

The Editor Speaking

Like a man down a well, a lot of things go over our head. But we finally have grasped the significance of Roosevelt's inflation of the currency, or think we have.

For example: Normally it took about five French francs to equal our dollar. Under inflation this rate of exchange dropped to about three and one-half francs to the American dollar. Sounds bad, at first. But, suppose southern Oregon sold pears to France last year at \$1 per box, or five francs in their money. This year, suppose the rate of exchange has dropped to three francs for one dollar, but the market value of pears remains the same in France (and it couldn't be much lower than it was last year).

Selling a box of pears in France this year for the same low price as last, the southern Oregon grower would receive his five francs the same as usual, but when he went to exchange that for American money, he would get \$1.40 instead of the lone dollar as last year. THAT is why we should welcome inflation and want to kiss Roosevelt for being the first man we have had for years with enough wisdom and decision to do something for us instead of for Europe. That also is what happens when we go off the gold standard.

WE profit. Why should WE kick? Makes it seem rather funny that a certain "big business" camp over the country resents inflation, doesn't it? That is one of the good points the opponents of inflation and sponsors of the gold standard forgot to bring out.

The benefit it will give to pears will extend to all exports. Lumber, another important item, also will profit. Roosevelt, in addition to sending us his Brush Marines, has been doing a lot for the far west—far more than has ever been done before.

That, too, is just why the Europeans are kicking up such a fuss about our going off the gold standard. They had been enjoying a great advantage over there before Roosevelt got in the White House. But they have met their equal both financially and diplomatically in "the weakest man the democrats could have run for office."

We heard a suggestion the other day which struck us as mighty sensible. First, it was pointed out that the original constitution of the United States embodied enough laws to govern any nation. In fact, its simplicity was its greatest virtue.

Then, when we as a growing nation patted ourselves on the back and added myriad laws and statutes not only to our constitution but to every other legal unit in the country we prided ourselves with our importance. Which goes to prove that our forefathers made just one mistake in framing the constitution. They should have required at least a nine-tenths referendum in order to change the constitution or make a new law, and should have required only a bare majority to repeal laws and amendments.

The nation is law-soggy. It has been far easier to pass new laws and change the constitution than (Continued on page two)

MINERS TAKE BRUSH MARINES 16-15 THRILLER

Three Home Runs Feature Best Game of Year on Local Diamond

The Jacksonville Miners had been having trouble this season winning games. When they played a bush team, they generally managed to play a little worse than their opponents. When they played a crack nine, they managed to play almost as good.

But when the Miners, under the guidance of their new coach, Punk Dunnington, came up against the hardest game of their career, they managed to play just a little bit better than their opponents, the Brush Marines from Seattle Bar. When the dust had cleared away from two home runs in the ninth inning, the final score was found to be 16-15, in favor of the much-hooted Miner aggregation.

The Miners started the day by knocking Mercer out of the box in the first inning, while the Brush Marines lagged a run till the third inning, when they scored six times to take an 8-4 lead. In the fifth the Miners scored five times to tie the score 10-10, and then added three additional runs in the first half of the ninth. The Brush Marines, however, lagging four runs in their last chance, managed to crawl up in a manner that made Miner rooters cross their fingers and dust off some unused prayers. Marzug, with two strikes, got hold of one of Coffman's slow balls to send it up the road toward Jack Thrasher's house and, after Hollingsworth got on on a single and two men following him were chalked off by the infield, Mercer, the circus catching right fielder, dropped another slow ball in the old dump wagons in deep center field to add two more needed runs.

With two out, the score 16-15, Coffman faced Glivinski, a chap who already had gained two hits. After getting two strikes on him, he flew out to right field, amid much hilarity and thanksgiving. The Miners had won the hardest game of their career, and had won it with pure baseball and slugging. The team's strength, however, which enabled them to overcome the greater hitting ability of the Marines, was greatly augmented by the addition of two Applegate players and one from Jacksonville. (Continued on page four)

Chamber of Commerce Meeting Next Monday

The next regular meeting of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce is scheduled for next Monday night, July 17, announced President Oscar Lewis yesterday. The meeting, because of the chamber's sponsorship of the Gold Rush Jubilee, will be very important and should be well attended.

