

THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

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LEONARD HALL, Editor and Publisher

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EDITORIAL

If gold is where you find it, The Miner has panned out just what it was looking for in Jacksonville. The first issue was a sellout the opening day. It was even necessary to print 200 additional copies and these were exhausted before the end of the week.

Which demonstrates not particularly the interest in the paper but rather the attraction of the city of Jacksonville itself both in mining activities and historical interest. We believe, and did before the first issue, that the very nature of the town and its inhabitants furnishes a fertile field for a newspaper that would make an effort to direct its endeavor in harmony with the characteristics of the district.

The wealth of thrilling history, the abundance of mineral here, chief among them gold and copper, and the many old residents who have lived and participated in as thrilling a past history as ever took place in the west account for the success The Jacksonville Miner has been accorded. We believe The Miner has only to recognize the treasures Jacksonville and this country hold, and to earnestly endeavor to reflect them in its pages, to go on to a permanent niche in the community life and development that is already taking place.

As we mentioned in the first issue, we are trying to make The Miner a credit to the town both in content and appearance. We aim to give you the best printed weekly paper on the coast. The small, tabloid size page is to be adhered to because we believe it will help to set The Miner apart as being representative of a locality that is totally unlike any other in the United States.

Jacksonville, a city having that which size, money or great buildings can never duplicate, we give you our sincerest thanks for our place in your sun of romance and possibilities and dedicate The Miner to your service.

A recent news dispatch tells how miners in the Arkansas region had all gone to farming for a living. In Jacksonville farmers have started mining. And they're raising a fair crop of gold, too.

Experience seems to be about the only thing many of us can carry through a depression. It's the only possession that can't go with a market crash, be stolen or bought when times are good. And there's nothing in the world to take its place or to pinch hit for lack of it.

If the mining industry could only adopt the thoroughness of the packing houses and develop some use for excess gravel, sand, strained backs and profanity it is estimated the byproducts would make us all rich.

SAILING BUSINESS

As the intricacies of business and market trends is far too complicated for our undeveloped mind, we have borrowed this short essay and pass it on to you.

"Go out on the ebb tide—come in on the flood tide." Good, sound, common sense of the old sailing ship days. No good captain would set sail with the tide coming in against him, but would confidently weigh the anchor and set the sails with the tide going out to help him on a successful voyage.

So it is today. Efforts to stem the tide are of little avail. The seasoned mariner of a business enterprise dropped his anchors and furling the sails when the tide was against him. At the first sign of the changing tide he will cry, "Anchors aweigh" and the masts of his

sturdy ship will strain under renewed "sails" pressure.

The seasons in any given line can be likened to the tides of a major business cycle. There comes a time of the year when the tides are with us and our sails efforts will carry us farther on our journey—carry us to new records perhaps if we take advantage of the elements in our favor. Ride the tides!

In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not wept or cried aloud Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how straight the gait How charged with punishment the scroll I am the master of my fate I am the captain of my soul.

Sturdy trees grow slowly.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

Material Evidence of Approval

The Miner's mail box has been receiving numerous congratulatory letters from the entire coast region and, as concrete evidence of sincerity, the bulk of them contain checks for subscriptions.

From Chehalis, Wash., and Redding, Calif., have come letters asking for yearly rates and copies of the paper. The two referred to have read announcements of publication in other papers.

One of Medford's prominent lawyers, head of the Southern Oregon-Northern California Mining bureau, has taken an interest in the progress of The Miner and commented on the need for such a publication.

It seems that the very nature of the district this paper serves gives it coast-wide interest and broadens its scope. And you may be certain The Jacksonville Miner will progress and develop its entire field rapidly as possible.

THANKS TO CHEER LEADERS?

The boys who have tried to cheer us up during the last year are having a hard time. But didn't they comfort us? Wasn't their work worth while?

It is true prosperity was just around the corner. A long way around.

It is true that there were signs of a turn for the better, and still are. But who believes in signs?

It is true that we Americans were electrified with prospects of a fortune in the summer of 1929. Temporarily we have short-circuited, but let 1932 begin to show signs of good sport, and we'll get out raccoon coats, blazers, rattles and go at it all over again.

Then the boys we want to choke now—the cheer-leaders—will receive our congratulations. We'll say, "Boys, prosperity was just where you said it was, we are around the corner."

Then, in 1939, when someone rises up and threatens, "depression is just around the corner," we'll throw vegetables at him and double our order for steel at 290.

The way of the transgressor is okay.

Diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their jobs.

Notice that two-thirds of "promotion" consists of "motion."

A dose of adversity is often as needful as a dose of medicine.

With one exception, the human race is crazy . . . one's self is the exception.

JUNGLE LAW IN BUSINESS

During every depression sellers resent the manner in which certain buyers take advantage of them, resent it in silence. Possibly the purchasing departments of these same sellers are causing similar resentment among other sellers.

And in the present era of vast production facilities, sellers at times try to unhorse one another without waiting for buyers to come into the fray.

