

## The Editor Speaking

One of the best indications, we believe, that Roosevelt's recovery plan is showing signs of succeeding is the increased fretting in the camps of the still staid and faithful republicans.

We read, and hear, many condemnations. Quite often someone is belittling his deeds. Not that we are blindly democratic in our likeliness and vision, but it just reminds us of a natural human trait.

We can remember when we were in grade school. If some new student dressed up in better clothes than the average, we called him a sissy—we had to have some method of compensating for his better clothes. Smarter kids were referred to as bookworms and teachers' pets. It was plain, simple, wholesome jealousy. Republicans and democrats alike are merely these same kids grown to manhood—that stage of life where they behave about the same, but are less frank about it.

Leaving politics out of it, it shouldn't be hard for the average tiller of the soil or laborer to see conclusively whether Roosevelt's measures are bringing back recovery or not. Look about us here in southern Oregon. Wheat prices have risen from nothing to a profitable level. In Jacksonville, where a few weeks ago dozens of men were scratching out a meager and uncertain living mining, today they are stationed in the various reconstruction forest camps, well clothed, well fed and earning cash money.

There are several hundred southern Oregon families receiving monthly checks which under the past administration received nothing. THAT is a lot of difference right there in itself. Yet, if we remember correctly, Hoover spent millions of dollars "stabilizing" the price of wheat—to send it to the lowest bottom of history. He spent additional millions and billions aiding big business, which was supposed to let the flow trickle down "to the remotest section and to the smallest individual." It never trickled down. The hot sands of the upper strata licked it up and cried for more.

And so it goes. Just this week we read a long editorial minimizing Roosevelt's acts and reminding readers that only time will tell whether or not he is a great man. Most of the credit for wisdom and action was given to the circumstances and not to the man who met and conquered them. But, we suppose, our own columns might behave likewise were it republican administration. After all, you know...

We can, however, see in many caustic comments printed and uttered today that same attitude which was given immortal Lincoln's behavior when he was at the nation's helm in an equally dark period. Many were there who lowered his acts and forecast dire results. But we know now that Old Abe was about the most kindly, wisest and decisive leader the world has ever abused. Although republican, we always have cherished his memory as the greatest American. He has been our idol since our first glimpse into a history book.

Roosevelt, we believe, is the country's contribution of another great man who has risen to a serious crisis. The mere fact that all his deeds and acts are not supported unanimously lends strength to their accuracy and timeliness. No truly great man was ever without his enemies. Perhaps readers will recall how Lincoln had to leave this world—as an assassinated president, hissed, hated and (Continued on page two)

## Bad Man of Jacksonville Takes Personal Interest in Return of Pioneer Days August 19

Competition may be the life of trade, but if one old Jacksonville character has his way, it will be the death of pride for Yreka, who last year emulated the southern Oregon city's Gold Rush Jubilee.

The man in question, popularly known as Bad Eye Pete, has vowed, after cleaning his frontier model Colts, that local talent will either outdo the Yreka or else suffer the consequences. "We don't aim to let no Californy fellers git ahead of us in these here pioneer celebrations," grumbled Bad Eye yesterday as he spurred several members of the chamber of commerce to action.

It seems that Yreka, after visiting the Jacksonville jubilee last summer, sort of copied the idea and threw a three-day shindig in the California city. Bad Eye smarted only where a loyal Jacksonville could smart—in his wounded pride. He has decided that his town either will show the Yreka a think or two about early days and how to recreate them, or he will know the reason why.

Pete got so hot up about it that yesterday he wrote a communication to a Yreka newspaper telling them just what was on his mind. Rather illiterate, but nevertheless pungent with meaning, his letter

## THIRD MINER WIN TAKES ELK CREEK 20 TO 14

Latest Victory Is Result of Sloppy Game, Tho Locals Hold Lead for Game

Literally outslapping sloppy playing of the Elk Creek C. C. C. nine, the Jacksonville Miners Sunday piled up 20 runs in six innings against the 14 of the visiting Brush Marines. But half the scores were earned runs on both sides, although the Miners were heavier at bat.

Two home runs, one by Ernie McIntyre for the Miners and one by Collie for the Brush Marines, were the only circuit clouts, with Joe McIntyre of the homeguards smacking out a three-base hit and then scoring on an overthrow to third. Sawyer, C. C. C. catcher, also hit for three bases. Dick Frazier, Applegate recruit of the team, again finished out the last inning on the mound for the Miners, and starred at bat with five hits out of five chances. Due to length of the game and late start but seven innings were played, with the Miners taking a 6-0 lead in the first frame and maintaining a heavy margin throughout. Catcher Ross was injured on a foul in the third and was replaced by Center Fielder Dorothy, Joe Nee filling the outfield Miner gap.

