

The Editor Speaking

We think it is about time this hokey of "honor among thieves" should be spliced for just what it is—a lot of sour grapes.

In some quarters there is condemnation of those participants in the recent ballot thefts who have "come clean," who have decided to tell the truth about what took place the night of February 20 when 10,000 ballots were stolen and destroyed. "Squealers," they are classified by some. "Yellow and low," hiss a few others.

Take, for example, E. A. Fleming of Jacksonville. He took part in the thefts, was wrought up politically to a fevered pitch where he thought almost any violence was justified and then, after time to reflect and cogitate things in a more leisurely manner, decided he had been mistaken, that he should tell the whole truth as he knew it about the entire affair.

Although Fleming has been, and as far as we know still is, one of our most bitter enemies in Jacksonville, we think he did the right thing and a fine thing when he gave authorities his full confession. We simply can't see where it ever is wrong to TELL THE TRUTH. We also think that a man who can see his mistakes, admit them and resolve to straighten himself out has automatically become a good citizen and society has little or nothing to gain by further prosecution.

There are many arguments that a caught man should relate the truth only as it concerns and implicates himself; that he should leave his comrades or accomplices out of the picture and never squeal on them. This argument wins many backers and at one time we were susceptible to its false reasoning. But in recent years we have been growing up and learning things.

To say that it is wrong for one criminal to tell on another is to say that it is right to harbor and protect crime and criminals. To say that there is a certain honor among thieves is to forget about them being thieves. There never was, and never will be, anything honorable about crime. And where, in a few instances, it may appear as though crime were almost justified, a saner and cleaner perspective will reveal that there always is an entirely honorable and unquestionable way to accomplish things.

And as far as "honor among thieves" is concerned, it is our conviction such a thing doesn't exist. They may have their code of ethics but we'll bet they are maintained only through an inbuilt cowardice and not by any sense of respect or honesty. The course of respect or resistance almost always keeps a crook from doing the very thing to another of his kind that he fears most himself. This thieves' honor is nothing more nor less than a custom of self-protection for the underworld conceived and enforced by itself.

When we get right down to fundamentals, criminal prosecution is purely and simply a means to an end, not the end itself. Theoretically we send men to prison to correct evils and to straighten them out mentally. If this can be accomplished without actual incarceration in penitentiaries, so much the better. There are some who need this type of punishment and again (Continued on page two)

ROY MARTIN IS REELECTED AS BOARD MEMBER

Financial Status District No. 1 Improved During Past Fiscal Year

Meeting in the little red school-house atop a Jacksonville hill, voters of school district No. 1 Monday night reelected Roy Martin, incumbent board chairman, to another three-year term. Stella W. Beach, clerk, was reelected to a succeeding one-year term also.

A total of 97 votes was cast at the election, with one ballot being thrown out because of error in marking. Results were as follows, including two write-in votes:

Roy Martin	61
E. S. Severance	35
Stella W. Beach	82
Mrs. Nellie W. Fleck	1
Mrs. E. S. Severance	1

Competition in the election had not been keen and Severance's entrance into the race came as a last-minute development. Martin had intimated he was not anxious to stand for reelection but was persuaded, it was said, to enter the race by friends. The annual financial report for the past fiscal year was read and accepted by the voters and showed Jacksonville school to be enjoying good financial health, with the board actually spending \$1489.03 less than received during that period.

Indebtedness of the district a year ago was \$2670.75 as compared to the lesser sum of \$2324.19 for the year just closing. Balance on hand as of June 19 was \$1489.03 and total receipts for the 12-month period were \$17,893.65 while disbursements totaled \$16,404.62, the report said. Total school census for the district—children between the ages of 6 and 16—were just 300, while actual number of students in school was 261. The district employed eight teachers full time and one part time for the year and furnished students nine months of schooling.

The assessed valuation of the school district was placed at \$620,403.96 while the value of the school house itself was set at \$30,000. Grounds added 2000 to this total, while the estimated value of furniture and fixtures of the district added another \$800, all of which is covered by \$28,000 insurance.

Source of the \$17,893.65 receipts of the school district was as follows:

District tax	\$7,412.55
County school fund	1,760.48
State school fund	360.00
County elementary school fund	1,102.62
High school tuition fund	3,624.13
O. and C. money	199.80
Other sources	1,050.20

All bonded indebtedness of the district, the first ever formed in Jackson county, has been paid off and present indebtedness of a little over \$2000 is in the form of warrants. The annual election next year will provide for a similar replacement of personnel, there being three board members who serve for three years each, but whose terms expire concurrently. The clerk's office is filled annually and the reelection of Mrs. Beach marks her second term.

