

Extra!

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MAKES GOLD STRIKE

The Editor Speaking

Jackson county's politics, it seems, resurrected a horsewhip some time back and now Jacksonville, in her Gold Rush Jubilee, will bring out the horse and carriage that was supposed to have gone with it.

But don't get us wrong. Just because rotund Henrietta thought she was going to wield a horsewhip we didn't get to feeling like that part of animal anatomy for which the weapon was originally intended.

It seems that this here town of Jacksonville needs a city planning commission. Just yesterday we noted a very pronounced variety in hitching posts and racks. In order that this may become the City Beautiful, The Miner suggests that storekeepers and residents get together and adopt a Uniform Hitching Post Code.

By following some general scheme chaos could be brought out of order. Picture, in your own mind, a street lined with even, regular hitching racks that gleam in the morning sun and stand ever-ready to support some leaning human. What more could any city ask?

But, speaking of civic pride, we are wondering just what Salem thinks of its new journalists who are working their way up at the warden's camp ground?

Years ago we were told that all bad people went where they had to shovel coal. Unloading hog feed at the state prison, we suppose, is merely an apprentice course. But then there is nothing like preparing for the next life, says Parson Twitchlip.

Back in the good old days, recalls Ralph Woodford, Medford druggist, every boy in southern Oregon looked forward to the annual dolings in Jacksonville. It was something worth hitching the nag up for and, on one occasion when McKinley was inaugurated, Woodford relates fireworks really burst loose in the old town.

It seems that political sympathizers started a ratification parade down California street, but little reckoned with the spirit of the old town and its many ways of finding expression. Scarcely had the parade been organized when some arch-fiend had distributed a couple dozen roman candles among the he-men of the community.

Instead of pointing the fireworks skyward—the usual procedure—the roman candles were waved back and forth in front of the paraders, spraying them with a couple hundred fiery balls which paid but scant heed to where they were going. (Continued on page two)

THAT'S GOLD IN THEM MOUNTAINS SAYS ASSAYOR

Dentist Unexpectedly Finds Deposit Long Overlooked by Old Sourdough

Early yesterday morning, while pursuing his work, Dr. S. C. Peters, Jacksonville dentist, made a rich strike. Assayor L. H. McGuire pronounced the find 22 karat gold. Gold Buyer G. W. Godward concurred in the opinion.

Dr. Peters, who moved here with his family from Drain because of the climate, little expected, he said at press time, to become a part and parcel of Jacksonville's gold traffic. Straight dentistry had been his aim. Full value of the body of ore has not yet been determined, due to difficulty in removing the treasure from its resting place. The dentist has set to work, however, to gouge out his fortune in yellow metal.

Details of the strike, as related by Dr. Peters, are as follows: Yesterday morning he arose at the usual hour, finished breakfast and started for his office. It was just one of those ordinary, humdrum days when little or nothing is expected to happen beyond regular rise of the sun and thermometer. Little did the doctor realize what a surprise was in store for him.

About a block from his office Dr. Peters encountered an old miner just in from the hills who appeared to be drunker than 700 Indians. It is an old prospector's custom, "Be ye this town's tooth yanker?" asked the inebriate.

"I have a certificate which says I'm a dentist," quipped the doctor. "Waal, I'm gonna take ye inter my confidence," whispered the bearded sourdough as he wavered in the dentist's direction. "I'm hot on the trail of the real thing!"

Dr. Peters, who had heard of such miners' dreams and how every little drink of firewater made a pocket hunter out of the poorest sluffer, paid little heed. But the man was so insistent that he followed the course of least resistance and herded the miner into confines of his office away from the watchful eye of City Marshal Jim Littell. Between hiccoughs the old prospector's story was unfolded.

It seems that this old fellow had sent for one of those "doodle-bug" gold finders. He had placed utmost confidence in the contraption and had set to work in the Jacksonville hills to take a shortcut to riches. But something went wrong, as he explained. "Every time I git them doodlebugs set ter pull, they allus points toward my haid," he complained. "They gives a big yank like I was encircin' a real pocket!"