Box scores follow:

Jacksonville				
	AB	R	H	E
Ross, c	1	1	1	1
Nee, rf	4	1	1	0
Reinking, ss	3	2	0	2
Hess, p, 3b	5	3	3	1
Frazier, 3b, p	5	4	5	0
Joe McIntyre, 2b	5	2	3	0
Ernie McIntyre, lf	4	2	3	0
Smith, lb	3	3	3	1
Hall, rf	4	1	1	1
Dorothy, cf, c	5	1	3	0
Totals	39	20	23	6

Elk Creek C. C. C.				
	AB	R	H	E
Goodall, 2b	2	0	0	0
Null, 2b	3	1	1	1
Sawyer, c	5	2	2	0
Whitaker, ss	3	3	2	2
Blacheter, 3b	5	1	2	2
Klamath, cf	5	1	1	1
Simmons, rf	3	2	1	0
Milligan, lb	4	2	2	1
Petranovich, lf	4	1	3	1
Davis, p	0	0	0	0
Collie, p	4	1	3	1
Totals	37	14	17	9

Summary—Home runs: E. McIntyre, Collie. Three-base hits: J. McIntyre, Sawyer. Two-base hit: Whitaker. Struck out: By Hess 5, Frazier 1, Davis 2, Collie 5, Klamath 3. Walked: By Hess 2, Davis 1, Collie 3. Hit by pitcher: By Hess, Simmons; by Collie, Smith. Umpire: Jake Shafer.

Score by innings: Elk Creek C. C. C. 011 151 5—14 Jacksonville 621 281 x—20

Next Sunday the Miners will journey to Gold Hill to play the undefeated nine of that city. The local team twice suffered defeat at their hands, although the last game was close. Last week-end the Gold Hill nine defeated Medford's Gilmore Lions 5-4. Jacksonville the previous Sunday also defeated the Gilmore team, and a fast, close game is expected Sunday.

After an early season series of defeats the Miners came back to win three straight games and are expected to give the neighboring city a run for its money. Players will leave the local hardware store shortly after the noon hour, Coach Dunnington said last night.

Quoting an African explorer who says a crocodile is harmless so long as he is occupied, Olin Miller observes: "Still, we shant take any chances on being the occupant." He should know that even a crocodile has some dietary discrimination.—Weston Leader.

## If We Had A Million Dollars...

Where lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said "Gee! if I only had a million dollars!"

We all know the fanciful glow that came to our minds when we imagined ourselves in some way being handed such a comfortable sum. We dreamed we'd do this and that with the money and mentally we would spend it with all the pleasure and ego within us.

But then, when we grew a little older and tempered dreaming with a bit of levity, we realized that, should such a thing ever happen, we would be smart to sit back and do some of the most serious thinking of our lives with such powerful riches ours. A million dollars could ruin many lives, or could be a blessing to them.

Although getting a million dollars is America's most thwarted ambition, the American people now are being handed something else just as powerful, just as capable of bringing either help or harm to them. Definitely, conclusively, the United States are going wet—dripping, sopping wet.

After 18 years of prohibition Oregon has joined the wet parade. Not because it is the popular or skylarking thing to do, but simply because the man who has been there knows what Rome really is like. Friday's landslide was not a vote against temperance—it was a vote against a prohibition that fails to prohibit and that incubates crime, disregard for law and replaced a one-time flow of good liquor with a hilltop variety of uncertain poison.

The voters are handing to the American people the equivalent of many millions of dollars in power, in influence and in revenue. Before the fortune is abused or dissipated, we should sit back and do some of our best brand of thinking.

We know by experience prohibition won't work out. The saloon won't work out either. We must come down to earth, realize that mankind always has, and always will have, its intoxicants. It is up to us to supply our nation with what it will have irregardless with a legal, quality product that will contribute to what is just and noble in this world rather than to the criminal, ne'er-do-well element's support.

If liquor is bad in itself, possibly its necessity in this world can be turned to some good cause. Nothing is entirely vice, neither is anything virtue alone. It is time for us to come down to earth, recognize people and their desires as they really are and quit living in idealistic clouds of theory that never work out.

We are being given a "million dollars" in power, influence and potential good or evil—depending on how we use it. We can squander the entire amount or we can use our heads, take our time and see that we are masters of our inheritance, and not it the master of us.

