

The Editor
Speaking

Well, the Fourth of July has passed and we still have enough fingers left to get out a newspaper. One thing we noticed about the holiday, however, was that anyone could say where to spend the day, but no one could tip us off about WHAT to spend.

And after a day at a swimming pool one might be led to believe the fairer sex counts calories so boy friends can count their ribs.

We read of a peculiar circumstance the other day. During a delicate surgical maneuver a physician dropped dead. We presume the operation was not successful because the doctor—not the patient—died.

There may be some objection to paying the processing tax on wheat, but if bread is the staff of life this tax probably will put a little nourishment in it for the farmer.

We suppose the state of Oregon will go on trial again—another peace officer has been murdered. Jackson county has learned bitterly that there are plenty of lawyers in the state who will champion the cause of the murderous pair who shot down an unoffending officer needlessly and tell a jury about the wicked state police.

But Jackson county has become used to listening to the sore tell the antiseptic what a rotten nuisance it is.

Personally we see no great difference between the 17-year-old alleged murderer and L. A. Banks except in age. Both were persecuted and hounded by the law. Neither of them wanted to be caught, nor did they fire while the arresting officer had a chance. And our jury system, which often is the great bulwark of justice in America, seems to be a double-edged sword. It can say "justice be damned" and get away with it.

While speaking of murder, which is getting to be a habit from the cradle to the grave, we wish to file our objections to the school version of justice. When a kid we were told over and over that we should never make decisions while in the heat of passion. We should deliberate, weigh, take time and count 10 on top of that.

Absolutely right in theory and principle, yet we doubt seriously whether it is right in practice in all cases. Take murder, for example. At the time the crime is committed everyone concerned realizes what a terrible thing it is—how inhumanly unfair and heartless. The human mind at that time is not befogged with doubt, sympathetic blatherings of reformers and lawyers. It is not forgetful of the crime itself as so often happens in murder trials held away from the scene of the crime months later. It is in a state to deal real justice swiftly and with a coldness equal to that of the murderer.

We are told that all this delay, all this complication of what should be simple justice is for the benefit of the accused. He is given all the breaks, all the advantages. The state is put in the position of aggressor, while in reality it was

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Ordinance or No Ordinance, Brats Will Be
Brats and Shoot Firecrackers, Learns Marshal

There may be weighty volumes extolling the evils and nuisances of shooting off firecrackers in the city's vaults, but nevertheless youth will have its fling, learned Jim Littell, town marshal, when the Fourth arrived early this week.

Although city ordinance strictly forbids the use of such noise makers within the city's confines, Marshal Littell discovered that law and order has seriously broken down among the coming generation when it comes to playing pranks and making a big fuss over Independence day. Lawful or not, local air was rent with sharp explosions continually as the youngsters—and some a little older—fired the brightly colored crackers.

It seemed that those who had the means and equipment chose to use the main intersection of town as the scene of an imaginary battle.

Such heavy artillery as two-for-a-nickel crackers and giant crackers even appeared, while the lesser field pieces such as ladyfingers and like inconsequentials punctuated the greater charges with an echoing clatter. In fact, so interested were the sham-war gods in their handiwork that they almost failed to note Officer Jim approaching in a not-too-gentle manner. The culprits scarcely had time to pocket incriminating evidence when Jim rounded the Nugget corner.

As is quite natural for mischievous youngsters, they all looked unusually innocent and displayed a sudden interest in such matters as the color of the gas pump there and the weather. One or two mustered a presentable whistle while still others gazed stargazed at the down the street as though trying to determine in what part of town the noise could have originated. Littell, however, had lived among these boys for many years and knew and understood their manner-

JUBILEE PLANS
LAUNCHED AS
AUG. 19 NEARSLumber Arriving for Dance
Pavilion; Advertising to
Start in Few Days

Active work—the kind that will show itself—has begun on this year's Gold Rush Jubilee, August 19, the date set for the big day here, is but a few weeks away, six to be exact.

Already lumber is being piled in back of the old U. S. hotel for the outdoor dance pavilion that will be erected there for the big day, and work is expected to start within a few days on construction of grandstands for the rodeo and fight card to be staged at the hall park. An intense advertising and publicity campaign will be launched next week and soon the entire Pacific coast will be reading of the little town's plans for her one big day of show-off when she will demonstrate to the world just what a real pioneer whingding was like.

