

The Editor Speaking

Art (Hic) Powell, that long drink of 3.2 from over Central Point way...

Art, it will be remembered, criticized Jacksonville for her Gold Rush Jubilee and still bemoans the fact he was unable to get drunk in our fair city.

Also, while the meeting is in disorder, we'd like to offer Arthur (Hic) Powell a drink of sneer beer for his insinuations about our claim to have actually worked last summer.

Art, it should be known, is a Scotchman, who for years was an infidel because there was no Free Methodist church in his neighborhood.

While attempting to defend ourselves against a conspiracy of inferior weekly editors about the county, we'd better get the jump on "Ham" Hamilton of the Medford News, who warned us the other day he just found out we fell on our head when young.

We kind of kidded the News headline writer for permitting a mining story full of brass nuggets to get on the front page.

We welcome the threatened onslaught of Moore Hamilton, however. Any newspaperman that pounds out jingles (or, better, jangles) by the ream should be easy to handle.

Let's see, isn't it FOOL'S gold they call that stuff that sucks in the amateurs over in this country?

We see by press dispatches that KOAC, Oregon's state-owned station and the only one, perhaps, in the northwest that doesn't break up its time with "this program is coming to you through the courtesy of the Cheapo Soap company," is barred from broadcasting games on its own gridiron.

The odds seem to be against any state-owned radio station ever building itself into popularity. KOAC is unique in that it is one (Continued on page four)

Medford Fairgrounds Scene of Horse Races

The pound of hoofbeats, the ripple of sinewy, graceful muscles on some of the coast's best horseflesh will be seen at the Medford fairgrounds Saturday and Sunday, October 7 and 8.

Each day, starting promptly at 1:30 p. m., there will be three full hours of racing, interspersed with bucking exhibitions, Roman exhibitions and other stunts, featuring riders from some of the northwest's biggest shows.

Uncle Sam's problem is that so many of his people are found wanting.—Weston Leader.

BUFFALO DAYS TALE ROPES IN JAYVILLE MAN

Lem Wilson Figures in More Buffalo Hunt Stories in Texas Newspaper

Another article, one of a series written in collaboration with J. Wright Moorar, famous buffalo hunter, in which reference is made to an old Jacksonville resident, Lem Wilson, is reproduced this week.

Lem, modest beyond words, has been hiding his buffalo hunting glory under a basket, but through cooperation with the Brady, Texas, Standard, The Miner is able to reprint another installment which first appeared in Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Texas.

The author's true experiences, which often were shared by the well-known Jacksonville, follow:

In November, following the coming of the great herd, my brother John came west to join me in the new enterprise of buffalo killing.

"Yes," said Rath, "I know him. He is out a few miles at his camp, but will be here in about three days with a load of hides and meat."

While waiting for me, John put up at the little hotel and spent the time seeing the strange sights of the frontier town.

One day he noticed a claim house on the prairie some distance from the edge of town. He wandered out to it and heard voices inside.

The tenderfoot immediately gave voice to his amazement. "What are you doing?"

The men, startled, looked upon the intruder with a deadly intensity for a moment, but saw he was a harmless tenderfoot. This probably saved his life.

Three days later I came in with thirty-six hundred pounds of meat which I sold for three cents per pound.

I camped on the prairie about a mile from town, and John came out to the wagon with me after we had had supper at the hotel.

John crept in with his trousers on, but soon found the bed so snug and warm, in spite of the November chill, that he had to shed them.

A new ice age is said to threaten the world, but this may merely be a seasonal rumor started by the coal man.—Weston Leader.

In justice to the noble red man it may be well to point out that the term, "Cherokee Strip," carried no reference to an Indian nudist colony.—Weston Leader.

Slight tinting of nails is said by Emily Post to be in good taste, but ours we never bite.—Weston Leader.

Applegate to Have Second CCC Camp

The Applegate is to have another C.C.C. camp this winter.

The 966 Company, Clift Springs camp from Silver Lake will be moved to Carbury for winter quarters. Fifteen members of the 966th company, who will form part of the new camp personnel, reported for duty Monday, arriving by truck.

Major Clair Armstrong of the Medford district headquarters visited the camp site Tuesday, passing his approval on the location, and making assignment of buildings for the permanent camp.

