieves Was Because No Liquor Was Missing

A startling revelation, which could have been made public by the former grand jury under the leadership of William Grieve, but wasn't, was made by a Miner reporter this week that the much heralded and widely discussed "missing liquor" which was used as a Good Government congress weapon to gain members and demand resignations, was never stolen. In fact, an investigation tends to show that Jackson county taxpayers have MORE liquor stored in their courthouse vault than records show they should have.

The former grand jury, which was so hesitant to as much as scowl at Editor Banks and halt his revolutionary machinations, reported that 143 gallons of liquor had been stolen from the courthouse vault. It offered no explanation, placed no blame—merely cast suspicion on all the raving editor's political opponents and intended victims. The grand jury, in its report, neither brought in a true bill nor rendered a not true bill. It stated simply that spirits had vanished "by means unknown."

The unseemly hand that was supposed to have removed the liquor, however, cast grave reflections on former Sheriff Ralph Jennings and former Jailor Ike Dunford. Both were at a loss to explain the mystery, and friends of the pair were willing to stake their last dime on the integrity of the officers. Yet the grand jurors insisted that, according to records, 143 gallons of firewater showed up missing. Much fuel was thereby added to the fires of the congress leaders' inflammatory talk, and it was passed into the remote sections of the county that "we told you so—the 'gang' is so crooked it can't even leave confiscated liquor alone. WE MUST clean out the courthouse by fair means or foul."

In line with The Miner's policy of debunking the Banks campaign arguments, and to show that all politicians in Jackson county have NOT been a cross between a porch climber and pickpocket, it now takes great pleasure in blasting the most recent Good Government alibi for committing wanton mayhem—the claim that the accusations against the congress members and the county judge were just a blind to cover up the stealing of liquor from the vault, a similar vault as that which housed the stolen ballots, for which pilfering most of the congress leaders have been indicted. With the exception of a few quarts emptied and refilled with water one not connected with the sheriff's office—there has been NO WHOLESALE THEFT OF LIQUOR FROM THE COURTHOUSE.

A careful checkup of self-evident and accurate figures kept on the matter, it has been pointed out in this paper's satisfaction, will reveal that rather than a shortage of mountain dew the county vault is LONG on the supply. The way it apparently works out is this:

Suppose John and Roy Doe are apprehended transporting 50 gallons of alcohol. Each man is booked separately on a charge of transporting the 50 gallons of contraband. The records read like this: John Doe, charged with possession of 50 gallons of alcohol; Roy Doe, charged with possessing 50 gallons (Continued on page four)

Spring Has Come to Applegate. Fever Already Has Beseiged Many Men Too Busy to Work

If irritability is a sign of an invalid's recovery, then the country's illness is surely on the wane, judging from a conversation overheard the other day which registered downright complaint against the first spring day.

Sunday, reaching as near perfection as any day ever will, and coming as an answer to the farmers' prayer for better weather, was the day being talked about, and it was too hot! The 83 degrees of heat were causing many to complain, according to the speakers, and represented such a sudden change in the weather that the two conversationalists agreed that they felt good for nothing all day long.

The weather having dwindled as a topic of criticism, the two relied upon the creatures of nature, voicing their dislike of the frogs' spring time serenade, as well as the inspiring warble of the meadowlark as he flings to the world his song of joy and hope in the new season. The katydid, with their autumnal murmur, were termed annoyances, of the speakers admitting the necessity of shooting them out of

BEER TO FLOW HERE TODAY; FEE IS SMALL

\$10 Per Year, Payable Quarterly, Assessment Here; Three to Retail

Jacksonville's part-way return to the "good old days," when men were men and had need for steady brass rails, was to be ushered in today with practically no commotion and darned little beer, the first-day supply being limited.

The old town, which used to boast of more than a dozen saloons, had been dry since 1915, when the state banished quaffing, and had moved the corner saloon into the kitchen and under the sink—if there was room enough for a sizeable crock. That is, in many instances. The city councilmen, who met in regular session Tuesday night to consider a licensing ordinance and to lick their chops in anticipation, agreed that \$10 per year would be enough to tax retailers, whether in bottles or shoved over the counter in glistening schooners, and even went so far as to permit quarterly payment. No ordinance was passed, however, the city attorney not having been present. A later meeting, some night this week, was scheduled to be called to pass the ordinance. It was expected that sale would be unrestricted here until such time as an ordinance governing light wines and beer could be enacted, provided a federal license was obtained.

The Nugget confectionery, where Ray Wilson will pour, the Marble Corner and Amy's Place are expected to cater to the parched-gottled customers. The Marble Corner plans both schooner and bottle sale, while the other two merchants probably will confine distribution to bottled goods. The usual restrictions are expected to be written into the ordinance.

Gardeners, however, report that the county went wet in the wrong way to make spading any easier, as the surface soil has become solid. They see little relief, too, in the allegedly weak beer on hot afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis of this city visited at the home of Charles Dunford on Little Applegate Sunday. They were accompanied by Misses Alice Morgan and Jessie Clark.

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the window vines before sleeping on crisp fall nights.

There are other signs of spring on Applegate besides the weather. Four rattlesnakes were killed near Ruch this week, Bob Hughes and cohorts, after killing two on the hill at the back of the Sunnyside station, dynamited a rocky portion of the mountain and succeeded in routing a small rattler. Ed Saltmarsh, pioneer woodsman, killed a snake on Squire's peak, which bore eight rattles.

Others have noted the arrival of spring in the presence of humming birds, bumble bees and turtle-doves. A lady on Little Applegate of rotund dimensions admitted being April fooled and, she didn't know who did it, which also is a sign that April is here, and that the lady is subject to being fooled all year.

Miss Jeanette Gore, who is teaching the present term of school at Beaver creek, has been employed to teach in the primary department at West Side school next year.