"Him-m-m," mused Dr. Peters. Then, after a few moments of further reflection he elaborated by saying "Him-m-m hm-m-m!" "Have you any idea why the instruments pull toward you?" said the dentist, taking a random shot in the dark.

"Waal, I heerd of chickens git-ting nuggets in their craws, and I come to town looking fer someone to squirt down my gullet an' see if maybe I haint swallowed a real clean-up," said the miner bashfully.

Dr. Peters, he said, then had the man get in his chair and say "ah-h-h!" The miner, true to his hilltop brogue, corrupted the phrase to "ugh-gh," but he opened his mouth. Close investigation revealed what appeared to be a sizeable nugget hidden in the folds of the man's jowls.

"Boy, she's a nugget. If I know anything about the standard Uncle Sam just went off of," gasped Dr. Peters. "Waal," butted in the examined one, "do somethin' about her; yank the dangid thing out!"

In less time than it took Dr. Peters to relate the yarn, he had grasped the golden object with his forceps and had removed the heavy object with one deft motion. He showed it to the squirming old prospector.

Must Clean Up City, Reform

GOLD RUSH JUBILEE PROGRAM

Jacksonville, August 19, 1933

Sponsored by the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce (Oscar Lewis, President; J. B. Wetterer, Secretary)

10:00 a. m.—BASEBALL GAME, Gold Hill vs. Jacksonville Miners, Ball park, school grounds.

CONTESTS ON WEST SIDE OF TOWN (across from old brewery on Ruch highway) including rope climbing, pole climbing, greased pole climbing, slack rope walking and buck sawing.

CALIFORNIA STREET EVENTS (in center of town) include bicycle race, tire race, exhibition of semaphore signaling by Boy Scouts under leadership Earl White.

1:00 p. m.—RODEO AT BASEBALL GROUNDS.

MAIN STREET AFTERNOON EVENTS including gold panning contest, auspices Southern Oregon Mining Association; water relay race; water fight, hog calling contest; sack race, potato race, three-legged race, fat man's race, fat woman's race and wildcat race.

WEST SIDE EVENTS including greased pig, wood chopping log sawing (entrants to furnish own buck saws), lifting contest, rolling pin throwing contest for women, swimming races, pie eating, wheelbarrow race (barrows furnished), nail driving contests for women, spike driving contest for men, log rolling, tug of war (across water), fencing on floating logs.

RAILROAD AVENUE EVENTS (block north of California street) include full list of track events through till 5 p. m., in charge of Joe Nee and Ray Hunsaker.

5:30 p. m.—PIONEER PARADE, through main part of town.

9:15 p. m.—WRESTLING CARD in outdoor arena at ball park.

10:00 p. m.—THREE DANCES. Old-fashioned dance at I. O. O. F. hall; popular dance in U. S. hotel and mammoth street dance on California street.

MONTE CARLO—1880 gambling den recreated—will be open throughout the day and night.

MUSEUMS—Southern Oregon museum located ground floor of U. S. hotel; Native Daughters' museum, near city hall on Oregon street.

SPOT WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED in Oregon is marked by monument three blocks south on Oregon street from main intersection.

BACKYARD GOLD MINES will be found hiding behind every pile of gravel in town.

Must Park Side-Arms Outside of Wrestling Arena

By vote of the city council last night it was ordered that all side-arms must be checked with attendant at tomorrow night's wrestling card. "We will have no display of vulgarity," said Mayor Hartman in a special statement.

"If any fans have personal feelings after the match, they are at liberty to entitle wrestlers to Daisy creek's banks, where drainage is fairly good, for their shootings. Canvas of squared rings gets so messy when fans forget their finer instincts and blaze away at a couple of bone benders straining in a mass," elaborated His Honor.

City Marshal Jim Littell and Promoter Mack Lillard agreed that all armed displays shall be confined to the shooting gallery this year and sourdoughs intent on shooting up the town will have to restrain themselves to shooting off their faces so far as the outdoor arena is concerned.

Jacksonville Wins 17-Inning Game 25-26

Some people think Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and a few of the other boys with fancy press agents are baseball players. But they are the ones who never heard of the famous game played between Jacksonville and Applegate back in the twenties.

