

The Editor  
Speaking

Excuse us this week, folks, but there's a small matter of pointing out a snake to some people before they get bitten again.

A few months ago, seems like it was about a year now, there was a certain man who riz up amongst us (for the stenth time) to tell how taxes should be reduced, and how he should be the only guy who would do it. Enough people fell for his line to put him in as county judge.

God knows taxes needed reducing, and if he made good on his word, that was just fine. But sometimes the most promising pictures aren't anything but mirages. This picture was not only a mirage, it was a perfect monkey face, and it begins to look as though it made a monkey out of Jackson county taxpayers.

First-off, when this man gets into office, he throws the county government into turmoil by thinking he was judge, jury, executioner and complaining witness for two men who had didn't get along with, but who had about as much to say about how the county was to be run as he did. Following this two weeks of deadlock, all the while expenses ran on and on, with nothing accomplished, this man started to read books.

He learned somewhere that an army travels on its stomach. He got an idea. He realized he could never get away with his plans without an army to back him up, so he opened a commissary, and allegiance to the cause was sufficient for the average man to feed a good-sized family. Transients, indigents, professional bums and just plain lazy men grabbed food and clothing away from those who really needed it and who should have been aided. The dear taxpayer footed the bill.

Then, for the first time in the history of Jackson county, the county judge's economy extended to the appointment of a probator officer. A political job of sitting in the courthouse, ostling passersby and yes-ing the boss. It was not mentioned that the taxpayers, who had hoped to save a few nickels, would have to pay his salary. A jailor had to have two assistants where none had existed before, which was more efficiency and economy accomplished in the inimitable county judge's manner. It matters little that the jailor and his pals were later found to be dinary crooks and ballot stealers.

The county judge, off in a cloud of his own ego, "disappeared" for a few days while southern Oregon law enforcement officers searched for him. "I didn't know Mr. Banks had killed Prescott," he lied when caught. "Sure, I heard Prescott threaten to kill Banks," he lied again at the recent trial.

The county judge, who was "duly elected" on a platform of cleaning up graft and corruption in Jackson county, snatched to defendants of doings of the "secret" grand jury, through the cooperation of the foreman. He warned of impending indictments and prowled around through courthouse records till every valuable paper had to be hidden in downtown bank vaults. He proved to be an ordinary second story, and first and third story, man in office.

As a result of his 18 years of hellraising, Jackson county was forced to spend thousands of dollars to hang a penalty on a murderer, will have to spend additional (Continued on page two)

NEW IMPETUS TO  
OPP MINE SEEN  
IN NEAR FUTURE

Robert E. Strahorn, Reputed  
Empire Builder, Joins  
Mine Company

According to an announcement made by John C. Stanton of San Francisco, Robert E. Strahorn, colorful western capitalist and empire builder, has taken an interest in the Jacksonville mining district through his association with the Pacific States Mines, Inc., as its new president. Stanton, the announcement said, will be his associate.

The Pacific States Mines, Inc., are lessees of the John Opp property near this city known as the Opp mines. The company, which has other holdings on the Pacific coast as well, has been developing, gradually, the local mine and has built sheds and bins for a 100-ton or larger mill operation.

It is to be hoped that the new impetus in the mining company will add impetus to local development of gold production from quartz and that plans already undertaken under the direction of John Price, superintendent, can be carried to an early completion. So far as is known, there will be no change in the lineup at the Opp mine, which is located about one mile from Jacksonville.

L. R. Shurtleff, in the Medford Mail Tribune, has this to say about the background of Strahorn, new president of the company operating here:

"While many Oregonians will recall both these gentlemen, a brief history of their past activities is interesting. Mr. Strahorn's constructive enterprises cover a period of many years and have directly benefitted thousands of citizens in six or more western states. Among his more notable accomplishments were the conception, promotion and naming of the Oregon Short Line railroad connecting the Union Pacific system with Oregon, which he followed through to the completion of the lines to Portland and Butte. At that time he was a confidential advisor on western affairs for E. H. Harriman and Joy Gould. During the same period he pushed to successful consummation public utilities, hotel projects, telephone and telegraph lines.

