

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Entered as second-class matter February 19, 1932, at the post office at Jacksonville, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Address All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, 50c

Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

Communication for MINER Readers

Forest Grove, Oregon
To the Editor:

Just this morning I read in The Jacksonville Miner the story of the song you are selling of Crater lake.

In some ways it is very much like the song poem I have in my book, "Under Oregon Sky," that I am getting out. Naturally I like the song you have written by Mr. Tengwald and am going to invite him to join the League of Western Writers.

The correction I have to offer is this: You state that this is the first musical composition written about our national parks. This is an error and in all fairness should be corrected. I am enclosing words of a song dedicated to Rainier national park three years ago, set to music and sung by Don Raymond, who won national fame after he sung it on one of my programs. Then, last summer, I featured it in a Medford theater with a singer from Central Point while Don Raymond was singing in Fox houses. I also made this into a picture which has been written up internationally.

Will you please run a notice in your paper that any author or writer interested in joining the League of Western Writers to send me their names before convention in August, to be held in San Francisco. I have organized a unit in Portland.

In my new book I have given Jacksonville a full page and will have a picture of the historic Britt home on the opposite page.

I should like for you people to arrange for a showing of my pictures in a hall there as I go through to convention. I am supposed to give a showing in Klamath Falls if I can enroute. I have my own projection machine and operator and would like for the citizens there to cooperate and furnish a hall. This fall my films will be available through O. S. C. and from my own laboratory for educational purposes.

Very truly,

AGNES E. HINES.

THE BIG BONUS BOYS

Who do you suppose it was that said the other day that "the entire United States lies stricken a prey to the banker and corporate groups," and that "the big bonus boys of big business who milked the stockholders and consumers are now getting, indirectly, big bonuses from the people's treasury"? Some anarchist, probably; or some socialist; or some Bolshevik. Guess again. It was Henry Ward Beer, president of the Federal Bar association of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut and former special assistant United States attorney general.

BYLLESBY MAGAZINE FEATURES CRATER LAKE

In addition to having a song written about it, "The Crater Lake Waltz," by Victor A. Tengwald, the popular phenomena in southern Oregon received nationwide recognition as a result of some splendid publicity in the June issue of Byllesby Management, magazine. The issue, which features Crater lake throughout, contains a fine article by Katherine Stewart of The California Oregon Power company entitled "Jewel of the Cascades—Crater Lake," illustrated with numerous attractive views of the famous scenic wonder in various moods. The story, which occupies the lead position in the magazine, shows the result of much careful thought and research and includes a beautiful Indian legend of the forming of Crater lake. A double-page spread of unusual photographs depicting the lake in winter garb adds much to the effectiveness of the article.

The front cover of the issue also is devoted to Crater lake and presents a striking reproduction of the Phantom ship.

Wandering Sourdoughs Dig Up Plural Killing

Being the second of a series of yarns concerning a search for the elusive, feelthy lucre called gold, by two old Jacksonville sourdoughs. Although the narrative is purported to be true, the management will not refund any admission prices.—The Editor.

By W. SMITH BLAIR
(Whisker Bill to You)

Resting at Shasta City 45 minutes we proceeded merrily on our way. When leaving this place we passed block after block of shaded lined highway which was a treat to the eyes of the most hardened sun-tanned sourdough.

We soon passed through Dunsmuir and Costella, two old mining towns with a past history. An ex-deputy sheriff gave me a touch of past high life that happened at Costella years ago when stage coaches were yet in fashion.

An old miner worked by the day in the placer diggings. He would get tired of honestly earned money, fix himself up an ironclad alibi for his absence and proceed to hold up a stage when it was carrying a good shipment of gold. He pulled this stunt on the Yreka stage once and was recognized.

The Yreka sheriff came for him and deputized the constable to go along to this holdup cabin. The sheriff knocked on the door, which was opened by Mr. Robber. Greetings were exchanged. The robber, shaking hands with the sheriff, jerked him inside the door, grabbed a .45 off a bench and shot him through. The sheriff grappled with the robber to keep from falling, the constable shot over the shoulder of the dying sheriff and killed the robber instantly. Two lives snuffed out in a matter of seconds. Such were the gold mining days in their prime.

From Costella it seemed to me we drifted downhill for miles. Joe sat calmly by my side, uttering not a word except when one of those squeaking autos (some people call them Ford coops) would pass us. Then he would make an unmanly remark to the motometer, which would go up to twice blood heat with indignant shame. I kept my 12 and a half calmly on the gas pedal—which was the only way to get to the next town.

On nearing a roadside camp I spied a sign reading "free mineral water." Setting the air I came to a hissing stop. I said, Joe, here is where I get a drink of nice min-

eral water. Just as I attempted to do so a disappointed looking lady stepped to my side, handing me a card which, upon perusing, disclosed different minerals all in this one water. Upon taking a generous swaller I discovered the taste resembled the odor of a bantam egg that had been mothered for perhaps 22 days. Joe had butted in by this time and I asked the lady if she carried sodawater. She did. We had soda water (Joe paid for it). While sampling this old stand-by the lady began telling us about some terrible prehistoric animal her neighbors had in their camp beds. Upon further discussion I determined this same animal—in my youth I had met them—would fill the soles of their feet with air bubbles and noiselessly walk along the ceiling and carefully take aim just to one side of your air course and drop. In the course of time you would develop an uneasiness hard to describe.

By this lady's accounts her neighbor had the largest specimens I have heard of—bed bugs.

Inquiring the distance to Redding, 43 miles away, I gave Joe a noiseless wink and we were soon out of this terrible zone. Landed in Redding just at dark.