Recruits will number 200, all Oregonians, and like Camp Applegate, construction of the buildings will be done by civilian carpenters. Lumber will start arriving next Monday.

It is possible to evacuate their old camp which probably will be in another week, and will use tents until permanent structures are erected.

Location for their winter work will be on Brush creek.

GATERS TOUR HOME HILLS FIRST; GUARD'S MALE COOKERY SAID OKEH

By MAUDE POOL

If ever you're off on a pleasure jaunt and get half way home before it dawns on you that there is one place you haven't been, don't fall to go back—

It might bring a lot of things like trodding on California's soil, knowing about darned socks, working a zipper over time, being called— But that is getting ahead of the story, and it really is a long story when one takes the day to ramble by Chevrolet to the dizzy heights of the Siskiyou range.

The party included Ranger Lee Port, commander and instigator of the trip; Mrs. Port, who had the welfare of the party at heart; Mrs. C. C. Buck, who was ready to go back again the next day; and a cub reporter from the Miner office showing lack of common sense in general. Dutchman's peak was the incentive in view.

It was Friday, and with the gradual ascent into the high mountains a warm, cloudy morning changed into the gray, dripping chill of a foggy day.

On the base of Dutchman's peak after a hazardous flight through road construction under way by Applegate Brush Marines. But after all, pushing a sedan around to the tune of some good loud blasting is all in the day's events.

The breath-taking ascent of the old mountain peak, on foot, found atonement in the surrounding majesty of nature's grandeur.

Then to bring the picture within closer range, there was the delicious hot chocolate awaiting four weary travelers at the summit of Dutchman, to say nothing of the rest of the luncheon consisting of clam chowder and high golden biscuits that were not long in disappearing the way of all good things.

There were things to see outdoors, too. Ervin called attention to his flower garden, a tiny wild mustard flower and a dog fennel plant struggling under the door step.

Even the Ervin's invitation to remain for supper was mighty hard to resist, that terrible road back up the mountain called to get going before dark, so it was called a day without further ado.

\$10 Award Going But Not Gone Says Donor

Ten round, heavy silver dollars—the price of many a needed article or cherished luxury—await the response of southern Oregon pioneers at the Verne Shangle studios in Medford, Judge F. L. TouVelle stated this week.

The award, offered to the person who can correctly name the greatest number of pioneers in an old photograph on display at the Medford studio, as yet is unclaimed, there being but one old settler who has entered a list of names.

Those who would like to spend a while in pleasant remembrance gazing into images of faces of former friends should drop into Shangle's Medford office, or into the Marble Corner in Jacksonville to scan and identify, for the \$10 award will be made ere long to the one who most accurately can name persons decked out in 1900 apparel and expressions.

About nine times of 10 a member of the intelligentsia is one who would go hungry if he were not supported by a moron.—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

HOLLY MANAGER INSTIGATOR OF ANTI-FOX DOPE

'Expose' of Fox Business Practices Requested; Miner Merely Late

There has been some wonderment in southern Oregon just why The Miner has chosen to suddenly kid the Holly theater on its opening last week. In some quarters, too, there may have been criticism of this newspaper in the stand it has taken. But The Miner is confident that when all the story is known criticism will dwindle as rapidly as the Holly theater's attendance has the fore part of this week.

The Holly theater management, over its signature, published the following advertisement in a Medford newspaper just a year ago last Monday:

"To the citizens of Medford and southern Oregon:

"We feel that the drastic change in admission prices announced today calls for an explanation. We have made it our policy never to publicly criticize our competitor, and unbusiness-like methods employed by them during the past few months have been overlooked.

However, in this instance we feel justified in making this statement so as to acquaint the people of the community with certain facts.

"Apparently no longer able to meet fair competition in a fair manner, Fox West Coast theaters have devised a plan that appears to be a deliberate attempt to monopolize the entire film market in towns in which they have independent competition, thereby forcing the closing of these independent theaters.

"We believe such acts to be grossly unfair and not in accordance with ethics of American business and it warrants, we feel, the whole-hearted condemnation of every citizen.

"Fortunately, however, the Holly has at its disposal enough films to continue operation for some time and is not one of the unfortunate theaters forced to close by this procedure of Fox West Coast; but our plans have been somewhat upset by this sudden move on their part in which they seem to seek to close our theater rather than to continue to face competition.

