

BEST GAME OF YEAR DROPPED GOLD HILL 2-1

Jubilee Tilt Hotly Contested by Traditional Rivals; Thrills Aplenty in Airtight Play

What was characterized by spectators as the "best game of baseball seen this year in southern Oregon" was played on the Jacksonville diamond Saturday to Jubilee crowds. Gold Hill and the Jacksonville Miners fought almost errorless for nine innings, with the invading team emerging victorious, 2-1. But one error was chalked up against each team, with the breaks about evenly divided.

The game, called at 10 a. m., started out as a pitchers' battle, first three men on each side being retired from the mound. Montgomery, for the Miners, fanned 14 men while Bailey, Gold Hill, fooled seven. Soon, however, moundmen called upon their support, which was not lacking. But one hit worth more than a single sack was produced in the game when Gardner, Gold Hill second baseman, poled out a triple. Score stood nothing-to-nothing till the fourth inning, when Gold Hill scored after placing a runner on base when Hunsaker dropped a fly ball and Gardner pounded out his drive. Each nine scored one run in the seventh and a Miner rally in the last half of the ninth appeared imminent when Reinking, first man at bat, was walked. Next batter, Joe McIntyre, flied to pitcher, Montgomery flied out to center field and Hess was thrown out at first on a short grounder picked up by Catcher Force. Reinking died on base.

While the Miners were busy accumulating four hits Gold Hill earned six safety blows, enabling her to add the extra point which decided the game. Final result, however, was never in the bag, both nines playing airtight ball till the last out was made.

Box scores follow:

Jacksonville					
	AB	R	H	E	
Harrington, c	3	0	0	0	
Reinking, cf	2	1	0	0	
McIntyre, 2b	4	0	1	0	
Montgomery, p	4	0	0	0	
Hess, lf	4	0	0	0	
Frazier, 3b	3	0	0	0	
Hibbert, ss	3	0	0	0	
Hunsaker, rf	1	0	1	1	
McBee, 1b	2	0	1	0	
Smith, 1b	3	0	1	0	
Totals	29	1	4	1	

Gold Hill					
	AB	R	H	E	
C. Kell, 3b	3	0	1	0	
Gardner, 2b	4	1	1	0	
Emory, lf	4	0	0	0	
Force, c	4	1	2	0	
T. Kell, rf	4	0	1	0	
F. Foley, cf	4	0	0	0	
Bailey, p	3	0	1	0	
Coy, ss	3	0	0	0	
Shaver, 1b	3	0	0	1	
Totals	32	2	6	1	

Summary—Three base hit: Gardner. Struck out: By Montgomery 14, by Bailey 7. Bases on balls: Off Montgomery 1, off Bailey 2. Hit by pitcher: By Bailey, Harrington. Hits: Off Montgomery 6, off Bailey 4. Double plays: Gardner to Shaver.

LOST CAVE BELIEVED TO EXIST NEAR JACKSONVILLE; STALACTITE SHOWN

According to word received late last week from Mrs. Clara Grubbs, Waitsburg, Wash., a lost cave exists somewhere within a few hours horseback ride of Jacksonville which rivals in size and splendor the famous Oregon caves on the Redwood highway.

A stalactite, taken from a cave found by brothers of the former resident, was received by The Miner, together with photos of the children involved, and the story of the find, in Mrs. Grubbs' own words, follows:

To the Editor: May I ask for a portion of your valuable space to bring to the minds of some of those old time friends and playmates of my girlhood an incident which is known to some of the few still left in the old families, and which may be of sure interest to their children or grandchildren. It has been brought back vividly by seeing so many of their names, through the agency of your paper.

First let me say I am enclosing an enlarged copy of a very small photograph of myself, my brother Orlando and sister Flora. It was taken some time in 1863 by Peter Britt, father of Mary and Emil Britt. Reading from left to right: Clara Smith, Orlando Smith, familiarly known as "Dode," and Flora Smith, aged, respectively, five, three and seven years.