But they haven't seen anything if they weren't along the sidelines for that eventful game, which lasted a mere 17 innings before a tie was decided. Final score was 25-26, in favor of the old mining town. According to John Hueners, here on a honeymoon from Randolph Field, Texas, that was in the days of real baseball, when the horsehide game was a man's game.

Along in the fourth inning Pitcher Joe Sullivan's arm got sore, so Hueners, for Jacksonville, filled out the rest of the game—13 innings. "The first 10 innings were the hardest, though," he explained as he rubbed his arm reflectively. "We'd just about settle the tie and someone would sock out a home run. We lost three pecks of baseballs that way during the day, but shucks, I believe I could have pitched the game all over again."

There were many players, according to Huener's account, who found themselves homeless, the children mature and away, when they returned. Rip Van Winkle had it over the ball players that game only in that he slept instead of pursued the great American game. Several barbers starved to death before the score was unevened, as players were not allowed uptown during the games.

Some of the players, recalled by Hueners, included Sullivan, Chase Ottadahl, catcher, Robert Broad, Dick Hartman and Jack Moore.

No business code will amount to much unless made effective by the Blue Eagle's claws.—Weston Leader.

Barnum's Special Late Is Word from Medford

Barnum's Special, that iron horse that pants its way between Jacksonville and Medford, is late again, according to advice just received at The Miner office.

The train, following a right-of-way some six miles in length, was due at the local depot—occupied by Tom Rudy—14 years ago but, due to sale of locomotive to China and the ripping up of rails and rotting of bridges Barnum's Special will be late.

The Miner, always first with the news, declares this is the only scoop of its kind in Oregon (thank God!). Engineers Wetterer and Dunnington walked over almost a decade ago when they tired of waiting for the thundering mass of steel, and are still watching the call board.

The Sacramento thieves who stole a hearse may have heard it was a beer-wagon.—Weston Leader.

MUST SWEEP NUGGETS, GOLD DUST FROM CITY STREETS FOR JUBILEE DAY

Clean streets have been guaranteed for Jacksonville during the Gold Rush Jubilee, according to a resolution passed by the city council of Jacksonville last week.

All gold nuggets and rotten quartz will be swept from the main thoroughfares by Saturday morning, when the guests start to arrive. Work on the "cleanup drive" was started last Tuesday.

Carelessness of miners coming to Jacksonville, and the refusal of residents of Jacksonville to keep their dogs from digging in the streets were given as the two chief causes of so much gold being strewn about the city streets, according to Mayor Wesley Hartman, who instigated the cleanup drive.

"If the dogs of this town would do their digging down on the flats or in back yards, instead of in the city streets," Mayor Hartman said, "there wouldn't be all this gold lying around for people to stumble over. Yesterday the marshal reported that Emil Britt's Cocker Spaniel got out of the yard and started to bury a bone in front of Charlie Chitwood's place, and rolled a hunk of gold down the hill as big as your hat. Roy Smith came driving along and nearly busted a wheel on it. Such business has to stop, or people will be afraid to come to the celebration."

"These miners around here are gosh-awful careless, too," Councilman Jim Cantrall said. "One of them came in from up Star Gulch last week with a flour sack full of gold dust. He dragged the

stuff down the sidewalk, instead of stopping his mule in front of Godward's place, and scattered gold dust for two blocks on account of a hole in the sack."

"It has to be stopped, if we have to pass an ordinance against it," Punk Dunnington, another councilman, volunteered. "Saturday morning Mrs. Dunnington was dusting the house and wiped up eight ounces of gold dust off the piano that blew into the house during the wind storm Friday, and when I took a bath that night there was a quarter inch of the stuff in the bathtub. Some of it got down the drain, and I had to have the plumber out."

Possibility that the cleanup campaign would not only apply to the streets, but to some of the miners as well, was voiced by Councilman Flick.

