

### Host Features Added To Long List Events

(Continued from page one)  
hotel building; that is, recreating a true 1882 gambling den with all the trimmings, has been pushing work in that department and already has hatched a host of new ideas and stunts which will take visitors by storm. Anyway, Punk says, they will take visitors.

Dozens of unique races and contests are being arranged and prizes for the various winners have been gathered in, totaling well over



Sunday, Monday, Tuesday  
August 14-15-16

**FRANK BUCK'S**  
**"BRING 'EM**  
**BACK ALIVE"**

Wed., Thurs., Aug. 17-18

ROAD SHOW  
**VAUDEVILLE**  
6—ACTS—6  
Headed by  
**James HALL**  
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**IN PERSON**

Mats., Week Days.....25c  
Nites, Hols., Sun. Mats...35c

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### SPECIAL JUBILEE ISSUE NEXT WEEK

Jacksonville's Gold Rush Jubilee, naturally enough, will have a journalistic accompaniment of sorts in The Miner, which next week will issue a Gold Rush Jubilee edition, with pictures, stories and yarns as will interest hundreds of outsiders who will visit the old town. You scribes who know a bit of interesting tale which would be appropriate send it in—not later than Wednesday of next week, and earlier if possible. Interesting yarns of anything which comes to mind, a snatch of past history or some humorous incident connected with southern Oregon and Jacksonville will do much to grace columns of the paper and will be greatly appreciated.

And another thing—more than 1000 extra copies will be printed for visitors and home folks alike, and will sell at five cents a copy. Place your order early.

\$100 in cash and merchandise. There will be fun provided for all and prizes for most. Contact has been made with teams of drillers, who will chisel the local granite at a furious clip for a substantial prize, and husky woodsmen are being solicited to enter a log-chopping contest. Horseshoe courts, sack, fat and lean races and other events will add hilarity to afternoon hours.

Arrangements are being made for gala street parade at 7:30, with the fight card following at 9 o'clock, and both modern and old-fashioned dances starting up an hour later. Concessions and interior games will operate as long as crowds warrant. The American Legion drum corp from Medford is expected to be present in uniform and music aplenty, speeches in the old courtyard and hosts of other features are arranged for. Nick Kime, with a staff of assistants, has been engaged for the old-fashioned dance, and callers are being coached in the intricacies of '82 steps and melodies.

The town, acting through the local Legion club and its executive committee composed of President Oscar Lewis, Clint Dunnington, Ray Wilson and Leonard Hall, has made a terrific effort to put over the venture and, if gossip and comment from Klamath Falls to Roseburg can be depended on, it will far exceed all expectations in number of people attracted for the day. Interest and excitement concerning the return to 50 years ago, a Gold

### Applegaters—Mounted, Dusty and Weary— Investigate This Here Lookout Business Pronto

Nothing but implicit faith in ourselves or something or other could possibly have made the trip such a howling success with nothing of more seriousness happening than poison oak, a general good dusting and slight weariness. Anyway the horseback journey to Tallowbox lookout got started off not very pronto at 9:30 a.m. Sunday, midst dire predictions for two solid weeks of general failure, rain, hot weather, deserters, rattle snake bites, and a dicker for an automobile ride on the last stretch of the homeward journey.

Nine lusty mountaineers (?) with eight horses, a shetland pony and a yellow dog made up the party. The young folks included Misses Lola Straube, Leah McKee, Beryl Cunningham and Frances Port; Morris Byrne, Louis Straube, Fremont Jordan, Clifton Childers and a casual onlooker.

Not much of importance happened on the upward journey except sight of a deer and two jack-rabbits. Lou did say something about eating, but that's not unusual, and Cliff got perturbed over being held up half an hour for the fair members to get a snapshot focused. Snapshots have to be had, but 10 miles was a long jump between us and noon. The gang war whooped all around the foot of the mountain to let foreman Dean Saltmarsh know we were coming. We landed safely about 12:30 only by Dean sitting out on a rock with his whiskers to guide us to shore. He and his wife had felt a hunch somebody was coming, but they didn't know just who.

Water is mighty scarce up on these mountain tops, so the party slid their horses down the mountain three quarters of a mile to a shady spring where the lunches were opened. A very quiet hour was spent eating, dodging water fights, drinking, initialing hats and one thing or other. About forgot to mention that the spring boasts a wash pan, and everybody surprised himself by using it, even the girls. We tidied up the camp and meandered back up on top to visit a while and investigate this lookout business. The first thing that attracted attention was Dean's long whiskers; somebody thought he

Rush Jubilee, is running high and statewide attention will be focused on the little town Saturday, August 20, when she digs down into her souvenirs, prods about and emerges in all the glory, splendor and romance that made Jacksonville known and respected wherever gold and history are familiar. A full and complete program will be printed in next week's Miner.

● Mrs. Bert Harr spent a few days in Ashland this week, having been called there as a result of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Emma Beaver, who was injured in a fall downstairs at her home. Mrs. Beaver fell the full length of the stairs, having approached the head of the steps before she realized it. She sustained no broken bones, although she was severely bruised.

● Returning after several weeks visit to far-away Oklahoma, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reed Tuesday drove into Jacksonville accompanied by Reed's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Schmidt. The Reeds had departed for Mountain Home, Okla., home of the latter couple, and the four returned to take up a permanent residence here. Mrs. Schmidt had lived here several years ago for about six months.

By the time we've solved today's problems we'll have a new set.

In our forties we don't bounce as well as we did in our twenties. Most of us forget the lucky breaks and remember only the bad ones.

Flattery is most effective if given in small doses.

Everybody can talk, but few can talk to the point.

The petty troubles of our friends amuse us; when the same things happen to us they seem mighty serious.

Nothing happens to you that hasn't happened to someone else.

A woman seldom comes out of a sullen spell until she's sure her husband has suffered as much as she thinks he should.

So live that you always have enough money to buy a new tire without laying your car up for a week or two.

By the time a man has been in a pantry five minutes he has uttered 16 complaints about the way the house is managed.

resembled a Hollywood villain, but other than that they are still as much of a mystery as Mars.

The smoke was so thick the Applegate valley looked like Crater lake, and Dick Hoffman's barn didn't even show up, when on a clear day the human eye can see a distance of 20 miles. The most amusing discovery was the fact that Tallowbox is no place to cook beans. Dean says the water boils there, but it doesn't get hot. He means not as hot as it does down here. The beans are digestible, but the altitude (5021 feet) keeps them from getting as tender as they should. He says "wood is worth a-plenty, boy," and from the looks of the scratched up sticks around the place Uncle Sam must give him lots of spare time. Every time he goes to the spring he brings back a hazel stick and carves rings, and dots and dashes and stripes in the belief that the first important personage that frequents the place will pay him a big price for them. He talks about going to Hollywood this fall, too. Dickie, who resembles his dad and will cele-

brate his first birthday pretty quick next month, was pretty solemn and refused to say much. He was minus one shoe most of the time.

Five rattlers have been dashed into eternity on the mountain top this summer.

Well, it came time to come home so we did. Only two of the girls and the yellow dog got very tired, but they woke up when the boys began throwing at a rattlesnake and missed him. The oldest member of the party was going to take Morris by the law several times, but he didn't have any means of doing so. Got back to the starting point at last just between sunset and dusk, but not without discussing religion, turtles, pigeons and psychology down the winding mountain road.

A good time was had by all.

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For seven long months The Jacksonville Miner has assailed you weekly with a barrage of strictly home-town news and comment, written by home talent for home consumption. Get it? A home-town paper for we home-townners giving a news service available through no other source.

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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