

The Editor Speaking

Perfect bliss is what a dog that likes to lick its master would find in a nudist colony.

Yes, and it's far better to think of things and not say them than it is to say them without thinking.

Although Mae West admits she's no angel, we are certain she is Hollywood's one woman who needs no reforming. Her form is oke as is.

It is not enough to merely deserve things. Criticism is the only reward which comes unaided.

It appears to be true that Walt Winchell wears a keyhole for a monocle.

The pity of it is, no one will yell "timber" at Olin Miller when Wood lands on him.

Cuba grows much of the western world's sugar. Maybe that's why she can pull such sweet revolutions.

Although the United States is not a monarchy, there are plenty of court gestures. (Yeah, you jester the first time.)

We have discovered why Americans are debauching the English language so. Too many of us have burned our aridities behind us.

After three rounds of southern Oregon mountain dew are served the next thing that is passed is out, says Art (Hic) Powell, who ought to know.

If music is a universal language, we know a lot of illiterate singers and whistlers hereabouts.

Two California criminals last Sunday evening were left with their toes dangling and a queer twist to their necks as a symbol of what people are beginning to think of the efficiency of courts and shyster lawyers. They were tired of having barristers stretching points and not necks of murderers.

It has gotten to the place where we should look at the results of a legal procedure and turn deaf ears to mere arguments in favor of it. Some of the nuttiest isms and cults in the world have the most logical reasons offered in apology. Less gab and more finished product is what American jurisprudence needs. The quicker courts finish the product the better, too.

This tendency runs all through American life and customs. Vocabulary (Continued on page two)

When in Doubt, Call the Volunteer Fire Truck Advises Chief

"The Jacksonville Volunteer Fire company is more than willing to make a run at the slightest pretext of fire," said Volunteer Chief Ray Wilson yesterday.

"On several occasions the fire company has been called only as a last resort," continued the chief, "and the department has been hampered by too much headway being gained by the flames when they arrive. The first thing one should do, when even the possibility of a fire looms, is to call for the fire truck. Although we are equipped to fight a blaze once it gets headway, we would like to be regarded as fire preventers as well. It would save the homeowner no small amount of money."

"Too often a resident will attempt to extinguish his own blaze and then, when it gets beyond his control, will call for the volunteer truck. Those who aspire to stifle their own private fires should call for the truck first—just in case—and then do their darndest.

"A squirt of a fire hose in time very often saves nine or 10 heart-aches and scorched garments. The truck always is ready, and the homeowner need feel no embarrassment if, in his anxiety, he has turned in a false alarm. We need the practice, anyway."

PROSPECTS LOOM LIKELY That Local Emergency Relief Will Start Soon FOR PWA FINANCING OF Long Ignored, Leaky and Sadly Neglected JACKSONVILLE WATER LINE

It now appears that the city of Jacksonville not only has a good chance of selling her \$10,000 waterworks bond issue, but also soon may stand in line for a donation of an additional \$3000 from the Public Works Administration, stated City Attorney H. K. Hanna this week.

The \$3000 "gift" would be the proffered 30 per cent contribution of the federal government on labor and material costs of any public works undertaken for this winter as an emergency employment measure. It is a direct application of the far-reaching benefits backed by President Roosevelt, and

lies easily within Jacksonville's grasp, assert some members of the city council, while others are more pessimistic.

First application had been made to the Reconstruction Finance corporation, but was sidetracked due to flaws in the application, differences in the self-liquidating feature of the project over requirements and other delays. Recently the PWA took over the branch of work which handles applications similar to Jacksonville's and papers requesting aid had to be revamped. The attempt to secure a loan now is in this process of revision, with City Recorder Ray Coleman working on data required by the public works offices in Portland.

Approval of the Oregon state board of health will be given the project, according to a letter received this week, provided the city will agree to move intake pipe to the opposite side of the service reservoir and install a chlorinator. Recorder Coleman said this work would benefit the water users and probably would involve but small expense.

