

GIVEN THE AIR, HOEFS TAKES DOUBLE ORDER

Not satisfied with occupying the ethereal upper spaces enroute to Fortland for her summer's vacation with relatives and friends, Alice Hoefs, Jacksonville's gentlewoman postmaster, informed the city at large via unprotected postcard that she plans to return to southern Oregon Sunday as chap-eron to the daily cargo of airmail.

Dire accusations had been cast at the local distributor of news of the outside world as to her reasons for choosing the more modern method of transportation and it had even been hinted that the uniform handsomeness of pilots on the route had its effect. This latter theory has been discredited, however, for Miss Hoefs discovered that all pilots fly with a stick in their hands.

Alice Hoefs is returning to Jacksonville the first of the week to prepare for arrival of a brother, Henry H. Hoefs, who has been stationed in the far and troublesome east for several years as paymaster in the navy department. The seafaring Hoefs is expected here about August 1.

Virginia Fick, deputy clerk, has

WHISKER BILL MISTAKES BEER GUZZLERS FOR CHEMISTS AT WORK

This is the fourth of a series of articles concerning a recent trip of two old Jacksonville sourdoughs in search of Midas' undoing, gold.

BY W. SMITH BLAIR
(Whisker Bill to You)

Making Nevada City our base, we visited a number of mines within a radius of 40 miles. The Hoge mine, perhaps five miles east of Nevada City, is a fine electrically equipped property 600 feet deep, working two levels. Ore is ribbon quartz in gray granite, varying in width from a few inches to several feet. Values run from \$12 to \$100 per ton. Sulphite ores.

On the second day we visited an old mining town called Washington. This place is on the south fork of the Yuba river and has in use a cable foot bridge across the river. They still use old iron bullet-proof doors in the old brick building built in the early days.

Driving up river a mile or so we stopped for lunch perched on the soft side of a large old channel wash-boulder; eating out of our paws bear-fashion and keeping a sharp lookout for snattlerakes.

Across the river at this point we saw a hydraulic outfit in operation

been pinch-hitting in the absence of President Hoovers hired girl in the local office.

To Revive Old Days Here August 20th

(Continued from page one)

and Ray Wilson, with Hall as secretary, was elected. Ideas were exchanged and President Lewis explained the vital importance and worthiness of the purpose behind the development, pointing out that erection of a quartz mill here would solve the local unemployment problem for the coming winter and offered a needed payroll possible from no other source. He added that this was Jacksonville's supreme chance to show outside capital the city's willingness to cooperate with development work and to encourage industry in southern Oregon.

The program, according to present plans, will begin officially at 1 p. m. August 20, and will feature baseball, horseshoe, chopping and racing contests, with all local museums and points of interest thrown open for the visitors. It has also been decided to mark the spot where gold was first discovered in Oregon, on Rich gulch in town, and station several miners at that point with pans and equipment to illustrate to crowds the intricacies of gold mining.

As darkness approaches there probably will be a fight card staged, lighted horseshoe courts and numerous concessions of the carnival type to amuse and entertain crowds. Following this, two

working an old, ancient river bar higher than the water is now.

Walking up-river one-half mile we saw some quartz float scattered about—here seemed to be a promising place to look for a ledge. There is a mine and mill working near here, hauling concentrates, several tons per day, to Nevada City.

We saw one rattler that day—it disappeared before I could get into action.

To get to Washington you take a high-dive of 2000 feet in four miles—lovely going down—but one needs an ambitious and accurately tuned engine in the car to get up it.

While on this trip I got short on Spark Plug. Noticing a sign reading "cigars, candy and tobacco," I proceeded to investigate. The store was small and the clerk absent. The middle door to a large and dark back room, seemingly devoid of any business, stood partly open. Carefully, as an amateur pets a honeydew cow, I shoved an antennae around the edge of the door. There I discovered a half-moon counter behind which stood a bronze statue in a sunflower colored chiffon dress holding a 1000 c.c. wash bottle in her hand which contained a red liquid—in front of this counter sat three male chemists, each with a 50 c.c. size beaker under his beak. They seemed to be waiting for a precipitation. As one they tipped back their heads and precipitation took place. All this I saw in a fraction of the time it takes light to travel from the sun to where I stood.

