

The Editor Speaking

We've seen some socks that were in pretty bad shape, but when a fellow hung one on Huey Long's nose the other day it just about got the best of him. Or maybe they mistook a Kingfish for a sucker.

A seagull at Port Arthur, Wash., has been amusing residents of that section by flying upside down for hours at a time. We long ago learned better than to crane our necks at watching gulls overhead, but then, those we saw flew right side up.

Giving criminals "another chance" is alright—unless the "other chance" is at the benefactors' throat and pocketbook.

"Two bats in the bush are worth one in the hair" said long-tressed Lena yesterday along about dusk.

This NRA certainly has brought out the fact lately that there always are two sides to every question. Like falling overhead while out at sea. There may be a lot of reasons why a person shouldn't swim in that particular weather, but then, drowning is no end worse.

And speaking of NRA, we wonder if Henry Ford is going to have to send his Peace Ship up the Potomac soon.

If you ask us—which none of you have, we'd say Henry Ford's hesitancy at signing the NRA code is due to one of his old traits—self-centered selfishness. The NRA wasn't Henry's idea to start with, and it gives him no great avenue through which he can tell the would-be automobile buyer that a great public benefactor he is.

The man who announced to a surprised nation that he had voluntarily raised wages a few years ago, had shortened hours and had added other workmen's benefits immediately was termed the poor man's champion. But somehow or other it gradually leaked out that Ford plant employes WEREN'T getting more money. They were getting LESS. They weren't working the fewer hours the newspapers had told about—they were being made to "donate" hours of waiting, labor and effort.

If you doubt us, there's an old saw that covers the breach. "Just ask the man who has worked for him." He'll tell you the same thing he told us—that Henry Ford is the most heartless slave-driving employer in this country. Inconsistent, impulsive, erratic and critical, he has hypocritically posed as the average man's savior and at the same time has done as much—if not more—than any other big businessman to bring about the chaos and hardship called the depression, and now, when the NRA is making a lone effort to counteract the agencies of unemployment, price cutting and poor business practices, Henry Ford stands out head and shoulders above everyone else as a slacker.

But after all it is not so very surprising. Any man who came as near to bankrupting his dealers as Henry did in 1927 certainly would not feel any obligation to Americans with whom he has had no business contact at all. While other manufacturers carried their share of the load when model changes came, Henry Ford closed down his plants and made his dealers shoulder all the loss and hardship. He ran out on them when they needed his cars and his help. Now he wants to run out on the government when it needs his help.

To us it appears this way: Back in 1928 and 1929 when Henry Ford announced wage increases he was doing something spectacular. He was a figure, a leader. But today, when everyone is backing up the government by signing up with the NRA, Henry would be just another volunteer. Nothing spectacular in that. No columns of free advertising, no outstanding praise. Just one of the patriots.

So Henry, always a bit too much like our recent L. A. Banks when it comes to politics and public matters, holds back, refuses to sign the NRA. Thus, he again stands out head and shoulders from the crowd, although in a different direction. (Continued on page two)

FINAL GAME OF YEAR DROPPED MEDFORD 13-5

Benefit Game Shows Improvement in Miner Nine Since First Meeting of Teams

The Jacksonville Miners wanted to close the season in a blaze of glory and give the Medford Rogues a run for their money last Sunday and, until the last half of the fifth inning, held Medford scoreless. The Medford team, the first of the season, set the locals down 21-0, and Jacksonville's gold diggers hadn't forgotten the insult.

Fully cognizant of the fact they were entirely out of their class, nevertheless the Miners held the score at 3-0 for the first five innings—in favor of Jacksonville. But then the Medford sluggers got to Pitcher Montgomery for a half-dozen home runs with men on, which piled up 13 runs in two short innings while the home boys could add but two tallies. Each nine chalked 17 hits in 33 times at bat, but most of Medford's clouts were for extra bases. Outfielders for Jacksonville complained bitterly of sore feet when the game was over.

Montgomery, however, just about stole honors for the day when he fanned famous "Chief" McLean his first two times at bat. The Indian, however, was one of the home-run smackers in the last frames. Hoosier Hoffard hurled for Medford and managed to hit almost every Jacksonville player at least once. Hoosier had been playing outfield but was parked on the mound to sort of even things up. It was an interesting game, fans had a lot of fun and the local boys were ready to button up their baseball abilities till next spring.

