

The Editor Speaking

For every "big" man this country has there are hundreds of thousands of "little" men holding him together.

There are times when publishing a newspaper has its advantages. By getting slightly horsewhipped we have been able to glean about as much from the county in witness fees as from the publication itself.

And with the horsewhipping trial over and Henrietta convicted, we wonder who is (s)Martin now.

Oh well, as a Medford scribe once said—in a \$50,000 editorial—"Ring Down the Curtain!" This week's trial ended the last remnant of the political stink that permeated the county last winter. That's ONE corner that has been turned, and we are duly thankful!

A stitch in time saves many a finger from being pointed in public.

It seems that guinea pigs have a rival in prolific propagation in the Blue Eagle.

Pity the poor radio technician. Just about time he figures out a remedy for static in home receivers along come crooners!

"It takes nerve to do that," said the throbbing tooth.

If beauty is only skin deep the world certainly could stand more shallow people.

And real estate dealers aren't the only ones who give visitors to southern California a shaking down.

A choking head cold makes some people slurp soup in pig-latin.

While Olin Miller of Thomaston, Georgia, is busy poking fun at Oregon we'd like to tell one on him. When just a lad Olin took his first trip out through the cottonfields of Georgia. He passed a plantation where a herd of hogs was rooting about among the cotton plants, tops of their backs just visible. Young Miller was quite interested and asked, with awe, "Are those animals over there the boll weevils that get in cotton?"

And when the mayor of Weston, Oregon, wrote Olin in protest to his quip that "a man was found dead in the Weston postoffice and, from appearances, had been dead about three days," Miller thought a female horse was corresponding with him. Olin was just having a night-mayor, however.

It would be an Applegate Brush Marine who journeyed 40 miles to a forest fire to burn himself on a lantern.

Dan Bagshaw of the Zillah, Wash., Mirror, quotes a Washington county judge as declaring the NRA unconstitutional and illegal. Poor Dan; he still pines for the legal and strictly constitutional doldrums that was ours when the repubs were in power. Jacksonville folk, who knew the publisher when he was at the old Post helm here years ago, declare Bagshaw to have a lot of horse sense, in spite of his present sour-grape stand.

We can't figure out yet why the Zillah scribe is so opposed to the NRA. His subscribers (both of 'em) must not have paid up yet.

He also reprints a Yakima editorial which declares that raises in pay and shortening of hours never did really help labor. It must have been a long time since any of the newspaper boys up north worked for a living!

Don't ever tell us money doesn't talk! Last week Judge F. L. Tou-Velle of Jacksonville wandered over to Central Point and gave Art (Hic) Powell the price of a year's subscription. And so Editor Powell (of the C. P. American) spouts seven paragraphs of praise in his "Musings of an Innocent Bystander."

From what Art has been writing about Jacksonville's wetness during the Gold Rush Jubilee we'd say he's not a very innocent bystander.

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RED TAPE SLOWS GOLD RETURNS FROM U. S. MINT

Local Buyers Consignors for Small Producers; No Pay Seen Yet

Although President Roosevelt raised the available price of gold in late August, to date miners of the Jacksonville section have been unable to reap additional benefit. The former price—advanced by G. W. Godward, local gold buyer—is all they have been able to get pending sale of their bouillon by the federal treasurer.

However, the much publicized greater world price will be a reality almost any day now says Godward, who expects returns from the San Francisco mint soon. There had been some delay in properly signing consignor affidavits concerning origin of the gold shipped and some time was lost while papers were being sent back and forth. About 80 ounces of gold have been consigned to the federal mint by Godward, some having been sent in three weeks ago. In one instance check has been received for silver content of the shipment, but gold returns have not arrived. Godward has advanced \$17 an ounce pending returns to local miners.

Gold of this section, which averages about 880 points fineness out of a possible 1000, runs about one-eighth silver and is of a quality seldom surpassed anywhere. Silver, at present, sells for approximately 40 cents per ounce as compared to the world price of more than \$30 an ounce for gold and this fact explains why placer gold, unrefined, brings somewhat under top price paid for refined product.

To obtain the world price, since President Roosevelt's move in favor of the mining west, producers must fill out and swear to affidavits which give the weight, assay, source and amount of gravel or tailings from which recovered, of all shipments. The mint will not accept amounts which will refine to less than two ounces. This necessitates miners saving up their gold or, if shipped in lesser amounts, to pool with others for consignment. Godward, the local gold buyer, and John Pernoll at Applegate, as well as the J. F. Redden company of Medford, have been acting as agents in this capacity.

Despite the almost 50 per cent increase in price available, mining in Jacksonville and Applegate sections is at a low ebb, due mostly to lack of water. Less unemployment, however, also has withdrawn many from the ranks of the sourdough prospector and river snipe. Fall rains, when they come, are expected to send a swarm of gold anners into the hills for the winter.

