

COVERS
THOROUGHLY
THE
GOLD FIELDS
of the
INLAND EMPIRE



EASTERN
INVESTORS
IN
OREGON MINES
Pay for
AND READ IT

DETAILS OF THE GOLGONDA DEAL

(Continued From Page One.)

and buy it in at sheriff's sale. He refused, quite positively, to become a party to any plan which did not afford ample protection to all stockholders, big and little. He was always in favor of a bonding proposition, and to carry out such a plan, he interested his friend, Mr. Norton, who in turn, interested Mr. McCarthy, and together the three bought for cash complete control of Golconda stock, backed by ownership of assigned mortgages, and are now in a position to float a bond issue and reopen the mine. The entire plan is a good, clean, honest and equitable solution of a very puzzling problem.

"As I said before, and now repeat for the sake of emphasis, Messrs. Norton, Jackson and McCarthy are in absolute control of the Golconda company and as Secretary Beckwith says in his circular, any and all frenzied finance plans of reorganization are absolutely precluded."

Mr. Norton, who is a mining man of ten years practical experience in California, Idaho, Colorado and other western states, was present when Mr. Vert made the above statement to The Miner reporter. He confirmed with affirmative nods all the above statements.

NORTON TALKS.

"I would like to add," said Mr. Norton, "that too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Vert for his part in the closing of this deal. Mr. Vert has been a sort of angel of peace, whose mission has been to bring the various contending factions together on a common ground, and to put a stop to unwise discussion and criticism in the newspapers. We have gone into this deal with the intent and purpose of making money, and to do so we must make money for the Golconda Gold Mines company, in which there are many stockholders—large and small. We have already started work at the mine, having employed a crew of men to overhaul the mill and make needed repairs in preparation for early resumption of operations on such a scale as may seem justifiable."

MCCARTHY MANAGER.

Mr. McCarthy, the third in the trio of new Golconda controllers, is a practical miner and mine manager of many years experience. He is enthusiastic over the future of the property in which he has become interested, and will be the general manager under the new regime. Mr. McCarthy has a long record of successful management in this state and California and has for years been known by many Sumpter mining men.

Of the proposed bond issue, Messrs. Norton, Jackson and McCarthy will take an equal amount with the public. They will do this out of a belief in the mine's richness,

Messrs. Norton, McCarthy and Vert left this afternoon for the west.

In view of the fact that Sumpter and eastern Oregon are destined to see a great deal of R. E. Norton, of San Francisco, one of the three gentlemen who are now in control of the famous old Golconda mine, it may be of interest to know what sort of a man he is, and incidentally, what sort of men his associates are. The trio of gentlemen who hold the destinies of the Golconda in their hands are C. S. Jackson, H. H. McCarthy and the aforementioned Mr. Norton.

Nearly everyone in the Inland Empire knows "Sam" Jackson. Something like twenty years ago, "Sam," whose people are among the First Families of Virginia, came to Pendleton and began publishing the East-Oregonian. He made a little money, many friends for his paper, and carved out a name for himself in early days his editor was J. P. Wager, who will go down in history as the only man who ever got the best of Harvey Scott, of the Portland Oregonian, in an editorial scrap. Scott tried to dispose of Wager by calling him the "Wild Ass of Umatilla County," but East-Oregonian readers preferred the title, "The Dana of Western Journalism." Sam Jackson constituted himself Wager's pupil, with the result that he has come to be recognized as a better editor than Wager ever was, lacking the latter's thirst for iconoclasm and possessing none of his embittered belligerency. Since Vol. 1, No. 1, of the E.-O., Jackson harbored a yearning to butt into metropolitan journalism. He could afford the experiment, having laid up quite a bit of money as senior member of the Jackson-Dickson Investment company, of Pendleton, dealers in Umatilla wheat and wheat farms. Two or three times he all but succeeded in edging into the Portland newspaper field, which, as everyone knows, was being throttled by the Oregonian-Telegram newspaper trust. It was not, however, until some 'Frisco men started the Portland Journal, a weak little afternoon sheet with the Scripps new service, and went bump, that Jackson saw a real good opening. He entered, took over the Journal, which was then tottering on the edge of the bonnyard, and in two months made the entire northwestern newspaper world sit up and take notice. Today the Oregon Daily Journal is one of the best newspapers published west of the Mississippi river. "Sam" Jackson was the genius who made it so. Personally, Jackson is about the homeliest man that ever scoured coyotes on the Tuituilla hills. Tall, ungainly, with a face that would stop a clock, he has a head on his shoulders, and a heart under his vest. Jackson, being in the newspaper business, and being also somewhat of a financial power in his old home town, has made some enemies. But ask any Pendletonian and you will be told that "Sam" is a "square" man—and in these days of cut throat competition, of frenzied finance, of rotten political deals, that is a pretty high encomium.

