

The Editor Speaking

Nearly every day we hear the query, "Now that Banks and Fehl and all the rest of that crowd are in Salem prison, what are you going to write about?"

One thing we WON'T have to write about, thank heaven, will be paranoia, lying, graft and hundreds of false charges. Personally we are very grateful to the authorities for taking away our main battle cry—it certainly is a relief to be just an ordinary country editor again and to lay away the artillery and the "stink bombs."

As a result of meeting an adversary with his own weapons, up-staters have come to regard The Miner as just as great an agitator as the former Daily News and Pacific Record Herald. Not knowing just why we were so venomous and sensational—and not being able to realize that such wild charges as we made actually were true—they regarded the little pink sheet as just another trouble maker.

But at that, perhaps we were somewhat of a trouble maker. Mr. Banks, just before departing to serve his life sentence, said so. Mr. Fehl didn't like The Miner either. We felt so hurt about it.

Once upon a time we had a friend who had accumulated the annoying habit of slapping. It got to be a positive pest, with a smack awaiting every impulsive notion this person had. Followed long talks, pleadings and threats. The slaps continued in gathering force. Then, after using a little psychology, we decided upon a remedy. The next slap we took was met by our sweetest swing right to this fellow's jaw. The slapping ended then and there, where reason, pleading and argument all had failed.

When we dipped into word battles with Mr. Banks and Mr. Fehl, we merely were slapping them back. At least, that's the general idea. We and Mr. Roosevelt believe in direct action.

Many people we meet—as a result of the political frenzy just waning—remark that they expected to see some much older fellow. Probably a shriveled old walrus with square glasses, chawin' terbacca stringing down his chin, a perpetual scowl across his face and an inkwell filled with poison. They appear surprised and somewhat disappointed to meet some young fellow who still falls down and skins his knees, eats ice cream cones and watches locomotives with an open mouth.

Ah, disillusionment is indeed a bitter potion!

We continually hear reports that the G. G. C.'s are gathering for weekly picnics and are endeavoring to regain their lost strength. It would be our advice for all of us to forget the political war and its causes—which have been lodged safely in prison—and get back to honest, clean lines of thinking.

The congressmen—those who are honest and conscientious at heart—should have learned by now that politics are just what we make them and that political skulduggery existed only when "reformers" attempted to chisel imagined graft for themselves.

"As a man thinks so is he," runs an old truism. And these reformers and courthouse renovators who just cost Jackson county a life and thousands of dollars demonstrated what they were made of by their opinions of office holders. And when one of them succeeded in gaining a public office he very capably set out to filch the taxpayers' blind and, were it not for the efficient state police, might have gotten away with it.

The leaders of the "revolution" have been apprehended and convicted, tens of thousands of dollars have been spent and an audit has shown that all wild charges made by Fehl and Banks against office holders were as unfounded and untrue as other charges made by the pair. The whole affair should be charged up to experience, forgotten and life should go on sans po—

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ORDER SCHOOL PICKUP SERVICE TO APPLAGATE

New Instructor Added to High School Faculty by Directors

High school students of the Applegate, Ruch, Forest Creek and other remote districts will be furnished transportation to Jacksonville this year, it was decided by the local school board late last week when sealed bids were opened for transportation contracts. C. B. Dunnington was awarded contract for the ensuing nine months on his bid of \$1735.50.

One route will go to Applegate store and will pick up students at any point along the Ruch highway between the Pernoll store and Jacksonville, and after discharging students here will continue to Griffin creek. Another vehicle will make the drive to Poor Man's creek and Old Stage road points. Resumption of Applegate pickup service, suspended last year, is expected to swell attendance at the local high school.

After waiting on the newly authorized county high school board to issue tuition contracts, the local board of education signed a new high school instructor, Miss Ruth Currin of near Eugene, who comes highly recommended. It will be her first teaching year. She will instruct commercial subjects and will add her musical talents to the institution's curricula. As a result of the addition, sewing will be included in studies offered and provision has been made for handling as many as 100 students in the upper classes, although less than that number are expected.

The Jacksonville school district, No. 1, is in its soundest financial condition this year, with no bonded indebtedness, less than \$2000 warrant indebtedness and enough cash on hand to meet the first payroll. Outstanding warrants are held by one person—Wesley Hartman—as an investment. While other schools about the state are retrenching and some opening for only a part year, Jacksonville is looking forward to one of its best terms, with expansion in curricula, equipment and activities. Reductions have been made, however, in salaries, in some cases as much as 20 per cent.

Directors of school district No. 1—Jackson county's first—include Zola Fick, chairman, Roy Martin and Paul Godward, with Mrs. V. J. Beach as clerk. Doors of the red brick institution open for studies Monday morning, September 11.

Applegate Polishes Youthful Ears for Schoolhouse Trek

Bright new dresses will appear and unruly locks of hair allowed to go free on many little heads all summer will be plastered down with much precision in another week when the schools of the Applegate will open on September 11.