The game last Sunday at the Medford fairgrounds was the second of a special double-header benefit game for broken-down Rogue players. First tilt was between Gold Hill and Medford's Gilmore Lions, who set down the Hillites a week ago. Sunday Gold Hill came back, after trailing the entire game, to run up an unsurmountable lead in the last inning. Hess of Jacksonville was moundsman for Gilmore, and loss of the game was due to errors behind his box.

Box scores for the Miner-Rogue game follow:

Table with columns AB R H E for Reinking, ss; C. Kell, 2b; I. Harrington, c; Montgomery, p; Green, 3b; Hess, cf; McBea, 1b; Smith, lf; Hall, rf; Totals; Medford Rogues; Swanson, 3b; Joanis, 2b; McLean, c; Hoffard, p; Haight, ss; Conlin, 1b; G. Harrington, rf; Smith, lf; Sakraida, cf; Green, cf; Totals.

Table with columns AB R H E for Swanson, 3b; Joanis, 2b; McLean, c; Hoffard, p; Haight, ss; Conlin, 1b; G. Harrington, rf; Smith, lf; Sakraida, cf; Green, cf; Totals.

Score by innings: Jacksonville 200 010 2-5; Medford 000 076 x-13

The Jacksonville Miners, during the season of nearly five months play, have won seven of their 20 weekly encounters. The 13 losses were early-season results and came in a long series that was broken only comparatively recently, when the homeguards got hold of themselves and started chalking up victories. V. J. Beach has been business manager of the nine this summer, with Punk Dunnington aiding in the coaching. No team captain was ever elected.

Mothballs will accompany the Jacksonville horsehide prowess through the winter, but doubtless will be brushed aside again early next spring when the home talent gets that warm-weather urge to romp and play.

Mrs. John Hackert returned Sunday from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting her mother. Miss Katherine A. Bathurst of Seattle visited Miss Alice Hoefs, Jacksonville postmaster, early this week. Miss Bothurst flew down from the northern city.

You Can't Parole A Dead Man...

Word coming from Salem reports that L. A. Banks has become a model prisoner and hopes to be paroled within a comparatively short time from his life sentence. He is overflowing with suavity, friendship and kindness, mingles with guards and is "philosophical" about his incarceration.

One of Mr. Banks' strongest characteristics and the one which indirectly got him into the penitentiary, is his unbounded conceit. He flatters himself to think that, if he behaves himself, gives the warden little trouble and kids them into believing his own conception about the great editor, they'll be so sympathetic they just can't keep four walls around Mr. Banks.

But no matter how Mr. Banks behaves now, or how model he becomes as a prisoner, George Prescott still lies dead in his grave, an innocent victim of this model prisoner's murderous heart. The unoffending officer who said "I'm sorry but I have a warrant for your husband" to Mrs. Banks last spring had his fate sealed without trial, jury or even warning. From behind the folds of her skirt came a high-powered rifle bullet that tore him from shoulder to waist and left him a dead, bleeding mass a few seconds after he stopped at the fateful Banks home.

But because Mr. Banks can dramatize himself and behave—with steel bars and cement walls around him—he hopes society will forget why he is there and just why he should always remain in prison. Feelers already are being sent out for parole. As in the past, Mr. Banks would again make mockery out of law and order. He probably can cite a dozen instances where "other" great men of history were held in prisons.

(Continued on page two)

Frisbie Takes Kid Olson in Surprise Burst of Training

Opening up with a renewed vigor and alertness in the ring, Fireman Ray Frisbie, Medford, took two straight falls from Herman Olson, Portland, last night in Mack Lillard's Medford armory wrestling show.

Both times Frisbie overpowered his assailant with a rapid series of Sonnenberg butts following some fast, thrilling displays of aggression and unorthodox wrestling holds—or punches. The southern Oregon fireman has been developing newer tactics of late, which got results for him against the tough Swede from up north.

