

## The Editor Speaking

The death of all passengers on one side of a passenger plane in Portland last week gives rise to the question of which is the safer side of an airplane. Our answer would be the outside.

Many a pleasant day has been shot to pieces by people who are too quick on the trigger.

Due to the price of gold rising somewhat, it takes a greater outlay for an inlay nowadays.

We suppose the next move of reducing dietitians will be to put the finger on travel, because it's so broadening.

Art (Hic) Powell, custodian of the official hell-box of the Central Point American, jibes us by telling of a large gathering accumulated in his town last week "without having to give away beer." Art, a dry without a country, is trying to beer down on us.

Powell is the fellow who, when he got a job on a large metropolitan daily for a day, was all wet on newspaper style. The proofreader got hold of him and explained, with gestures, that a newspaper always uses figures to designate the hour. Art's next "take" was a bunch of poetry copy. Down toward the end (Continued on page four)

## TURKEY SHOOT SLATED BEACH RANCH SUNDAY

Chamber of Commerce Will Sponsor Competition for Birds and Hams

Be fitting the season, the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce Sunday will pull the trigger on the first of a series of turkey shoots to be held at the V. J. Beach ranch near this city.

First reports will echo over the hills at 10 a. m., with the fireworks lasting the remainder of the day. There will be capons, hams and other succulent rewards for marksmen, said Ray Coleman, crack shot and general chairman of the shoots. Both rifle and shotgun competitions will be held, with plenty of birds for all bullseyes.

Sunday's shoot will be the first of a series of four such events, another being scheduled for a week from Sunday and two more sometime in December. Proceeds from the shoots will go to the Chamber of Commerce.

With a large army of nimrods snooping around the county looking for something to shoot at, it is expected Sunday's shoot should prove a success on a par with other shoots held here in years gone by, which almost have become traditional.

The Beach ranch is located about a half mile north of Jacksonville on the old stage road and is the rendezvous of the Jacksonville Gun club.

## Ben Dawson Plunks Helpless Cougar Just Like That Near Here

Ben Dawson always wanted a chance to shoot a cougar and the chance came in an ideal way a few days ago.

Mr. Dawson, well-known sheep man of Steamboat, was driving his sheep along a mountain trail when a large cougar sprang from a tree among the animals. Carrying a rifle in his hand, Mr. Dawson immediately shot the cougar, which had been trapped in the past, the absence of two toes giving evidence of the capture.

## A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL SAYS TEXAS EDITOR

Color of Miner Sets Off Swap of Papers That Leads to Mutual Interests

Brady, Texas, is a far cry from Jacksonville, Oregon. But then, as proven through the exchanges of smaller town newspapers, this is a small world after all.

H. F. Schwenker, editor of the Brady Standard and conductor of an editorial column entitled "Sause for the Goose is Sause for the Gander," mused the other day on what ties bind various sections of the country and what part the newspaper plays in this association. Excerpts from his column follow:

"The newspapers, too, do their part in bringing the easterners west and the westerners east and no less the northerners south. Even The Brady Standard plays a part in all this. As an illustration of just how the newspapers form a connecting link that may weld a perfect chain in a long series of strange events, we would relate an incident that befell The Standard office in recent weeks.

"The start of it all was the receipt of a copy of The Jacksonville Miner, published in Jacksonville, Oregon. The Miner excited our curiosity, to begin with, from the mere fact that it was printed on pink paper. Then, secondly, because its editor was evidently an exponent of the idea of putting personality-plus into his writings. Frankly confessing, we might say some of his paragraphs showed a liberal touch of tabasco sauce.

"Along with the sample copy came a letter from the editor, Leonard Hall, requesting that we send him the second installment of the series of stories being printed in The Standard of 'Buffalo Days' as recounted by J. Wright Moar, buffalo hunter of the early and wild West Texas, and originally published in Holland's Magazine of Dallas.