"If these miners don't wash the gold dust out of their whiskers before coming to town, it's going to raise the price of shaves in this town," Flick said. "A couple of miners came down out of the head of Poor Man's creek last week and got shaved, and the barber ruined two new razors when he whacked into nuggets in one guy's beard. Something should be done about that, too."

So the streets are expected to be cleaned of hazardous gold nuggets by Saturday morning, thanks to the decisive action of the city council, and visitors will be able to stroll about in almost any condition without breaking a leg on a piece of rotten-rich quartz.

NATION'S 'BRAVEST MAN' AT JUBILEE



Lem Wilson (shown above) has been characterized by former Brigadier-General Frank D. Bullock as "the bravest man in America" for having twice saved his life in early Indian wars and buffalo hunts and was twice honored by congress for his bravery. Wilson is a resident of Jacksonville, Oregon's first gold camp, and will take part in her Gold Rush Jubilee to be staged Saturday, August 19, this year. He is shown with the prospector's make-up with which he hopes to again win first prize in the town's annual pioneer parade on that day.

HORSE TROUGHS FIRST IN LINE OF PURITY MOVE

To Tolerate No Further Habit of Stabling Horses on City's Walks

Mayor Wesley Hartman last night launched his most aggressive campaign during a special meeting of the city council. "We must clean up Jacksonville" was his startling statement.

His Honor declared that the practice of permitting horses to slobber in troughs after partaking of their fill of water shall be stamped—or stomped—out at once. "Time and again I have seen the animals allowed to stand dozing placidly while drippings from their jowls splash back into the trough. I don't see why the horses' esthetic sense hasn't stopped the slovenly habit. So long as horse sense doesn't know any better, I suppose the city council will have to take the initiative and eliminate the practice."

His remarks were seconded by Councilman Ed Severance, who awakened Councilman Punk Dunnington. The latter, somewhat sleepily, leaped to the floor and voted no. When informed of the issue, he merely remarked "aw, horsefeathers." A standing-sitting vote was then taken and Councilman Jim Cantrall voted three times, explaining he had an itch. Councilman Peter Flick nodded assent as his head dropped in slumber and Secretary Ray Coleman smacked a mosquito, which made the vote unanimous.

Henceforth, it will be unlawful, illegal, illegitimate and darned unthoughtful for a horse to stand and lazily slobber in the fair city's horse troughs.

As an anti-climax, another issue concerning horses was brought up. It seems that the mayor dislikes much the practice of some people of stabling their horses on the city's board walks. "Darned near every day I git switched in the eye or kicked somewhere because of this thoughtlessness," complained Hartman. "Not to mention other inconveniences of the practice. Why just this morning I bumped heads with Lem Wilson as we met on the walk. Both of us had been watching our step. We had just shined our button shoes."

A yawning vote was taken at this point, due to the late hour, and all yawned in assent but Ray Coleman, who burped just to be different. Coleman has no vote anyway so, save for the undaintiness of his gesture, it meant nothing. After the vote was taken it was decided that horses, if picketed on the sidewalks, should be turned stern streetwards so as to deter objectionable features.

Our city council, and mayor, are to be commended highly for their foresight, hindsight and dam'sight. A bigger and more beautiful city is their motto, they declared.

Paul Bunyan's Ox to Haul Huge Nugget

Paul Bunyan's famous blue ox, which was so powerful it could straighten crooked roads, will be in Jacksonville jubilee day. The blue ox has been assigned to special duty hauling a huge nugget—the largest ever seen in captivity—during the old fashioned parade to be staged at 5:30 p. m. sharp Saturday.

The nugget, some six feet in circumference, and typically heavy, will require a special carriage and the powerful ox to transport it and will be guarded by City Marshal Jim Littell, state police, national guards, boy scouts and the ladies' aid. The nugget, it was explained, was personal property of Paul Bunyan back in the good old days. He wore it as a watch charm.

Seattle has 22-year-old girl twins who announce that they will marry twins only. Well, with two pair there'd be a better chance for a full house.—Weston Leader.

"We have had our bust and now we're busted," observes the esteemed Oregonian, in a tax editorial. Still, we've noticed that another bust for the busted is not what you would call impossible.—Weston Leader.