The school board, following the election, met in its regular monthly session. Besides Chairman Martin, members include Paul Godward and Zola Fleck.

Fehl and the Ballot Theft Trials

As the ballot theft defendants are convicted one by one, people the county over wonder what the fate of the alleged king-pin, Earl Fehl, will be.

Although we know no more about the probable outcome of the trials than anyone else, observation of the cases so far reminds us of the most recent fad, jig-saw puzzles.

Those who have worked the darned things, or those who even have suffered jig-saw puzzles in the family, realize how the hardest part always comes first. The more puzzle worked, the less difficult to make progress.

Slowly but surely the state of Oregon is closing in on the ballot stealing cases. Someone had to steal the ballots and someone had to engineer the thefts. Assistant Attorney General Ralph Moody has started with the lesser parts of the puzzle and gradually but surely is working toward its completion.

And just as surely as there can be no mistake about where the last piece of a jig-saw puzzle belongs, there will be no doubt as to what part Earl Fehl had in the ballot thefts.

The puzzle will be built around him with accuracy and precision. There will be but one hole left, and one unit left on the board.

Even the merest child could do the rest!

Brush Marine Camp Is Eden

Camp Applegate Becoming Model of Order and System; More Than 200 Marines Are Stationed on River Shore

By MAUDE POOL

More than nine acres of rock-strewn brush land at Seattle Bar, uninhabited for years except by jackrabbits and yelping coyotes, has changed overnight as it were into a tented village as neat as your grandmother's parlor when company came. Over 200 boys in charge of Capt. B. B. McMahan are responsible, and whoever thinks that boys are hopeless slovens has another guess coming.

Even amidst the general formation of the camp, which nestles in a bend of the peaceful Applegate river with the timberland mountains standing close guard, specific details of individual care and taste on the part of each boy are paramount.

The entrance to each little brown tent, wherein from four to eight boys are housed, is marked either by archways formed by twisted twigs or by ground insignia developed with white rocks. High over one tent a popular gasoline trademark flaunts its message to the hill country. Tiny clotheslines bearing a bit of washing testify to the cleanliness of the young men in camp.

As a practical illustration of the primary purpose of the reforestation camp, uniform spacing of tents and buildings has been sacrificed to preserve the beauty and shade of the trees. Whether clustered or standing alone, the trees seem to have been given a place in camp as important as that of the boys themselves. The lone pines in particular have been emphasized by a mound of soil at the base and some have been encircled with white rocks; one has been given the companionship of old-fashioned flags. Even a lowly manzanita has been exalted, and it reigns supreme among its kind.

In camp there still stands the long dining tables and seats made of rough logs with which the Brush Marines pioneered during their first days in camp. The pioneer tables are merely of sentimental interest and somehow are strangely reminiscent of the tall and stately Ross Dickey, who doesn't let his appetite bother him. It was revealed that he is the first man at the table and eats until the diners at the last end of the table have finished. He still is losing weight, but he built the Redwoods hotel at Grants Pass and is head carpenter for the C. C. C. Ross can handle a large number of men with astounding success and everybody in camp swears by him.

The new mess hall, where the entire recruit of Marines will flock with wistful expressions three times a day, is practically completed at the center of the grounds and occupancy of the building was expected by the middle of the

week. Not only will famished lads be administered unto there, but many a winsome lassie's heart will flutter with excitement in that building on the night of July 4, when a big dance, continuing until 2 a. m., will climax a grand old day of celebrating on the grounds.

The structure is 20 by 144 feet, 60 feet of the south end being devoted to kitchen, pantry and cook's room. To avoid unnecessary heat in the mess hall, three field ranges and a large pastry stove will be installed in a lean-to on the building. Open pits close by will be dug for heating dishwater and four lines of boys will be washing their dishes in unison. Bold black letters atop the mess hall roof shout to the world that there is located the camp of the "Brush Marines." The meat cooler has been completed with the exception of installing a windlass to elevate and lower the dumbwaiter in the cellar shaft.

The 22-foot camp well, equipped with a gasoline pump and tower with a Happy Hooligan hat reposes blithely in the south suburbs of the camp and is the God-child of Arne Carleson, well-known Jayvillite. Camp Applegate would be without water to this day had not Captain McMahan and Ross Dickey wielded the water witch's forked stick and located moisture first thing right near the river. The attractive rock garden formation formed around the well from the dirt and rocks excavated bids fair to shoot forth creeping mosses and brilliant floral specimen most any time.

The hospital tent stands a silent assistant in the young village and recently all but claimed two victims within its ominous walls, N. I. Huff and F. A. (Whitey) Moore. The former was isolated a few days as a whooping cough suspect and young Moore snagged himself in the ear with a fish hook, but survived the ordeal after extrication of the hook by G. I. Jones, first aid man.

