

The Editor Speaking

We see by the papers that a Medford grocery has installed a shelf of canned rattlesnake meat for epicureans. Now a man can have his delirium tremens and eat 'em too.

Well, back to nature again. Funny how a little walking, for a change, gives a person a fresher outlook on things.

Sauntering along the highway one notices many of the marvels of nature which escape the eye of the motorist. Little angle worms bending themselves double in their haste to get somewhere; smart-looking birds hopping along a fence rail giving the trudging wanderer the once-over while keeping a weather eye out for tasty morsels; trees filling out in a hitherto unnoticed majesty; lambs rambolling and calves frisking about, tails high in air. . . oh yes, we nearly forgot! Our car is in the paint shop this week getting its face lifted.

Nature may show her beauties on the man who walks, and hide them from the hurrying motorist, but nevertheless, with all our appreciation of the glories of the season, we kept our thumb cocked at a perky angle at all passing motorists and limped a bit at the new endeavor. For nature in the raw is seldom mild, and walking to Medford and back aint a toasted pastime.

And now, after having sung our Spring Song for 1933, we shall proceed from the seemingly endless Jacksonville-Medford pike to national politics, just as if we know something about them.

We have noticed already that there is a different attitude in the White House toward bonus marchers, even though we believe the latest encampment was ill-advised and demonstrates an uncooperative spirit among the marchers. This week Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt personally tramped through mud to greet the bonus marchers near the capitol and, without talking politics, delivered a motherly, inspiring few words to the boys. She was unaccompanied by tear gas, armored tanks and mounted soldiers. In fact, she was entirely alone. We are beginning to understand one of the reasons why our president is the great man he has proven to be, with such a wife backing him up.

Another thing which becomes more and more apparent is the republican effort, in some quarters, to discredit great work Roosevelt has been doing. They attack the "dictatorship" and hint that we are fast losing our democracy. Which is just so much blah to us. They quake at and warn of Mr. Roosevelt's dictatorial powers and allege he has made nothing but mistakes so far. Just a lot of sour grapes, don't you think?

We believe there is such a thing as taking one's favorite party too seriously. Like a drowning man refusing to be saved by a lifeguard because he didn't belong to the same lodge. Rather than make excuses for former President Hoover and continue to alibi for him by attempting to discredit his successor, we think it would be far better for the United States to forget all about the bum marriage it made in 1928. The divorce has been final and it aint fair to the new bride.

According to the papers, Henry Ford has made an about-face in his political front. It was just a few months ago he warned his employes all the flivver factories would be shut down and grass would grow on the main streets if (Continued on page two)

Murder Is Plain Murder Unless It Gets Into a Circuit Courtroom, Says Miner Playwright

By HALFTRUTH EXAGGERATE

Scene: Courtroom where Llewellyn A. Bunks is being tried for the brutal murder of an officer.

Time: Too long. (Any few moments during the big trial.)

Characters: The Judge, Prosecuting Attorney, Defense Lawyer, Witness.

Now cross your fingers.

Judge: The witness will take the stand.

Prosecuting Attorney: I object, Your Honor. If anything is to be taken in this courtroom, the state should get it.

Judge: Objection overruled. There are enough stands to go around.

Defense Attorney: What is your name?

Witness: Elmer Horseradish.

Defense Attorney: Where were you on the morning of March 16?

Witness: I was going downtown to get a seed loan, some tobacco and to look at a vacant house. I passed the home of Llewellyn A. Bunks at the exact hour the fatal shot was fired.

Defense Attorney: Tell the court just what you saw take place at the Bunks residence.

Witness: Well, I started to light my pipe and the match went out. Not having another, I looked around for a flint stone. It was at this time I noticed an officer and another man go up onto the Bunks porch. They both lunged toward the door, which bulged something awful. I saw them pull a machine gun, three rifles and a pistol, and

MINERS TO PLAY GILMORE LIONS SUNDAY AT HOME

Localities Take Central Point in Second Game of Series in Nearby City

Showing a greatly improved baseball form, the Jacksonville Miners last Sunday won the second game of the inter-city series played at Central Point, 12-5.

