

JACKSONVILLE LOT HAS \$10,000 IN LOWER SOIL

Less Than Tenth Now Mined Produces \$1000; In Heart Of City's Business

Computation of averages and production of gold on the lots owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Haight in this city, which fronts on California street, indicates that in excess of \$10,000 in placer gold will be yielded.

The lot, known as the Dip and Ball mine, already has produced, with improvised, almost expenseless equipment, between \$800 and \$900 since October 15, according to Mr. and Mrs. Haight, who collected a 20 per cent royalty on all gold mined there. The lot measures 100 by 100 feet in area, and covers an old gravel river channel.

Beaman and St. Clair have been lessees of the property, and have produced as high as several ounces of the precious metal every day. But a small part of the entire lot has been worked, and comparatively few yards of dirt have been handled, valuations having risen to as high as \$50 and more per yard of gravel—the richest known placer ground on the Pacific coast.

A survey partially complete indicates that the city of Jacksonville, although a small community, has some of the most valuable property on the coast, in view of the fact that thousands of dollars in native gold lie underneath the greater part of the business district. Alaskan goldfields which produce as much as eight cents of the precious metal to the cubic yard are considered rich deposits, and what Jacksonville lacks in area it makes up for in concentration.

Another favorable sidelight on the immensely rich deposits of gold which have been uncovered here—and which remain to be uncovered, is the fact that all native gold discovered at one time was in chemical combination with other metals in quartz fissures, and the erosion of ages has oxidized the mineral, broken it free from its quartz parent and washed it down into stream beds and gravel piles, where it still rests in great quantities. The fact that Jacksonville and Applegate deposits have been of such unusual concentration and value has led scientific and experienced miners to the conclusion that the parent deposits of such treasures still remain in the surrounding hills, and it is on this conclusion that Opp and Old Town and lesser properties are being developed.

The Haight property alone has been producing living wages and income to more than six people, two families, and the property owners for more than six months, and indications point to the continuance of this greatest relief work in Jackson county—sponsored by old Mother Earth herself.

Rolling Whisky Barrels No Fun

(Continued from page one)

fully the laws of gravity, Humphrey unwittingly let that whole load of full whisky barrels start riverward, which was about a mile below. George swears to this day one of them kegs—the heaviest in the lot—traveled the full distance. Being alone, he sure had a swell time rolling 'em back up the steep hill and coaxing 'em onto the wagon, which had been righted after suitable prying and swearing. All went well till one of the barrels got temperamental beside the wagon, fouled George below the belt and started careening back down the mountainside. Thence ensued a race comparable to the one ran between C. C. Beekman and a grizzly bear, and the keg would have outrun the panting pursuer if it hadn't been for the effective intervention of a good-sized tree. "Danged if the whole forest didn't get on a jag after that collision," Humphrey, who still lives in Klamath, is reported to have said afterward.

"Yep, I sure wish the good old days were back again," concluded the judge. "I wouldn't mind chasing a keg of good old Hennessy clean down Mount Pitt bare fotted."

"Yes, I reckon that was funny for everyone but George," drawled young Jim Littrell. "Say Viv, how about that fellow that got run over by the gas car on the old Barnum Special?" queried the dance floor manager as he measured the distance between his wad of chewing tobacco and the blazing hardware stove. "What was that feller's name?"

"Johnson," responded Vivian Beach, who had joined the circle during a short recess from his jeweler's bench. "Half-brother to Charlie Brewert. About 30 years ago when he got tangled up with the little go-devil Barnum put on his railroad."

"Generally pretty well loaded with samples of the town's eight or nine saloons, Johnson was wont to act ornery, go to sleep in strange places or pick a fight with bystanders," continued Viv, as he warmed up to his subject. "Got to be where he was a pest, and one night, down by the school house, the gas car rounded a curve to descend on old Johnson stretched dead drunk across one of the rails. He had been beaten up and evidently placed there to challenge the progress of the hourly go-devil, and he sure did mess things up."