Three 'Gate Couples Observe Anniversary

Time may be cruelly slipping away, but there is one comforting thought: when it brings an anniversary there's a splendid excuse for taking the day off to celebrate.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Offenbacher, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Offenbacher and Mrs. Jack O'Brien celebrated their eighth, ninth and tenth wedding anniversaries, respectively, last Sunday, each of the anniversaries occurring in early October. Following a dinner at noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Offenbacher, several of the guests were joined by friends for an afternoon horseback ride. The novel touch of the day was added when the men washed the dishes.

High School Students Thank Businessmen

Inasmuch as there will be no football team at Jacksonville high school this season, the money donated for a football will be used for basketball equipment, Prof. W. J. Nee announced this week.

Students expressed their gratitude to the following, who made the fund possible: Coleman's Hardware, Basket Grocery, Nugget Confectionery, Dunnington's Meat Market, Godward Mercantile company, Dunnington's Garage, Severance Service Station, Amy's Place, Golden Rule store and Simon Hart-bower.

Whiskey Peak and Forest Fires Don't Mix, Find Fighters

It was a very insignificant forest fire—late in the season, covered only 12 acres and was described as being 40 miles from nowhere, yet it was the most eventful fire of the year, according to stories sifting down out of the wilderness. Twenty-five Brush Marines, probably getting their final fire experience of the summer, thought so, anyway.

To begin with, Captain B. B. McMahon, efficient army official from Camp Applegate, fell over a cliff and hung on a tree just long enough to be dragged back to safety again before rolling to the bottom of the canyon. Albert Young, experienced fireman from the local forest service headquarters,

casually tumbled over a cliff in the dark, and young Keasley, a recruit, sustained minor burns from a gas lantern.

Added to the casualty list were insinuations of a very indefinite nature about bear tracks, with a half-hearted admission that Portland boys, local boys, or any boys, are afraid of the friendly creatures of the woods. The fire occurred northeast of whiskey Peak.

Speaking of the repeal vote, it occurs to The Jacksonville Miner that "soon the Blue Eagle can have a red nose." A not inappropriate beak for its beaker.—Weston Leader.

"We've done a lot of foolish things, but to date we haven't gone and got lost in a balloon."—Olin Miller. Which is the best thing he could do, if he'd only stay lost.—Weston Leader.

Why Tread Lightly With the Speakeasy?

Not just because a man was fatally injured early this week returning from what has been termed a "roadhouse," but because all such "roadhouses"—or speakeasies, to be candid, are what they are—The Miner believes the law enforcement agencies of Jackson county should take immediate, decisive action to eliminate these sore spots.

It is true that Oregon, along with the greater part of the United States, voted away prohibition, but we believe NO ONE voted for the legalization of dives politely termed "speakeasies." Although prohibition, as it worked out, proved to be undesirable we believe the people were voting against just such disgraces when they junked the Volstead act.

Since the state's dry laws were invalidated and enforcement funds withdrawn, speakeasies (and that is a mighty charitable phrase for some of the bawdy houses now flourishing) have sprung up like mushrooms in every section of southern Oregon. They have taken hundreds of dollars away from legitimate channels of trade and have become a nuisance in more than one neighborhood.

The Miner believes the wets, who conscientiously overthrew prohibition and its impractical way of dealing with the liquor question, would never sanction the new era of speakeasies and "roadhouses" that fill formerly vacant houses with a scarlet glow, flicker and die out only to burst forth in a new location a few days later. Such disgraces threaten the cause of wets and are an insult to the general well-being of southern Oregon.

This paper has no axe to grind with those who like their liquor, but it does believe the place for such things is in the home—not out in some sporting house where immature youth, reckless and daring, fills its share of the "guest rooms."

There should be some way to handle these speaks pending the formulation of permanent liquor control. Simply because extremities of the dries have been banned in Oregon is no reason why such nefarious places should be permitted to exist un-molested.

Why not spend the time and effort it will take to ban penny and nickel slot machines in removing something that has become a real menace to community self-respect and wholesomeness?

He Who Lashes Last Lashes Best



—Shangle Photo.
Henrietta B. Martin, who was convicted Monday night by a Jackson county circuit court jury for mistaking, last February 25, the editor of The Jacksonville Miner for a horse, is shown above.

Prospector-Poet Lauds 'Buffalo Days' Yarn in Miner and Tells One

To the Editor:

Just a word of praise for "Buffalo Days," running in The Miner. Old stuff for me, as I used to punch cows in that section of country in '76 and '77, but tremendously interesting nevertheless.

In those days buffalo meat and antelope steak could be found on the bill of fare at any eating place and almost everybody owned a buffalo robe. Also buffalo shoes made for winter wear, with the hair side turned in, were common.

In a few years all these robes had disappeared. During the 90's I hunted in vain for a robe, high and low, but none could I find. For a long time I pondered on this mysterious disappearance of robes. Then while on a visit to friends in British Columbia I discovered that our old competitors, the Hudson Bay company, had gobbled up a cool million of them which were being sold for fancy prices, from \$50 for a poor mangy relic to \$500 for the better ones.