Next Monday night the jubilee executive committee heads and others interested in staging the big show are to meet again at the Chamber of Commerce room, where they will clinch down on plans and go to work in earnest. Already many concessionaires have signified their intention of catering to whims and appetites of crowds on that day and Committeeman Ray Wilson, in charge of this feature, has been allotting spaces daily.

Normally loafing along at a leisurely gait, the old town now is commencing to speed its tempo as August 19 approaches and among those interested in putting the big affair over even more successfully than last year there is a tense excitement as plans are taking shape and the real work is about to begin. Soon natives will be eating, talking, dreaming and living jubilee, and when the big day arrives their efforts will be in evidence to the thousands who will journey here to look over the town's gold mines, view its historic landmarks and enjoy its many entertainments and features.

A full program, from morning till the following dawn, is planned that will be so varied and replete with humor that no one person will be able to view it all. Built on the plan of a three-ring circus, the jubilee will offer more than any pair of eyes can appreciate and will take care of all who enter Oregon's first gold camp in royal manner.

There will be camping facilities furnished by the city as well as parking provisions to handle crowds. Those who come for more than one day and wish to pitch a tent will find a suitable location at their disposal, without charge. Early day Jacksonvilleans were no slouches at entertainment and hospitality and the present generation aims to live up to that precedent set when the old town was the metropolis of more than half the state.

Earnest wets complain that it's impossible to drink enough 3.2 beer so that they cannot see the point.

—Weston Leader.

While not personally sold as to the merits of airplanes, we admit their uses in hunting lost aviators.

—Weston Leader.

Manna Is Not All
That Comes from
the Heavens...

A dove may be the emblem of peace, but it is beginning to look as though pigeons are going to precipitate a war in Medford unless an ordinance prohibiting their breeding within city limits is passed.

It seems that pigeons have a certain way of cooing and tittering back and forth about sunup every morning. In fact, we have heard several Medfordites complain sleepily that they must arise with the pigeons, close windows, stuff cotton in their ears and then try and get back to sleep.

And as if that were not enough, the pigeons, after awakening everyone in the neighborhood, have a penchant for popularizing the carrying of umbrellas in clear weather and leaving their tell-tale mark on roofs, awnings and store fronts. Many a shiny automobile hood has carried mute evidence that someone is breeding a flock of pigeons in the neighborhood, while several stores have found it necessary to replace awnings long before their time.

Irate home-owners complain that when they paint a roof green they don't want some neighbor's pets changing the color scheme. The noise, the mess, the general nuisance of the birds within the city's confines is getting some residents' goats, and we don't blame them a bit.

Of course, any comment on pigeons must necessarily enter into delicate territory. Although everyone knows just why pigeons are such a pest few of us like to think about it or admit what it is about them we don't like. But the Medford city dads should find it easy to devise some protection for suffering homeowners, cussing awning buyers and nauseated pedestrians. Pigs, cattle, horses and such have been barred from the city of Medford's confines. So why not pigeons?

We over here in Jacksonville are merely commenting—possibly on something that is none of our business. True, we allow cows to be kept in our own little town, but then again, cows can't fly.

Brush Marines Stage
Real Shindig at CampMore Than 400 Persons Attend Applegate
C. C. C. Open Day of Contests, Dance
and Boxing Features July 4

BY MAUDE POOL

With clear skies overhead and a moderately warm day in which to celebrate, the day's entertainment staged by the Brush Marines at Camp Applegate on July 4 was a complete success, with approximately 400 people in attendance during the day and 300 packed in the new mess hall for the dance in the evening. All of the enlisted men and practically all of the commissioned personnel from the Medford headquarters of the C. C. C. attended en masse during the day.