"Mr. Strahorn was associated with Nelson Bennett in the promotion and construction of the Fairhaven Southern lines along Puget sound, in the interests of James J. Hill, which lines now afford entrance of the Great Northern to Vancouver, B. C.

"He organized and built the Northeast lines between Spokane and Portland and to North Yakima, as well as the Yakima Valley Transportation lines, Spokane Union terminal and divisions of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Spokane International (Canadian Pacific), entering the terminus (Continued on page four)

2nd Loot Gets 33rd  
Degree in DeMolay

F. D. Meeker, member of the 926th company of the Civilian Conservation corps at Camp Applegate, has just been awarded the Legion of Honor of DeMolays from Washington chapter in Portland, according to a letter received from the grand council in Kansas City, Mo. The degree, equivalent to the 33rd Masonic degree, is the highest honor attainable in the DeMolays.

Mr. Meeker, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Meeker, 23 Northeast 45th avenue, Portland, is a second lieutenant, quartermaster reserve.

Naturalist Discovers 6-Floor Apartment Hotel  
in Jacksonville! Structural Wonder on Display

Ripley will have to either hide his head in shame, or never pass through Jacksonville. After all these years a six-story residential hotel was discovered within a few hundred yards from the spot where gold was first found in the state.

Ray Wilson, the lucky devil, made the discovery this week. We say lucky because he found none of the tenants at home. The fire chief has been busy the past several months remodeling his home here and Wednesday tore open a partition. Inside he found a rare novelty—a real freak in architecture. Suspended from one tiny contact was a complete, six-story wasp nest!

"Aw, pshaw," you might say. But wait! This wasp nest is something entirely new and different. Never, in the history of the old town, have any of its residents ever seen a wasp nest that was so ambitiously constructed that it towered above a ground floor.

Each compartment being of average size and capacity, slender connectors suspend consecutively five more individual floors. Rather than build from the ground up, like any little schoolboy is taught to do, the wasps (funny critters) start at the top. First they fasten their what-ever-it-is-made-of to a mooring mast, preferably a building joist or stud. Then they build a honey-comb-like series of rooms without hallways or bath. Generally speaking, enough is enough for a wasp, but these Wilson wasps were different. They must have been hav-

ing trouble with the Joneses, for they repeated the process, save that they suspended each succeeding cluster from the one above.

It has been suggested, by Jacksonville authorities, who differ somewhat on their analyses, that possibly the first wasp family had five in-laws who insisted on living with them. The East California street Benchwarmers, however, are of a different school. They believe one of the wasp-architects was a rabid prohibitionist and wanted to scare the others into total abstinence by making them believe they were seeing double, or, we mean in sextets. Anyway, Ray Wilson is so proud of his find, a skyscraper in Jacksonville of all places, that he has placed it on display in his Nugget confectionery.

"There's madness in my method, however," added Wilson in an aside. "You see, it works this way: Potential customers come in to take a free look and are so amazed their lower jaw drops open, leaving a hole in their face. It is twice as easy to sell a man something to eat on a hot day when he already has his mouth open—in an eating position—than if he had to open it by brute effort."

Of course, we have been told that all good journalists and editorialists draw some moral or central thought in their stories. This one is not without its point. It just goes to show that, even though built by a bunch of wasps, you can get stung in any hotel.

Where Do They Get This  
Mother-in-Law Stuff?

(AN EDITORIAL)

"Now children I am only saying this for your own good!" How many times have we all heard either our own, or someone else's mother-in-law make that crack? Too many times, at least. And it always gives us a royal pain, as it should.

The world knows that it just isn't in the cards for a mother-in-law to help her struggling newlyweds. Things don't look the same to her and what she sees as a simple solution to a problem often as not, if followed out, would mean the destruction of the happy couple's future.

To elaborate on this a bit, it is just as apparent that no man can judge another's difficulties accurately, for he may not have ever "been there" himself, and probably doesn't know just what the fellow is faced with.

Great brains of all time have always conceded the fact that the best way to help a man with a problem or battle ahead of him is to let him work out his own salvation.