Although two swimming pools will be developed from natural (Continued on page four)

TABLE ROCKERS TO PLAY DOUBLE HEADER SUNDAY

Jacksonville Midgets to Tangle With Visitors' Kids; Start at 12:30

Baseball will assume double-header importance in Jacksonville Sunday when Table Rock invades this city for a game, bringing with them their little brothers, who will tangle with the local youngsters in the opening game.

Defeating the Miners last weekend 7-8, the Table Rock warhoop-ers will leave their Sams Valley sandlot, sometimes naively called baseball diamond, for the fast Jacksonville field, where the locals hope the results will be somewhat different. The youngsters, under the tutelage of Joe Nee, have been working out lately with an eye to showing the big boys how to win a game once in a while and are all hopped up over their first seasonal tiff.

The juniors, who formerly were champion nine-inch ball players, having won 19 out of 22 games, will crack first bats at 12:30 sharp Sunday, with the Miners' game to follow. "We're gonna lick 'em," said one of the smaller players yesterday, "and if the Miners don't send the grown-ups home losers too, we're gonna challenge them to a game," he boasted.

Infield for the youngsters will probably include Joe Beach, pitcher; Si Johnson, catcher; Bud Mitchell, first base; Gale Lusk, second base; Pee-wee Van Galder, third base, and Bill Johnson, shortstop. Outfield plays had not been named yet.

In last Sunday's game at Sams Valley the Miners permitted the Table Rock haytossers to ram them through with a pitchfork. The Miners had taken an early lead and all seemed well till the Table Rockers got hold of Hess for a few binges to gain a one-run lead the Jacksonville couldn't break. Wilson for the winning team gained 17 strikeouts while Hess lagged with nine. Three Table Rock players managed to get three hits each while the best the Miners could do was four for players to get two hits each. Catcher Ross tore his hand and was benched to recuperate late in the game.

Box scores, which will tell more than words about the whys and alibis of the game, follow:

Jacksonville				
	AB	R	H	E
Hall, rf, cf	4	1	2	0
Ross, c	2	1	1	0
Reinking, ss	5	1	2	1
Hess, p	5	1	2	0
Coffman, lf	4	0	2	1
Hunsaker, 1b	4	0	0	0
Lusk, 3b	4	1	1	3
Dorothy, 2b, c	4	0	1	0
Ward, cf, 2b	2	2	0	0
Osborne, rf	2	0	0	0
Totals	36	7	11	5

Table Rock				
	AB	R	H	E
Hart, ss	5	0	3	1
Hamilton, 2b	5	1	2	0
Swingle, cf	3	0	0	0
C. Wilson, 3b	5	0	0	0
Messer, rf	3	1	1	0
Cooper, c	5	1	2	0
Holtz, 1b	4	2	2	0
D. Wilson, lf	4	2	3	0
H. Wilson, p	4	1	3	0
Totals	38	8	16	1

Summary—Two-base hits: Coffman, Hall, Ross, Holtz, H. Wilson. Three-base hits: Holtz and Hamilton. Walked by pitcher: By Hess.

Tales of the West and Riding the Range Take Minds Off Agony Grinder in Dental Chair

Talk about a newcomer blending in with his surroundings, Jacksonville's latest addition to professional circles certainly should be awarded some suitable trophy for his background—which might be a page from early southern Oregon history, but isn't.

Dr. S. C. Peters, who came here a few months ago to set up a dental office in the old Judge Roe building, has spent several years on the open range, he related to one of his patients the other day amid the whirl of his torous grinder. The Peters family, afflicted with asthma, toured the coast for months in search of relief and finally discovered good old Jacksonville to possess the most healthful climate they had found. And the town's past history made them feel at home.

While his patient squirmed and choked on flying bits of tooth enamel, Dr. Peters told of how he rode the range in eastern Washington in the early 90s—covered the famous ground known as Hell's Half-Acre, where Indians, desert varmints and a handful of home-steaders lived; of how he went through the terrible winter of '92 and '93, when so many cattle died that the following spring canyons were impassable due to the odor of rotting beef.

As he jabs at a throbbing nerve, Dr. Peters can recall days when he used to straddle mounts and ride for miles from any outpost of civilization where the stars above and the merciless Indians were his only companions. Tales of thrilling rides and painful tumbles are related as the dentist yanks out a provocative tooth or holds a patient's tongue and asks him to say "when."

NEW HAT NEEDED

To the Editor:
Your column in the issue of The Miner for May 26 headed "Just Trains" has just come to my attention, having been passed around by our various officers as result of letter from Mr. Rosenbaum of Medford.