The morning hours were devoted to inspection of tents and camp buildings and installations under the guidance of mem-

bers of the C. C. C. Following the picnic spread on the camp tables on the river bank at noon, attention was centered on the saw-bucking contest, the first event on the program, in which Dick Huffman of Thompson creek was high man, sawing through a 28-inch log in two minutes, 10 seconds. Other winners in their respective heats were Nate Russel, one of the forestry firemen, three minutes, 35 seconds; John Byrne, three minutes, 40 seconds; Don Fredericks, three minutes, 41 seconds; and Marion Hulse, three minutes, 45 seconds. Byrne and Fredericks made the prettiest heat of the day, with Fredericks severing his piece of wood exactly one second after Huffman's Block fell.

In the duobuck bucking contest on the same log H. A. and W. H. Scholler proved their superiority by severing the log in 55 seconds. Other heat winners were Marion Hulse and Glenn Lingren in one minute; six seconds, and Dick Huffman and Harry Brown in one minute, seven seconds.

Dave Winningham of Jackson-

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BRUSH MARINES
WILL TAKE CUT
AT MINERS HEREJuly Fourth Game Dropped to
Central Pointers; Too
Many Errors

Having heard that the Jacksonville Miners baseball nine has a habit of being satisfied with the lesser end of scores, Applegate's Brush Marines have signified their intention of tying into the locals for better or for worse Sunday at 2 p. m. The Brushers have been swinging axes and bats for two months now and feel that they can down the Miners as well as the next team.

The Miners, however, smarting from another defeat July 4 at the hands of Central Point, are gnashing their teeth and working out evenings to see if they can't overcome their proclivity for losing games. Just three times this season have the Miners taken the heavy end of a score and players are getting their dander up. "We'll send 'em back to camp saddy disappointed," quoth a Miner player yesterday, "and they'll think army life in the woods is a setup after we get through with 'em." At least, so he said.

Attendance at the games has been holding up well despite the losing streak of the locals and Jacksonvilleans have shown much patience with the team, as have the coaches themselves. In Tuesday's game the Miners gained an early 8-1 lead only to lose it in the fifth inning, when Central Point made nine hits tally nine runs to take the lead. Eight errors charged to the Miner infield lost the game. But 12 hits were gained by the Jacksonvilleans while Central Point earned 26 base clouts. Hess starred at bat with a home run, as did Churchill for the invaders.

The game, despite its score of 13 to 8, had its high spots, with circus catches, long drives and close plays interspersing the errors. The Miners took their batting spree early in the game while Central Point chose to put 11 men at bat in the fifth off Hess, while Coffman, relief pitcher from then on, held them down to three runs and three hits.

Box score for the game follows:

Jacksonville	AB	R	H	E
Ward, cf	5	0	1	0
Ross, c	5	1	2	0
Hall, rf	5	0	0	0
Hess, p	5	1	3	0
Hunsaker, lb	5	1	1	3
Coffman, lf, p	3	1	2	0
Dorothy, 2b	4	1	1	1
Reinking, ss	3	2	1	3
Lusk, 3b	4	1	2	2
Totals	39	8	12	8

Central Point

	AB	R	H	E
Churchill, ss	6	3	4	0
Husband, 1b	6	2	4	1
Merritt, rf	6	1	3	0
Coaker, lf	6	1	5	0
C. Swingle, 3b	5	1	0	0
Benson, p	6	2	3	0
Swingle, cf	5	1	2	0
Yakel, 2b	4	1	3	0
R. Swingle, c	5	1	2	0

Score by innings:

Jacksonville.....032 300 000—8

Central Point.....001 092 010—13

In a practice game played last Sunday, when the Applegate crew failed to show up, the Miners won 28-9. Several Brush Marine players were augmented by local players, including Ben Coffman as moundman. Hess hurled for the Miners.

It is reported that the Brush Marines have developed a tough

ALOYSIUS HAS BUSY DAY



Above photo, taken by Staff Photographer J. Verne Shangle, shows an action picture of Aloysius P. Guncotton snapped Tuesday while young Jacksonville was religiously observing the city's no-fireworks ordinance. Al complained to the city marshal—as soon as he could catch up with him.

Arrest Coin Caster
in Cabin Near Ruch

Paul F. White, 65, who has spent the greater part of the past 30 years in federal prisons for manufacturing counterfeit money, was arrested at a cabin two miles southwest of Ruch Wednesday night by state and federal officers on a similar charge. White is to be taken before U. S. Commissioner Victor A. Tengwald, to be bound over to the federal grand jury.

