

THE JACKSONVILLE MINER
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LEONARD HALL, Editor and Publisher
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EDITORIAL

Howdy, folks—Here is the first issue of Jacksonville's own newspaper. And, as all good things usually start in a small way, we are beginning with this depression-sized sheet. However, we hope that by concentrating on news concerning Jacksonville and the Applegate country and shying away from all boilerplate fillers and padded features we will be able to give you a weekly newspaper you will be glad to get and eager to read.

The Jacksonville Miner, as the name suggests, will feature Jacksonville's most interesting and most valuable asset—mining, its thrilling past and abundant historical wealth. We believe you readers have an interest in our chief local industry and will welcome detailed news of it.

As to our editorial policy, we shall always endeavor to make it constructive and helpful to the community which supports us. We aim to fight for the interests of our city and this territory and to try to do our share toward advertising southern Oregon's oldest and most interesting community. We intend strictly never to indulge in personalities or to publish stories that serve no honest purpose.

We believe Jacksonville needs a newspaper of its own—edited and published by a local resident whose personal interests are the interests of the community as a whole. We think such a newspaper will serve a very definite purpose here and hope to make The Jacksonville Miner fill that position.

The size of the paper at this time may be accounted for in several ways. Jacksonville is not a large city and times are hard. We do not want, at this time, to place a burden upon the local merchants in the form of a larger sheet and added expense. We believe that we can serve our purpose for the present in the smaller size by eliminating all superfluous matter irrelevant to and not concerning our readers, and by condensing local news so as to get the maximum service from the minimum space. We feel that The Jacksonville Miner should observe the rules of good economy and thrift practiced by other lines of business in these trying years of promised prosperity.

And here's another angle. This small, tabloid size sets The Miner apart from other weekly newspapers just as much as Jacksonville is different from any other city on the coast. We want not only the name of the paper, but also the appearance, to tell the reader at first glance that here is a town unlike any other they have ever seen.

We have talked with representative merchants and residents of this city and have learned that, for the most part, they feel that a newspaper devoted exclusively to this locality is needed at the present time. And, quite naturally, that paper should be a permanent organ and one that added to—and not detracted from—local business and income.

We have recently bought a modest lot and house in Jacksonville and, being a printer already and aspiring to an editorship, launched The Miner, not with the object of earning a living thereby, but with the end in view of filling a community need and, incidentally, earning as recompense the expense involved (which we have cut to a bare minimum) and possibly enough more to supply the family larder with edibles.

We are young, ambitious and content to start at the bottom of the ladder so far as income is concerned. . . . none of you will be called upon to donate something for nothing. We only want your good will and support and, after another issue or two more to show you we mean business, you will be asked to cooperate with us by subscribing for The Jacksonville Miner. And we'd like

to mention here that, in harmony with lower prices everywhere, we have cut in half the usual subscription rates.

We are fully aware of the experiences of editors who have gone before us and are not expecting success to come easily. Rather do we expect to work hard and grow with the community. We know we will make mistakes, but we promise you this—we will do our level best to be an asset to Jacksonville and always be open minded and willing to learn the many things we don't know.

Just now the biggest turnover is in new leaves.

Turnips may not yield blood but they certainly squeeze into an awful dish.

This year people who have never seen a fruit tree are mighty busy doing some pruning.

It's a good thing the Sino-Japanese war is over. The League of Nations would have soon run out of note paper.

Now that the writer has accomplished his first edition and goes crashing towards another, he solemnly promises, even if someone buys a subscription, not to interpret this as a landslide and run for the senate.

A City With a Fine Spirit

Right here and now we want to acknowledge the help and encouragement we have received in launching The Miner on its career in Jacksonville.

The splendid cooperation of the residents and the merchants both in contributing news matter and through advertising has not only made publication of this paper possible but promises to far exceed the writer's most optimistic hopes. It will be but a matter of course for The Jacksonville Miner to advance in its field and increase its usefulness with such support.

We know that if we can accomplish our part as well as the town as a whole is doing, this paper will take its place as one of the permanent institutions of Jacksonville. We give you our most sincere thanks.

Opening a keg of nails won't put iron in a person's system.

And it is just about the season for a lot of balwed-headed babies to appear.

Depressions affect people the same as a young couple getting married. They all want to say just how such troubles should be handled.

Seems like the harder the times are the more they strengthen people's characters and make them appreciate the elemental things of life. And how large a silver dollar can get to looking . . .

And it takes a couple of meals that never showed up and a night or two sleeping out for the average man to understand what the milk of human kindness really is and what a sweet and good thing it can be. This from experience.

While speaking of hunger, we don't believe there is any such thing as charity. From the time we first started to Sunday school we were told how we were our brother's keeper and, if we really are, we're just bragging when we claim we're being charitable. It's really just filling an obligation.

BUY NOW

This is the greatest time in all history to buy, we read. And the world needs buying, needs it urgently, needs it right now as never before. (We found that out, too.)

Buy now and that will enable the other fellow to buy. Buy a house (or have one built, if you would rather), buy a set of tires or a hammer or an oil painting, or an extra pair of socks or a suit of pajamas. There never was a time when your dollar would do so much good.

Imaginary ills have their uses. They keep doctors out of the poor house.