"Editor Hall wrote that the first of the series contained reference to one Lem Wilson as a member of the group of buffalo hunters, and that this self-same Wilson was now (Continued on page four)

## Volunteer Firemen to Stage New Year Hop

It was decided, after two special sessions of the Chamber of Commerce and a called gathering of the Jacksonville Volunteer Fire company, that the latter organization will receive proceeds from the New Year's dance that is staged annually in the U. S. hotel.

Ray Wilson, volunteer chief, led the company in the quest for dance moneys. The firemen had planned to operate the dance as well, but after some debate it was decided to leave arrangements to the present dance committee, inasmuch as it had been unusually successful in the present series of dances, netting the chamber nearly a hundred dollars the first month following operation that was plunging that body deeper into debt each week.

Last week-end, partly due to the holiday, more than 500 persons crowded into the famous old hall and the chamber group netted, on admissions alone, nearly \$40, which will help to retire some \$600 indebtedness incurred last summer. Al Stewart and his Royal Oregonians orchestra has been furnishing music for the affairs and has been receiving much favorable comment on his improved renditions.

## Pack Rats Get Violent, Break Up City Bastile

Townpeople Mum When Reporter Ambles Past; Shroud in Mystery

The pack rats—or something—are loose again in Jacksonville.

Or at least, so would some of the old town's constabulary and prominent citizens have one believe. Rumors have been prevalent that last Saturday night two youths got oversupplied with firewater and went out scalping, ending up in the former county jail, where they made existence unbearable for the furniture and windows, which suffered somewhat—the inflammable portions allegedly going up in smoke.

Too, there was no small amount of broken glass glittering in the courthouse lawn the next morning,

but Jacksonville's prominent stolidly keep their silence. When asked point-blank, they blandly point to the northwest, thrust one hand in their vest Napoleon-like and orate impressively, "There's gold in them thar mountings!"

Which preserves the peace and sanctity of an old town noted for such outbursts, but leaves the press in a hole as to just what it all was about. It seems that tell-tale identification, such as pink papers protruding from a pocket and a pencil and paper showing, have a peculiar faculty of causing townspeople to lose their voices.

Anyway, The Miner has decided that pack rats got on a rampage Saturday night, tore up the jail and threw the furniture out the closed windows. You see, people generally are silent concerning their pests.

"And it will take more than a chiropractor to straighten out some of the joints in and around Medford," jibes The Jacksonville Miner. That's roasting 'em!—Weston (Oregon) Leader.

An optimist is a republican who looks forward to helping change the name of Norris dam.—Weston Leader. We've done that long ago, brother. Just turn the words around and you have it—damn Norris.—Milton Eagle.

## 1934 BUDGET IS GIVEN FINAL O-K BY CITY'S DADS

Fire Company Allowed \$150 for Supplies in New Budget Approved Nov. 9th

Final endorsement was given Jacksonville's 1934 budget late last week by the city council. The budget provides for the expenditure of \$3513.23 for municipal expenses during the coming year, with an estimated income to match this amount. An additional \$7288.23 will be raised by taxation to care for retirement of various bond issues, interest and sinking funds, with a \$313.23 item added for general fund.

The budget committee, composed of G. W. Godward, Ray E. Wilson and Emil Britt, allowed \$150 for purchase of supplies for the fire company, the only new item in the budget. Other items were approximately unchanged for the coming 12 months. The proposed budget met no opposition and was passed with the unanimous vote of all city officials present. The document, titled Resolution No. 145, was signed by Councilmen Severance, Cantrall and Fick, and Mayor Wesley Hartman, and was attested to by Recorder Coleman. Councilman Dunnigan was absent. It was first posted September 26, with final reading Thursday, November 9.