The state health officer also suggested that, during summer months, (Continued on page four)

The several dance halls were full of ravishingly beautiful girls, natives (whom we generally refer to as greasers), half Spanish, and pure Castilian, many of whom made their debut into society by this means and of course were accompanied by chaperones. No introductions were necessary. One simply stepped up to the girl of his choice, held out his hands and if she wished to dance, that was all there was to it. The dances cost 10 cents and at the end you were presented with a glass of wine and your partner with a small sack of candy, at no extra cost. It was regarded as a supreme insult for anyone to ask his girl for even the tiniest taste of her candy. Such a bare-faced breach of etiquette as that would cause one to be completely ostracized in the future.

In Santa Fe, the second oldest town in the United States, I venture to say, one can see the most beautiful girls of the whole country, though at about 40 they generally grow fleshy and lose most of their good looks. I remember them as the only females I have ever met who could talk with their eyes. And they all smoke cigarets. I spent all my money that winter but \$15, which I had saved to pay my way to a good job in Colorado that was waiting for me. The Santa Fe railroad had a branch line into Santa Fe, by then, but I decided to walk over to Espanola on the Rio Grande, 26 miles distant, where was the end of the D. & R. G. railroad and go straight north from there.

I knew a branch of the Pueblo Indian tribe was settled in the Rio Grande valley and had three villages there some distance apart. They were not especially hostile, but had an unpleasant habit of stripping any strangers found in their territory of clothes and valuables and leaving them to get out the best way they could. That kind of a game did not appeal to me, so I decided to avoid all roads and trails and hit straight across the rolling desert to a point midway between two of the villages and trust to luck to get through without being molested.

I was a good walker those days and by 1 o'clock had made it all (Continued on page three)

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Males Gather 'Round When Women's Club Starts to Serve Vittles

It may be a women's club but the men are interested when it comes to eats and a good time, so the party that had been in demand ever since last summer occurred Saturday evening when the women of the Applegate Home Extension unit entertained their families and friends at Applegate hall.

Games and dancing recommended by the Jackson County Recreation club occupied the early evening hours. A chicken dinner—cranberries too—was one of the biggest events of the evening. An interesting feature of the dinner was the observance of birthday anniversaries of four members who were presented with gifts before guests partook of the huge birthday cake. Those honored were Mesdames

Wm. McDaniel, E. J. Brown, A. N. Krause and John Pernoll. The latter was unable to attend on account of illness.

Fire Damages Roof of Jack Thrasher Home Wednesday

A defective flue caused an estimated \$150 damage to the Jack Thrasher home in this city Wednesday, reported Fire Chief Ray Wilson, who answered a delayed call sent in after the blaze had been burning for more than a half hour.

About one-third of the Thrasher residence roof was destroyed in the blaze, which was extinguished through the efforts of Chief Wilson, Marshal James Littell and James Littell Jr. and Fred Sparks, who made the run. A. A. Young, Beck's bakery truck driver who was (Continued on page four)

BILL BARNUM WAS NO SLOUCH WITH AXE, SAY

Medford City Inspector Dodges Double Bit When He Ires Railroad President

Old Bill Barnum, that justly famous engineer-president of the Jacksonville railroad known as "Barnum's special," had a temper when he was aroused. A Medford survivor of those days way back when brought out that fact early this week, having been reminded by a story concerning the railroad that appeared in The Miner a few weeks ago.

According to the yarn—and there are a dozen old-timers who will vouch for its accuracy—Barnum was busy one day installing a new crossing in between train schedules on a Medford street. Barnum at times was section foreman, brakeman, conductor, engineer and president. It just depended on what needed to be done at the moment. He was versatile even with an axe, or so learned an inspector who called on that fateful day to check up on Barnum's work.

The city inspector, after eyeing Barnum's installation of the crossing, frowned and stated the railroad president didn't know as much about crossings as he should. This evidently smote the old character's pride, or his intelligence, and an argument ensued.

It is told how Barnum, sweating and working, ignored the plaint of the inspector. What would a city's hireling know about railroads compared to the man who owned one? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! Barnum told him so. The city inspector, however, had other views. He criticized Barnum's installation of the crossing and probably a few other things about the old line that earned such enormous dividends.