Yet Jackson county, in her effort to save herself from one of the worst menaces which has ever threatened her, is continually being heckled on all sides by a group of mother-in-law "I-told-you-so" newspapers and influences.

The Oregonian, Eugene newspapers and others upstate are yammering for Jackson county to drop the perjury matter and forget the stolen ballots. "Now you children just forget your quarrels and get together and live happily," they butt in. "We know you don't agree with us but you must profit by our experiences," they blab on.

But how mother-in-law hates to have to take her own medicine. How she loves to excuse her proclivity for butting in where its none of her business or concern by salving her conscience with, "yes, but I am just trying to help you." Phooey! Many a peaceful existence has been destroyed by just such meddling and "help." The best way to help other people along is by letting them attend to their own affairs.

Do you suppose for one moment The Oregonian, and those other newspapers clamoring for a dismissal of criminal charges against the recent disturbers, know as much about our own business as we do ourselves? It is mighty easy to tell someone else what to do, but it apparently is pretty hard for some upstaters to tell themselves to run their own affairs and to let Jackson county manage hers.

We'd like to ask those upstaters who attempt to minimize the ballot stealing and perjury at the Banks trial just why, in Oregon, the penalty for perjured testimony at a murder trial is from five to 20 years? There are plenty of crimes which could be committed against The Oregonian which would draw maximum penalties of far less than the minimum for perjury, and which that august newspaper would bend every effort to secure.

It all smells of cheap politics and the jingle of money to us. All the world despises a back seat driver, a fellow who plays checkers over the players' shoulders, or the pest who tells you what's wrong with your bridge. And The Jacksonville Miner doesn't believe those upstate buttinskis are going to be a bit more popular—or useful—to Jackson county.

Jackson county will get along all right. It was here long before The Oregonian, or Portland, or Eugene ever came into existence. It was these outsiders who got so nosey they even moved here who started all the trouble anyway.

SLANTS  
On the Brush Marines

By M. E. P.

● Poison oak is occupying the minds of many in camp, and judging from the remedies offered, never was there any one subject in which more people are interested.

● Lumber has a special way of being delivered on Sunday, of all the seven days suggested, especially if only six men are in camp.

● The captain already has shown special talent in music, picnicking and dancing.

● The detachment from the Star Ranger station was defeated in a baseball game with Palmer creek players Sunday to the tune of 5-10. Game was umpired by Omar Culy. A couple of new baseballs were seen on the way out from Medford Monday and it looks like next Sunday's game means business.

● Who burned midnight oil thinking of a catchy name to replace the mediocre term of C. C. C.? Nobody. Its just second nature with Ed Finley.

● So a local poet was inspired to write 14 verses on the doings of the Brush Marines just for pastime. You can read it some day.

● Captain McMahan, Ross Dickey and Jim Winningham hiked to Windy Peak Tuesday.

● Some marines out for a stroll in the twilight stopped strolling to watch a farmer milking his cows. They said it had been many a day since they had seen bossy giving milk and mentioned something about cans.

Hay Loft Barn Dance  
Shakes Star Stables

Strains of violin music pierced the blackness of a chilly night. There were excited voices—figures scurrying up a perpendicular ladder. This is not a detective mystery, but a good old barn dance up in the hay loft of the new barn at the Star Ranger station.

Lee Port Jr. entertained about 75 guests in the new building Friday evening and from the strenuousness of the activity therein, carpenters have reason to be proud of the quality of their work. After midnight the dancers descended the ladder and repaired to the new bunk house for refreshments.

Those attending besides local residents were Capt. B. B. McMahan, Lieutenant J. E. Keys and several of the C. C. C. boys. Ross Dickey of Medford, Misses Wanda Purvis, Mary Herbert and Helen Tjosdal and Newell Elliott of Ashland.

Robert Lewis on OSC  
Prospect Field Trip

Robert Lewis of Jacksonville, junior in forestry at Oregon state college, is among those students in forestry to go on the second annual forest field trip to southern Oregon May 25 to 30. R. S. Kearns and F. S. Schriener, instructors in forestry, and J. K. Brandeberry, instructor in logging engineering will be in charge of the trip.

