

The Editor Speaking

As if southern Oregon hadn't suffered enough already at the hands of persistent Scripture quoters, now comes The Oregonian with a phrase from Matthew to show that Henrietta Meddlin was justified in wedding a horsewhip!

The Oregonian, so immersed in its morass of resonant and impressive words that it forgets Matthew's "Mote and Beam" sentence is a double-edged sword, resents our declaration that it should invest in a weather vane that The Oregonian might more easily tell which way the wind is blowing.

Maybe we were a bit hasty in making that crack. On second thought we believe we'll renig to the extent of saying that The Oregonian doesn't need a weather vane to tell which way the wind is blowing for, after reading last week's editorial about The Miner we were impressed with the fact that The Oregonian should know all about wind-blowing. It certainly handed us a good sample.

"Consider the obvious impossibility of pleasing everybody, or anybody, down Jackson county way—" editorializes The Oregonian. Boiled down to "small newspaper" talk that means just a lot of sour grapes to us.

The Oregonian accused The Miner of being a violent partisan. We admit the charge and are proud that even such an august large newspaper can discern our views on the local situation. If The Oregonian will look into the same Bible it was quoting from we believe it will be able to divine that there can be NO COMPROMISE with crime and lawlessness.

And if one side of a political squabble has shown itself to be in wrong and entirely outside the laws of man and God HOW CAN AN HONEST NEWSPAPER BE ANYTHING BUT PARTIAL AND BIASED?

Lord, we can't understand why liars, murderers, ballot burners and perjurers should be given so much consideration by any newspaper, much less by one such as The Oregonian, which boasts journalistic poise and fairness. If The Oregonian doesn't understand the situation here as fully as we Jackson county residents do, such consideration of the accused and guilty might be excused. And if it has colored the situation favorably for the Banks-Fehl crowd because it was not completely informed on the local situation, how in the name of common sense can The Oregonian—or any other newspaper—feel the right to tell us what to do?

As we see it, either The Oregonian considers it "ethical" to countenance crime and compromise with lawlessness or it is just a plain busybody advising Jackson county to drop prosecution that newspaper knows little, if anything, about.

Already we can hear the rebuttal arguments. "A man is never guilty until proved guilty." "Let the judge and jury convict the accused." But what The Oregonian doesn't seem to understand is that the accused already have proven themselves guilty time and again. The Miner feels that, if it can be sure of the truth in its own heart, (Continued on page two)

GOLD HILL TO INVADE J'VILLE SUNDAY FORTILT

Miners Drop Game, Win One Over Week-End; Sunday Game to Be Tough

Gold Hill, which once has set the Jacksonville Miners ball team on the red side of the ledger at that city, comes here this Sunday in an effort to demonstrate that they have championship material away from home as well. The Miners don't agree with them, and are wetting their gloves and bats in anticipation of making a better showing against the strong nine.

Playing into both hard luck and poor teamwork, the Miners have had a disastrous season so far, winning but one game from Central Point and one from the American Legion boys of Medford, the latter game having been played Tuesday of this week. Last Sunday Central Point journeyed to the local diamond and succeeded in running up seven scores while Jacksonville fumbled but five.

In Sunday's game it was quite apparent that the Miners had both the material and ability to set back the Pointers, but Manager Beach, it was said, upset the apple cart when the locals were winning the game by running in four pitchers during the nine innings. Both Paul Hess and Ernest McIntyre, first two hurlers, were on the winning half of the tilt, while Joe Hulse and George Witter played into hard luck in the closing frames. Rotation was the order of the day at the catcher's position also. Dorothy starting, then being jerked for Elmer Ross, and then replaced later in the game.

The rotation of players may have kept the visitors dizzy, but it seemed to have had about the same effect on the Miners' support, for errors cropped out late in the game to aid the Central Pointers in gaining the two winning runs.

Tuesday evening the Medford Legion nine, youthful but ambitious aggregation, invaded the local ball park for a tilt. They had a week ago played a 1-0 game with the Medford Gilmore Lions, who set back the Miners twice. The score here, however, resulted in a 12-2 victory for Jacksonville, the first win chalked up in three weeks time. It made the boys feel good. Hess and McIntyre hurled for the locals, Hess holding the Legionnaires to no runs, and twice pitched himself out of a hole when bases were loaded through walks. Time and again Hess had to bear down on the boys while a Medford player cantered back and forth between third base and home, and managed to overpower them every time. One of the runs off McIntyre was due to an error.

