

The Editor Speaking

We've just put in our order for some sort of doodle bug that can be suspended above our typewriter—one that will kick up an awful fuss when we dip editorially into the realms of the great unknown. Sales tax, to you.

After cogitating for a few hours over a communication received concerning our editorial expressions on the sales tax last week we decided that, in the interests of sane voting and good judgment (which we really DO favor) it might be wise to reconsider things. Or in other words, think of some points that hadn't entered our mind before. Aw, we mean we just didn't know enough about our subject, so there.

The communication referred to is printed in the adjoining column. It was written by the famous Ferry twins—the ones who won the state debate honors this spring. After reading their work, it is easy to understand just why the Medford high school graduates are champion debaters. The next time we pounce upon a topic for vivisection we're going to make certain it hasn't been the debate teams' subject for the past year.

When we entered the newspaper business a year and a half ago we provided ourselves with a shock pad to fall back on in just such a situation as this. We announced at the outset that we were inexperienced, would make mistakes, but that we would always appreciate constructive criticism from readers. We feel it is the finest sort of help and cooperation for readers to go to the trouble and take the consideration of putting us to rights when we err.

Now to forget our red face and get back to the sales tax. The rebuttal printed alongside this column just about covers the ground. We have learned since that Governor Meier, himself owner of the largest retail store in the state, is sponsoring the sales tax because he is convinced it is necessary to maintain solvency. Meier, in his private life, probably would suffer more than anyone else—that is, if the sales tax will make anyone suffer—yet he is public spirited enough to fight for the enactment of a sales tax. We guess we can pay that 37 cents it might cost us should the sales tax go over, so this week we've given the Ferry article a top head, for there is little of more real importance to Oregonians at this time.

Perhaps our experience with the sales tax will be shared by others. We remember several times when we first saw some stranger we thought to ourselves, "I don't like that guy." Once or twice we even did battle with "that guy" before we found out what he really was like when one got to knowing him. Some of our best friends now are persons whom we disliked on first acquaintance.

As we explained last week, the mere word "tax" is prejudicial in itself, but as the Ferry twins so clearly point out, so is the word "dentist." And, as we have spent much time in dental chairs ourselves, that argument struck us full in the bicuspid. We remember clearly that we never went to the dentist's torture chambers with glee or much willingness, yet we can't look back on a single visit there that failed to benefit us.

By the way, we have noted something which so far has escaped public attention, yet which was one of the most needed accomplishments and should draw the greatest praise from Americans who practice (Continued on page two)

SALES TAX LAST STATE HOPE FOR SOLVENCY, SAID

Miner Editorial Draws Fiery Answer from Debate Champions

To the Editor: The Miner has established a reputation for fairness and keen judgment. Its views are always presented forcefully, so any stand taken is likely to be accepted by a large number of persons. However, The Miner's statements against the sales tax should not be accepted without a more profound consideration of the question. Therefore we wish to analyze your arguments from a different point of view.

You introduced your arguments against the sales tax with the statement that you "see little promise for the proposal for the simple reason that part of its title contains the word tax." That statement sums up the only arguments against the levy. Citizens who oppose the tax do so just as a small boy opposes going to the dentist. They think of it as something painful and ignore the fact that it is essential to their well being. However, in Mississippi where the tax has been in use, Gov. Conner says: "The sales tax comes as near being a popular levy as any I have seen so far. Farmers have gathered in mass meetings asking that it be increased."

You state that "it is much easier to boost taxes and add new ones than it is to lower them," and that the sales tax will simply be added to the present burden. According to the "Oregon Voter" for June 24, "the sales tax is NOT an additional tax. It is NOT designed to raise more money to spend. Its sole purpose is to relieve the tax on property. Of the tax raised, all but \$250,000, which will be used for unemployment relief, is to be used to replace property taxes." C. C. Chapman, editor of the "Oregon Voter," says: "The general sales tax, if sanctioned by the people, will reduce farm property taxes 19 per cent; urban homes five per cent; corporation and utility property six per cent; or a flat seven per cent reduction on all property in the state. The sales tax will reduce the millage rate in Medford by two mills. The reduction of total taxes by the sales tax is not a mere theory. In South Carolina the sales reduced the levy on property from 14 mills to five mills. We quote the South Dakota tax commission: "The sales tax is entirely satisfactory in that it tends to shift the burden of taxation from tangible property." In asking for an increase in this levy farmers in Mississippi showed that their (Continued on page four)

Must Have Permit to Set Fire After July 1 Says Chief Wilson

The season of independence in setting fires, whether within the city or without, ends tonight, with July 1 marking the annual arrival of the time when fires must be authorized, announced Ray Wilson, chief of the Jacksonville volunteer fire company and assistant fire warden for the Jacksonville district.