Driving to the south side of town we found a fine camp ground—up-to-date cabins—could lock our car and load safely up for the night. Joe unjoined a patent camp rocker he keeps on hand at all times, saying you long suffering old gas peddler sit in this chair and rest while I get supper. Which I did. Joe knows how to cook—he is an expert with a tea bone steak, but is a little particular about washing dishes. I tried to convince him one's system needs a certain amount of coarse food but all my pleadings seemed to go in one ear and out the other.

I must say that Joe is a gentleman from the bottom of his caloused and laminated feet to the top of his curly and foliated hair—he insisted I have the best bed in the house, he sleeping on a camp cot. Well, anyhow, his job was doing the cooking and mine the gas peddaling. I hope in his old age he may wear a bright and shining argentine crown, symbol AG, atomic weight 107.78, melting point 1761 degrees Fahrenheit.

Good night . . .

The boys are just getting started on their long trip—watch for the next episode.

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)

and old who were possessed with a yen to shoot off fireworks without bothering to journey to the outskirts. Jim admits being a bit footsore from extemporaneous foot-races staged during the day between culprits and the law, and avers there are entirely too many corners in Jacksonville for pranksters to hide behind. It is strongly suspected, though, that Jim entered into the holiday spirit and enjoyed games of tag with townspeople bent on ripping local air asunder.

The Jacksonville unit of the Shady Side Athletic club commemorated the glad event by moving, with unerring accuracy, from one to tother sidewalk bench as Old Sol drifted lazily and torridly across the clear summer sky. Chawin' terbaccy had its usual good flavor and hay stems were just as wont to bend when used as toothpicks as ever. Notes were compared on present-day conditions and it was made clear why the Indians refuse to take back the country. Your correspondent finds the Athletic clubrooms the most popular, and by far the most comfortable, in the city. There's certainly nothing in the world quite like sittin' around in the cool shade watching holiday fiends dashing madly past in the peak of haste and heat to some secluded spot where only mosquitos, ants and poison ivy await them. Such glorious relaxation and leisure, while mildly indulging in topics of the day, does things to a person's soul and puts them in a receptive mood for a true appreciation of the wonders and abortions of the age. Membership in the Shady Side has been growing by leaps and bounds.

Famous last words (with apologies to Life, Judge and Moore Hamilton): "Didn't you know better than to stay in the sun so long?"

24,000 KRUPP WORKERS OUT

The Krupp works, normally employing 74,000 workers, have been compelled to drop 24,000 from their payrolls. The losses sustained by the business last year amounted to \$4,500,000 and were distributed over all branches of it.

SCOTCHMEN CAVE DWELLERS

Unable to afford house rents many people in Scotland are now living in caves. One elderly man has furnished a home for himself in a cave at the foot of a cliff which can be entered or left only at low tide.

RACING SPEEDS RISE

In nine years speed records for automobile racers at Daytona have risen from 146 miles an hour to 253 miles per hour. Five of the nine speed records in that time were by the present holder of the record.

STATE TO FISH PEARLS

Venezuela's pearl fisheries will hereafter be operated by the state. Venezuelan pearls are exceptionally fine and have found a ready sale in the jewelry markets of the world. Many of them are of a delicate rose tint.

MAKES WALKING STICKS LIFETIME INDUSTRY

In Snodland, County Kent, England, there is a man who makes a living growing walking sticks. He has been engaged in the business 60 years and is considered the greatest authority on his craft in the world.

FIND CAVE IN DEATH VALLEY

A huge cave has been found in Death valley, Calif., and will be explored. The entrance is through an opening 125 feet in diameter. The cave is located in the south part of the valley.

VIEWS of OTHER PEOPLE

HE KNOWS POOR PEOPLE

Edgar Wallace, English author of more than a hundred mystery novels, was a founding who was adopted by a London fish porter. He knows poor people and he loves them because they are so clean-spoken and clean-thinking.

"It is the habit of the poor in terms of slumdom," he says, "but there is a poor which lives in shabby streets and cleans its windows and whitens its doorsteps. A poor whose horror is charity, and whose haunting fear is that it may be buried by the parish. A proud, self-reliant poor that scorns relief and guards the secret of its poverty most jealously. And these are the vast majority. The writers of theses never meet these people, and, if they met them, would learn nothing, for they do not talk about themselves, and regard with sour suspicion those who come prying into their affairs. . . . Starvation and dirt are not the hallmark of poverty: they are the normal condition of thriftlessness."

Wallace adds this tribute, which will be recognized as the truth by anyone who has been poor and has lived with poor people:

"The clean, decent poor! Their women are more wonderful than the daughters of kings. . . . You saw them hanging out the washing; stout women dying of cancer and smiling through it. Gripping their clothes-pegs in their teeth, propping up lines, arresting their labors to wipe wet foreheads with wetter arms and exchange a jest with the woman next door. Working, bearing and dying. The insurance man calls once a week that they may make provision for a decorous burying—their very ambitions are headed toward the grave."

In the reading I have done I have never before seen the thought expressed that "burial insurance" is the poor man's badge of nobility. Millions make weekly payments on policies of \$100 and \$200, because they are determined to pay their own way right into the grave. That is real character. The way the poor look after themselves is one of the most tragically beautiful things in life.—William Feather.

FIND GOLD OVER CANADA

The Canadians seem fortunate in finding gold all over the country, from the Yukon region and British Columbia to Manitoba and

Ontario. The most recent find of gold-bearing ores is in northwestern Quebec, in a strip of territory more than 100 miles long and with a width of from three to 10 miles.

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