The celebration, which was a surprising success last summer, will be held little more than a month from now and active work on preparation must be started within a very few days. The chamber meeting will be followed by a meeting of executive committee and other committee heads who are handling supervisory work of the celebration.

The meeting will start about 7:30 p. m. in the chamber's rooms upstairs in the old U. S. hotel. All Jacksonvilleans are invited.

Let Politics Be Damned!!

Months ago The Miner stated that Earl Fehl was resorting to lies and trickery in his campaign for votes and the support of the "under dog." His election showed that he was successful in fooling enough voters with his poison to win the county judgeship.

The Miner still thinks of Earl Fehl as a liar and misleader. During his campaign he championed the cause of the downtrodden taxpayer and the need of county economy. One of his glaring examples of "miscarriages of justice" was the fact that former county judges had been pocketing marriage license fees.

Fehl, at one of his meetings prior to the election, declared from the speaker's platform that this income from marriage fees averaged "approximately \$100 a month—of YOUR money." Fehl said, as an example of his "sincerity," HE would turn every cent of moneys so collected by him into the county treasury.

It all sounded fine and read well in the newspapers. If true, it would have been ok by us, too. But, like other claims made by the judge, there was little truth and no poetry in his claim.

For, after assuming the office of county judge, Earl Fehl has turned into the county treasury exactly \$10.50 for fees collected by him from January 2 to July 1, 1933. A mere \$589.50 short of what he said the other county judges should turn in a like period!

Either Earl Fehl has appropriated this "approximately \$100 a month" to his own use, or he was an out-and-out liar when he told voters that such a large sum of their money was being pocketed by "the gang's" judges every month.

Then, shortly after assuming his office, Judge Fehl caused the following quotation to appear in his "bible," the county court journal:

"Let the record further show that the deputy county clerk, who is acting as clerk of the court, whose salary set out under this order as being \$70 per month, will be further augmented by moneys received by the judge of this court in the performance of wedding fees insofar as said judge is able to apply same consistent with the services rendered."

Earl Fehl has constantly referred "his constituents" to the county court journal because he has painted such a glowing picture of himself therein. But he never refers them to other records, which show that the deputy county clerk has NEVER RECEIVED ONE CENT from "wedding fees" or any other source other than her regular salary paid by Jackson county!

In opposing Fehl as county judge—or as anything else in public life—The Miner is not necessarily dealing in personalities, nor does it give a tinker's damn about the political side. Its stand is prompted by this, and this alone: Jackson county has, unfortunately, elected a dishonest, lying and insincere man as county judge. Whether you like Fehl personally, or dislike him, there is no getting away from the fact that he is the poorest county judge Jackson county, or any other county, ever had!

That is the beginning and the ending of The Jacksonville Miner's stand on Earl Fehl, and this paper believes that the most convenient way is the best way to get rid of a snake.

The new federal law does not prohibit a man from investing in wildcat schemes but it makes possible for him to know what he is buying. The government evidently goes on the assumption that if a man is a sucker, no power on earth can change his ways. —Selah (Wash.) Optimist.

The Roosevelt measures are working, if one may judge from the fact that so are more than a million of the heretofore unemployed. —Weston Leader.

This paper does not pretend for a minute that prohibition has been a success. We doubt not that there is some better way to contend with the liquor evil. —Sunnyside (Wn.) Times.

Umatilla county's largest farmers are now taking a personal part in the operation of their ranches. Back in jumper and overalls, they are giving Old Man Depression the well-known razzberry. —Weston Leader.

OPP MINE ADDS CREW AS MILL NEAR COMPLETE

Tramway Set Up; Tunneling Soon Ready for Raise to Top Level

Slow but steady development at the Opp mine, now under lease to Pacific States Mines, inc., has almost returned it to the producer column. Within a few weeks the first 100-ton rod mill should be ready to turn over on the vast store of low-grade ore at the property to recover additional thousands in gold values lying dormant in the hills surrounding Jacksonville.

A 2000-foot tramway, clearing for which started last winter, is nearly completed from the mouth of No. 11 tunnel, which will be used as route of ore from No. 2 tunnel some 200 feet above the tramway head level. Bins, trestling and part of the rail are in place. Drilling in No. 11 is advancing on two fronts, one to a point approximately 200 feet below valuable ore chutes in No. 2. This tunnel, nearly half a mile in length, is within a few feet of where a raise will be drilled, connecting the two and affording ventilation as well as direct gravity movement of all ore.