Before rubbish, brush or grass fires can be set legally after today a permit must be obtained from either the city fire department chief or district or forest warden.

Chief Wilson said that the usual cooperation of the volunteer fire company would be given to those who wished to burn grass and rubbish, but that the company would be shorthanded this summer because of absence of several members who have joined the Brush Marine service.

But You Just Can't Make Him Drink...



Earl Fehl wants to renew his venomous, lying political campaign throughout the county under the guise of getting the voters to reaffirm his election. He wants to resign "subject to a recall vote July 21."

If his first election was genuine, however, why does the county judge want to be re-elected before his term has scarcely commenced?

He wants to again poison the minds of the unwary voters with his arguments based on half-truths and suspicions. He wants to reenact the county's troubles ere he has had time to stand trial for the last mess he helped put the suffering voters in.

Some of the nation's best logic and much of its common "horse sense" originated in the rural sections. Farmers, mere tillers of the soil, are famous for the simple, homely reasoning they have contributed to the world. Abe Lincoln was just a country feller, but he stands out as one of the world's most sensible men.

Fehl would take his dirt and lies—his only ammunition for 20 years in Jackson county—to the rural sections again. But one thing Fehl has overlooked. That is that no one under the sun knows better than the farmer the simple truth that "you can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink."

Earl Fehl was taken to the public watering trough as county judge six months ago, but he has refused to drink or do anything else but alibi and show his ugly disposition. Yet he expects his farmer friends to take him to the trough again July 21!

We give the farmers credit for knowing a lot more about ornery horses than that.

WILL DEMOTE POST OFFICE TO FOURTH CLASS

Alice Hoefs' Term Ends Tonight Lulu Saulsbury to Get Political Plum

As usual, when one political party loses power and another assumes control, postmasterships soon reflect the change in dominant politics. Jacksonville's post office will be no exception and tomorrow, according to schedule, Alice Hoefs is to retire from her duties here of four years to be replaced by Lulu Saulsbury, bourbon resident who officially, according to the democratic central committee, has received and accepted the appointment.

There had been some doubt as to whether the local office, a third-class station, would be affected by the change in national politics, but several days ago Miss Hoefs received notice that she would be relieved July 1. It was not until this week, however, that Miss Saulsbury announced definitely that she would accept the office.

Notice also was given Miss Hoefs that the Jacksonville unit in the national letter distributing industry would become fourth class tomorrow, which means the postmaster will be working on a percentage of cancellation through the office instead of a yearly salary. This, it is supposed, is a part of the national economy move being taken to balance the budget and makes the office, so far as is known, less desirable from a financial wage standpoint. The budget already had been cut to where Miss Hoefs found it necessary to supply many needs from her own purse.

Hours and service at the office, however, are expected to remain unchanged. It will be necessary for Miss Saulsbury to purchase boxes, safe and other equipment from the retiring postmaster, it being customary for each postmaster to own such fixtures. Approximate value of boxes alone is about \$300, and in addition bond must be posted by the incoming postmaster which will cut deeply into the first year's income.

The change is due entirely to politics, it has been explained, and in no way reflects upon the efficiency of the retiring postmaster. There had been a petition circulated by Miss Hoefs and signed by every businessman in the city sponsoring her retention at the post but there was no reckoning with political awards, it was found. However, in defense of the democrats' installation of fellow bourbons in political jobs, it can be said that the incumbent republicans obtained their jobs while the republicans were in power, having replaced democrats when the tables had been turned.

Miss Saulsbury had been employed in a Medford furniture store for several years past and is particularly well known in Grange circles. She has been a resident of this city for many years and said last night she would assume duties of the local office Saturday, July 1.

In the old days the saloon was blamed for drunkenness, later it was prohibition and now it will be repeal. We think it's about time to blame the drunks.—Weston Leader.

Resentment over the St. Paul kidnaping is understandable. Just now the country has need of its brewers.—Weston Leader.

As to the war debt muddle, it's default of France.—Weston Leader.

Applegate CCC's to Observe 4th With Full Day

Who is celebrating the Fourth of July to remind folks that somewhere in the dim past there was a Declaration of Independence? Eugene? Yes, and Camp Applegate is entertaining with a big day of fun that will be remembered always, and which will wind up with a big dance in the large new mess hall, for which local orchestras and musicians have already offered their services.