Taking a diagonal course across the road I found Joe . . .

When coming back up this 2000-foot grade we met a band of 350 head of cattle—all we could do was set the air and let our tires rest until they passed by.

(Have wanted to write Joe since coming home but Alice has advanced the price of stamps, making writing to a friend almost prohibitive. Oh well, I suppose she must have a new powder puff. Ho, hum. I have been considering negotiating a loan of her for say 50 simoleons—could get along with 25—but these two items totaled would put Joe and I up near the snow line in Plumas county for the rest of the season. This would be a small sacrifice on her part. I also would appreciate a present from the editor of The Miner of a fountain pen that would hold two gills of sky-blue ink. Amen—Whisker Bill.)

To Be Continued.

dances, one strictly old-time—fidlers, callers and everything—and a more modern version in the hotel building will open. An effort will be made to secure the Odd Fellows hall, itself a historic landmark, for the old fashioned shindig. Faro games, roulette wheels, twenty-one, chuckaluck, dice and other forms of gambling prevalent in Jacksonville's prime will be housed in the banquet room of the old hotel, with an abundance of phoney money available for use of pseudo gamblers. A bar, brass rail and near beer will give added effect.

At a meeting of the executive committee Wednesday evening it was decided to publicize the event as an "overnight return to Jacksonville, 1882, or turning back the calendar 50 years." Because the city was at its prime a half century back, that period has been chosen for reproduction as nearly as possible in the city's revival of the old days.

Clint Dunnington was given charge of interior activities, Oscar Lewis charge of outside concessions, Ray Wilson afternoon entertainment program and old time dance in the evening. Leonard Hall was placed at the head of publicity and advertising and Joe Wetterer was appointed curator of the Museum of Southern Oregon for the day, and also was given charge of entering two cases of relics in a lobby display contest to be held at the Fox Craterian theater, Medford, Friday and Saturday of next week, August 5-6, which will be held in connection with the showing of "The Vanishing Frontier," a picture based on early day history.

Byrne Turns from Pen to Open Spaces

"A real nice camp, close to the river and not far from the road" was the information given by John S. Byrne, concerning his new forest guard camp at the forks of Little Applegate when interviewed over the telephone yesterday afternoon. Although formerly em-

played as fire guard at the local ranger station, a new layout has been established by headquarters men and Byrne has been put in charge for the summer.

"I am not thoroughly settled yet," Byrne said, "and I have numerous little things to attend to around camp." The forester, having his 'phone connected on the farmers' line, hastily barricaded himself with an alibi that he "listens in" only when he thinks he hears his ring, although he did admit to the reporter that he would "listen" when he had more time.

The only drawback to the new abode, Byrne seemed to think, is the consequent separation from The Miner. He stated that he would make arrangements to have it sent to camp. He also added that the camp site would justify a trip out by the staff photographer for a front page cut. When asked why he did not do more copy for The Miner, Byrne, who is a journalistic contemporary of Bert Harr, replied that writing and smoke-chasing do not fit in together.

Whether we like it or not we must work, and we must accept employment at the best terms we can get. This is hard doctrine, but there seems to be no escape from it.



Friday, Saturday, July 29-30

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The Miner has grown, not rapidly but regularly, and we believe it will continue to grow despite depressions, dry weather or mean district attorneys . . . the paper has been, and will be in the future, increased in size, news content and number of able contributors.

The Miner has tried to bring you news of your neighbors in a modern, interesting manner and has made a sincere effort to deserve the welcome and place it has received in southern Oregon.

The Miner feels at home in Jacksonville, likes the people and is extremely proud to be listed as one of the permanent residents. It has made mistakes and fumbled the ball at times, but promises to always be a willing servant of Jacksonville and Applegate people and to continue to expand as conditions justify such a course.

May The Miner count on your help—your subscription—to aid it through its tender first years?

P.S.: Many of the six-months subscriptions received early in the year have either expired or will in the next few days—look at the expiration date on the yellow address slip on your paper.

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