Starting with Paul Hess on the mound, the Miners amassed an early lead which forecast outcome of the game. Through several errors, due in part to the rough diamond, the Central Pointers gained their five scores in the first few innings, but were held motionless by Ben Coffman, who pitched six innings of the fray. Dorothy completed the Jacksonville battery. Both infield and outfield at the valley city were rough and covered with gravel which greatly hampered players on hot grounders, which continually hopped and veered at crazy and unexpected angles and once, late in the game, First Baseman Ray Hunsaker of the Jacksonville Miners was hit on the temple by a pitched ball. Hunsaker, faculty member here during week days, momentarily was knocked unconscious by the impact but soon was on his feet and back in the game.

Pitcher Hess allowed six hits during his three innings as the hurrying end of the Jacksonville battery, while Coffman reduced the hazards to but three for six rounds. H. Smuck, for Central Point, permitted the Miners to hit 19 of his balls. The Miners, who seemed to profit by several conferences held with Umpire Jake Schaeffer and others versed in the intricacies of baseball, and employed strategy as well as hitting strength to run up the heavy score. Base stealing was prevalent while the Jacksonville Miners were at bat and twice the home plate was stolen from under noses of the Central Pointers.

More than a half dozen carloads of townspeople journeyed to the valley center for the game and all expressed much surprise and satisfaction at improvement shown by the gold diggers. "We're going to have a pretty good team yet, one which will rank high in the final results," predicted one eyewitness whose enthusiasm moved him even to the point of dropping a sizeable coin when a hat was passed.

Week-day practice games are scheduled with the Jacksonville merchants—rotund and middle-aged—and much exercise, as well as practice is promised when the weather dries up during week-days.

The entire town generally turns out to enjoy the tilts between the businessmen and the regular team, and seem particularly interested in efforts of city dads to bend over slipped-down chests and policemen's muscles in an effort to emulate their more youthful opponents. ("Emulate the devil," said a man reading over the writer's shoulder, "you mean lick 'em.")

Next Sunday's game, with the newly christened Gilmore Lions, will be played on the home diamond starting promptly at 2 p. m., announced Manager V. J. Beach. The Lions formerly termed themselves the Medford Junior Merchants and announced, through Manager John Smith, that they would trim the Miners again on their second appearance in this city. Smith's nine, it is claimed by the homeguards here, lucked themselves into a win in their other appearance here and will be treated differently when the ball is thrown in Sunday.

Much satisfaction was expressed with the local diamond, now admittedly rated the best in the several southern Oregon cities, by the players after nursing stone bruises and gopher bites suffered last weekend. Recent rains and fre-

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Cross-Examines



Action picture snapped just before the battle when Mrs. Camille Cucumber caught her husband arriving home at 4 a. m. with a pay telephone under his arm to prove that he tried to call her he'd be a few minutes late.

Kasshafer Opens New Dutch Lunch, Dining Room in Jacksonville

Something entirely in keeping with the times and Jacksonville's reputation as a city of rare hospitality, the Miner's Inn has been opened here this week to cater to the dutch lunch, chicken dinner and 3.2 beer appetites of southern Oregon. It was announced by Mrs. W. C. Kasshafer, proprietor.

Located in the former Finney residence directly opposite the U. S. hotel museum on Third street, the Kasshafer's plan to cater to private parties and persons hungry for home-cooked chicken and special dinners. Plenty of the legalized thirst-quencher will be available, it was pointed out, and a friendly, cordial greeting awaits all callers at the tavern.

The Kasshafer's have been busily engaged all spring raising hundreds of chickens to tempt palates of customers at the inn, and typical mining town generosity is promised by the proprietor, who is somewhat of an expert in matters of cuisine. Those desiring reservations are advised to phone Jacksonville 204.

Eddie Howbrook, 17 Back in Applegate Ready for Man's Job

Although very much of a boy when he stole away that crisp morning in November 18 months ago, Edward Howbrook, nearly 17, returned to the A. S. Kleinhammer home Saturday feeling the utmost vigor and strength of young manhood and announced his desire to undertake any man-sized job on the farm this summer.