I have lived through more than 50 years in this part of the country since leaving Little Applegate. Brother Dode has lain for many years in a miner's grave amid the grandeur of the majestic Sawtooth mountains at the long abandoned camp of Yellow Jacket in southern Idaho. Sister Flora, Mrs. W. C. Springer, has lived over or near 50 years at Vancouver, Wash.

And now for my little story. Dode and Bud Geary, both about 13 years of age, tireless, fearless mountain lads, went out hunting one day in the fall of 1873, carrying their cap and ball rifles, with their deer-skin shot pouches and powder horns made of cow horns. These details are familiar to all old hunters, and the old-timer will

and Coy to Gardner to Shaver. Umpires: Shafer and Haight.

Score by innings:
Gold Hill 000 100 100—2
Jacksonville 000 000 100—1

The Miners play another game on the home diamond next Sunday, when they meet Rogue River at 2 p. m. Two weeks before, at the latter city, the Miners dropped a 10-11 tilt when four players showed up missing and vacancies were filled with pickups. Sunday's game may result in victory for the Miners if the entire team is present, say critics, and will be an easy win if the same class of ball is displayed as was produced last week-end.

Umpire Haight, in last Saturday's game, was so impressed by the Miner ability he has been dicker-ing with Manager Beach for a benefit game with this city and his own Medford Rogues, to be played at the fairgrounds one week from Sunday. Two Medford players suffered severe injuries during the season and the game will be a relief measure in their behalf.

Sunday's Rogue River tilt here should furnish fans with more baseball thrills, says Coach Funk Dunnington.

see in their memories of the past these two youngsters, sons of the hardy pioneers of old, who will gather there on Jubilee day, a picture of them with their rifles and their packs on their horses, going out to face the unknown dangers of the wild mountain fastnesses.

Leaving from the old Frank Smith homestead, adjoining the Sam Phillips place, where they returned several hours later with their deer, each had his shot pouch filled with beautiful crystals, or stalactites. The boys had no idea they had anything but "pretty rocks" and could give but a meager description of where they found them, only that while climbing through the brush they had come upon an opening in the mountainside—just a dark hole.

Curious, of course, and with no means of finding their way except by the light of pitch torches cut from an old pine stump, they crawled in, only desirous of seeing where the passage might lead, never dreaming of what they might encounter.

Imagine their surprise at finally coming into a cavern, where floor and ceiling were covered with the lovely crystal stalactites, and stalagmites. They had no idea how far back the cavern and passages might extend and were frightened at what might lie beyond, so only stopped to fill their pouches with the crystals, and then found their way back to the outside world again.

We brought a number of the crystals with us to this country, and I am sending you the last one, with the photo before mentioned.

I always thought, when in 1881, the Oregon caves were discovered, that in some way, the boys had stumbled into what is now one of Oregon's scenic wonders, until a few years ago my own grandson, with his young wife, visited the Oregon caves and they told me they questioned attendants there, learning no such formation as these had even existed in those caves. Then I realized that these two children had accidentally found something entirely different, and no one had ever given any further thought to what was only a dark opening in the mountainside. Now I realize they could not have gone nearly as far as the Oregon caves, in the few hours they were gone.

So there MUST BE caverns there, filled with wonderful beauty, which have never been discovered since the two 13-year-old boys went into the opening that day so many years ago, and that has long been forgotten.

Now, will not some of the younger generation try to find the spot and learn what wonders of nature may be hidden within a few miles of old Jacksonville? They were not gone long enough to have wandered many miles from the places of Phil Grieve (Little Phil), Joe Garrison and Charlie Thurman.

You, Mr. Editor, might care to use the one remaining stalactite, shown now of its crystal beauty after all these years, and the old photo copy, during the celebration, which we cannot attend on account of our years and ill health. Then will you kindly give them to Miss Mary Britt, for her museum? Our hearts will be there, where our old friends with their families gather to enjoy the reminiscences of old days, even though we may not be with them in person.

With our best wishes for the success of your wonderful little paper, I remain, yours very truly,

MRS. CLARA GRUBBS
Box 212, Waitsburg, Wash.