"Never did know whether his accident sobered him up or not—Saint Peter wouldn't tell," grinned

Viv as he looked toward a newcomer, who was unaccustomed to the ways and habits of the old town way back when.

"Reminds me of the time when," cut in Dan Shuss, who had been patiently awaiting his turn at relating anecdotes, likes of which convince newcomers that either Jacksonville was the wildest town in the country a few decades ago, or had produced some of the nation's most fluent and affable prevaricators. "old Bum Neuber stole a brass cannon from the veteran's picnic up in the grove."

Just at this point Bill Bishop, acknowledged champion reminiscencer of southern Oregon, second only to Gus Newbury, burst in on the scene, and the group changed the subject and passed a fresh plug around.

Tucker Writes An History of J'Ville

(Continued from page one)

genesis in the county mention is made of John Miller's gun factory, located where the Basket Grocery now stands.

The pioneer town also is mentioned as the important social center of the 70's, with the Christmas ball at Veit's hall as the grand affair of the year. Music was furnished by the Jacksonville string band.

The Wm. Bybee ranch is given as one of the chief sources of meat in early days.

The history, which dates as late as 1926 mentions the museums, the Britt art gallery, and the Beekman bank as the unique interest to tourists and local residents.

Other phases taken up in the general history give growth of cities and population; scientific observation by outside geologists; discovery of Crater Lake and subsequent developments; establishment of social organizations such as mountain rangers, D. A. R., and Granges; progress of newspapers; writers; public improvements; and the O. and C. land grant refund seven years ago.

Mr. Tucker has prepared three articles for the Quarterly, and the second article, which will appear in the March number, will deal with mining and information concerning the old mining towns of the country. The Historical Quarterly and a copy of Mr. Tucker's complete history are obtainable at the Jackson County library.

William Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tucker, who reside on the Old Stage road, has many friends in this city and vicinity. During the year that he attended the local high school, when the students waxed journalistic and established the "Jacksonville Hi-Life," Mr. Tucker edited a "column," much as is fashioned these days. Students and faculty members were kept busy each week scanning the "Comical Corner" to see whom the quiet little joke editor had chosen to weave into his witticisms.

Mr. Tucker was graduated from the state university at Seattle in 1931, having majored in history. His graduate work, in which he is engaged at present, and which is constituted principally of research in the field of political science, will earn him a doctor of philosophy degree. The matrimonial phase also has entered Mr. Tucker's line of endeavor. In June, 1932, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Fountain of Seattle, graduate of the university.

A few years ago Mr. Tucker wrote a history of the Southern Oregon Normal school, which gave unusual insight into the struggles for establishment of the school. The histories on the two local subjects both represent a great amount of research and effort on the part of Mr. Tucker.

To Move Noodle Factory Monday

John Fischer of the Swiss Creamery announced definitely yesterday that he would move his noodle factory and the office and retail departments of the Swiss Creamery to its new location at 506 West Sixth street Monday.

Fischer's noodle factory, which promises to grow into another valuable industry for the Rogue River valley, will produce the only noodles manufactured on the Pacific coast which are made entirely of eggs and milk—both products produced here. The Fischer family of Europe has manufactured the same noodles, made by the same recipe, since 1764, and John Fischer is the founder of the Gold Medal Brand of California noodle, which is sold to millions of customers yearly.

Fischer founded the fresh egg noodle industry in California in 1924, and came to Oregon in 1929. He feels certain, he said, that the noodles he now produces will continue to gain favor until they are consumed all over the northwest, which will be to the benefit of the producers of eggs and milk here.

The office and retail departments of the Swiss Creamery will be more accessible to the public in the new location on West Sixth street, but the creamery itself will remain at the present location on the Pacific highway north of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunnington motored over from Klamath Falls Monday and are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Dunnington in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark and children of Medford have rented their home on East Main to Dr. Inkeep and taken their residence at the home of residence of the late Mrs. Tommy Wilson.

The Philosopher

Now that primitive man has acquired the fear of the spirit world (a permanent heritage) we can more easily follow his activities and understand his motives.

