

# THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

VOLUME 1

Jacksonville, Oregon, Friday, June 10, 1932

NUMBER 24

## MUSEUM HOST LARGE CROWDS

The Museum of Southern Oregon, Jacksonville's chief bid for coastwise fame among tourists, was host Sunday to an unusually large crowd of curious visitors. Doors of the institution were open from early morning until late evening, George Little taking his old place as curator for the day. As has been the custom for the past several years, visitors came from various points of the country and the growing registration in the museum's documents continue to read like the nation's city roll call.

Thursday of last week the history class of Southern Oregon Normal school at Ashland visited Jacksonville, interest centering on the many historical features of the town, its two museums, the Britt studio and ancient buildings. Such outstanding landmarks as the first protestant church west of the Rockies, the first brick building in Oregon (which contains the Native Daughters' museum) and the mineral, geological and Indian collections of both the Native Daughters and Southern Oregon museums came in for close inspection. The entire history class, including two professors accompanying the group, was treated to one of George Little's lectures on the various exhibits of the U. S. hotel institution. As a climax to their quest of antiques, the visitors entered the Jacksonville exchange and found Johnny Renault, proprietor, who pleased them greatly.

## NATION'S GUARDSMEN LEAVE FOR CAMP LIFE

Several of the flower of Jacksonville youth this week are making eager preparation for the annual trek to Camp Clatsop, on the Oregon coast up near the mighty Columbia, where the national guards gather to learn the rigors, discomforts and pleasures of camp life—all in 15 short (?) days.

Sergeant Andrus Smith, Corporals Robert Forbes, Harlan Clark and Malcolm Jones and Private Preston Card will represent this city in the mobilization upstate the morning of June 13 and will be entrained through the 25th, when the guardsmen will be reviewed by Governor Meier. Following this a huge sham battle will be staged for the general public as a climax to the two weeks of regular army life. June 25 will fall on Saturday and many southern Oregon relatives and friends are expected to be present for the impressive review and battle.

It has been intimated that recent deluges have put local guardsmen in the pink for Camp Clatsop weather, which is reported to be eternally loaded with dripping Oregon climate.

## FIRST PARK SONG PLACED ON SALE

The first musical composition ever written about one of our national parks was placed on sale in Jacksonville this week by Victor A. Tengwald, composer of both words and music of "Crater Lake Waltz." Copies may be seen at The Nugget confectionery in this city.

This beautiful waltz, doing full justice to the gem of the Cascades, comes as a distinct relief from the myriad of nerve-wracking love ballads which flood music stands today. The song has been presented over KMED and met with instant acceptance and popularity by southern Oregon people. Should the effort receive nation-wide popularity Crater lake will receive one of the best known forms of publicity.

The Miner, through special arrangement with Tengwald, who is United States commissioner for this district, has been able to place a limited supply of these songs in sheet form before Jacksonville, Ruch and Applegate music lovers at The Nugget confectionery here. A standard price of 35 cents a copy has been set by the Medford song writer and it is predicted the "Crater Lake Waltz" will, in the future, rank as one of the country's popular ballads. Readers desiring copies of this new tribute to Crater Lake's magic charm by mail may address The Miner, box 138, enclosing 35 cents, either coin or stamps. The sheet music will be forwarded immediately.

## WHY CONGRESS WANTS TO ADJOURN



Picture above shows one of the hundreds of groups of the "bonus army" pitching camp in Washington, D. C., and preparing for the hardest seige of their lives—that of trying to get 10 cents out of congress before Wall Street, the Reconstruction Finance corporation and big industry have gobbled it all up. Gathering of the men in the nation's capitol is setting the stage for what might develop into the century's most exciting scrimmage—if the soldiers don't get their bonus.

## Move Mill to Oppville

Movement of a 150-ton capacity rod mill from Union Creek to Jacksonville is underway and it is understood other equipment is being made up in an eastern foundry to complete installations at the Opp property located on Jackson creek. When present plans for construction of newer units are completed it is expected the well-known Opp mine will again be scene of intensive development work possibly approaching that of years back when it first came into coast-wide prominence.

J. W. Opp, owner and lessor of the holding, has been at the helm of the property for more than 30 years and at one time had one of the largest active quartz operations in southern Oregon. The Pacific States Mining company which has a lease and bond on the mine, has been gradually expanding work and carrying on exploration and it appears that the company, with John Price as general manager, will soon be milling ore and producing gold from the extensive holding.

J. W. Opp returned the latter part of last week from a few days trip to Portland, where he went in connection with details of the expansion program. Mrs. Opp, who had been nursing in the northern city, is now here with her husband and is living on the mine property at the edge of town. Besides the many huge buildings skirting the reservoir road Opp also is owner of the phantom city of Oppville, at one time a rip-roaring, thickly populated camp.

## Chitwood Stages Huge Drug Sale

Coming as a welcome money-saver for Jacksonville and environs, an eight-day sale is announced in this issue by C. C. Chitwood, of the Jacksonville pharmacy. Drug products, sundries, cosmetics, cameras, lotions and astringents, tooth brushes, picnic supplies and dozens of other needed items have been placed on sale at reduced prices by the local pharmacist until June 18 and his action will enable buyers to save as much as half on some articles. Mr. Chitwood has been adding to his stock and takes this means of meeting—and in many cases underselling—competition of the chain stores of neighboring cities. He is to be commended for his action and all who are in need of anything in the drug line would be wise to drop in the first few days of the sale and look over the wide assortment of present-day products and remedies.