The hatred for alcoholics on the one hand and the habitual love for them on the other will both have to be put in the background if we are to spend our million to advance our position in life.

But, we might observe, this seems to be a year when we Americans appreciate the real value and possibilities of a million dollars.

## When Man Heads Off Insurance Agent, Well, That Is Real News!!

They say there's nothing new under the sun, but there is; an agent found an obstacle too much for him and he gave up.

Captain B. B. McMahan of the Brush Marines received a long distance call from Portland the other day. It was an ambitious insurance agent who had just found out that he could insure the lives of army officers and he was casting his line for business. "Supposing I run out to see you,"

the agent said after spending several minutes talking over possibilities.

"Say," Captain McMahan warned, "do you realize that in this camp there are only three army officers, and that I am out here on the California border?"

It was all off then. The Portlander thought his captain was just across the river at Vancouver Barracks—it's a long, long way across the state of Oregon.

Earnest drinkers need not be concerned over market reports of the advance in rye, as reference is made to the cereal.—Weston Leader.

## JACKSONVILLE SPLITS ON WET DRY BALLOTING

Sales Tax Snowed Under; Ruch, Applegate Go Wet 2-1 in Light Vote

Something akin to the old days when one could step from local option liquor to an arid climate was recalled to Jacksonville last Friday when the north precinct voted dry and the south section of town went wet nearly three-to-one in the special election held on that date. Not that one gutter of bisecting California street runs full with liquor and the other is drifted with parched sands, but that a faithful Seventh-Day Adventist colony is embraced in the north precinct. The Adventists are consistently dry and vote their convictions in a solid body. Last fall, in the general election, a like result was tallied.

As for Applegate and Ruch, wets rallied to the polls about two-to-one for repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and the abolishment of Oregon's state prohibition. The ballot, however, was less than 50 per cent of registrations and interest was scant. In Applegate the oleo bill carried 54-49 but outside of the split in views on the liquor situation in Jacksonville, averages were about the same throughout the section.

It is not known as yet, if liquor comes back, whether Jacksonville will have local option on one side of the main stem and soda pop on the other or not, but the sum total of the city's vote in both precincts gives the wet column a majority of 45 votes, or a 154-109 defeat, if you like your figures complete on the national amendment, while 39 damp marks led the race for repeal of the state amendment, 143 yesses to 104 nos being registered on the question.

In Applegate and Ruch totals for repeal of national prohibition were 97 yes, 53 no; state prohibition, 105 yes, 42 no. The sales tax lost heavily in these two precincts, 21 to 78 in Applegate and 16 to 41 in Ruch.

Complete returns from the four precincts follow:

North Jacksonville	
Delegates to state convention:	
G. Homer Billings (dry)	80
Sydney Wm. Hall (dry)	77
C. C. Hoover (dry)	83
Ed C. Kelly (wet)	75
Rawles Moore (wet)	69
A. C. Ninninger (wet)	68
Wm. H. Paine (dry)	75
George M. Roberts (wet)	65
yes no	
Federal wet amendment	65 76
State bonus amendment	67 57
County manager	53 69
Grand jury amendment	65 54
Debt and taxation	54 61
State power fund bonds	40 77
Sales tax bill	54 93
Repeal state prohibition	73 78
Oleo tax bill	65 91

South Jacksonville	
Delegates to state convention:	
G. Homer Billings (dry)	23
Sydney Wm. Hall (dry)	23
C. C. Hoover (dry)	22
Ed C. Kelly (wet)	69

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## Old Ponds Are Best Soaks After All Say Applegate Marines

By MAUDE POOL

The newest phenomenon unearthed at Camp Applegate is the fact that the shower house has been in operation for three weeks and few of the boys have used it. They still take their shower in the river. They did that way long in May when icicles would not have been amiss on their straw hats and a shower house was just a vision in the Department of Interior or somewhere. Just shows what habit can do. Speaking of icicles, it's a safe bet that Joe Ratty wasn't thinking of them when he was parked down along Medford's main street a few days ago.

Since snipe hunting becomes taboo after a certain length of time, fortune telling is gaining popularity among the Brush Marines, most of the boys having peered into the future. G. I. Jones in particular, who met with the usual bucket full of water.

Things to make a fellow feel like he's at home are being added to the recreation tent, which already possesses a piano and radio. The boys have monogrammed stationery and are getting an abundance of magazines. Sunday morning church services were held in the recreation tent, with Mrs. Bert Harr officiating. Besides boys in camp, a number of local people attended. Services will be a regular Sunday morning feature at 9:30, with some one of the boys in charge from time to time. All residents of the upper Applegate are invited to attend these services.