The students will stay on the 640-acre tract which was given to the school of forestry by Mrs. Mary J. L. McDonald of San Francisco. They plan to cruise and map the section of land which lies southeast of Prospect on the south fork of the Rogue river near the site of the new California-Oregon Power company dam.

The "fernhoppers" will divide into crews of four. Each crew will furnish food and camping equipment for itself. Tents for shelter and trucks for transportation will be provided by the school of forestry.

Former Jacksonville  
Editor Comments on  
Banks' Murder Trial

Evidence in the Banks murder case, recently completed at Eugene, Ore., discloses that the Rogue river country develops a wonderful crop of liars as well as pears. Witnesses by the dozen cannot contradict the statements of a dozen others and everybody is telling the whole truth and nothing else but. Meanwhile, Banks the murderer escapes the noose to be sentenced to life imprisonment. Such is justice in the far west.—D. W. Bagshaw in Zillah (Wash.) Mirror.

● Flossie Men says: "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand on the Applegate, and hereafter at all picnics, parties and eats, only salad without onions and devil's food and nut cakes with plenty of icing will be served. One side youngster's ma is after the captain."

SURPRISE  
of the Month!

To the Editor:  
My subscription to your valuable paper has expired or expires within a few days.  
This will inform you that I desire the same discontinued immediately.  
Yours very truly,  
W. E. PHIPPS.

Brush Marines  
Move to Action

Applegate Reforestation Army Camp Will  
House 216 Men Says Capt. B. B.  
McMahan; Start Work

By MAUDE POOL

Of the numerous diversions at the C. C. C. camp at Seattle Bar panning for gold is one of the most popular and the ground is getting such a thorough going over that gold will be scarce at the end of the season, according to Capt. B. B. McMahan in charge of camp administration. Two-thirds of the boys have been caught by the lure of prospecting and although nobody has made his fortune as yet, the Brush Marines find a thrill in the slightest colors and are experiencing the sensation of this ancient yet novel occupation.

Developments at the camp, which has been officially designated by the U. S. Forestry department as the Applegate camp of the Civilian Conservation corps, F-41, are making rapid headway. Snags and poor timber have been cleared away and the grounds eventually will become a park site. Work on a well has been started under the supervision of Arne Carlsson of Jacksonville. Timbered excavation has been made to a depth of 18 feet and bedrock has not appeared.

The full amount of lumber for tent platforms, a total of 10,000 feet, was trucked out Saturday from a Medford lumber mill and the detachment of 16 men employed on the construction program at the Star Ranger station started construction of the tent floors Wednesday morning under the supervision of Ross Dickey, Medford carpenter. Tentage will come with the remaining detachment of 149 men who are expected to arrive soon, Captain McMahan said. Men in camp at present include two army officers, two enlisted men of the regular army, 38 men with forestry experience from the Applegate valley and 25 men between the ages of 18 and 25 from Multnomah county. A total of 216 men will complete the enlistment. Bert Rippey, local man, and Private McMillan are the cooks at the main camp. C. E. Nutting of Medford has reported as work superintendent in the forest.

Archery is a popular type of recreation and with Jack Hulse, well-known local man, in camp to produce the bows and arrows, this sport is met with great enthusiasm. For target practice with guns the boys do not use army rifles, and targets are placed across the river, eliminating danger of accidents. Saturday several of the boys made a 28-mile hike to Squaw lake and this week-end others who feel equal to that amount of exercise will duplicate the trip.

Captain McMahan referred to his boys as representing a high type of young manhood. Ordinarily, he said, they would be continuing with higher education and professions had they not been caught for a time in the economic turn which the nation is experiencing. He said he would venture to say the recruits would not trade their Applegate camp with any corps in Oregon because they like the place and the people and are interested in everything and everybody. The boys like to listen to tales from the local sages, either of truth or fiction. Knox McCloy, seasoned woodsman and miner, is a favorite. He tells stories of mining, packing and fires. From his information about fires the boys and even Captain McMahan himself have come to realize as never before that fire is the king of the forest and that roads and trails are not the end, but only the means of fighting fires. Jake Knutzen, who never has (Continued on page four)

VICTORY LOOMS  
FOR MINERS ON  
HOME DIAMOND

Central Point, Once Defeated,  
to Invade Jacksonville  
for Sunday Game

The Central Point nine, once defeated by the Jacksonville Miners on the Central Point field, will come here Sunday for a return engagement. In view of the victory gained a few weeks ago from the neighboring team, it is expected that the Miners will be able to chalk up another victory—the second for them this season.