Would you call that long-headedness or pure hoghishness? When I hit the west cowboys were the real article and as riders were scarce in some localities, I was given a chance and succeeded in making good at it, though but a mere kid. When I was 14 I owned my own saddle, chaps, lass-ropo and guns and was drawing a man's pay. And for two years I had the time of my life.

Most of the camps were stockaded in the cattle country and we were always on the lookout for Cheyenne Indians, who raided our section every now and then. On three occasions they passed within two miles of our main camp and each time our riders, reinforced by others from neighboring outfits, followed in hot pursuit, eventually catching up with and totally exterminating the hostiles.

Another young lad and myself were always elected to guard the camp in the absence of the avenging party, as we were considered far too young to be included in such strenuous undertakings.

Such a downright insult always made me frightfully angry, as I was sincerely convinced that with my 18-shot Winchester, .44 caliber Colt's (which I still have) and my favorite horse, Keno, whom I had trained to lie down and let me shoot from behind him, was a match for any number of Cheyennes.

Many fervent appeals I sent up to the Lord, begging Him to arrange matters so that I might meet up with some Cheyennes sometime and have a chance to show the boys how I could clean out a whole bunch all by myself. I didn't have enough sense those days to be afraid of anything. But the Lord failed to answer my prayers, which accounts for me being alive at the present writing.

There was no nonsense about Indian fights. Those Cheyennes would attack right ou, in the open; and when they showed up, it meant that somebody would have to get

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Just Depends Whose Ox Is Being Gored!

Six months ago The Miner was criticized for NOT attacking Fox theater interests in Medford. Today The Miner is condemned FOR mentioning Fox. Which just goes to show you can't please all the people all the time, so is it not wise to consider the public welfare and let the wallers lean on the box-office?

Now just who has changed in a few brief months, anyway? Has it been Fox or the Holly theater?

Southern Oregon can welcome the Fox interests with open arms if it likes, or it can turn a cold shoulder. That is up to southern Oregon and is of no particular concern to The Miner, which is interested only in keeping the record straight.

Wednesday Soirees to Be Moved to Friday Beginning October 20

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

Dancing, someone has said, is the highest form of all the arts—it translates into motion the very soul of music, it takes the cold marble statue or the still, silent figures of the masters' canvas and gives them life and vivid reality. Of course this was said of esthetic and interpretative dancing but it applies just as truly to ballroom dancing.

The whole universe is attuned to rhythm. The very spheres revolve in their appointed time. Daylight and darkness, the ocean tides, the gentle breezes, the tempestuous storms, the sweet blossoms of spring, and the luscious harvests of summer and autumn, all obey the inevitable, the supreme laws of rhythmic motion and recurrence.

And, in accord with that universal law, the oral dancer, swaying smoothly to the melody of some sweet, familiar waltz, or tripping lightly to the happy measures of the foxtrot or one-step, is whisked for a few brief hours out of the dull, prosaic world, with all its cares and troubles, into a dreamland of peace and happiness.

But, somehow, in the ballrooms of today there is absent something that made dancing the real enjoyment that it was in the days gone by and that it should be in this modern age. It is easy to place our finger upon the cause. It is, in plain words, the snobbishness and chique-ness of too many of the present-day amusement seekers.

With all this in mind the committee of the Wednesday night soirees have attempted to put on a dance bringing back the old-time spirit of good fellowship and camaraderie. Some new and novel idea to attract the crowd, gold old fashioned music to hold them, perhaps a bit of stage entertainment to add variety and then gradually beautifying the surroundings, and making an atmosphere of hospitality and sociability were the cornerstones of the endeavor.

Because of petty, perverve and illogical local jealousies this ideal has proved impossible. But the committee, though rather disgruntled with such small town tactics, is not discouraged or done.

They have decided to abandon the Wednesday night dances but instead they will give a Friday night dance alternating with the Odd Fellows dance. Therefore, one week from this Friday there will be a dance in the old U. S. hotel from 9 p.m. until 2 a.m. under the auspices of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce. Ladies will be admitted free, gentlemen 40 cents.

Beer and pretzels will be served and interesting entertainment will be provided. What we believe to be the best dance orchestra in southern Oregon, the Oregon Lumberjacks, will play. Above all, the committee will use their utmost endeavor to introduce real old-time sociability and goodfellowship into the affair.

FAMOUS ORCHESTRA COMING

Gene Childers, Medford theater operator, will present Leo Davis and his 11-piece colored orchestra Monday, October 16, at the Medford Fairgrounds pavilion.

Leo Davis and his orchestra is widely known for NBC and Columbia network radio work and come direct from Sweet's ballroom in San Francisco. The orchestra will present many novelty features.

'SMATTER POP— A Mouse Takes A Fall Out Of Pop

By C. M. PAYNE