A new electrically powered compressor unit has been installed in the mill shed which will supply 10 cubic feet of pressure per second. Two drills are being run from this line at present, with power to spare for another half dozen. A crew of nine men is being kept busy in the mine drilling and mucking, while another nine are busy outside installing a water sump for the mill, completing tramway construction and conditioning mills, bins and grinders. Four new type dump cars have been placed in operation in No. 11 tunnel.

First unit to be completed will handle a minimum of 100 tons of ore daily, with storage and handling facilities for several more such units. The Opp mine has a past record of producing rich pockets along with lower grade ore, of which thousands of tons have been blocked out. Pockets with recorded values as high as \$50,000 have been taken from the property, which comprises some 300 acres of patented land.

At one time supporting a 20-stamp mill, the Opp mine has had a hectic and colorful past which generally ended in failure. Much of the mine's trouble, however, according to geologic data, was due to improper treatment of ore. Values in this section run largely to concentrates and years ago, when the mine was at its height, these values were lost in tailings and often reached as high as 50 per cent. It is planned, according to John Price, in charge of the mine, to save all values through latest developments in recovery methods. The mine, which once built the now phantom town of Oppville, is again populating its rickety lean-to shacks with husky, sweating miners and their families. Buildings and shafts which had lain dormant for years once again are being pressed into the service and profit of man and the timbered mountain which was the mecca of gold seekers is returning to its former glory and importance as active production of gold approaches.

The sales tax is likely to be defeated in Oregon—not because it isn't advisable, but because the voters all know they'll have it to pay. —Weston Leader.

'To Bed With the Chickens' Adage Taken as Literal by Local Inebriate Fearing Fowl Play

Many of us, from early childhood, were drilled with the lesson that "early to bed and early to rise makes a man . . ." The old folks have a way of retiring with the chickens, but generally only to the extent of observing their early hours.

One Jacksonvilleite, however, chose to take the expression in its more literal form late last week.

It seems that there was occasion for several townsmen to observe some particular occasion—best known to themselves—by tempting the dizzy uncertainties of intoxication. Their imbibal excesses extended far into the night and even to the rising hour of rural folk, which is anywhere beyond midnight and before sunup.

When the inevitable hour of reckoning came it discovered the pair of celebrants sans cerebrum sufficient to safeguard their legging it for home, a matter of some two or three blocks, and friends were impressed into service with an automobile. One man, not quite so spiffed as the other, helped his buddy out of the car and the two started toward their respective doors. It also seems that one of the two had to pass a neighbor's chicken yard along the shortcut to his doorstep, and temptation was too great.

For the next morning, along about 10 o'clock, one of Jacksonville's housewives heard a commotion around her henhouse and proceeded to investigate. With hens and roosters casting curious looks toward the fence, flapping their wings and running about as though not quite certain just what behavior was proper, they directed the

Reed's Rapid Report Tells True Talent

Harold Reed, well known in Jacksonville and Applegate, can do other things in a proficient manner besides cut meat. Mr. and Mrs. Reed took up their brand new job as lookouts on Whiskey peak on July 6, and in three days Mr. Reed had a forest fire reported on Elliott creek, being the first of four lookouts to phone the report in to the Star Ranger station. The blaze, caused by a camp fire, covered one-sixteenth of an acre and was soon extinguished by local talent on the forestry job.

Other lookouts on duty this summer are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Andrews at Wagner Butte, Dean and Ed Saltmarsh on Tallowbox and Alex Schichtl on Dutchman's peak.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knutzen of the Applegate are occupying the home of Alex Schichtl near the ranger station during the summer. Mr. Knutzen having employment as packer. He fills the vacancy left by Clarence Buck, who had been employed in forest service packing for a number of years. John Byrne has gone on duty again for the summer as fire guard on Little Applegate. Melvin Rowden has been stationed at Steamboat at the post formerly occupied by William Fruit.