So Barnum, evidently a very practical man, reached for a double bitted axe instead of a sweet word and the race was on. For about 400 yards down Barnum's right-of-way the city inspector fled, touching about every fifth tie. Every step of the way, old-timers still swear, Barnum was swinging at him with the double-bladed axe and sometimes scarcely missing his mark.

However, a man Barnum's age can't run forever swinging a heavy iron object, no matter how great the incentive, and the city inspector escaped with a whole skin. At least, public records never showed any murder charge having been filed against the railroad owner.

One of the reasons, too, why Barnum's old line paid such handsome dividends that for years it was the best investment, per dollar, in any railroad in the country, lies in the fact that Barnum bought the line at a foreclosure sale for \$12,000. With this original investment, a lot of hard work and his old faded green swallow-tailed coat he wrested a fortune before the automobile came along.

Olin Miller, Georgian, Leaps from Lethargy and Whacks at Wood

That sub-moronic saphead, Clark Wood over in Weston, Ore., keeps yapping away, the while I was "snowed under" with "Buy Now" editions, NRA parades, etc., to say nothing of senility settling in my eyes to the extent that about the only reading I could do satisfactorily was 1,728-point type on billboards. And billboards constitute very dull reading—almost as uninteresting as the Weston Leader.

Clark says, says he: "Weston weather this week is reminding of Olin Miller: it's so balmy." Izzatso? Well, Thomaston recently had some weather reminding of Clark Wood—it was so foggy.

And: "Olin Miller says the reason he thinks work doesn't agree with him is because it always makes him tired. Well, we know this: His work always makes us tired." Yes, and a seventh-grader usually becomes exhausted from reading Shakespeare.

Well, sir, I forgot to tell you about how terribly disappointed Clark Wood was in connection with the NRA blanket code. When the president's employment agreement was delivered to him, Clark rushed home and set a pot of water to boil, put a large sized hen coop on his wheelbarrow and sallied forth to the postoffice with his (Continued on page two)

The Justice of Hemp...

Congratulations to California! Although The Miner has kidded the sunshine state from time to time for a boastful proclivity, it takes its hat off to the first western state to really do anything about the appalling crime wave.

Justice that does not flee before a barrage of technicalities or bow to money was meted to two heinous murderers, Thurman and Holmes, Sunday night. They were lynched in true western style. There will be no appeals, no paroles.

Although lynching may be a throwback to less civilized days, we believe conditions justify a series of well-directed and well-handled hemp parties till the rats' nests of kidnapers, murderers and gangsters have been cleaned out.

The more "civilized" and orderly court procedures have proven themselves wholly incapable of coping with conditions today. Present court fiascos—bred and incubated by conscienceless lawyers—have encouraged and made possible the alarming increase in violent crimes.

Up to this point court procedure has been the end rather than the means to an end in fact. Jurisprudence has been more concerned with its own intricacies than with the net result of its machinations. Courts have lost their sense of direction in the wilderness of complicated piffle and legal strategy that splits hairs and lets gangsters walk unmolested from courtrooms.

There is an old saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Applied to modern-day criminal procedure, this truism most certainly would condemn a legal institution that gives so much advantage to the guilty. Criminal laws originally were formulated (so the legend runs) to combat crime. They have protected and harbored crime! If you doubt this statement, look at the fruits of their work.

Present prosecution of criminals is proven inadequate by the fact that crime has flourished under its rule. Criminal prosecution has defeated its own purpose.

It is little wonder that San Jose citizens took matters in their own hands. Any group of citizens that will sit idly by and watch the lives of their families and themselves endangered because the courts have been hopelessly mired down with so much excess baggage are nothing short of cowards.

Barbarious as it is said to be, lynching nevertheless most certainly accomplishes the end sought by regular channels of court—without waste of time, expense or mistake.

And if lynching will lessen crime then it cannot be said to be without merit. IT SURELY CAN'T BE A CRIME TO ELIMINATE CRIME!