## The Editor Speaking

### What WAS the World Saved For?

War! Thundering, booming, bloody war! Men dying on every hand. Families parted forever. Young boys snuffed out before they were old enough to realize the awfulness of human nature. Healthy bodies crippled and maimed, sound lungs gassed into life-long diseased conditions, minds deranged and once remarkable characters shattered. Hunger, filth, mud; pals dying right and left and former friends rotting on the ground. And the folks back home swelling with pride, bragging on the heroism of their sons and the greatness of these United States. Noble claims of "fighting for God and our country," or was it "democracy—to set the world forever free?"

And after it was all over—the Armistice signed—the survivors were gathered together and returned home to the land they had been told they were defending. Young men in the prime of life without legs . . . arms missing . . . health forever vanished . . . eyes useless . . . brought back to be sandwiched in here and there—a burden to themselves and their relatives, if they were fortunate enough to have any. Thousands of the cannon fodder relegated to hospitals, never to arise again. And those who were fortunate enough to return with whole bodies can never forget the horrible depths to which man's greed and selfishness can plunge humanity overnight—with scarcely a thank-you in return.

And after all the years of debauchery, murder and torture the world has but one explanation to offer: War! But, it now seems, the ghastly and wanton destruction of the spark of life on the battlefield is but one of the minor consequences of the right to fight for one's country. We all remember how there just was no room for the vets when they returned to their native land—jobs taken, many wives and sweethearts gone, unemployment and chaos. Today, as illustrated in the picture printed on the front page, what was once the backbone of the nation is now regarded as nothing but a nuisance of hungry bums greedily marching onto Washington to demand payment of a bonus the richest nation on earth claims it can't pay without bankrupting all of us. The police of our capitol city reluctantly feed them as so many hoboes and discourage their arrival. But, still the backbone of the United States, they continue to advance on the political center by the hundreds and thousands and aver they'll stay until the bill is passed.

The demonstration may not be according to democratic ethics, and again it may be. But there is one

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## 'PEDDLERS' DUE AT APPLGATE

Difficulty in dodging a deluge of peddlers culminates in a very unexpected and unusual deal when Hiram Pringle meets with the sedate Sally Brown, subscription solicitor, in "Hiram's Peddlers," one of the short comedies to be presented on a two-hour program at Applegate Grange hall Saturday, June 11, which is given by the grange and Beaver Creek Community club.

Characters for "Hiram's Peddlers," presented by Beaver people, and directed by Mrs. Floyd McKee, are as follows:

Hiram Pringle, bachelor, Floyd McKee; Jane, old maid sister, Mrs. Victor Anderson; Deacon, Floyd Rippely; J. O. Green, book agent, Lance Offenbacher; Percy Bings, perfume peddler, Leonard McKee; Pat McGinnis, hired man, Ed Finley, and Sally Brown, solicitor, Maude Pool.

"Who's Who in the Home," one-act comedy presented by the grange and which was included in the recent Jackson County Recreation club's dramatic contest, deals with a delicate situation indeed, in which the masculine element finally predominates. The play was directed by Mrs. Jack O'Brien, and includes the following characters:

Owen Ogden, young husband, Frank Knutzen; Thelma, his wife, Mrs. Frank Knutzen; Bob Falley, friend of Owen, Jack O'Brien, and Etta, his wife and friend of Thelma, Mrs. Tom Mee.

"Dad Says So Anyhow," portraying the agonies of a shy fellow in love, which is bound to create many a laugh when he uses the "grass crap" as a subject for conversation, will be given by Morris Byrne and Leah McKee, of Beaver.

"Gosh, I Thought I'd Die," given by Ben Ellis, is one of the several readings which will be given, in addition to songs and other special numbers. Dancing will follow the program, and the grange will serve refreshments. There will be a very small admission charge. This dance will be the last until the big night of July 4.

## PIRATES WIN GAME; TO PLAY HERE SUNDAY

The Jacksonville Pirates, still going strong in their winning streak, took another win from Talent, 5-4, in the triple-header benefit game at Medford's fair grounds diamond last Sunday. Proceeds received, in the neighborhood of \$200, were presented to Mrs. John Logan, widow of a former player.

Jacksonville's Pirates, who have begun to loot the league in proper fashion, are scheduled to play a return engagement with Talent on the local diamond this coming Sunday afternoon, game called for 2 o'clock. The Medford Eagles, with Ben Coffman starting on the mound, dropped a game with Grants Pass.

## 221 PEOPLE VISIT AT SQUAW LAKE

During the month of May and the first week of June 106 cars carrying 221 people have visited Squaw lake, according to D. M. Wagner, residing at Dividend Bar, who is interested in keeping tally on the matter.

The road to the lake is in good condition, as shown by the fact that a model T flivver trailing a boat reached the lake without the use of chains. As for fishing, the report is that "some catch 'em, and some don't."

E. G. Trowbridge and a friend from Medford were among those spending the week-end at the mountain resort.

● Eiwin Anderson, Coronado Beach, Calif., and Hamilton Lyon, San Diego, were visitors in Jacksonville this week, Anderson being a relative of Leonard Swensen, owner of Leonard's cafe. While here the pair visited Crater lake, being the first to register at the resort hotel this season. They stated on their return from the lake that that body was partially frozen Wednesday morning and that quilts were in great demand at night. They had planned to sleep in the open but the 20-foot snow on the ground changed their minds. Cabins are still completely obscured with a white, frozen blanket.