Residents of the upper valley, as well as families and friends of the men in camp, are cordially invited to come for the day and night, activities beginning with a valley reunion on the grounds in the forenoon. Come and greet your friends and neighbors early in order that your undivided attention can be given to the basket dinner at noon, which will be served in the wooded area formerly occupied by the kitchen and mess hall of the camp. The log and shake tables, as well as the plank tables now used in the mess hall will be available for the spread and an army field range will operate to provide hot coffee for the picnickers, it was announced by camp officials. Each person may bring a basket filled to suit his own taste.

A complete afternoon program is being planned and the program committee remained busy late in the week devising new means of entertainment. Events already lined out are races of all kinds, exhibition of archery by the best archers in camp and a boxing card with several bouts. A timber felling contest may be arranged, it was stated. However, baseball is taboo on account of desirable grounds not being available.

Dancing will continue not later than 2 a. m., and special tents will be assigned for the benefit of small children.

APPLEGATE TO INVADE J'VILLE MINERS SUNDAY

Midgets Show Up Their Big Brothers in Last Games; Win 5-19 Score

It took nine little kids ranging in age from 10 to 15 years to win a game on the local diamond for the first time in almost two months Sunday when the Jacksonville Midgets, under the tutelage of Joe Nee, sent the Table Rock youngsters home smarting from a 5-19 defeat.

Their big brothers, however, retained their accustomed habit of losing and, if nothing else, should become southern Oregon's champion losers in a few more weeks. They fell short in an eighth and ninth inning rally to suffer the bitter end of a 11-6 score with Table Rock.

According to V. J. Beach, team manager, a game has been scheduled with Applegate for next Sunday on the local diamond, with the probability that a game also will be played Tuesday, July 4, possibly with Central Point. There has been no other game lined up for the Midgets as yet, due chiefly to the scarcity of teams of tender years and miniature stars in the county and also to the fact that the Jacksonville youngsters are no mean slouches at the game.

In last week-end's fatal struggle, the Miners managed to keep abreast of the Table Rock squad until the fifth inning, when the (Continued on page four)

Hitch-Hiking Turtle Drops Into Antique Shop for Few Days Rest Before Jaunt Northward

Thumbs cocked horizonward may not be anything unusual these days, but an itinerant turtle, or traveling tortoise if you prefer, is something else, says Frank Zell, local antique shop operator, former cowboy and champion liar of Jacksonville.

"This turtle," explained Zell yesterday with nary a crack in his voice or show of humor, "came waddling up California street from the south early one morning and dropped in for a short rest and a few square meals. Yes, I bought him some liver, he had a friendly chat and I parked him in back of the store in an old iron kettle, figuring he would be safe from disturbance while he rested from his long trek.

"No, this wasn't any ordinary turtle. This one was unlike the native loungers which burrow in Jackson creek mud or draw in their legs when a dog scampers about town," specified Frank as he warmed up to his subject. "This turtle, named Oscar, was just traveling through—yeh, going to the world's fair at Chicago. Came from somewhere down around the Mexican border, made all the dives and some of the swims enroute and stayed at only the best mud burrows. Well educated and versed in history, of course Oscar dropped over to Jacksonville to look around for a few hours.

"Oscar thought he might stay for several days, especially after I

put him in that iron kettle, but he managed to crawl out, evidently having heard of such things as turtle soup. Or maybe he had spent some time in a region where cannibals used similar iron kettles and decided perhaps he'd better be legging it for the Crime City before summer faded and he would have to hole up in somebody's abdomen or abandoned hogan for the winter. At any rate, when I went out to finish our chat late the other day Oscar had pulled his stakes and left town.

"Oh, I have frequent visitors like Oscar," explained Zell to one of his more skeptical listeners. "I remember that five-legged frog with a lump in my throat," sobbed the old-timer, "and how his demise was due to my own negligence. Sometimes I almost wish I was back on the open range with all my old friends instead of being cooped up in a big city like this," he added with a far-away look in his eyes and a hopeless gesture of his gnarled hands which have been doing little but tidy up the famous antique shop wares for several years past.

"I suppose Oscar is well on his way toward Chicago by now," concluded Zell as he sensed an expose just ahead if he continued. "He was going around by way of Montana and was just passin' through. Yeh, Oscar was just passin' through."

Applegate Ozone Proves Healthful to Brush Marines

In addition to the famous Applegate swimming pools, blackberry patches and gooseberry pie, which caused the Portland Oregonian to come forth with a lengthy appreciative article recently, the Applegate valley has pure air—the purest of all, in fact—according to a statement made by an army official at Camp Applegate a few days ago.

