

PRESENT TABLET TO FIRST CHURCH

Last Sunday afternoon the little white Methodist church in Jacksonville was marked with a tablet designating it as one of the historic structures of the west coast. And, so far as can be determined, the first Methodist building west of the Rockies. The old bell, which was heard regularly when this was a new mining town, again rang out its message to the countryside. The Bible presented the church by the young men's class in 1877 was returned to the altar for the special ceremonies of Crater Lake chapter D. A. R. Approximately 200 southern Oregon pioneers and interested persons were in attendance.

Scout Bobby Sherwood gave bugle call and the singing of "America," led by school children, followed. Mrs. Lewis Ulrich read the salute as vice regent of Crater Lake chapter. Mrs. A. E. Stratton, chapter chaplain, read the prayer. The bronze tablet, which recognizes the church as the first of the Protestant faith constructed in the Rogue river valley, was then unveiled by Mrs. B. G. Harding.

A floral tribute was presented by Mrs. Alice Hanley, vice president of the Southern Oregon Pioneer association, and owner of the melodeon, first musical instrument to be played in the structure.

The tablet was presented by Mrs. J. O. Grey, regent of Crater Lake chapter, and accepted by Rev. A. G. Bennett of Medford.

Gamblers Chief Donors

Following the acceptance the crowd entered for main address of the day given by the Rev. F. L. Belknap of Medford. Services closed with benediction by Rev. S. H. Jones, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Jacksonville.

Seventy-seven years ago the church was dedicated to be used by five Protestant organizations represented in the flourishing mining town. One by one the various denominations prospered and constructed edifices of their own. The Methodists continued to worship in the little church, holding services until May, 1928, when it was closed.

The origin of the building was interesting and unique. Gamblers composed the principal donors to the cash fund raised for its establishment. While the solicitor for this money was making his rounds he happened into a local saloon just as the last turn of cards was being made in a faro game. The banker raised his hand and motioned to the church representative to wait and it so hap-

pened the bank won the entire board. The huge pile of gold coins was raked off into the solicitor's hat and handed to him.

OLD CHANNEL MINE SHOWS GOOD GOLD INDICATIONS

Mr. Wabright, of the Old Channel mine, reported he has already tunneled 400 and 100 feet in two shafts of his location. He is working alone and stated showings are very encouraging. Wabright's mine is located in the old channel of Jackson creek and he is to be commended for persistent and steady development of this property.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MINER

With publication of the second issue of The Jacksonville Miner a subscription campaign is being inaugurated. Prices, in harmony with general conditions, have been cut in two and arrangements have been made to accept six month subscriptions at 50 cents, or just half the yearly rate. As you have noticed, this week the paper consists of six pages. While we can't promise the amount to be run in the future, we do assure you that we will never allow the text to become secondary to advertising. We guarantee you will always be given the largest paper business justifies, for we realize that through reader interest, and reader interest alone, will the paper grow and prosper. The Miner is here to stay, to grow as the community develops, and to do what it can to further our common interests. Your help is needed and will be appreciated. Our post office box number is 138.

TOWN TEAM DROPS GAME

Thursday evening of this week the Jacksonville town team, composed of Raymond Hansaker, Alfred Babb, W. Smith, Don Kinney, Harlan Clark, George Witter, Chauncey Witter and J. Coleman engaged in an interesting but unsuccessful encounter with the powerful Texaco team from Medford. Final score was 10-31, in favor of the visitors. The oilers participating were Larson, Harrington, Williams, Green, Swanson and Newland, substitute. The game was played on the local school court with a moderate crowd in attendance.

ENJOY A DREAM STOGIE WITH SECRETARY MELLON

Ever smoke a black Pittsburgh stogie? We did, to other night, in a dream, sitting with Andrew Mellon in his garage. He had on his overalls, and showed signs of having just greased the old bus. We began asking him questions.