Next Sunday's game will be called at 2 p. m. sharp, announced Manager V. J. Beach, and should furnish one of the tensest games the Miners will encounter this season. The local boys are going to make every effort to match prowess with the invaders and, if possible, trounce them in like fashion to the beating they took in the neighboring city two weeks ago.

Too bad that Mr. Menjou picked the world's twelve best-dressed men before he had a chance to see us in our Sunday suit.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

Well, we needn't apprehend that the Washington "brain trust" is up to any skulduggery.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

No, They're Not Extinct! Marble Corner Has Last Remaining Southern Oregon Brass Rail

Shades of John Barleycorn! Of all things, to discover an old-fashioned bar rail which has seen service through the wettest days of American history—the dark ages, according to prohibitionists.

Naturally, this novelty — for a real, genuine dyed in the sawdust barrail is a novelty despite the return of 3.2—is here in Jacksonville, once one of the hardest drinking towns on the Pacific coast, but always one which could carry her liquor well. The Marble Corner, never closed, but slightly worn since the advent of prohibition some years ago, proudly extends its brass rail towards the pedal extremities of imbibers just as it did years ago. The same rail, even.

Although the beer, and beer alone, served over the counter may be a bit off-color from the product dispensed earlier, nevertheless Harold Reed, now bartender instead of soda jerker, can truthfully say there's no adulteration to the brass rail—or the wooden, waist-high rail which extends from the bar above it—ostensibly to keep the barflies at a respectful distance from the free lunch which reappeared with the advent of legal beer a few weeks ago. The same fixtures, in the same swinging doors, the same back signs grace the historic spot, where many a now famous whistle has been wetted.

Owned by Tom Reed, and actively managed by his nephew Harold since Tom was stricken with disease a few months back, the Marble Corner still thrusts its marble terrace onto the main intersection of the old town, and its outer doors of solid panels still swing with the inviting snap of old. Inside, separating the barroom from the inner

domain where card tables, an old-fashioned iron stove and many goobies hold forth, are two more swinging doors of the louvered, waist-high type now seen only in the movies. But, like in everything else historically and socially, Jacksonville deals only in the real thing and its saloons are no exception.

Having been tamed for years by the "abolishment" of strong drink by the dregs of the nation, the Marble Corner's business had dwindled to a mere handful of afternoon loungers escaping the summer's heat outside, or basking their shins during the winter cold. Soda pop, candy bars and playing cards have comprised the stock in trade of the landmark till the new deal came about early this year and beer was put back on a legal business. So now, guzzling of the foamy amber fluid has moved back to town from the hills and woods nearby and the Marble Corner is finding its lost glory and financial solvency returning gradually but surely.

And, should the expected legalization of spirituous liquors return, the Marble Corner's industry will become completely rehabilitated. In the meantime, however, many townsmen casually saunter up to the familiar bar, lift one foot gravely, pant once or twice to express their thirst and haul out in authoritative tones "a couple of schooners for two damn good men." Although the old feeling of comradeship and conviviality has returned to the ghost of former days, drunkenness is still just one of the dead memories, for Uncle Sam's vow that 3.2 is non-intoxicating has proved correct.

Can Anything Be Lower?

(AN EDITORIAL)

There are many deeds in this world which are so low, so despicable they are positively revolting. But we doubt if there is anything more self centered, more ruthless or more unprincipled than a crook putting false words into the mouth of a dead man.

Jackson county, which has been both misunderstood and maligned for several years past, has been the victim, not of crooked "gangs," but of just such ruthless, unbelievable and depraved skunks who would stoop to anything to further their own ends. And at last the deceivers are defeating their own purpose—their own crookedness and lies are finding them out.

Every resident of Jackson county knew that something was wrong—has known it for the past three years. Something was rotten and needed correcting badly. That much was certain and positive. Naturally, with putrefaction going on constantly, people smelled something foul. Some looked for the stench's origin in the courthouse behind private doors and in the desks of Jackson county's businessmen. Others, in a better position to test the wind, looked for the cause of the big stink in certain political gangsters' nests.

But now, twice in a row, the real moral and physical cowards who have been costing Jackson county her peace and good name, as well as thousands of dollars of hard-earned tax money, have shown their true hand. They have nailed themselves as the rats which have been gnawing at the foundation of all law and order. They have come forth so boldly and so plainly that even their most rabid followers can see them in their true light.