Eddie arrived here by bus from Vallejo, having been accompanied to that city from Needles, Calif., by his mother, Mrs. Elmer James, who will spend the summer with relatives in the California city. Eddie spent the last year with his mother in Needles, which he describes as a desolate railroad terminal on the Colorado river, where the thermometer had soared to 105 degrees when he departed for Oregon. He attended high school there and gained a place on the football team. He will work at the Kleinhammer ranch this summer and will enter school again in the fall, possibly at Needles, although the call of the aviator's life has disturbed definite plans and he visions aviation in the navy.

Friends were gladdened with the news of Edward's return and former school mates from Little Applegate school, in their eagerness to welcome home their popular friend, called to see him the day after his return. Even his trick dog remembered him and proclaimed his joy with a trick. Perhaps guided during his absence by the strong faith which Mrs. Kleinhammer felt for the boy whom she had kept since he was a little lad of eight, he remains the same Eddie, more manly and bettered for his experience, Mrs. Kleinhammer said, adding that "he always was a good boy, and I am proud of him."

MORE CROP LOANS OFFERED

Corvallis—Oregon farmers may obtain additional crop production loans to help finance summer plowing and fall seeding, according to word received by the Oregon extension service. The limit is \$1.50 an acre or \$300 total and the borrower must agree to cut acreage 30 per cent under 1932. This is not considered favorable for most Oregon growers unless the same reduction will apply under the new farm relief law. May 31 is the deadline for applications for these new loans and county agents have been furnished details regarding regulations.

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PICK HEADS FOR JUBILEE GROUPS at MONDAY MEET

Extensive Plans Will Include Outdoor Dance Pavilion Conference Hints

That 1933's Gold Rush Jubilee in Jacksonville August 19 will be of such magnitude and originality as to completely overshadow any celebration ever staged in southern Oregon now has become a certainty, with chamber of commerce officials meeting Monday night for the purpose of designating and outlining work for five committee heads already chosen.

Preliminary plans, already underway, provide for the construction of an outdoor dancing pavilion, street stage and many other features, it was brought out in a discussion of plans and possibilities for a repetition of the great success of last summer, when more than 10,000 persons thronged the streets of Oregon's first mining camp for a single day. Experience gained in last year's jubilee, the first of its kind to be staged here, will prove valuable in outlining work and carrying it to completion and a city-wide willingness to aid in the project this year indicates another surprising achievement for the little old town which generally slumbers at the foot of timbered mountains casually mining gold from under her streets.

Monday night's meeting, which followed the regular bi-monthly gathering of the chamber membership, resulted in the jubilee executive committee dividing work as follows:

Activities within the U. S. hotel—Mayor Wesley Hartman, who already has indicated Punk Dunnington, George Wendt and Slim Mero will be chosen by him to aid in the historic building's central part of the celebration.

Historic parade, street lighting and decorating—Oscar Lewis

Supervision of all concessions—Ray Wilson.

Free entertainment features and program—John Knight.

Publicity and advertising—Leonard Hall.

The Gold Rush Jubilee was first conceived last year for the twofold purpose of raising needed cash with which to purchase a custom mill site and to advertise and popularize Jacksonville's abundance of historic and romantic history up and down the Pacific coast. Last summer visitors to this city journeyed as much as a thousand miles to see an old mining camp recreate herself in all her one-time frontier glory. The celebration this year will be based along the same lines but is being planned on a much larger scale.

Last year everything from greased pigs to gunfights graced the town's streets and a long day's activities was climaxed by a night of early-day revelry and pseudo-gambling. Near beer was served as the real thing, red-peppered vinegar was pushed over authentic bars as whiskey and tiquila and drunken, unshaven prospectors in for the day proceeded to shoot up the town in real pioneer fashion. Patches of fallen plaster and hole-filled hats bore mute testimony the following day to the near-reality of the recreation of a booming mining camp and there was a general (Continued on page four)

City Beer License Now Nothing Compared to Huge Tax Paid in 1877

Shades of John Barleycorn! Strong drink, and its resultant golden flow into coffers of various taxing bodies, is nothing new to this old town, it was noted early this week in Frank Zell's antique shop, where renovation and rearranging are going full blast.

