

Zell to Appear With Syrup-Can Fiddle

(Continued from page one)

two days. Near beer and free lunch will be served over the hand-sawed wooden counter and will, no doubt, be remindful of traffic of other days familiar to the antique.

Two cases of relics belonging to the Museum of Southern Oregon, selected and classified by Joe B. Wetterer and Dick Chappell, have been entered in the lobby display contest sponsored by Donald Geddes, manager of the Craterian theater, and will compete for an award of a board of judges.

A wagon, loaned by Charles Horn of this city, has been covered over and has been busy parading streets of Medford as an advertising stunt in connection with the picture and is doing its share toward making valley people "pioneer minded" for the celebration to be staged here in a few weeks.

Several Jacksonville maidens, aspiring to fame and awards, have entered an old fashioned costume contest which will be held in the theater's stage at 9 p.m. Saturday night. Helen and Alice Walton and Doris Clark have signified their intention of representing this city in the competition and should capture one or more of the three prizes offered.

Geddes, who has promised full cooperation with the local Legion club in promoting Jacksonville's own event August 20, will announce the "50 years ago" celebration in this city from the Craterian stage both nights during showing of "The Vanishing Frontier."

Friends Aid Dan to Grow Year Older

Dan Shuss, one of Jacksonville's senior carpenters and lone occupant of a house on Oregon street, Monday night, August 1, reached the rip old—but active—age of 67. Dan was aided in the process by a host of friends who gathered at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunnington, Frank Barber and two associates, remembered as John and Pete, Frank, Jess and Martin Clogston, Ray Coleman and Jim Littell Jr. were present and partook of ample refreshments and edibles. Four and one-half birthday cakes arrived with guests, as did pipe tobacco, a large roast and numerous trimmings.

Pinocle, rye bread, pretzels, dill pickles and limburger cheese dominated the evening and the party adjourned at a late hour after what all agreed was a perfect evening.

● George Little, beloved curator of the Museum of Southern Oregon here, has been gradually sinking since another paralytic stroke suffered several weeks ago. Little, uncle to the city marshal, Jim Littell, has always had a distinct fondness for the old town and has stored a wealth of history and information concerning the region, its minerology and legend, in his mind. George has been unable to either drink or eat for several days and friends hold little hope for his recovery. W. S. Blair, scribe on The Miner and tall, six-foot prospector of these parts, has been acting as nursemaid for his old friend and has been the constant companion of Little since his illness.

● Mrs. Dora Saltmarsh, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Glen Saltmarsh and grandson Earl, hiked to Tallowbox Sunday, walking the last four miles of the distance. Nothing of unusual import occurred other than glimpse of a ratler, which added zest to the trip.

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ANOTHER WET ISSUE



Arriving in this world totally unaware of what lies before him, this young chap struck a significant pose for one of Verne Shangles personality portraits. Not realizing the awful possibility that he will grow up in a world of wicked district attorneys, little Buddy peacefully and patiently chews on his hand, because, according to his own statement, "that is the only thing Hoover has left we common people to put in our mouths."

WHISKER BILL AND JOE COMPLETE THEIR MEANDERINGS—SANS GOLD

Ed. Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Jacksonville's own sourdough journalist concerning an adventure of himself and another miner in search of gold.

By W. SMITH BLAIR (Whisker Bill to You)

The old timers who selected this location for Jacksonville knew their onions—these delightful mornings the air tastes better than aged in the wood wine. Fine shade trees for the warmer part of the day. Gardens and gardens at all points of the compass—the finest in the world. A space of 10 square feet is plenty for the average adult. This season we have an abundance of water for both lawns and gardens.

Everybody is happy, including the multitude of kids. They do grow—not a sap sucker on one of them. Why some of this idle sloping hill land is not set to English walnuts for a future reserve account beats my comprehension—it would be just like getting money from home in time.

The luscious tomatoes raised in this section cannot be equaled anywhere on this foot stool of ours—hip, hip hurrah for J'ville.