In the main event Harry Demetral, one of the cleanest and most scientific wrestlers in the northwest, lost two falls to Al Karasick, much-lost Russian Lion, when Al pushed the referee, Les Weiss, onto him and then completed the dog-pile with a huge leap. Demetral had made Karasick pat the mat after a long seige with a stepover wristlock from which there was no escape, and the second fall was awarded to Karasick when he gained a Boston crab advantage over Demetral. Karasick and Demetral had differences in ideas of clean wrestling, and the Greek won the crowd, although Karasick, as usual, won the match.

Clowning, or rather, mixing it with the referee and arguing with the gallery, was one of the hilarious highlights of the main event, which was a real exhibition. Promoter Lillard announced that wrestling will be suspended next week, due to a special fight card to be staged at the Elks picnic Thursday, which he will handle. The

grunt and groan show will be back to the armory again a week from Thursday, said Lillard, and will continue through the winter season.

Watkins Pupils Given Transportation Fees

Grade school children living at Steamboat, Squaw lake and other remote sections of the upper Applegate will have new advantages in reaching school this year as a result of a special election held in the Watkins school district Tuesday, when free transportation was voted.

The district will allow a dollar a week to each family with children residing between two and one-half and five miles from school. Twice the amount will be allowed families residing over five miles distant. The money may be used for boarding of children or their daily transportation, practically all of the families having decided on cooperation in taking the children each day, however.

As a result of the district's decision, children are attending this year who were obliged to remain out of school last term. Nearly all voters of the district turned out for Tuesday's election, where not one dissenting vote was cast.

Watkins school opened Monday, with an enrollment of 10, and the attendance mark was expected to reach well into the twenties by the end of the week. The building is full and the report comes that the children are sitting on everything but the floor, a rocking chair from one of the homes having been put into use. Mrs. Ina Purcel, one of the county's outstanding teachers, is employed again this term.

Change Mail Schedule; One Sunday Delivery

Mail service schedule to Jacksonville was changed September 1, according to Postmaster Alice Hoefs. Two Sunday and holiday arrivals of mail will be replaced by one delivery at this office, 9:30 a. m., on such days, she said.

Week days morning delivery will be made at 9:30 o'clock instead of 7:30, with Medford departure at 1:30 p. m. Evening service will arrive at 5 o'clock instead of 5:45 and will depart for Medford at 5:15 instead of 4:30. One daily run will extend through Ruch to Applegate, leaving this city at 9:30, and returning at 1:30. Two additional trips between Medford daily will be eliminated by the new schedule, pickup and delivery runs being consolidated.

Jack Gilham, star route carrier, will continue in his capacity, with S. Wilson on the local run to upper Applegate and Sterling. Postmaster Hoefs, although notified of expiration of her appointment several months ago, has remained as postmaster due to failure of her successor, Lula Saulsbury, to qualify. Although having received the appointment under the democratic administration for the office, Mrs. Saulsbury is thought to be awaiting results of civil service examinations before assuming duties of the office. She is employed in a Medford store at present.

Wendt Falls Like Ton of Hay While Horses Run Away

Prices may have been skyrocketing lately, commodities going up and the market strengthening, but George Wendt, Jacksonville's dairyman, suffered a severe drop in his business Wednesday. In fact, moaned Wendt as The Miner went to press, he suffered a sharp decline, precipitous descent, a back-to-earth movement and an optical bill at one and the same time.

Had the milk peddler been content to let the weatherman worry about impending rains, the entire affair would not now be gracing newspaper columns. But it seems that George likes to have dry hay in the winter time and he lacked haystack covers for his summer's supply. So, being ingenious and strong, he proceeded to haul straw to his haystack. Quite naturally, he explained later, straw as a rain catcher is most effective on top of the stack, so he proceeded to ascend the heights and scatter straw. He claims the Jackson county championship as a straw scatterer, in case you're interested.

Fortunately for both Wendt and the large herd of cattle he nurses, the straw was not on top of his stack when the big movement came. Some still was in an auto trailer several feet beneath his perspiring efforts basking, as trailers loaded with straw will, next the pile. George, while narrating the incident later, was a bit hazy—or self-conscious—about the actuating precipitant that was preliminary to his plunge. And plunge it was, said an observer, who let out the first peep in The Miner sanctum.

