

SQUIRREL THEORY PROVEN CORRECT

Not long ago a story was printed in these columns, reciting "Why the Frenchmen closed the Flagstaff," and dealing with Superintendent "Billy" Reynolds' squirrel theory as applied to mining. The story was based upon a news item to the effect that "Billy" Reynolds had been placed in charge of special development work at the Flagstaff by General Manager Imhaus, the Oregon representative of the Paris company owning the Flagstaff, which company labors under the name of Compagnie Miniere des Flagstaff. In brief, the story related the reasons for "Billy" Reynolds' firm belief that a parallel vein lay to the north of the unprofitable Flagstaff fissure, and told how he and Imhaus once upon a time spent their own money in driving a crosscut to the suspected ore body, cutting the White Frost, as it is known on the Flagstaff maps, but which is always spoken of by Reynolds and Imhaus as "The Squirrel." Where the vein was cut (and the work was done without the knowledge of the Paris owners of the mine, who three months prior had ordered the mine shut for keeps) good pay entered, and Imhaus, a very excitable Frenchman, rushed to the nearest telegraph office and cabled the glad news to Paris. He received an answer which almost melted the wires, ordering him to cut out the hot air for all time and not attempt to pull the company a leg for more funds on the strength of a reported rich strike in a mine which, to their certain knowledge, had been shut down for three months. There was nothing for Reynolds and Imhaus to do but quit work, which they did after Imhaus had rent the air of Flagstaff hill with a large number of lurid "sacre bleus." Reynolds contented himself with a bunch of plain American damns.

The sequel to this stirring tale may now be written. After a great deal of argument, the Parisians were prevailed upon to set aside a special development fund for use in exploiting the White Frost vein. About two months ago, "Billy" Reynolds resumed work on "The Squirrel," and in due time opened up a fine body of pay ore—so good as to value and so plentiful that General Manager Imhaus has gone to Paris to personally plead with his principals to reopen the mine, which can now be placed on a paying basis.

The White Frost vein is full five feet wide. The pay occurs along the hanging wall in a streak varying in thickness from 8 to 20 inches. The remaining vein structure contains gold in quantities sufficient to warrant milling and concentration. The pay streak is of free gold.

The old Flagstaff has certainly enjoyed a checkered history. After the Frenchmen shut down, a Boston syndicate bonded the mine for \$120,000, made a payment and organized the American Flagstaff Mining company. Quite a lot of stock was sold and the money honestly spent in the ground. A cultured Boston gentleman by the name of Thornton was general man-

ager of the American Flagstaff company. Everett Sutcliffe was secretary, Alva H. Gunnel was consulting engineer, Frank Davis was superintendent and Harvey L. McClane was foreman. The capacity of the Flagstaff ten-stamp mill was doubled by the addition of two additional batteries, and an 80-ton cyanide plant was installed. The tanks were 26 feet in diameter, and on the occasion of the opening of the new mill, the management gave a "tank dance," which was attended by the elite and upper ten of Baker City. A magnificent banquet was served and the function was in every way tremendously elaborate. The cyanide tanks proved successful from a terpelchorean point of view, but from a metallurgical standpoint they were very bum. It seems that in making laboratory tests with cyanide on Flagstaff ore it was found that the greatest recovery was when the pulp was the finest. The ore was therefore crushed to 60 mesh, but when the solution was turned into those big 26-foot tanks there was just about as much percolation as there would be if the tanks were filled with flour and water turned into it. The experiment of coarser crushing was tried, with the result that while the percolation was fair, the solution was unable to successfully attack the coarse particles.

All during these experiments, McClane and Davis were employing a whole lot of miners, the 20-stamp mill, hoisting plant, compressor and pumps were kept going, and a big lot of dead work in the way of upraises and ore connections, was being done. The pay roll caused the Bostonian backers of the proposition to gasp. And all the while, the cyanide refused emphatically to do its work.

Finally a mechanical agitator to assist percolation was decided upon. This equipment cost a pot of money, stock sales were slacking up, the Bostonians were getting cold feet, and then—to cap the climax—the miners demanded last month's pay. Furthermore, to show that Fate conspired against the proposition, a second payment on the bond fell due, the Parisians refused to grant an extension of time, Baker City grocers declared against granting the boarding house keeper further credit, and one day the American Flagstaff company of Boston, a million dollar corporation, went bump with a dull, sickening thud.

The president of the company arrived on the scene from Boston, accompanied by his fiscal agent. The president was a financier of rather more than New England fame. He was a cultured gentleman, scion of a Plymouth Rock family, polished, affable, polysyllabic in conversation, and a rank tenderfoot as regards the west. He and his fiscal agent were welcomed at a hotel in Baker City by a half hundred unpaid Flagstaff miners. The miners were belligerent. One swash-buckling shift boss shook his fist under the president's nose and grasped the president's coat lapel, the while he poured into the president's ear a series of blood-

curdling ultimatums, touching financial matters.

Rank tenderfoot though he was, that president was dead game. He sniffed the swash-buckler's fist, flicked the swash-buckler's paw from his coat lapel, reached daintily for that posterior region where the westerner carries his hardware and presented for the swash-buckler's inspection a silver-plated six-shooter, which had every appearance of being a good imitation, if not the real thing. And then, with his back to a convenient wall, that game little bantam of a baked beans geneology and a brown bread tutelage read the riot act to the miners in words each of seven syllables. Also he compelled them to pull the pumps from the Flagstaff shaft and whistle for two months for their money. They finally got it, but it was only because the game little president came from a Mayflower family that always toted fair.

Of course, the Flagstaff reverted to the French company, plus about \$80,000 worth of new equipment and development work.

All of which is ancient and, maybe, uninteresting history, having no bearing on the present status of affairs, which is: That if "Billy" Reynolds says that the White Frost vein carries pay ore in quantity—and he has said it—the Flagstaff mine is a good one and very probably a big one. Also, if Imhaus can prevail upon the Paris company to give him free hand for a resumption of operations, there bids fair to be a whole lot of gold turned out of the deep shaft on that wind-swept desolate hill where just now the coyotes congregate.

IS THE SMELTER ABOUT TO BUY 'NOTHER PLANT

The following telegram from Weiser was published in the Spokesman-Review of the twenty eighth instant:

"From a reliable source it is learned that negotiations are under way between a strong Oregon corporation and the owners of the smelter near Weiser for its purchase. If it is acquired by the would-be purchasers it will be used to smelt the copper ores of the Seven Devils and the gold ores of the Baker district. Agent Leman is in the east to close the deal. The smelter has a capacity of 100 tons a day, which can be increased at any time. It is one of the most thoroughly equipped plants in the west."

It wouldn't require much of an imagination to identify the "Oregon corporation" as the Oregon Smelting and Refining company, move the plant to Baker City, build that long-talked-of road to the Seven Devils and work up a rattling good story for the county seat. Those Baker City papers don't know a good thing when they see it.

Sam Campbell, Nugget Magnate.

Sam Campbell, formerly a jeweler of Sumpter, now a mining man of the Paririe City district, is in Sumpter. He brought in a bundle of gold nuggets from the John Day region which he sold to W. C. Calder. Mr. Campbell modestly refused to say where he found the nuggets, which remind a person of the time when Ike Guker, armed with a case knife, mined \$200 a day from the outcrop of a quartz ledge on the Great Northern group.



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