Dances Continue to Produce Black Ink

It may be rather unusual for one to say a dance produces black ink, but it is and is not a phenomena. After watching the red variety go down in the little book for a few weeks, and then to have it suddenly change to black and stay black, despite adversity, is something to cheer the heart of the most blue-nosed Chamber of Commerce member.

There was a time, way back there during the depression a few months ago, when the local dances were running behind a bit. The orchestra was changed, advertising was resumed and lo! today the Saturday night affairs are paying good honest money into the chamber's treasury. True, not much, but some.

Which all goes to prove, or at least indicate, that the Jacksonville dances are once again becoming popularized among the younger, sprightlier set. For dancing till 2 a. m. still has its appeal, as well as the improved music of Glenn Hamilton, Grants Pass musician who almost has become traditional as bandmaster's in Oregon's first gold camp.

Inter-City Legion Junior Tilt Sunday

Jackson county and Klamath American Legion junior ball teams will decide which is the better nine Sunday as a feature of the double-header which will be played on the Medford fairgrounds diamond.

The Legion juniors of Jackson county will start the afternoon at 1 p. m., with a Medford-Eagle Point game following. Pitchers for the Legion youngsters will be Joe Smith and Skinny Wilson, the latter twice setting down the local Miners with his curve balls while playing for the Table Rock nine.

Until this year, when the Jacksonville juniors passed the 17-year-old age limit, this city had contributed two championship nines and several players to the Legion all-stars. There is but one Legion team here this year, however, and is representative of the entire county, which will attempt to send the Pelican youngsters home with respectful notions of the southern Oregon baseball prowess.

Yrekans Hang Heads as Jacksonville's Gold Rush Jubilee Plans Launched to Shame Them

Several weeks ago Bad Eye Pete, fresh (too fresh, in fact) from the hills, announced to the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce members just what would happen to them if they didn't stage such a shindig here August 19 that the Yreka Gold Rushers would hide their heads in shame.

Bad Eye, it seems, has a way of showing up in crucial moments to spur townsmen on to doing bigger and better things. Well, it probably would spur anyone to have a six-gun rammed in their solar plexis, for that matter. But Bad Eye, who was so prominent here last summer when the celebration attracted more than 10,000 people for a day, still insists that Jacksonville is going to show laggard-Yreka just what a real blazing mining camp should be like.

"They think they know how to shoot up the town down thar," spat Pete as he sauntered down California street yesterday derisively battering tin lizzies with his ter-bassy juice. "Waal, we're gonna show 'em just what pikers they is, ef'n I hafta shoot the heels off'n every pair o' boots in town!"

Bad Eye, who will be remembered as one of the pair who shot it out at the Marble Corner last summer for the movies, and who adorned their checkered vests with nuggets fully six inches across, but which had the suspicious lightness of pumice stone, aims to whip executive committeemen into line now and see that those below the Siskiyou are given a real goal to shoot at when it comes to copying the old town's brain child given birth last August. This year the Gold Rush Jubilee will be held for one single, sizzling day, August 19, and will commence with the rising

of the chickens and will continue till the last dog is hanzed the next morning.

"And don't fergit," warned Bad Eye as he twirled his frontier model Colts and shot himself in the foot, "anything can happen!" Probably meaning that anything can happen, as it did last year when an old mining town casino, dance hall and what-not were running full blast just as they did when parched throated miners rode donkeys in from the hills with pokes filled with yellow gold dust worth a fortune and left town a day or so later flat broke.

A rodeo, which will give horseflesh a chance to display itself as it did when the old town was in its infancy in age only, will be added this year, as will log rolling contests, hardrock drilling, wood chopping, in fact every phase of the frontier-pioneer existence in the Oregon wilderness will be revived, as will many mining contests. Much of the day's activity will be held on the main street, which covers the richest placer ground on the west coast, including the goldfields of Alaska.

"I'm agoin' to shoot every townsman who lags behind in helping to put over this here celebration with gold nuggets," boasted Bad Eye as he rubbed his powder burns last night. "These here Yrekans thought they was gonna show us up by copyin' our idee last summer, but they'll never git close to us this time. We're gonna show 'em some things they never even heard of before, and teach 'em just what fork to pick up when throwin' a minin' camp entertainment." Pete concluded as he lapsed into a coma of remembrance of the days when he pocket hunted in the hills instead of in his pal's pants.