"We are, therefore, taking this method to meet the competition presented by these unfair tactics and solicit the support of this community to help us continue to operate our theater. We feel that you would not like to see Medford's finest theater forced to close its doors because of such unjust actions.

"We assure you that the type and quality of entertainment at our theater will not decline with the price of admission and that for the price of admission, you will not be able to equal our programs anywhere. We do this to solicit your support until such time as government investigations and legal actions now in progress have been completed, which will, we feel certain, stop Fox West Coast from proceeding further under this policy.

"If you believe that business in Medford should be conducted on a fair competitive basis, you will condemn the policy of the Fox theaters and give your entire support to the Holly and other independent theaters in Medford.

HOLLY THEATER. It was several months following the printing of the above article that the Holly, too, succumbed—it said—to the deadly competition of Fox theaters. That was December 11, 1932.

About nine months later, however, the same Holly theater was reopened by the same interests that were accused of such business practices—Fox West Coast, now Fox Evergreen in the northwest and 60 per cent owned and controlled by Fox interests. But the former Holly management has been strangely silent about this. It even (Continued on page three)

Homely, Covered With Fleas, Dog Is Example for Worshipped Man

It is said that true beauty lies in the simple things of life. God's simple creatures, too, often display some of life's most beautiful emotions.

Picture for a moment a quiet, warm fall afternoon. Atop a small knoll stands the schoolhouse, red bricks radiating heat in the sun. There is a quiet hush over the grounds; there are many footprints and signs of habitation, but the outside is strangely deserted.

A low murmur of sounds issue through the open schoolhouse doors as several hundred students scrawl huge figures on blackboards, wave their hands wildly when an answerable question is asked and browse sleepily behind propped study books.

Quiet, serenity and relaxation reign the outer portals of the school, although many young minds, unseen, are busy with problems, dreams, plans and study. A cross section of young America growing up and fitting itself for the job its parents now have.

But this does not complete the picture. At the main entrance, quiet as death itself, lies a brown and black dog—more mongrel than anything else—jaw resting on forepaws, patiently awaiting the hour when the old building's classes will burst forth into a flood of talking, laughing, running and skipping youth released from another day's confinement.

The dog, "Buster," admirer of Melvin, Merl and Bobbie Miller, but who could belong to any youngster anywhere in the world, stays by the door, hour by hour and day by day, while his masters are hidden in the mysterious wilderness of No Dog's land. Tolerantly polite while a passing stranger stoops to rub his fur, the dog's whole-souled interest is very plainly in his patient waiting.

The afternoon sun beats down, crickets sing their late summer hymn and the rest of the world seems far away, but this dog, which is Jacksonville school's most faithful and regular attendant, lies at the outer door waiting for his life's interest to reappear from the impenetrable building so they can be together again as they kick up dust down the village streets, cut through lots overgrown with weeds, throw sticks into apple trees or chase a wandering cat.

Parents may come and go about their business while their children are entrusted to the care and protection of the district's faculty, but this half-caste, homely dog maintains his position as near the side of his beloved companions as he dare. His vigil is broken only by the occasional necessary scratching of a flea-bite as he unconsciously shows man the finer points of faithful devotion and patience.

The passerby, noticing, can appreciate the real story binding together a well-worn schoolhouse, an autumn afternoon and a dog resting quietly against the front door. The observer will know, intuitively, why dogs are thought of as man's best friend.

Chamber Commerce to Keep Weekly Soirees

At a regular semi-monthly meeting of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce held here Monday night, it was voted to continue the Wednesday night soirees in the old hotel building so long as they pay their way. Although scant profit is being realized on the affairs, social worth of the soiree is considered justification for their continuance, members decided.

Next regular meeting of the chamber will be Monday, October 16, President Duke Lewis said.

Saturday Night Dances See Increased Profits

Much too often just a pleasant mirage weeks away, real profit in the Saturday night dances in Jacksonville has again become a reality the last two weeks, since the advent of a beer garden, having seen the largest crowds for months exclusive of jubilee night.

Al Stewart and his Royal Oregonians have been furnishing the music with an eight-piece orchestra, and rearrangement and remodeling of the hall's interior has added room and convenience to the popular Saturday night rendezvous.

SMATTER POP— A Noodle Is Substituted