SECOND TURKEY SHOOT WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY

First Event Success; Sunday's Shoot to Bang Away at 10 O'Clock

Nimrods with funnel-tipped shotguns and feather-tailed rifle bullets will assemble Sunday forenoon at the V. J. Beach ranch again Sunday, December 2, for the second turkey shoot of the fall season to be sponsored by the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, said Ray Coleman, who will be in charge, yesterday.

There will be a plurality of turkeys and a full larder of assorted groceries for marksmen to vie for, according to plans, and clay pigeons are expected to be assailed with shot and profanity till dusk sends the nimrods home with their spoils. First shoot, held two weeks ago, was regarded as a social and financial success, and several improvements are planned for this Sunday. There will be eats for participants, hot coffee and crackling bonfires to add to comfort and enjoyment of the day.

The shoot will be held on the V. J. Beach ranch again, which is located about one-half mile north of Jacksonville on the Old Stage road. Signs will direct visitors to the gun club grounds, where both trap-shooting and rifle ranges will be in action.

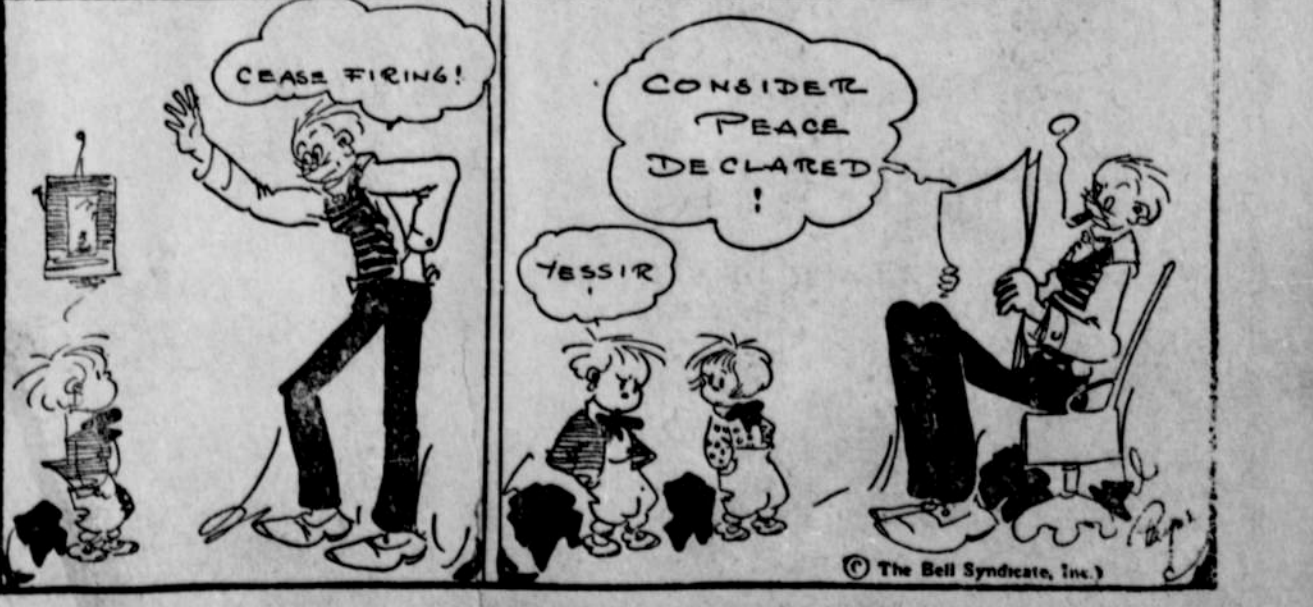
Proceeds of the shoot will be paid into the Chamber of Commerce general fund, which has been putting up quite a battle with the big bad wolf. Onlookers, as well as shooters, are invited to the turkey and grocery shoot, said Coleman.

TANKS FOR THE DOLLAR!

To the Editor: Dear Ed, enclosed find dollar bill: (It's really buck-up sous); So send the paper—hope you will; That's all I ask of youse.

—H. W. Quinan, Yreka, Calif.

'SMATTER POP—Down On The Firing Line



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