I just wanted to say that this is a beautifully written column and one which certainly gives the atmosphere of the railroad as well as calling attention to some of our problems which worry all in the railroad business. We certainly appreciate your sympathetic treatment.

Hope when you are in San Francisco next you will drop in and give me the opportunity to meet you personally.

Yours very truly,
F. Q. TREDWAY,
General Advertising Manager,
Southern Pacific Company,
San Francisco, June 14.

New Officers Arrive at Camp Applegate

Chaplain Willis Bergen of Portland, officer of the reserves, who is on duty as district chaplain of the C. C. C. headquarters stationed at Medford, spent the week-end at Camp Applegate. Chaplain Bergen motored out with a carload of athletic supplies.

New officers arriving in camp last week include Sergeant Chas. Seyler and Corporal Ady Austin, both of Company C, 7th Infantry, Vancouver Barracks. The two men have joined the local company.

Private first class Robert McMillan of Company D, 7th Infantry returned for duty Thursday of last week from Vancouver Barracks. His place as head cook had been taken by Bert Rippey.

A number of the Brush Marines spent several days at Hutton Ranger station, where they received instructions in requirements of straw bosses in fire fighting from Ranger Lee Port and Albert Young.

Grange Kittenballers to Play Central Point

Jacksonville Grange kittenball team will journey to Central Point Sunday to play the Grange team of that city. The teams have met once before, the Jacksonville emerging victorious and this will be the second game of the Grange league this year.

Among the local players who will battle the neighboring Grangers will be Henry, John and Otto Niedermeyer, Lewis and Homer Conger, Chet Wendt, Wilbur Yakel, Claude Hoover and Ted Sims. Arrangements are being made with Sams Valley Grange for a game the following Sunday.

In order to "strut his stuff," it seems, the aviator must first be certain that the right stuff is in his struts.—Weston Leader.

Query in the Christian Science Monitor: "Does travel broaden the mind?" Duono; but it does occasionally broaden an obstructing pedestrian.—Weston Leader.

Score by Innings
Jacksonville 412 000 000—7
Table Rock 000 501 20x—8
Mayor Hartman of Jacksonville umpired. There were many followers of the team from this city present at the game, which lasted until nearly 6 p. m.

Gold Rush Jubilee Will Show Yreka What These Celebrations Are All About, Say Heads

"Them that Californians from Yreka as copied our Jubilee last summer is going to have something party high to shoot at," announced Bad Eye Pete Monday night as he bantered his way into the Chamber of Commerce meeting behind a trail of terbacny juice.

Bad Eye, who was one of the prominent here last summer when more than 10,000 open-mouthed visitors watched he and his pard shoot up the town, announced to the chamber executive committee, which is handling the arrangements for the August 19 celebration, that either they would outdo Yreka and show them what a small town they have down there when it comes to jubilees or he would make the Siskiyous to the tune of hot lead.

"And I got the makin's of my threat," announced Bad Eye with a flourish of his frontier model Colts. "I kin shoot the pin feathers off'n Emma Casshaer's hens at 50 paces, by cracky," he boasted as committeemen scratched their heads in an effort to give birth to newer and funnier ideas which would not only panic the visitors on that date, but which also would make the Yreka gold rubs celebration look like a kindergarten lesson in shindigs.

"We don't aim to get our heels shot off by no soursouth in from the hills who hasn't got but one eye left just because Yreka thinks it can throw a good show," announced President Duke Lewis. "They'd better look to their laurels down there this summer or

we're going to leave 'em so far behind they'll never catch up," he concluded amid applause and approval of other members.

And right then and there committeemen dug up a host of new stunts and gags to pull during the one-day hell-raising, which will be strictly non-political, but hell-raising nevertheless. "They think they've had a hectic time in this here county this winter," mumbled Bad Eye later, "but youse guys had better show 'em just what a real hard-drinkin', hard-livin' lot those old miners were back in the days when millions were being taken out of Rich gulch and Jackson creek." "Anything you say, MISTER," was the unanimous reply of committeemen. They promptly buckled down to work, under the watchful eye of Bad Eye, and things began to happen. Lumber for the dance pavilion was ordered, details for the entertainment were worked out and other problems were tackled with vim, vigor and sly glances at the bulging hip of Pete, who said he was going to be an ever-present incentive till after the jubilee, and "too darned much longer to suit youse if you don't jist about run them Yreka back into their holes!"

Competition between Oregon and California has become traditional, and with the ever-present vigil of Bad Eye Pete, it looks as though California's frequent stealing of Crater lake, and last year of the Gold Rush Jubilee idea, will be avenged by the old town, which has gone to work in earnest to give Yreka miners and townspeople a lesson in celebrations.