Four of the eight schools here have employed new teachers: Uplandtown, Miss Eleanor Maul of Portland; Little Applegate, Mrs. Catherine Denzer of Phoenix; Sterling, Mrs. George Brownlee of Jacksonville; Beaver, Miss Lucille Reeder of Ashland. Schools retaining last year's teachers are, Applegate, Mrs. Ethel Ludwig; Thompson creek, Miss June Rudd; Ruch, Mrs. Nettie Armstrong; Watkins, Mrs. Ina Purcell.

Beaver creek will open September 4.

Start Plucking 'Gate Hops for 3.2 Market

Hop picking at the B. M. Clute ranch on lower Applegate started in full swing today with a crew of 125 pickers employed.

The yield is exceptionally good this year and with extra acreage planted this season, making a total of 50 acres, Pernollholme farm has produced the largest crop ever known there. To care for the extra production a new dry kiln has been added to the equipment, making four kilns.

Pickers consist largely of local people, and many hopeful job seekers continue to appear at the hop yards daily for work.

What! No More County Beans?

The greatest miscarriage of justice in Jackson county—the county graft and chiseling which was supposed to have robbed the poor taxpayer blind ever since Webster invented the word "gang"—finally has been carried back where it belongs.

Taxpayers who once were led to believe the reason a county audit was opposed by officials was because they had something to hide, now can see how utterly unfounded their whispered rumors were. They should be able to realize, now that the audit has shown almost no discrepancies of any nature in the county's affairs, those officials really wanted to save Jackson county a great expense—an expense they knew would accomplish practically nothing.

After insulting insistence by a misled group that the "great shortage be bared and the gang exposed" officials yielded and gave them what they wanted. The audit was ordered by the county court.

Now we have the audit, which shows no graft—off 50 cents here and a nickel there and no more—but we DO NOT HAVE \$2650 cold, hard cash that would come in mighty handy with winter coming on. A dear price, indeed, to pay for quieting a mob of bellyachers.

But, significant and fitting enough, that same audit money depletes by \$2650 funds which might have been used to clothe and feed the very ones who insisted on the useless checkup of county affairs!

Possibly some day voters will begin to realize that our county officials, upon whom the bitter attack was centered by political schemers, really were making every effort to carry out their oaths of office. It is not THEIR fault that we have a useless audit bill to pay from a penniless treasury!

Old Time Garb Order of Day in Yreka Today Add Three Lookout Stations at Applegate

The garb of the Forty-Niner will be the order of the day in Yreka after September 1, which has been designated by the Yreka Miners as the day on which their bewhiskered membership shall don the red shirt, high-top boots, dungarees, or what have you.

And just by way of a gentle reminder that modern costumes are taboo, the "Thompson Dry Diggin's jail" has again been placed at the corner of Miner and Fourth streets. It's barred door yawning hungrily for the offender of the Miners' edict.

September 1, Friday, also has been selected by the Yreka Gold Diggers for a meeting at the chamber of commerce to lay the plans for the selection of a queen to preside over the festivities during the Gold Rush September 15, 16 and 17. The Gold Diggers also will elect officers for the coming year at the meeting Friday night.

The dominant impression one gets of a Cuban revolt is that it's undoubtedly revolting. —Weston Leader.

The "average man" needs only to admit that status to be rated as an extraordinary one. —Weston Leader.

The way Roosevelt "talks turkey" to the big guns, there may be more for John Public's Thanksgiving. —Weston Leader.

Prospects are that racketeering in Chicago will become, next to school teaching, her least profitable occupation. —Weston Leader.

The Applegate country, already protected by five lookout stations and numerous guard stations, will have three new emergency lookouts in the future, located at Windy peak near the Blue Ledge, Steve's peak in the Steamboat vicinity, and Stein Butte on the Elliott creek ridge.

Sielof and Smith, a couple of trusty Brush Marines from Camp Applegate, were posted at Windy peak Saturday, which already is equipped with a standard house that has been abandoned for several years. Besides watching for fires and fighting them when necessary, the two boys will paint the house and re-roof it.

A new house of a smaller structure than the standard size will be started soon on Steve's peak by Ross Dickey, construction foreman, and his crew of Marines, who will complete the new building on Anderson Butte this week. This peak once was used as a lookout site, although the man in charge camped. Stein Butte will have a new house, although possibly not this year.

These stations will go on duty only during the smoky portion of each season or at other times of emergency.

The dead body of a wild elephant has, we're told, never been found. Nobody, perhaps, has ever looked up Salt river. —Weston Leader.

A blind doctor has been elected president of the British Medical association. We assume his guesses to have been found as good as any in a diagnosis. —Weston (Ore.) Leader.

Brush Marines Not 'Hanted' by Real Dirty Work

Some of the nation's reforestation army may never have seen a tree or spent a day at manual labor, but they are not afraid of work or dirt. This thought was emphasized by an Applegate stockman who noticed some of the Brush Marines piling brush along the Beaver creek road as he returned from a trip to the range recently.

Shirtless, and working in the heat with all their might, the boys tackled the dense masses of roadside slashings that were practically buried in dust from passing trucks, and piled the brush neatly for burning this fall. Darting here and there, up and down the length of the road, each boy was ambitiously delving into that settling of dust to do his bit to beautify the forest and bring it up to the standard expected of him and the forest recruits as a whole.