And just in case present dispensers of the comparatively mild 3.2 beer think they're stuck with heavy overload of tax burden, let them peruse tax receipts and city license figures of 1877 uncovered by Zell. If one sold whisky, or, as it was put, "spirited liquors," in quantities less than one quart one dug into the jeans for \$100 for a city license alone. Of course the "less than one quart" business was accompanied by the usual swinging doors, brass rail and free lunch counter. In other words, the antique city license is taken to mean saloon license dressed up in Sunday language.

Wintgen and Helms, receivers of the document, swore that they had "entered into bonds, with approved security," to safeguard the city against something or other not quite clear to the writer, who was not a customer in them there good old days. U. S. Hayden signed as city recorder and an impressive seal bearing the legend, "Town of Jacksonville, Oregon" boasted a neat picture of timber and peaks.

Attached to the city license was a tax receipt "for county, school and hospital taxes," and showed a payment of \$8 by H. V. Helms in 1878 to the then Sheriff John M. Cummins.

Which just goes to show that perhaps, taxationally speaking, the country hasn't gone to the dogs in the last generation, but merely has been holding its own.

We read about a man who has 70 suits of clothes and we're wondering how he gets that many on the one closet hook he's allowed.

Perjures Testimony



Photograph of the late Cecil J. Cucumber, who met with a slight accident this week when he ran into his wife on the stairs. Although he was carrying plenty of evidence as to where he had been it was broken down under her very cross questioning. In fact, it was broken over his head.

To Poison Cemetery Diggers With Grain Warns Sexton Cody

That Jacksonville should keep their dogs from wandering in the cemetery for the next few weeks was the advice given out this week by Barney Cody, city sexton. "Digger squirrels have been doing much damage at the local cemetery this year," explained Cody. "It will be necessary to scatter poison grain to eliminate them."

Although dogs will not eat the prepared grain, it was pointed out by Cody that squirrels killed by the bait, if eaten by the animals, would prove poisonous. The diggers, almost overrunning the quiet solitude of the graveyard, have a habit of undermining tombstones and causing their dislodgment, as well as injuring shrubbery and trees.

As an added precaution Cody plans to erect several signs to warn any visitors who might be accompanied by dogs at the cemetery and suggests that all canines be kept at home for the next few weeks.

The Jacksonville cemetery is one of the most historical burial spots in the state, tombstones there bearing some of the northwest's most famous names, including several former governors who were natives of this city.

Applegate Grangers Give Dance Saturday

Applegate Grange will give a dance at their hall Saturday, May 20. Louie Hanson will act as floor manager and Hanson's orchestra will furnish the music. All are invited.

The county court has problems no one but the members know about and that even they can't solve.—G. P. Bulletin.

93 Years a Pleasant Experience for One Old Applegate Mother; Relates Life of Romance

By MAUDE POOL

In the long, long span of 93 years into which have been woven multicolored threads that reward with a life full and rich there are memories, oh, so many of them, that have grown mellow and sweet with the passing of the years. Yet there is one dearer than the rest to Mrs. Hester Pence of Applegate who celebrated her 93rd birthday May 3. It is of a love letter—never finished—a swift romance, a runaway marriage that has never been regretted.

In her favorite rocker by the fireside at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Amos McKee of Applegate, Mrs. Pence delved into the past for her listeners and brought forth a story as daring as a fiction writer's.

She had moved with her parents from Clark county, Ohio, where she was born in 1840, to Illinois. Then she started to write a letter to the young man of fair complexion whom she had left behind. Before the letter was finished she met the handsome dark lad whom both fate and a negro fortune teller had decreed should become her chosen one.