The machine gun is not without its compensatory features when there's gangsters at both ends.—Weston Leader.

Mr. Gandhi threatens to fast until he dies, we understand, if it's the last thing he does.—Weston Leader.

Fortunate is the man who has learned how to live by the time he's slated to die.—Weston Leader.



Ann Harding is co-featured with William Powell in the Craterian theater's Sunday and Monday feature picture, "Double Harness." It tells the story of a woman who had to win her man twice—once for marriage and once for love.

"Tugboat Annie," with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery starred, comes to the Craterian Tuesday for a five-day run.

FAY WRAY COMES TO RIALTO IN NEW TYPE ROLE SUNDAY

Menaced by monsters and madmen in her recent pictures, Fay Wray, attractive motion picture actress, has at last been given a role wherein she herself provides most of the danger.

The film is "The Woman I Stole," playing at the Rialto theater Sunday and Monday and featuring Jack Holt.

In "The Wax Museum," "Doctor X," "The Most Dangerous Game," and "King Kong," four of Miss Wray's recent vehicles, she was the victim of nefarious designs, and in Columbia's "Below the Sea," in which she has just completed the romantic lead opposite Ralph Bellamy, Miss Wray was threatened by an octopus on the ocean floor.

But in "The Woman I Stole," Miss Wray plays Vida Corew, an alluring and sophisticated woman of the world who, not content with the love of her husband, becomes involved in a romantic affair with Holt, an old magnate. Despite the picture's locale in Northern Africa Miss Wray wears many alluring Parisian gowns.

Donald Cook plays Miss Wray's husband. Others in the cast include Noah Beery, Raquel Torres and Edwin Maxwell.

"Clark Wood is such a liar he doesn't believe what he says when he's talking to himself," drools Olin Miller, who assumes that others have his fatuous habit. Olin talks to himself because no one else will tolerate his unspeakable drive.—Weston Leader.

If wheezers had a pugilistic rating, Olin Miller would find it difficult to qualify for the flywit class.—Weston Leader.

Every ant has five noses, which explains its ability to smell out a picnic.—Weston Leader.

It must be quite convenient for Mussolini to merely look in a mirror when he wants to see his cabinet.—Weston Leader.

What we cannot understand this summer is why any nation ever wanted a place in the sun.—Weston Leader.

The lucky Lindberghs hopped to Reykjavik by way of Angmagssalik without even hitting a consonant.—Weston Leader.

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Camp Applegate Sees Flying Fists and Feet at Friday Nite Smoker

By GEORGE HALL

Flying fists and dancing feet were seen at the smoker held at Camp Applegate last Friday night. The boxers were all camp talent, some fighting for the fun, others to settle minor difficulties. Being the first show of its kind held after dark, with the arena illuminated with gas lanterns, it went over with a bang, as the crowd of men from the camp and neighbors from the hills cheered their favorites to throw the leather a little harder.

Jerry McMahon, the captain's son, fought the curtain raiser with Jimmy Concannon, former Multnomah club star. This battle, put on for exhibition purposes, started the show off in a grand style.

Then Perry Marco and Art Rogers fought a draw, followed by Ralph Nurmi in a win over Hank Voight. Joe Monte was awarded a technical k-o over Dave Monson in the second round. Al James won the nod over Bob Mark, Everett Huffman over Gene Toomey and Lloyd Wright fought a draw with Chuck Smith.

Winding up the evening's program was the main event in which Red Conner, "the Blond Terror of Ashland," took a defeat at the hands of Blondie Moore, "the White Sluggo of Albina."

Fritz Jenkins refereed and promised as interesting a card every Friday evening hereafter.

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Nudists also exhibit unusual endurance. There's nothing, it seems, they're unwilling to bare.—Weston Leader.

We assume from this that Doc Riley of the Hubbard Enterprise couldn't get his watch out of pawn: "Passing by a loan shark's office we noticed a big NRA sign and blue eagle and the words 'we do our part.' Some one should replace the eagle with a vulture."—Weston Leader.

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From Sat. Eve. Post Stories by Norman Reilly Raine

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