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**The Editor Speaking**

(Continued from page one)

Brother Powell was in court the first of the week, too, gathering a new load for his lino type metal pot to shoot at us in his paper. He ran out of something to write about, his lone idea having been exhausted in one teeny weeny sentence in his last American.

We promptly got on our guard you can bet, when we saw him taking copious notes while the defense attorneys were describing "that pink sheet editor" to the jury in the famous horsewhipping trial. If there is one person in the world who can be more conscienceless than an editor when ribbing another, it is an attorney. And we fear Tom Enright, in his fruitless effort to liberate corpulent Henrietta, set a bad example for Art.

Horsewhips and stones may break our bones  
But, thank heaven, we can take courtroom talk  
With a TON of salt.

(Alibi: We didn't expect it to rhyme anyway.)

Talk about boosting for local industry, Art (Hic) Powell proposes that the Central Point jail be cleaned up and whitewashed. Since when, Art, did you become so finicky about your homestead?

The Medford News, aided and abetted by A. Moore Hamilton, announces that slot machines are due for woes. Moore may be burned up because, unlike himself, slot machines can take it but they won't dish it out.

Although there is no particular credit in forecasting what a moron will do next, Ham Hamilton—just as we predicted—picked on us last week because we poured a little acid on brass nuggets in one of his gold stories. His chief defense was that he is a jack-of-all-trades. All we have to say is, Brother Ham, this is an age of specialization.

Hamilton, we learned early this week, spent four days hunting and didn't even earn the recognition of getting shot for a deer. If Moore had gotten shot he would, as usual, have done it by halves.

The Yreka Miners, says the Siskiyou News, sent President Roosevelt a gold nugget the other day and at the same time Don Avery enlisted him in their organization. Oh well, every rose must have its thorn.

The Metropolitan Press, Portland, has just published two books of the Oregon country, "Cougar Pass" and "The Trail of the Bear." Elizabeth Lambert Wood is the authoress and the volumes were illustrated by Louise Hosch; both are Oregonians and unusually familiar with the setting of the stories concerning three youths in the Cascades. "The Trail of the Bear" and "Cougar Pass" are two volumes written especially for boys whose fathers will hide them under their pillows.

Babson thinks that now is a good time to buy a farm. Perhaps so, although it hardly appears to be a good time to farm one.—Weston Leader.

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**The High Prospector**

Volume 1 JACKSONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL No. 3

**Good Frosh Spirit Cheats Davy Jones' Locker As Bloodthirsty Shophs Avast 32 Lubbers**

By HELEN LAMB

"Ahoj there, Pirates!"  
"Where?"  
"Board the good ship 'Gym'! Aw, too late—they've pulled out o' port!"

So might have run the nautical conversation between two skippers who had unluckily "skipped" the fun that went on in the gymnasium last Friday night.

Thirty-one doomed freshmen walked the frisky plank, but none of them quite reached Davy Jones' locker during the fracas. Some of them came near it though—beware the next time you meet those few: you may hear a description of "that horrible place" which was only the gym all decked out in ship-shape, with "portholes" n' everything.

High up near the ceiling green and orange colored illuminants glowed weirdly on the gay revelers below, most of whom were dressed in very individual versions of pirate costumes and looked like anything from Hindus to Egyptians. Muskets, swords, ebony mustachios, sideburns and enormous earrings all lent a barbaric effect. Even Miss Fenwick wore a striking black patch over one eye and dangled an earring, while Mr. Nee, unwilling to be outdone, displayed a cute little green mustache and goatee (but the Scotch still showed!)

And for once the sophomore class procured its vengeance, as the shivering freshmen often came dangerously near cracking one knee against the other. Forced to perform unheard of antics for the entertainment of an audience of Juniors, seniors and their guests, the luckless victims of those blood-thirsty soph pirates, instead of leaping at the crack of a whip, danced to startling toots of a shrill whistle. They had races hoisting paper sails, picking up slimy make-believe fish, rolling peanuts with their noses and feeding each other graham crackers and milk. These performances were announced by such alluring names as "Raising the Sail," "All Hands on Deck," "Holystoning the Deck" and "Porting the Starboard."

After each exertion the rookies retired to a "brig" especially constructed for them in one corner of the gym, there to await further trials.

Because she is "new" too this year, and the frosh class advisor besides, Miss Ruth Currin also was initiated. An entertainment in itself was her earnest endeavor to recite the nursery rhyme, "Mary

Had a Little Lamb," as a four-year-old might have done it. She "forgot" each line and had to ask the teacher.