The game will start at 2 p. m. sharp, Manager V. J. Beach announced, and probably will be a furious battle for supremacy. The Miners will have to brush the cobwebs from their gloves and wear a little leather off toes of their shoes to do it, but recent defeats have just about convinced the Miners diggers that baseball also is work as well as play, and they are practicing up on big league maneuvers on the local Merchants during week-day twilight games.

The following Sunday Gold Hill is scheduled to appear on the local diamond for a return engagement.

Last Sunday's game, played at Gold Hill, was dropped to that city chiefly because the winning team overshadowed the Jacksonville team at bat. Fielding, such as it was, was about evenly divided on both sides. Scores were Gold Hill, 12; Jacksonville, 6. Decoration day at the Medford fairgrounds the Miners dropped a practice tilt with the Medford aggregation, 21-2. It was slaughter and it has been decided the most-diplomatic thing to say about the matter is nothing, just nothing. Box scores: Just try and get anyone to show 'em to you.

Applegate Graduates  
Get Diplomas Friday

Three pupils of the Applegate schools were graduated from the eighth grade with high honors, receiving their diplomas at the exercises held at the junior high school in Ashland Friday. These honor pupils were Avanda Ayres and Valerie Pearce of Forest creek and Howard Keishofer of Thompson creek. An incomplete list of other graduates includes Marion Abbeck, Applegate; Shirley Bee, Forest creek; Glenn West and Harold Rinesburg, Little Applegate; Lola Straube, Uniontown; Frances Port, Vonetta Ruprecht and Robert Fletcher, Saver creek, and Beryl Rouse, Watkins.

Examinations for pupils who were conditioned are being conducted at Ruch by Mrs. Nettie Armpriest June 1 and 2.

There's Drammer Being Enacted in Them Thar  
Hills, Declares Barney Cody, Quail Fancier

"Yes, sir, there's sure drammer in little things of nature," opined Sexton Barney Cody late last week.

"What 'd you mean, 'drammer,'" queried Justice of the Peace Ray Coleman, who was leaning against his hardware store doorway.

"We-e-e-l," drawled Cody, who has been quite a man in his day, "there's a little mother quail up there in the cemetery straining till she's black in the face to hatch out a brood of 24 eggs before Decoration day."

"You mean quail eggs?" said Dan Shuss, as his face lighted up. "Reminds me of the time when I—"

"Funny we never see any quail nowadays, like we used to," volunteered H. C. Mechem, also present. "I can remember when—"

fore Tuesday. Don't think she can make it though."

"Last year when we went hunting and shot eight deer—1550 pounds of dressed meat—we saw a quail," offered Shuss again, with a significant glance toward one of the heads mounted in the hardware store.

"Well, hang it all, I still say she's trying to get 'em off—two round dozen of 'em—by Decoration day. A noble effort if there ever was one," squeezed in Cody again. "Every time I get near her tin homestead she kicks up a big fuss and demands that I leave her be. Danged if I don't go up and move her nest before Decoration day to some place of greater safety—it'd be a shame to dissipate the little lady by letting someone accidentally kick her house across the road."

"This quail you're speaking of must spend her summers in Detroit, to feel at home in a tin can here," cracked Coleman with his best grin.

"Yeah, guess we'll have to lend her a can opener before she'll be able to get her little birds out of that gallow-size can," worried Cody. "Anyway, I hope she makes it before Decoration day—I know just how she feels."

(Editor's Note: The 24 eggs are still causing the mother quail to spread her feathers wide and let the early worms go free. She did not get 'em out by Decoration day, but is scanning a calendar anxiously and figuring up things all over again.)