Twenty-one men left Seattle Bar Monday to establish a spike camp at the Beaver ranch. With the progress of road work in that section, the number of men will be increased in a week or 10 days and camp will then be moved to the vicinity of Yellow Jacket and Silver Fork. Truman Lewis is in charge of the camp.

Last Sunday the 926th Brush Marine team defeated the Central Point baseball nine with a score of 11 to 2. As yet no game has been slated for Sunday, although both Jacksonville and Central Point will play return games in the near future. With the forming of a district baseball league in southern Oregon C. C. C. camps, the Brush Marines will play a sub-league game with Kerby camp the second week in August, and later will play Mt. Reuben camp. These three camps have been placed in league B.

Tuesday Forest Supervisor H. B. Rankin of Medford and A. O. Waha of the regional forestry office at Portland visited Camp Applegate. The detachment of Brush Marines employed at the Star Ranger station for some time have completed minor tasks such as construction of a pole fence around the new barn and exterior painting of the station. It was expected that Wednesday the old tool house would be moved a short distance north of the station to be rebuilt into an office.

A movie magazine says that Mariene Dietrich will abandon trousers in public. We are disposed to doubt this, if they have a male occupant.—Weston Leader.

## Mr. and Mrs. Haughty Drop in On Their Poor Country Cousins, Mary and Hank Corncob

The lady with the huge fox fur and the gentleman with the polished manners stopped in Jacksonville this week for luncheon.

Aloof, haughty and critical, the couple eyed gingerly those about them. Plain clothes, ruffled hair and comfortable shuffles were outstanding among the contrasting natives. They felt very superior, no doubt, for they conversed concerning all the latest whims and fancies of the big city in tones ample to carry to the farthest set of ears.

Jacksonvillians sidled in and out during the course of the strangers' meal and scanned the city people as amusedly as their gaze was returned. The lady adjusted her fur between every bite. The gentleman stuck his little finger askew as he lifted a cup of coffee. The natives looked on.

It was metropolitan versus rural mannerisms. The neatly clad couple from the city knew all the cutest restaurants, the very latest phrase of slang and could quote from a half dozen smart books. They were familiar with all types of forks, could point out the wonders of their home city and knew Paris styles better than the Parisiennes.

But the poor, ignorant country hicks! Tish, tish. They even wore high top shoes and accumulated an uncouth tan, and some even with freckles! They addressed everyone they met with a "hi, there; what's doin'." Little did they know the city's egotistic habit of never speaking too freely in public and of never permitting the voice to be raised. They were just rural folk who didn't have all the advantages of a great city. And on and on they thought as they looked down their bleached noses at the plain, ordinary, every-day folks who drop in and out of stores here.

Grown people, the city couple noticed with disgust, would drop in and buy ice cream cones or popsicles and go marching down the street eating them as boldly as any seven-year-old child. For shame! The private recesses of one's home was the place for such display!

town endeavored more and more to wear its polish and swank on its coatsleeves, one of their observers got to musing. It just happened that three out of four persons who sauntered into the store while the couple was eating luncheon were from the big city, too, at some time or other. Most of them had been raised in centers of population but had learned to love and respect the quiet dignity of a small town.

While Mr. and Mrs. Haughty were discussing the latest book, it strode one of the town's many woodsmen, who could read a more thrilling story than ever set down by man in the simplest rock, an undistinguishable animal track or in a towering tree that stood straight and steady. Where the pair from the city followed printed signs about their home range to keep straight, the woodsmen followed nature's signs to wander for miles unlost through great forest fastnesses.

Homely, plain, unassuming and unpretentious, the natives of Jacksonville or any other small town at first impression might appear to be missing something in life. But careful analysis shows they enjoy rest, peace, pure air, elbow room, friendships and all those really stable and enduring human things. No hurry, no traffic jams, no rushing all over town to find something to amuse one's self with. Relaxation, comfort, close-to-nature living; and a couple from the big city gnaw food and inwardly pity the poor souls who can't live in the same tense, crowded, devalitized atmosphere as they!

Which all goes to bear out the old saw that "the bigger the town they come from, the less they know but the more they think they know."

Blase mannerisms, egotistic self pride and smart clothing are but passing things; friendships, the joy of living and simplicity endure forever. Much like the stately trees which tower over the poor country hicks and outlive by thousands of years the skyscrapers pointed out with pride to the country folk on their first visit to the big city.

And as the pair from the big