In Eugene, Earl Fehl and Llewellyn A. Banks attempted to put words into the mouth of dead George Prescott which every sane and sensible person knew never belonged there. And now, right here in Jackson county, Earl Fehl has again been caught attempting to selfishly place malicious words in the mouth of a dead man—William Levens.

The Miner has insisted for months that both Fehl and Banks were unscrupulous and that no political crime was too low for them to commit. We have been able to see it so clearly we even came into print and stated our view vehemently, knowing full well that, regardless of the Weather-vane Oregonian's comment, we might face prosecution for libel. (Weekly newspapers have never been exempted, in Oregon law, from indictment for criminal libel, and horsewhips are on sale in the larger cities as well.)

Now, we believe, the real cause of Jackson county's trouble and the real infestation of gangrenous, cancerous thinking and political ballyhoo has so clearly revealed itself that even the man who runs to a Good Government congress picnic should understand. Twice now Earl Fehl has been caught red-handed attempting to take advantage of two very unfortunate deaths. He has been revealed as the type of moral and spiritual degenerate who has no respect for the dead, much less for the truth.

Every one of you readers, whether you are for Fehl and Banks or not, would hesitate long and hard before you would take advantage of the grim reaper to further your own ends. No matter if you should be a rabid G. G. C., you would think twice before you would pass the buck onto a man who couldn't answer in defense of himself. Yet Earl Fehl, and Llewellyn A. Banks look upon death as something to be taken advantage of.

Everyone despises a man who will kick or abuse a cripple, or one who will pick on defenseless children just because they can't protect themselves. But what should the world think of a man—or men—who would do even worse to DEAD men? Webster didn't provide adjectives to describe them with!

There is an old saw that "everything comes out for the best." It may be, horrible as the thought is, that George Prescott again is taking it on the chin for his beloved Jackson county. He and William Levens, through attempts of scheming defendants to put terrible words in their mouths, are continuing to serve the state.

Civilization, both modern and ancient, has respected and protected the remains of its fallen humanity. Even the molding bones of dead men are protected by grave and statute. Ghouls and grave-robbers are despised and imprisoned. Those who would mangle and destroy the living memories of dead men deserve no more respect—or protection—for their deeds. At last Ghoul Fehl has clearly revealed himself to his public.

Applegate Home Extension Unit Lays Plans for Next Year

A practical program plan for the coming year was formed by members of the Applegate Home Extension unit who met with Mrs. Mabel Mack, demonstration agent, at the Applegate school house Tuesday afternoon. The program was arranged to work in conjunction with the county-wide program which Mrs. Mack has worked out to eliminate confusion in her schedule as in former years. The following plan was outlined:

A canning demonstration will be given in the second week of August, after which the women will assemble to do their general canning for home use. Meetings in October, November and December will be devoted to nutrition, which includes new methods of using eggs, milk and cheese.

Sewing fundamentals will be taken up in January, and the following three months will be devoted to demonstrations on making the all purpose cotton dress.

An officers' meeting, also for club leaders, will be held in Medford in September. Dramatic school will be the 4th week in October. The Home Interests conference at Corvallis is scheduled for Feb. 28 to March 2nd. County Homemakers' Day will be April 25. Program planning day will be in May.

The Applegate unit enrolled for the child development study course which will be obtained through a radio club, owing to the fact that Mrs. Prentice will be unable to come here from Corvallis to supervise the work. Under this plan groups will gather in homes equipped with a radio and will listen to lectures prepared by Mrs. Prentice which will be relayed over KMED by Mrs. Mack. In October a school for parents and members will be held at Medford to give inspiration

and background for the year's work in parent education.

The local unit will again enter the dramatic contest, and with a new plan whereby selection can be made from 100 plays, the community will stand an equal chance with competitors along that line, and club members feel competent to cope with Lane county which has announced intentions of taking honors next year. The play will be chosen during the summer, and contest finals will be over by Feb. 17.

The 4-H club work may be taken up through the Juvenile Grange in which Mrs. Mack will cooperate. Owing to graduation of 4-H veterans in the field, children will have a splendid opportunity next year.

A new method of local leadership has been established whereby Mrs. Mack will train leaders at regular club meetings next year, eliminating traveling expense and waste of time by attending at Medford. Club members are looking forward to another big picnic and party during the summer.