"Andrew, you're a smart fellow, you've made yourself a lot of money, and you're nobody's fool. Will you answer a few questions?"

"Certainly, the fewer the better," said Andrew.

"Is it absurd to think that all the kings and dynasties, the dictators, the great families of the earth, got their start on the same working principles now used by the racketeer? That is, force, ruthlessness, bribery, conspiracy, etc., as, if, and when necessary?"

"Ask me another," responded Andrew.

"Why is it that the American public, accustomed to respect the office of president and to take its children to visit the White House, is allowed to read in the magazines about methods used in official ballyhooing? It would seem that the public must rapidly look upon the fruit of presidential labors as chiefly applesauce."

"It's a bit cooler this evening," said Andrew.

"With the public getting fed up on the way each new optimistic government statement is promptly followed by another slump, with so many commissions working that the last three can't find room enough in Washington to hang up their hats, what is the game—to keep issuing statements until the depression gets sick and dies? Answer that, Andrew."

"We shall try every means to cure up the depression. If it is not over by 1936, we shall promptly enlist the assistance of the boy scouts."

Rebekahs and Odd Fellows in Banquet

Monday evening, January 4, a banquet and combined meeting of the Rebekah and Odd Fellows lodges of Jacksonville was held for joint installation of officers.

The office holders installed were as follows: Odd Fellows—Clyde Smith, noble grand; Sam Reynolds, vice grand; John Norris, financial secretary, and Wesley Hartman, treasurer. Rebekahs—Hattie Logan, noble grand; Lila McKee, vice grand; Zola Fick, secretary, and Clorine Severance, treasurer. J. R. Norris and Mrs. Severance were installed as district deputies.

In addition to the local clubs, members from Central Point, Medford, Ashland and Gold Hill were present and enjoyed the ceremonies and refreshments. Visitors numbered 27.

WANTED—A NEW MONEY OUTLET

Stocks collapse, bonds faint, banks turn the key and quit, real estate sickens, everything turns bilious. What to do with our money—stand and hold it?

There, little money-man, don't you cry; hundreds of nice gentlemen are figuring out the answer for you. Just keep on holding it while the steely grip is tight. Soon as your muscles tire a bit, say in 1932 latter part, there will be introduced the nicest and most colorful assortment of things to do with your money, by all the nice gentlemen with cute mustaches, exotic manners, oh indeed yes.

Let's see. There will be the Eastern and Western Hemisphere B-Vitamin bonds, the Interstellar Radiotripe Tube trust shares, the Old Guard(ian) Retirement Guarantee Declaration of Trust, the Deep Earth Chemical Pressure Dust Eternity 6s. And that isn't all—you won't even have to pay for them.

No, sir; take your money?—wouldn't think of such a thing! You pay absolutely nothing down, don't you even suggest it. All it costs is \$2 a week. Just sign here, and never mind reading all that small six point type, don't be that small.

Thus you will sign a little paper letting you in for \$2 a week from then until you are 99 years old, including your heirs and assigns forever. Yes,

that's what will become of your money. Just hold onto it a while longer; the gentlemen are too busy just now getting ready.

The only people in the future who can escape these gentlemen are those who have their heads examined once a week. We shall go speculatively insane at the first opportunity, in an effort to get back what we lost, and the nice gentlemen are getting the new skids ready.

Riches are often the result of poor judgment—the other fellow's.

We can't control our thoughts, but giving prejudice a whack at them teaches them their place.

The tragic thing about a depression is that it upsets the wife's plans for redecorating the kitchen.

It used to be a compliment to be called conservative; now the word almost means obsolete.

Depression reduces bootleggers' annual volume to three billion dollars; pretty hard to swallow.

Our idea of torture is to have the adviser who got you into financial hot water come around and tell you about the wonderful opportunities for the man with some idle money.

Tramp—"Kin I cut your grass for a meal, mum?"

Lady of the House—"Yes my poor man. But you needn't bother cutting it; you may eat it right off the ground."

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