The safest business today is the one with a reputation for its brands, or for its engineering talent, or its advanced practices, or its square-deal policies.

Even in a jungle, the individual wants to keep near some sort of path.

Ball of Fire Nothing to Play With

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

It is hard to vision the rock-strewn gravel beds that mar the beauty of Jacksonville as lovely meadow lands. And, yet, the townsite was a verdant cove where wild flowers grew until the white men came and made a mess of it.

Daisy and Jackson creeks were rippling mountain brooks—streams such as Ray Coleman or Vivian Beach would love to sit beside and fish, and fish, and fish.

Here came the creatures of the wild to graze the luscious grass or quench their thirst. Here, too, the savage tribesmen pitched their wickiups and many a dusky Indian maid knelt by the laughing waters and picked the cooties from her raven locks.

At times these peaceful streams have sought revenge for the ugly scars made by the miners in their lust for gold. Their angry waters have swept the town with devastating floods.

Perhaps the most spectacular of these rampages was in July, 1869. The sky was cloudless. The air was calm—unusually calm.

Suddenly far to the southwest a little cloud appeared seemingly no larger than one's hand. As the curious towns-men watched, it gradually increased in size, advancing straight toward the town. On and on it came, its dark masses illumined by flashing fire; larger it grew and the crackle and roar of thunder echoed among the hills.

Now it was directly above the settlement. The town was shrouded in darkness, save for the lightning flashes, and the sharp blasting claps of thunder were deafening.

Ensued a death-like calm; the air was stifling, and an unearthly silence reigned—then with a mighty crash of thunder and the tremendous roar of falling waters the storm broke!

As the air rushed in to equalize the pressure terrific winds arose. West of town a narrow lane was mowed through the heavy timber as if cut with a mighty scythe.

Meanwhile Daisy creek and the lesser gulches became raging torrents and Jackson creek a mad, tumultuous river that bore destruction on its crest.

Miner's shacks were torn from their mooring to go careening down the stream; flumes and rockers and sluices were frisked away like chips, and even cattle were sucked, helpless, into the racing currents.

The streets of the town stood knee deep in angry, swirling waters and buildings near the main channels were totally wrecked.

Luckily, the main fury of the storm struck a short distance west of town. Had it made a direct hit serious loss of life must have resulted and property damages would have run into the thousands.

As it was the Wetterer residence, the same house where the family now resides, was struck by lightning.

Mrs. Wetterer was sitting on a latticed porch with a group of friends but when the crash came she ran inside in time to witness a strange scene. As she entered the front room a great ball of fire came gliding slowly toward her, but even as she started back in alarm it turned and darted erratically about the room. Zigzagging here and there, it gradually grew smaller and finally melted away.

Little damage was done to the house but the lightning bolt did not neglect to enact a freakish stunt.

The room was decorated with a heavily embossed paper on which the design was outlined in gilt. Every particle of gilt was gone! And the lines where it had been were cut through as if with a sharp knife while the spaces between were not even scorched.

Many years after this strange ball of fire danced the hula-hula in that room, Joseph, only son of the house, became fire chief of Jacksonville, holding the position, with honor, for years. Was that ball of fire prophetic? Was it an omen?

If you build a better mouse trap, so the saying goes, the world will beat a path to your door—to get caught.

The hardest man in the world to handle is the logical thinker with deckled nerves.

Pretty soon the political hokum-slogans will break loose: "Don't change noodles in the middle of the soup," "he kept us out of dividends."

The man who has done his level best, and who is conscious that he has done his best, is a success, even though the world may write him down a failure.

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the minister of the husband.

"Steak and kidney," he answered. "Bill," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sidney."

It was an arduous task for the teacher to drum into her youthful pupils the principles of arithmetic.

"Now listen," she said, "In order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. This is what I mean: Now, you couldn't take three apples from four peaches, nor eight marbles from eight buttons. It must be three apples from four apples, and so on. Do you understand?"

The majority seemed to grasp the idea. One perky little youngster in the rear, however, raised a timid hand.

"Please, ma'am," he inquired, "could you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

Pencil Sketches

No matter how thin it is sliced, it's still called a sandwich.

What is life without a joke—and why were so many of us born one?

Even though it's an ill wind that blows nobody good campaigning will bring a lot of it upon us.

The woman who lived in a shoe was lucky. We can't even find one of the darned things on a cold morning.

And we can remember when we got soaked one Saturday, when there was not a cloud in the sky, by a smooth-tongued orator.

Which reminds us of the old wheeze about the miner who claimed that, after taking three bottles of electric bitters, he had electric lights.

We think the guy that invented spinach should be sent to live with the one that discovered it was good for us. And the two of them stricken from the record.

When a fellow pans and pans and pans without getting any color it's a heck of a rotten administration. But when he runs onto a sizeable chunk of gold he can't even see the hole in his pants seat.

THE NUGGET

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

HAIRCUTS 25c

Headquarters for
THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

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