Before attempting to seek the source of our various character traits a short resume of the mythical Golden Age is in order. This myth comes from the Greeks, a myth loving race who preserved many ancient traditions, which have served the archaeologist as connecting links in historical discoveries.

In the far distant past, said the Greek myth, man lived in perfect harmony, with his fellow man and nature abundantly supplied with the necessities of life from the bounties of nature, life was lived to the fullest. Excess population had not yet forced him to the colder climates, the fruits of nature fed him without the need of personal effort, private ownership of property was yet to come and the baser human passions emanating there from were unknown. Of laws and law enforcement officers there were none and the necessity for that terrible word "don't" the father of sin, was not apparent.

During the dark ages this myth was forgotten, buried under the superstition that man was conceived in sin. Its revival came about thru the discovery of America and the American Indian. Longe, a French philosopher after a careful study of the Indians compared his care-free existence with that of the Golden Age—viz: living without property, courts or law enforcement officers yet maintaining a very high standard of morals.

Scientists accepted the American Indian as proof that the "Golden Age" was not wholly mythical—that it may have existed.

One of our readers expressed the belief that we were digressing

Next week: Adan and Eve and the Golden Age.

Cameron Trees To Be Shipped Across Sea To Germany

Even trees must some day succumb to commercialism.

In a few weeks two stately black walnut trees at the Frank Cameron ranch will sway with the sharpness of men's tools, and will be shipped to a foreign land—perhaps Germany—to recline in well-to-do homes as fine furniture or ornaments. The trees have been bargained for by L. W. Barnett, Crescent City dealer in unique woods, who has had an inquiry from Germany concerning walnut for veneering.

Mr. Robnett, who deals principally in red wood, myrtle, maple, and walnut, and who ships to world wide points, places particular value on the gnarled roots of the walnuts just beneath the ground. He may decide to get three trees from the Cameron ranch.

These majestic old trees, which have a monetary value of 125, have done more than bear nuts and beautify the landscape. Beneath their friendly branches two generations of children have played, later to dream dreams of the mature mind in their restful shade. These massive trees are significant of the livelier days of old Uniontown; they were a part of the little village itself, for 66 years ago a young woman's hands planted a row of nuts at the rear of her home. The young woman was Mrs. E. J. Cameron, now of Medford, and a well known pioneer of the West. The nuts grew, and some of the trees were transplanted to the front of the yard. Later other trees were cut down.

An old mulberry tree at the Kubli ranch on Applegate, which has weathered the storms in winter and furnished food for birds and shade in summer, uprooted and crashed to the ground last week. Ten inches of heavy snow caused the collapse of the tree, which fell over the front yard fence. The tree was planted by the late Henry Kubli 35 years ago, and as a final gesture of usefulness it will furnish two anchor posts in addition to fuel.

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Harr And Carl To Tangle Soon Over Newspaper Warfare

"Just to be accommodating," is the reply given by Bert Harr when asked in an interview over the telephone to give his reason for accepting Farmer Bill Carl's challenge to debate on the topic. "Resolved, that the Daily News readers have an overdose of politics."

"Yes, when anybody comes along looking for trouble or accommodations I like to accommodate them," added Mr. Harr, self admitted sage (brush) at writing.

It seems that Farmer Bill had been casting about some time for an opponent, and seeing none appear on the scene, and feeling sorry for the politician at the other end of the Applegate, Mr. Harr offered to play the role of the Good Samaritan. An unsuspected element was revealed in the interview, however, when Mr. Harr declared that he was afraid he "had bitten off more than he could chew," and asked the support of The Miner staff. The opening attack awaits the hour when Mr. Carl decides to fire, and the battle will be waged through the pages of the Medford Mail Tribune.

The literary entanglement already has received considerable publicity, having gained front page prominence in the Tribune, as well as mention in Ye Smudge Pot, which, incidentally, Mr. Harr has admitted on another occasion that he "has to take before breakfast or have a headache."

James Winningham, while bringing home W. B. Harrow and wife of Jacksonville from the Community hospital in Medford, had his car struck by a truck and damaged, but no one was injured.

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