Five tier of wood for use of the unit next winter will be hauled immediately by Clarence Smith.

Following the business meeting, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to a luncheon program in honor of the birthday anniversaries of Mrs. Fred Offenbacher and Mrs. Warren Mee. A solo, "The End of a Perfect Day," was sung by Mrs. Frank Knutzen, and a vocal duet entitled "When Your Hair Turns to Silver," was rendered by Mr. Lance Offenbacher and Mrs. Lee Port. Gifts from the club were presented to the honor guests. Following the luncheon, members participated in group singing. A beautiful birthday cake, baked by Mrs. Fred Benedict, which was decorated in a floral scheme in keeping with spring, graced the long table which was given an attractive touch by seasonal bouquets. The room also was brightened with bouquets. Twenty-three women were present, and ten children participated in a luncheon of their own at a side table.

ROUGH RIDERS WILL ASSEMBLE FOR GOLD RUSH

Harold Reed, Fred Combest to Assemble Rodeo for Jubilee August 19

"Ride 'em cowboy," is the new theme song for Harold Reed and Fred Combest, two Jacksonvilleians who believe the horseflesh angle of pioneer days shouldn't be overlooked. Monday night they were placed in full charge of arrangements for a yip-yipping, neck-breaking rodeo in connection with the Gold Rush Jubilee by the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce.

Once the chief unit of transportation for an early-day mining town and Indian-fighting frontier city, the horse this summer will come into his own as one of the main drawing cards of the now annual affair. Surrounding hills and mountains are covered with several herds of semi-wild—and awful wild—stallions and they will be pressed into service by the two committeemen for duty on the one day when the old down will make the world sit up and take notice of the days that were—and still can be, when Jacksonville feels in the mood.

The chamber, which met in an unusually well-attended and enthusiastic gathering Monday night, discussed further plans for making this year's celebration even more unique and original than last summer's jubilee, which drew more than 10,000 people here for the one-day show. There will be more concessions, many new angles to free entertainment and an outdoor dance pavilion that will give any number of dancers elbow room, and what is more important, number 10 room.

There were suggestions of staging a log-rolling contest in addition to hard-rock drilling, log chopping exhibitions and so on. If a suitable pool can be arranged for the loggers' art, doubtless this latter amusement will be added to the program, entertainment committee heads intimated. One of the most exciting, and most exacting, arts of the northwest woods, log rolling has long been recognized as the acme of brute strength combined with minute skill and balance and should add much to the versatile day of entertainment the old town is planning for its visitors.

Other details of the celebration, which will cram a lifetime of history, drama and comedy into the short span of a single day, are being rapidly worked out by chamber members and indications point to southern Oregon's most colorful recreation of that part of history which will forever remain enshrined in the hearts of the nation. "If it can be done, the Jacksonvilleians handling this celebration will do it," commented one meeting observer Monday night. Spirit, aggressiveness and individuality have

OUCH! OFF MY TOE!

Following last week's Miner editorial which more or less cast reflections on mothers-in-law, came this reverberation, evidently from one of them:

"Did you think, when you derided mothers-in-law, there were just as many objectionable daughters, and sons-in-law?" "Name on file."

Where have we heard them words before?

Fire Chief Asks for Fire Prevention Aid

Ray Wilson, chief of the Jacksonville fire company, has asked, in a note this week, for the cooperation of all townspeople this summer in repeating the splendid record of the department of last summer, when but one grass fire call was made.

The note reads as follows: "The dry season will soon be here and there is a rank growth of grass and weeds."

"The fire company wants the cooperation of the people to prevent fires by cleaning up the weeds early."

"Last year we had but one grass fire call. Work with the fire company so we can do better this year by not having even one call."

long been recognized as some of the greatest assets of the state's first gold camp. Jacksonville's background of staunch pioneer blood mingled with the mettle that hewed the great northwest from a wilderness infested with Indians stand it in great stead when she attempts to put over a real venture like the Gold Rush Jubilee and a situation replete with history and legend exists here that cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the state.

Details such as provision for ample parking space for visitors on that day, preparation of free camp grounds and other accommodations were placed in the hands of Robert Metzger, Ray Wilson and President Oscar Lewis of the chamber. A special called meeting for the jubilee executive committee was set for next Monday night, June 12, at 8 p. m.