Our minds may be likened to icebergs which, when floating in the ocean, show only a small portion of their mass above the water level. The great bulk is below—out of sight.

Jacksonville a Town of Many Papers

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

The first newspaper established in Jacksonville was "The Table Rock Sentinel," published by T. Vault, Taylor and Blakely and its first issue appeared November 24, 1855. Two years later Beggs and Burns entered the journalistic field with the "Jacksonville Herald."

Both papers were prone to be intensely partisan, not only on the great national issues but equally so on purely local affairs. As one historian puts it, speaking of the Sentinel, it was fair to its friends but uncompromising toward its opponents.

This spirit led to many merry battles and insured its editors fully against ennui. It also brought about a rapid succession of ownership which seemed almost a race between the two sheets. The Herald won by a nose, the score being 10-9.

The latter also appeared under 10 different titles, the last being "The Democratic Times," while the former only succeeded in changing its name once—to "The Oregon Sentinel."

Perhaps this controversial attitude was due to the town's isolation from the outside world for it was not until 1864 that telegraphic communication was established. At any rate the fighting spirit left its impress upon the town for even today its citizens are ever ready to engage in civil war upon the slightest pretext. The Sentinel died a natural death in the 80's while the Times, after a long illness, finally committed suicide by moving to Medford.

The only paper since then was the Jacksonville Post. Under various managements it was a credit to the town but unhappily it lost its life a few years ago in a terrible explosion caused by a social error.

It is worthy of note that just as the first papers in town sprang to life during the days of gold, so now, when gold is being produced again, The Jacksonville Miner makes its appearance. Can it be that newspapers and gold have an affinity? Like our present gold rush it is not overlarge. But with papers, as with jewels, it is quality and not size that counts. And anyway we were all little once.

May The Miner grow as big and important as we sometimes imagine ourselves to be—and far more prosperous.

WHY BUSINESS IS ROTTEN

The best speech we have been able to locate to date about conditions in general and particular follows:

Imagine a ponderous business man, with a three-day's old shave, corns on his hands, two flat feet and a hump on his back as he rears himself on his hind legs and begins to orate:

"Optimism is the keynote of business. The profitable part is always, like prosperity, just around the corner, or the profit now going through by some miracle is about to materialize but somehow it seldom does. Always something suffers from charley horse or sleeping sickness. Unexpected miseries crop up and if nothing else in the world can happen to put a crimp in the profit, the power line will get shorted and burn out all the fuses. Somewhere along the line the profit goes A.W.O.L.

"The prospector for gold is a pessimistic piker compared with the business man, who never gets it into his nut that there is no pot of gold at the rainbow's end, and that no sudden wealth can be snatched from a business that is more chancey than a game of pinochle.

"He gambles with credits and is bashful as fourteen-year-old girls used to be about asking for his money for fear he will lose a customer and he breaks right out in goose pimples every time he bids high enough to pay himself a little profit.

"The bozo who hesitated between the devil and the deep sea was sitting soft and pretty by comparison. He might swim over the sea or he might strike up a friendship with the devil, but what to do with an unprofitable business is a problem that only Mr. Einstein can solve.

"Always we are at the mercy of the shop that has to run, or the genius who

thinks he knows how to beat the game. A shop may be fully equipped and stabilized today, smoothly running and making a little money, and tomorrow some fellow may move in next door, shooting tear gas and minenwerfers and bombs into the joint, until it is a chaos of hubbub and confusion like a busted ant hill.

"Manufacturers weave about like pollywogs in a mud puddle trying to evolve new machines that will cut the cost of making something one mill and when they succeed in devising such a machine it is hardly started until someone else makes a better one that cuts off two mills and then the first patriot begins, as soon as his gums are healed so that he can use his new teeth, to make some dingus that will cut off three mills.

"There is almost as much dead machinery standing idle as there are used automobiles, and it is worth less per pound on the hoof."

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETS

Missionary society of the Presbyterian church met at the church parlors Thursday at 2 p. m., with Mrs. John R. Knight as hostess. Roll call was answered with items of interest about Persia and Syria. The study of the new book, "Christ Comes to the Village," was started.

Pencil Sketches

Why doesn't some guy we owe ever get this moratorium bug?

The tough part of this television idea will be tuning off scenes of food along about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Bridge playing has grown to be about as peace-loving and quiet as an old model T flivver. And if you are looking for a sure way to make a few enemies, mention contract, or worse yet, try to figure it out.

The schoolgirl complexion, save for the soap ads, has come to be a thing schoolgirls are fresh out of. At that they may have a peaches-and-cream skin but only their pillows are ever allowed to view it. We humans as have eyes to see must be content with several coats of cheap pigment which all young ladies religiously believe surpass the original package.

The new diesel engines are reported to be much more economical to operate in motor cars than the present variety of gasoline guzzlers. But wait and see—whenever diesels are on the road thick as statements the first of the year crude oil, which accounts for the present savings, will be as precious as an old maid's love letters. And the new type engines will be just another thing to make us wish we'd waited another season before starting a two-year debt for the newest model.

New Year Greetings

from

THE NUGGET

Sandwiches, Fountain Drinks
Candy, Cigars, Barber Shop
& Pool Hall in Connection

Headquarters for
THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

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