JUBILEE FUNDS COVER 43 PER CENT OF DEBTS

Ways and Means of Earning Deficit Considered; To Meet Monday

After all the festivities had cleared away from Jacksonville's Gold Rush Jubilee and a finance committee had spent a week whacking away at bills and invoices, it was found the chamber of commerce has just 43 per cent of the cash necessary to pay all contracted bills.

Mutterings of "that 57 per cent" have been heard wherever commerce members gather since, but ways and means of retiring the obligation—which totals some \$609.86 yet to be paid—are being devised. One camp believes the jubilee committee should incorporate, another would like to see the old card room in the U. S. hotel reopened, still another camp believes a dutch lunch dance might pull the chamber out of the red while the fourth camp leans toward a series of turkey shoots this fall.

At a special gathering of the worried body last Tuesday night it was ordered that John Knight should polish off his corporation scheme. Joe Wetteter delve into the mysteries of operating a card room. Dick Chappell should work out the probable course of a dutch dance with beer and Ray Coleman take a pot-shot at turkey shoots and their possibilities. The Oscar Lewis-wielded gavel punctuated the order and that was that, say observers. Next regular meeting, first Monday in September, the fourth, was set for reports to be turned in and decision—or decisions—to be made.

The Gold Rush Jubilee, however, was pronounced a decided success. The financial trouble developed when rodeo customers slipped in without depositing their coin with ticket sellers, it was pointed out. All other concessions and features turned in profits, but rodeos, Jacksonville chambermen learned, do require a piece of change.

However, rather than being down in the mouth—or down in anything else—chamber of commerce members already are planning next year's celebration and are talking about the financial pitfalls and thin ice to be avoided and shunned. "We'll just have to live and learn," they say, "but by heck it WAS a swell show!"

Next meeting will be held in the U. S. hotel commerce rooms at 8 p. m. and all interested—whether members or not—are invited.

We hear from Thomaston that after one of his losing bouts with "Georgia cawn," Mountebank Miller amused a street crowd by clumsily trying to fit a pair of goggles to the pink eyes of an Early Rose potato. —Weston Leader.

And not a word of sympathy is heard for the corporations that have had to take over mortgaged farms! —Weston Leader.

We deduce from his story that the press writer who stripped in order to foregather with a nudist colony was, at all events, covered with confusion. —Weston Leader.

LIFTING GOLD EMBARGO BOON TO LOCAL MINES

Nearly 50 Per Cent Increase in Price of Gold Is Result of Move

For the second time in the past few months President Roosevelt's new deal has struck home here in far-off Jacksonville. It was but a few weeks back that the Brush Marines invaded this section to eat and wear local supplies, clean up our forests, fight our fires and recruit hundreds of our men. Now Roosevelt's lifting of the exportation embargo on gold is seen as one of the greatest boons to local gold mining—still Jacksonville's chiefest industry—as a result of making available the world price for gold, which is some \$10 more than United States allowances per ounce.

Mine operators in this section declared this week that the president's action in permitting exportation of concentrates and gold bouillon to Canadian and other refineries means that many local mines and properties, always in the doubtful marginal column, now will be certain successes, due to the large bodies of low grade ore found here. Where a week ago ore might have been worth \$4 a ton, which is approximately the cost of recovery, it now, in world markets, would bring \$6 a ton, showing a clear profit of \$2 where formerly there had been none at all.

According to John Price, of the Pacific States Mines, but one more change can be made that will remove any remaining obstacles to development of the small properties and larger operations in this section. "As it is, under Roosevelt's order this week, we must ship our concentrates and free gold to Canadian smelters to obtain the world price. There will probably be some expense attached to exchanging gold for American currency, and the United States loses control of the gold, which it is attempting to corner at this time. If the sale of gold could be handled in this country the same as silver—on a world-price basis—much red tape, time and expense could be saved and an even greater profit realized from the much higher world price."

There has been a long history of mines opening, operating and failing in and near Jacksonville due in part to wasteful milling methods, great quantities of low grade ore and other causes, which eventually ate up profits. The 50 per cent increase in value of gold now will eliminate almost entirely those influences which have held back this section. Today, large bodies of low-grade ore which have been left because they failed to pay dividends, can be cleared out of the way at a profit.

Placer miners of the section also are enabled through the new order to ship free gold to foreign markets and to receive more than \$30 an ounce for their product. It is another raise in pay for one of the west's great industries and should result in a revival of gold production and increase tremendously its returns.

CHEE, T'ANKS, EDITOR WOOD!

The current issue of The Jacksonville Miner—eight vitalized pages of home-set and home-printed matter—contains 50 Weston Leader paragraphs. Moreover, Editor Hall helps us squelch that tattling Thomaston titmouse, Olin Miller.—Weston Leader.

The Jacksonville Miner says: "Jackson county's politics, it seems, resurrected a horsemanship some time back and now Jacksonville, in her Gold Rush Jubilee, will bring out the horse and carriage supposed to have gone with it." Thus doing her part by creating NRA jobs for street-cleaners.—Weston Leader.

SMATTER POP—Nail Down Things That Come Up To Meet You

By C. M. PAYNE