New members added recently include Jim Littell, Sr., and the following group from the local Royal Neighbors lodge:

Mesdames V. T. Wilson, Lellia McKee, Tom Dunnington, Ray Coleman, Elmer Adams, Lola McIntire, Joe McIntire, Archie Bowman, R. Finney, Earl White, Alta Hartman, Geo. Wendt, B. Miller, James Littell, Jr., O. C. Dorothy, Geo. Backes, K. O. Merrifield, and Miss Carmen Dorothy.

A Vienna professor has quite unnecessarily proved that fish can hear. If they couldn't there'd be no jobs for radio crooners.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

Activities on Applegate Hum as Brush Marines Infest, or Populate, Region for Work and Play

By MAUDE POOL.

Prospects for a much enlivened community throughout the summer months are visioned by Applegate people since the Brush Marines have become established here. Officers and recruits already have shown their interest in local activities, and from the attendance of approximately 350 people at the dance given by the Marines at Camp Applegate on June 1st, it is apparent that lively times are ahead.

People came from all over the United States as far north as Medford and as far south as way over the California line to spend the evening as guests of the young forest workers. Forty tent platforms had been built during the week, and eight of these, totaling a floor space of 2,000 square feet, were joined in circular formation around a massive fir tree for the dance platform. With a special tent provided for sleepy youngsters the older folks as well as the young enjoyed dancing to the fiddler's tunes until not far from dawn. (Who said something about staying for pan cakes?)

Officers attending from Medford C. C. C. headquarters included Major Clare H. Armstrong, commanding officer; Major Bibighaus, surgeon; Lt. G. A. Jones, publicity; Lt. Fred W. Greene, Lt. Ross, adjutant.

Following arrival of guests at eight o'clock, a short program was presented before dancing commenced. An interpretative dance was given by Lola and Berniece Young, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Baldy Young. Three numbers were rendered by the C. C. C. male quartet consisting of Leroy West, W. H. Collier, Carl Goodwin, and Jim Wilson. Two boxing matches were featured next, both of which culminated in draws. Dave Winningham of Jacksonville and Lester Beal of Medford, both of the Brush Marines, participated in the first, while W. H. Jenkins of Portland, (C. C. C.) and Shorty Hull of Long Beach met in the second. Each match consisted of three 2-minute rounds. Those contributing to the dance music from time to time were Mr. and Mrs. George Purcell, Harry G. Hulse, Bob Watkins, Lester Clark, Mrs. Vernie Stephenson, Miss Ruth Severance, Capt. B. B. McMahon and Marion Hulse. The piano was furnished through the courtesy of the Watkins school.

Refreshments of a pleasing variety were served by Bert Rippey and Private R. A. McMillan, cooks. Coffee was furnished by Mason Ehrman Co., and the cakes by the ladies in attendance.

Captain McMahon said that the boys will give another dance in the very near future, and that when the new mess hall is completed it will be used as a dance and recreation hall for future community gatherings.

With the arrival of 48 men and two officers from Vancouver on June 1, the enrollment of 94 new recruits from Jackson and Josephine counties Saturday filled Camp Applegate to its authorized strength. There will be no further arrivals except foremen who have been chosen for forest service technical work.

An issue of shoes and clothing was made Tuesday to the local men from Jackson and Josephine counties. Men with feet over size 9 1-2 were temporarily out of luck. It was pointed out, however, supplies are now arriving in splendid fashion, and the opinion of camp officials is that both men and camp will be at least 99 44-100 completely outfitted within the course of a few days.

Construction is going ahead rapidly, all lumber and most of the plumbing supplies having been delivered. About 100 men were placed at the disposal of C. E. Nutting, work superintendent of the forest, on Tuesday.

Lt. O. J. Mishaud of Portland, who has been on duty at Camp Applegate since Thursday, has been transferred to Medford C. C. C. headquarters as district assistant adjutant. Nine Marines from the local camp were placed on special duty at Medford headquarters on Sunday as truck drivers and warehouse men. On the way to town the boys met with a slight collision between their truck and a coupe belonging to Miss Emma Jean Crawford of Talent. No injuries resulted, but the left fenders of the coupe were visibly dented.

George I. Jones, first aid man at camp, left Monday on an official trip to Fort Lewis, Washington. He expects to return within a week. Lt. J. E. Keys, who had been on temporary duty at the C. C. C. warehouse at Medford, has reported for duty again at Camp Applegate.