Well, we will try Nevada City another day.

Next day we made a run to Alleghany, perhaps 40 miles north of Nevada City. Part of the road on the south side of the Yuba river has more right hand curves to the mile than any road I ever traveled. The engineer who surveyed this road must have had plenty of red wine under his right lung while on this job.

The engine to my car was so dizzy No. 2 spark plug wire fell over in a daze, causing a decided yank at each revolution.

Alleghany is a hillside town, fine houses and other buildings well painted and neat in appearance.

The Sixteen-to-One gold mine is located here—supposed to be the richest mine in the world. No strangers are allowed about the workings. Fifty-two sacks of ore valued at \$300,000 was taken out of this mine this year. Electricity is used for power.

Leaving Nevada City next morning we headed south through Auburn to cool P. O. and Pilot hill,

where we arrived at noon. Here we had a sidewalk lunch and rested two hours.

The old timers had some rich placer digging—saw one five-ton quartz nubbin, also plenty of one-ton sizes.

This section seems to be a favorable place to raise cherries as we saw hundreds of acres in cherries.

Upon leaving there we stopped at Georgetown next, which is an old time mining town—bought a few groceries here, had a heart-to-heart talk with the storekeeper, who told us of a good place to prospect, and also where we would find a good cabin to stay in about three miles down a valley—both cabin and valley owned by the aforesaid storekeeper. We found the cabin and stayed overnight here.

The door was locked with a night lock and we had no key to the situation—so we found a side window that would slide open. It was too high for Joe to climb in so I picked him up by the hind legs and tossed him inside kerplunk.

Stepping outside the next morning I found the air surcharged with balsam or something—which was too much for me. I let out a salvo of yells to relieve my lungs, the air tasted so good. A bunch of cattle feeding nearby hit out over a divide—I suppose they thought I was calling them to a salt lick.

This section has an overburden of shale rock—little quartz float to be sure. We pulled out of here soon after breakfast toward Auburn.

Coming down on the south side of the American river Joe tried all the arts known to old prospectors to rent a cabin from a rancher but it was no go—this rancher was a lantern jawed looking specimen with a cherry and grape orchard—my private opinion was he had a grape juice converter, and preferred to look after his own business.

Returning to Auburn Joe found him a comfortable cabin where I left him next morning—and made a run for J'ville. Blew in here at 10 p. m.

A few miles north of Red Bluff I overhauled a hitch hiker—he looked so dejected—questioning him he said he lived in Klamath Falls. Well I said my home port is Jacksonville. Heaving a monstrous sigh he said, "O, what a break for me."

Had supper in Yreka at 6:30 p.m. Soon after leaving this place the generator on my engine refused to gen—my battery was well charged, so kept moving north. Part way up the Siskiyou, when rounding a curve, an old man waved a frantic stop signal—it was dark by then. The old fellow wanted a ride to Ashland—could not refuse—made him as comfortable as possible on some bedding. A few minutes later he was sound asleep. This old man, 73 years old, left Yreka on foot that morning. Night found him

stranded on the mountainside, superfluous.

Arriving in Ashland he was sound asleep—had to lift him overboard and place him on his feet. He was tired and sore. An old gentleman promised me he would find the old fellow a place to sleep for the night.

Leaving all surplus tonnage here I hightailed it for J'ville. Next morning I expected a few glad bands but would you believe it—Amy was the only man to shake hands with me.

Pieces of eight! Alice is just like all government officials when it comes to the main issue. She ducked—or rather took a mail plane to an upper state—Washington, Seattle and all way stations. I only intended making a loan proposal. I feel sorry for Joe's sake. The District of Columbia is full of ducking officials.

The last copy of The Miner I layed on my desk stopped my old faithful eight-day Seth Thomas clock. It was too much for old faithful. Any person or persons wishing to take a 60-year-old male child to raise please communicate with box 138, this city. This child is very fond of new potatoes, green peas and stewed creamed onions. Anon.



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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?

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