One of the foremost figures in the upbuilding of the mining industry of southern Oregon has been H. H. McCarthy, of Jacksonville. Big, stolid, solid, with an iron jaw but half-concealed under heavy jowls of fat, showing the health of him; slow-moving, quick-thinking; bluff, brusque, yet withal about as jolly a chap as ever endangered the integrity of a hoisting cable by more weight than the exact rules of physical culture classes allow—such is the future general manager of the Golconda mine. For a dozen years he has been a gold miner—not an oil-clothed member of an underground shift, nor a sad-faced human who shunts ore cars from cage to crusher floor, but a mine manager and superintendent, with his big fat fingers on every pulse of a mine—from collar to sump, from grizzly to slime trough, from sheave-wheel to the ultimate face of the farthest drift. One cannot be this sort of a miner for a dozen years without learning something about the business. McCarthy can't see any further into the ground than the next man and can't make \$20 ore yield \$25 on the plates. But he can find ore, if there is ore to be found, and he can make a mine pay, if any man in the west can. "This McCarthy person," says Mr. Norton—"this 'pard' of mine, is a prince. That's what he is—a prince."

All of which is here told merely incidentally. The purpose of this article is to point public attention to Roy E. Norton. His real name is Leroy E. Norton, but because his friends, of whom he happens to have a couple of millions, call him just plain "Roy," why, he let it go at that. Which shows that we are what our friends choose to make us, and the aforementioned couple of millions ought to be pretty proud of having a hand in the making of Roy Norton.

Sheriff Harvey K. Brown, of Baker City, lays no claim to personal beauty; nevertheless, he is a "dead ringer," a physiological counterpart, a facial "double" of Roy Norton. Clean-faced, clear-eyed, square-jawed, broad-shouldered—he is good to look at. For fifteen years he has been mining in the west. As a consulting engineer he has nosed around from Kootenai to Coolgardie, from the Coeur d'Alenes to Chihuahua, from Butte to Bakersfield. He knows rocks; he knows men. Three men he knows pretty well—"Old Bill Slocum," "Alkali" and "Red." Magazine readers know these men also. They are as famous as "The Virginian," as well known as Dan Quinn's old cattleman, as Emerson Hough's leading citizens of "Heart's Desire," as Rex Beach's westerners. Roy E. Norton created "Old Bill Slocum," sometimes known as "Cupid," and out of his brain he also brought Alkali and Red—three of the most lovable and comical and enjoyable characters in contemporary fiction. They appear in "The Red Book" on occasion and are read with avidity by the ennuied and branded as the cleverest stuff being printed by the discerning. Norton's latest contribution to popular enjoyment is his story of "Old Bill Cupid," in the Red Book for March,

detailing the immortal Slocum's experiences in Japan, whither he went to supervise the transshipment of some mining machinery sent to Korea by Old Bill's boss—a canary bird mining sharp, corrugated corduroys, fore-and aft cap and yellow chaps—the regular type." While in Japan Slocum got lonesome he almost cried for the sight of a coyote. The tale relates how and why Bill was so "chuck full of sympathies for Old Mister Cupid"—because he is some on that himself. He tells how he played the game—played it, too, with a full house, nine hundred in the pot and no limit." The story warms the cockles of the heart. It's a pippin. All of Norton's stories are pippins. Material for them he author gathers as he goes—from mountain trail, from cow camp, from miner's cabins, from all the western world. Thus there grows a fear that from Sumpter Norton will some day draw inspiration and data for a tale—telling, mayhap, something about us that will make us laugh and then swear.

Speaking on behalf of the eastern Oregonians who have with mental profit and physical enjoyment read Norton's tales; who have perused with pleasure Sam Jackson's Journal, and who have watched with comprehending eye McCarthy's good work in western gold mining. The Miner presents to the trio the utmost freedom of this camp, and all that it contains—whether in the way of news stories for Jackson, gold for McCarthy, or literary material for Norton. They are good men to have in any camp.

Terrill Inspects Dixie Meadows.

Superintendent Terrill, of the Baker City Forest reserve and who has charge of the Blue Mountain reserve, was in this district the first of the week. He was called to this locality to make inspection and make report on conditions as he found them at the Dixie Meadows mine. More than a year ago final certificate was issued from the land office, but by a ruling of the department, before patent is issued it must be submitted to investigation by a government inspector, and it is only upon his recommendation that patent issues. This is not only true of mining claims, but also timber filings and homestead entries. All the regulations and requirements made and provided by statute must be fully complied with and in no case will patent issue until not only the letter, but spirit and intention of the laws met. This ruling is just and proper, only it is about ten years late, but there is still time for its operation to accomplish much good. Although not intimidated by Mr. Terrill, it is understood that the immense holdings of The Dalles Military Road company will undergo the most rigid and searching federal investigation and if these lands have been acquired, in whole or in part, through fraud and collusion, then there are breakers ahead for someone.—Prairie City Miner.

J. M. Jones went to Baker City.