"You don't know what you are talking about," Grandma Pence recalled having told the fortune teller who saw a brunette revealed again and again in the deck of cards. She did not know then of the move to another state and she thought she would marry the lover of her Ohio home. Then came courtship days, sly ones, for her father was

FORESTRY CAMP TO USE 235 MEN AT SEATTLE BAR

Star Fire Crew and Applegate Road Camps Will Be Dispensed With

Establishment of the Civilian Conservation camp near Seattle Bar on the Applegate this week has changed the local forest service program for the summer. The fire crew at the Star Ranger station will be dispensed with, and fire fighters will be drawn from the 235 men who will be enlisted in the camp. All road camps in the Applegate district will be abolished, since men at the new camp will be engaged chiefly in road work instead of cleaning the forest.

Forty local men, some of whom are from Medford, enlisted Monday, going through the same procedure required for army enlistment. An army physician from Vancouver Barracks visited camp Tuesday to submit recruits to vaccination and other medical requirements. Eighty men are engaged in setting up camp, which is in charge of four army officers, including Capt. B. B. McMahon from Vancouver, Lieutenant J. E. Jeys of Portland and a corporal and cook. The men will speak of their new layout as the "C. C. camp."

The Southern Pacific having a contract to deliver the boys to their camp from Vancouver Barracks, a stage transported them from the Medford depot to Seattle Bar Saturday. The massive stage met with considerable difficulty in making the sharp curves in the narrow mountain road, but succeeded in reaching the camp. Trucks transported more than four tons of mess equipment and supplies.

Army headquarters for southern Oregon and northern California, which had been scheduled for location at Eugene, were established in Medford Tuesday.

60 MPH on Water Sunday Thrill Sked At Emigrant Races

The Southern Oregon Boat club has promised real thrills for everyone attending its big annual speedboat race at Emigrant lake next Sunday, May 21.

Fast entries have been received from Washington, Oregon and California, including the Wilbur brothers of Sacramento, Ward Angley of Marysville, Calif., with his fast hydroplane, "Sweetheart," Charles Cookley of Portland with his trim little craft, "Mutt and Jeff," which won everything in its class at Astoria last season, and many others who have won fame on the Pacific coast.

Emigrant lake, a natural amphitheater, situated just south of Ashland on the Pacific highway, offers an ideal spot for such an event. The race course has been so set out that the entire circuit can be nicely viewed.

This will be the one and only chance for southern Oregonians to see for themselves trim little hydroplanes skimming the water at nearly 60 miles per hour.

"The next motorist we catch driving across the baseball outfield in his car will get mobbed," warned a group of the baseball team members yesterday as they, for the nth time, leveled off ruts cut in the field. Cars are in the habit of leading their drivers across the ball field, it is said, and are almost conscienceless about the great furrows left behind for loping outfielders to fall over while chasing a high one while the bases are loaded. Signs will be erected asking for cooperation from townspeople within a few days.

93 Years a Pleasant Experience for One Old Applegate Mother; Relates Life of Romance

strongly opposed to serious consideration from this boy, Bill Pence. "That was love at first sight; I tell you its dangerous," Grandma confided as she stroked the orchid apron that bespoke of an ambitious nature. "Now I'll show you how treacherous girls are," she continued with a sly chuckle. "I pretended like I didn't want to go to Bill's aunt's to help with the sewing when father said that I was the one that should go. All the time I was thinking how nice it would be. Father had an idea Bill would be there right off, but when he saw that I wasn't anxious to go, he said that I must go over to help. My I packed all of my nicest things." Grandma explained with the same pride she felt on that special occasion 76 years ago, "and in a very short time we were married. Oh, my mother didn't care. No, mercy, she was an angel on earth if ever there was one," and Grandma rocked gently and gazed into the fire.

She gave intimate glimpses of the wedding day; of the start, long before dawn on a stormy day on the 17th of December, 1857, for a 25-mile trip to Peoria with bugles and horses. The young lovers, accompanied by relatives of Mr. Pence, arrived in Peoria at noon. They were married, had their dinner and started on their homeward journey. Throngs of people greeted them on their return and a charivari that was talked of for years lasted throughout the night.

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