Police stated that when they went to White's cabin, where he had been posing as an assayer, he soon admitted his identity and turned over his counterfeiting equipment and about \$25 of the counterfeit money. White stated that he expects to be returned to McNeill's island, where he served his first federal prison term, and where "Mr. Sauls is still deputy warden, and I know him."

White was released from Leavenworth prison in February of this year, having completed his second term there. He also has served time in Atlanta, Ga., federal prison.

The counterfeiter stated that he made about 133 half dollar coins when camped near Jacksonville. He told how he had to do his work at night, because there were too many kids around in the daytime. It was necessary for him to cast the coin over a campfire, he said.

Arrested in Medford Saturday, Truman W. Phillips, 19, and Donald R. Campbell, 21, had been working with White, bringing the coins to Medford and passing them off, White said yesterday. Sometimes they were successful in getting rid of \$10 a day, according to White. White said his dies were all pulverized now, as he destroys them after each casting. He told of two exceptionally good ones, which he brought to Oregon with him from Stockton, Calif.

Russia would be an appropriate dumping ground for our red-ink surplus.—Weston Leader.

We do not approve of bull fights in Oregon. It is the practice to fight the wrong bull.—Weston Leader.

It's an economic error for a chap to keep a car unless the car helps to keep him.—Weston Leader.

nine and that the Miners will have to learn a cleaner game of baseball to emerge with the juicy side of the score Sunday. Coach Punk Dunnington, who was unable to be present Tuesday with his new charges, will be on deck next Sunday and promises fans they'll see the Miners show the best that is in them.

'We Want Ants' Yammer Picnickers as They

Tramp Woods, Rills and Rocks of Applegate

It seemed that everyone in southern Oregon went picnicking Tuesday. In fact, it is alleged, there were so many picnickers in the surrounding hills of Jacksonville and Applegate that there simply weren't enough ants to go around.

Why, few people indeed even realized they were on a picnic because the proverbial insects failed to show up, while others wondered if they had brought enough lunch because of the myriad of pests which wanted to share it. "Them durned holiday reception committees in them thar hills was just too far separated and bunched too darned much to take care of everybody," opined one picnic authority. "They got taken by surprise and didn't have time to subdivide so's they could make every party feel to home," he added.

It seems that up in the piny woods (or is it firry?) there generally lives a race of tiny things that crawl and sting and bite and fly and get in the salad that make people realize they are out in the great open spaces like their forefathers used to be. It makes 'em feel primitive, barbaric and hardened to hardships. In fact, before the day is over, it even makes them ravenously wild. But picnic parties were so numerous and came so much by surprise that many groups were disappointed and had to imagine they were roughing it, for the tiny pests just couldn't be everywhere at once.

"Now take a deer fly, for example," volunteered a veteran picnicker the day after. "Now, you take him yerself," jibed another, who knew something about the terrible pain a deer fly can plunge one into. "Youse holds must be talking about them Indian 'no-see-ums,'" affirmed another with a big town dialect. No see um or not, they can hit like a Winchester bullet and sting like, er, we beg your pardon. Anyway, they are but one of the several varieties of hosts and hostesses of the great outdoors always willing to share your ice cream and pie with you.

There is one saving grace of the mountains of southern Oregon, however. Where the insects showed up missing, there almost always manages to be a bit of effervescent poison oak nodding in the breeze or tapping the wayfarer on a bare arm or leg. God must have thought of everything, even picnickers, for He provided beauty and the beast—or beasties—in the tall timber. Stately firs and scented cedars, deep green pines and fluttery-leaved elms cover the mountains and cool their soil with refreshing shade. Wild flowers, even down to mountain lilies, form a rich carpet over the ground. Babbling brooks and bubbling springs quench the thirst of the tame and untamed alike, while birds hop from limb to limb and cast sidelong glances at accumulating crumbs of picnickers.

But in addition to babbling brooks, holidays always belch forth babbling humanity into the hills which wants to be pioneering again—for a few hours. The insect life, as well as it can handle huge crowds, sees to it that some real privation and hardship is encountered, as well as adding meat to many a vegetable diet for the day when mistaken for raisin garnishes. Yet people will picnic in the mountains—and really enjoy it!