Gravity, said the observer, has its peculiarities. It may have been funny that way, but it managed to reach up from terra firma, grasp behind Wendt by the seat of the pants while he lost his toehold and yanked him downward—face downward—into the straw-laden trailer. Landing with a thud that shattered his glasses and loosened his tongue, a team standing nearby bolted and ran. The dairyman, however, managed to pull himself together and, in the effort, gave an effective tug on the reins, which were tangled in the mess.

Save for a stiff neck from landing thereon, a pair of broken glasses, a nervous team and straw-filled ears and mouth, Mr. Wendt was none the worse for his encounter, a hurried inventory revealed.

Yesterday Viv Beach, the local watch-stopper and glass-fixer, was busy with a blowtorch and glass cutters fixing up another set of lamp lens while Mrs. Wendt has been noted with the odor of limnet clinging suspiciously about her hands.

So if Jacksonvilleans see the head man of Wendt's dairy driving along his route with head turning to neither the right nor the left, they will know it is due to a stiff neck and not to haughtiness. Which all goes to prove that drowning men

SCHOOL BELLS WILL RING OUT BAD NEWS SOON

Youngsters Look Mournful as Very Unhappy, Important First Day Draws Near

By HALFRUTH EXAGGERATE School days—those years spent under the rule and stony stare of a school marm—recommence in Jacksonville next Monday, September 11. Graders shall come prepared to put in a full day at hard labor, applier on teachers' desks notwithstanding, says the harsh school board, and high school studies must appear and answer roll call for a few hours initiation into the rixors of education, it was further ordered.

There is an old saying—said by the graduates after they have escaped confinement of schoolhouses—that school days are the happiest days of one's life. So Monday several hundred local tots, kids, brats, sons, daughters, young men, upstarts, young women, snots and et cetera will get back to the superlatives of life. But try to tell them that.

And, just to see that more of the bored of education are present and attentive this year than ever, the district has arranged for Punk Dunnington and his man Friday, er, Jimmy Guin, to transport the book-packing shrimps and shrimps to and from home, or wherever it is kids sneak off to when the evening chores need doing. One route will go as far as Applegate store, while another will take in Poor Man's creek (most populous section of Oregon) and the Old Stage freight.

Professor Coe—at least so he is called to his face by the bright and shiny faces of his charges—will be at the helm, steering the course of the big red brick schoolhouse atop Education Knoll, and a battery of two high school ma'ams and one male—Miss Fenwick, Miss Curran and Joe Nee will back him up. The underclasses, or the lower spasms of education will be controlled by a staff of four also—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hunsaker, Mrs. Effie Lewis and Mrs. Mary Norvell.

So next Monday, as someone mentioned further up the column, but which will be mentioned again, just to get even with those youngsters who yelled "yah, Henrietta" at the editor all summer, Jacksonville's school doors swing wide to admit nearly three hundred students who will be gladly rushing inside—just ahead of the stern stares and shoulder butts of their parents.

Schools in other surrounding cities will open one week later, proving that Jacksonville district No. 1 is ahead in everything. Will the man who hissed "truancy, too?" please leave the room, or park his gum in the waste basket?

Applegate Marines To Try for District Baseball Title Soon

Having defeated camps Kerby and Mt. Reuben in scheduled baseball games, the Brush Marine players at Camp Applegate are feeling jubilant over the fact that they have acquired the privilege of competing in the semi-finals in the district championship series. Further games will be played in Medford in the near future to determine the district championship.

Among other incidentals of camp life reported is Company Clerk F. D. Meeker's occupation in things other than baseball. The young clerk spent three days of strenuous traveling to spike camps on the numerous mountain peaks to obtain the signatures of the men on the payroll. He was equally as long getting the money to the men after it had arrived in camp. Spike camps are located at Fir Glade, Steve's peak, Windy peak, Anderson butte, Star Ranger station, Silver fork and a survey gang is located on Red mountain.

Bud Barree, 77-year-old prospector and musician of Carbury visited camp Sunday and chatted with the boys about things in general. Mr. Barree is somewhat of a sculptor, having a collection of 50 musical instruments which he has carved from native wood.

are not the only ones who clutch at straws, said Wendt last night as he stiff-necked his way through a crowd at Amy's dining palace.

S'MATTER POP— Ambrose Follows Maw's Instructions