When the freshmen had all been given their due, games in which the whole student body participated were played. Later, refreshments of cookies and cups of—no, not rum, but punch—were served.

Hilarious games continued until 30 minutes after 10 bells. Then, everyone having had "one grand time," the party subsided.

**JUNIOR CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS, PLANS CLASS PLAY**

The junior class held its first meeting of the year at 1 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon to elect officers and to plan its major activities for the fall term.

Elected to office were Paul Hess, president; Bernadine Arnold, vice president; Donald Forbes, secretary-treasurer.

The class resolved to stand strongly behind school athletics this year. Discussion of effective booster activities resulted in a decision to start rehearsals very soon on a comedy to be presented in mid-November. Profits accruing from the production are to be the nucleus of a fund which will be used to help purchase athletic equipment.

Besides last year's sophomores the junior class includes among its members Elizabeth White from Twin Falls, Idaho; Marion Wiltse, Battleground, Wash.; R. Norman Carothers, Rogue River academy, Frank Mee and Jessie Smith from the Applegate district have returned to school and are active in junior affairs.—G. W.

**WHERE ARE THE SENIORS OF YESTER-YEAR IS QUERY**

\*Recently returned from a trip to Montana and Wisconsin is Claude Manke, popular yell-leader of last year. \*Ernie Olsen, his CCC camp duties discharged, is now at the home of Judge TouVelle. \*Somewhere in the wilds of the Applegate district is Josephine Clute, probably making "hay-hay" now that the hops are all bagged. \*For business and pleasure—and

some say for better or for worse—has Andy Smith, wielder of the big stick in the student body last year, departed this week for Eugene. \*A frequent visitor to the high school is Maxine Vaughn, who had to leave one of her valuables behind when she left us last year. \*The energetic Clarks have, of course, found employment in Medford despite the too-often-referred-to business conditions of the times. Jessie is combining business with still more business, studying commercial subjects at the Medford college during her spare time. \*It is said that a certain golden-haired young lady, one Vivian Card by name, is to be seen these days chasing butterflies in meadows. (It's YOUR mystery—you guess.) —A. M.

**FOUND IN THE DIGGIN'S**

"SHORTY" WALTON and "BUNNY" ARNOLD frantically trying to get a corner on kewpie dolls for the carnival. . . GEORGE VAN GALDER invited to sit up beside MR. NEE, to study history. . . ADELLA VOGEL graciously bestowing her bracelet upon an ADMIRER. . . BETTY HALL and WENDEL MATHENY chewing up lead pencils as they tried to solve a Latin assignment. . . MYRTLE BURNS sadly relinquishing her gum to the greedy wastepaper basket at the beginning of English II class. . . ERNEST McBAIN winking at HER again. . . ROBERT GIFFIN calling his own name and waiting for an answer as he recorded class spelling scores. . . MADELINE METZGER and FRIEND walking oh so slowly



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Attractive portfolios, which they have made themselves, are guarding the perfect papers of first and second grade pupils this term. Some of the portfolios, which have for a cover design a cut-out and pasted-together orange elephant on a black background, were displayed at the Parent-Teacher association meeting last Friday afternoon.

Already beginning to gain in weight, these happy elephants are expected to be big and fat very soon, thanks to their daily meals of neat and perfect papers.

This week the Laurel group, in the first grade, has begun work in its primers.—E. W.

Looks as though the "tree troopers" are pretty well satisfied with their branch of the service.—Weston Leader.

The man who tinkers with his own car may have a fool for a mechanic.—Weston Leader.

**LEGAL NOTICE**

**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT**

In the County Court of the County of Jackson in and for the state of Oregon

In the MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF MARY SORENSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that C. M. Rexford, administrator of the above entitled court and matter of his administration of said estate and said court by an order duly given and entered therein has fixed the 4th day of November, 1933, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M., at the court room of the above entitled court in the Jackson County court house at Medford, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of any and all objections to said account and report or to any item thereof and for the settlement thereof.

C. M. REXFORD,  
Administrator.

**NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT**

Notice is hereby given that Mae M. Weeks, Administratrix of the Estate of Fred W. Weeks, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate, and that Friday, the 10th day of November, 1933, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, A. M., at the County Court Room, in the County court house, in the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing said account, and all persons having objections to said final account are hereby notified to appear and urge said objections in the manner provided by law on or before the time fixed by said court for said final hearing as above set forth.

First publication hereof, October 6th, 1933.

Last publication hereof, October 27, 1933.

MAE M. WEEKS,  
Administratrix.

ALLISON MOULTON,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
Oct. 6-13-20-27

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