The Brush Marines not only have had a 100 per cent health record since their arrival almost two months ago, but Camp Applegate has the isolation ward for the upper Rogue river camps of the higher altitude, and even though boys from the other camps had been sent to the local ward with afflictions which appeared as dangerous, the maladies soon disappeared after subjection to Applegate air, the official said. Whooping cough, appendicitis and influenza suspects from the neighboring camps have been released from Camp Applegate after isolation during the last two weeks. Lt. Wallace S. Douglas of the medical corps, a native of Hillsboro, Ill., has reported at Camp Applegate for permanent duty as medical officer.

At the present several groups of Brush Marines are absent from camp, having been assigned to outside work. Local men leaving Monday for Vancouver to return with fire trucks are Walter Burdell, Joe

ham, C. K. Taber, Archie West, Le Roy West, Aaron Rhoten, Leslie Beal and F. B. Harrin.

A crew of 11 men under Ross Dickey was sent to the Star Ranger station Monday to complete the machine shed and other phases of the construction program there. Another group of eight men are engaged in trucking the C. C. C. men arriving at Medford recently from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to Mt. Reuben and other camps of the Medford headquarters. Eleven boys, including Harland Clark and J. W. Smith of Jacksonville, are expected to return soon from the O. N. G. encampment at Camp Clatsop. Practically all of the 73 Portland boys are looking forward to a vacation during the Fourth, which they will spend in Portland.

During the week-end Captain B. B. McMahan, G. I. Jones, first-aid man, and F. D. Meeker, company clerk, hiked 15 miles of the distance to Jacks Flat in the vicinity of Dutchman's peak, where they remained Saturday night with James Carrol and his crew of eight Marines who are working on telephone maintenance for the forest service. They returned by way of Little Applegate and aside from the pick-up they received in a trailer, 21 miles of the distance were made on foot. While at the Carrol camp Mr. Jones submitted seven of the maintenance workers to the third shot in the arm for typhoid inoculation.

A new fire truck has been received for use at the local camp.

Jubilee Program Will Settle Forever Query of What Makes a Wildcat Wild, Says Committee

Shades of Noah's ark! Imagine dozens of wild animals turned loose on a field bordered by screaming women, children and men. Wild animals that may have never before seen a human being, or verse vices.

No, it won't be a throwback to Noah's gangplank scene, when a pair of every specie alive raced for dry land after a rough crossing, but just another unique feature of the Gold Rush Jubilee which will be held in Jacksonville this summer August 19. By name it is called a wildcat race, but would be as terrifyingly hilarious by any other name. Every known kind of animal, it is planned, will enter the race, whether large, small, lean or fat, and will vie for valuable awards, with the only requirement being that all entrants must be wild and present. It was said, in an aside by one of the married commerce members, that housewives would be barred.

According to plans outlined, a course will be laid out on the rodeo grounds during the day for the entrants to race over (that is, if any of them decide to stay on the course). Wild animals of every description and kind will be released at the shot of a gun to scamper after awards for their masters and first to cross a given territory will be adjudged the winner. The proverbial hare and tortoise incident probably will be out-tortoise and out-hared, if early reports are dependable.

Rabbits, squirrels, bobcats, deer, turtles, snakes, 'coons, rats, porcupines, in fact anything but skunks

(unless someone invent an invention) will be welcomed as entrants in the unique race which probably will scare all the women to death and laugh the unafraid into hysterics. Officials assure those contemplating making captures of entrants for the celebration, however, that the course will be so laid out that the race will not necessarily be to the swift.

The wildcat race, a typical early-day amusement, will harken back to the time when Jacksonville was a hardy pioneer city sans mechanical means of entertainment. Early settlers had to depend on the natural resources of the countryside and its untamed inhabitants, both animal and human, for pastime and occupation and the wild animal race should awaken a too-dormant spark of appreciation for nature's wonders and quirks among visitors for the day who watch half apprehensively and half gleefully the antics and bewildered scamperings of a bevy of wild creatures in the height of consternation. The races should open the gates of real fun and amusement when owners of various animals attempt to shoo their hopefuls toward winning stakes.

John Knight, Chamber of Commerce committeeman in charge of program for the day, will be glad to advise any aspiring wild-animal trapper concerning the race and suggests that woodsmen and others keep a weather eye open for now on for likely looking critters that should be able to earn their owners handsome prizes when the big jubilee hits town.