Detailed figures, as prepared by the budget committee, that will determine local taxes and expenditures for 1934 follow:

Estimated Expenditures	
Fire department, supplies.....	\$150.00
Marshal and water super-.....	
Intendant salary.....	1,100.00
Recorder's salary.....	240.00
Treasurer's salary.....	160.00
Marshal expense.....	120.00
Roads and bridges.....	100.00
Water department.....	275.50
Water meters.....	200.00
Printing.....	100.00
Library.....	50.00
Lights and fuel.....	850.00
Emergency fund.....	167.73

Total estimated expense.....\$3,513.23

Estimated Receipts	
Water collections.....	\$3,000.00
Fines and impounded stock.....	75.00
Refund market road levy.....	125.00
General fund to be raised by taxation.....	313.23

Total estimated receipts.....\$3,513.23

Bonded Indebtedness	
Water bond interest fund, \$6000 issue.....	\$300.00
Water bond interest fund, \$10,000 issue.....	250.00
Water bond interest fund, \$15,000 issue.....	825.00
Water refunding bond interest fund, \$13,000 issue.....	750.00
Water bond sinking fund, \$6000 issue.....	1,000.00
Water bond sinking fund, \$10,000 issue.....	600.00
Water bond sinking fund, \$15,000 issue.....	2,000.00
Water bond refunding bond sinking fund, \$13,000 issue.....	650.00
General fund, to be raised by taxation.....	\$7,288.23

## Applegate Grangers Elect Officers Friday

Applegate Grange held election of officers at their regular meeting Friday with the following result: Master, E. H. Taylor; overseer, Louie Hanson; lecturer, Sam Johnson; steward, Lester Hill; assistant steward, Charles Elmore; chaplain, Mrs. Bessie Elmore; treasurer, Ashton Forrest; secretary, Herbert Elmore; gate-keeper, Bernard Andren; Ceres, Mrs. May Paul; Pomona, Miss Leta Gilson; Flora, Mrs. Florence Bossaum; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Mildred Taylor. Executive committee: Frank Knutzen, chairman; Walter Miller and George Coffeen. Further appointments were not made at this meeting.

The Armistice program given during the lecturer's hour by the Medford American Legion and a male quartet from the Medford Glee club was much appreciated by those in attendance. Paul McDonald gave a talk of exceptional interest on the details of the signing of the Armistice.

About 30 of the Grange members expect to go to Central Point this Friday evening, where the degree work will be conferred.

LOST—Australian shepherd dog, blue-gray; small reward. Route 2, box 306, Medford.

## BARNUM MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT ON J'VILLE SPECIAL

Once known as the railroad that earned the greatest percentage of profit from money invested in the United States, the old Jacksonville railroad, operated by W. S. Barnum and known near and far as "Barnum's Special," has a rich fund of human interest, romance and legend.

One of the most unique stories concerning it, however, comes in a description of Barnum himself, who was a character if there ever was one. The Miner got it early this week from a veteran Southern Pacific passenger brakeman who knew and respected the old railroad.

Barnum, whose chief raiment consisted of an old swallow-tailed coat that had long since turned green, a two-foot beard and a dilapidated conductor's cap, had evolved a system which had much to do with the high percentage of profits his six or seven miles of railroad yielded.

Here's the dope as told by a veteran railroader who still makes the run through Medford and who announced he plans to drop over to the old town one of these days:

Barnum's old line consisted of three or four units of rolling stock; a couple passenger coaches, a few flat cars and perhaps a rickety box car or so. This all was towed from one end of the line to the other through the uncertain efforts of a wheezy old locomotive that could, under a full head of steam, attain a speed of nearly 10 miles an hour.

It was back in the days when Jacksonville was in her prime and when Medford was just a muddy little station along the larger railroad that wound its way over the Siskiyou and into another world. The pike between the two cities could be traversed only by horse and buggy and sometimes by horse alone, due to the bottomless bog that rivalled Big Sticky for impenetrability in wet weather. Horseless carriages still were cause enough to break up church when one of the contraptions went spluttering past on a Sunday morning.

Old Barnum, adorned in his swallow-tailed coat and conductor's cap, would stand on the rear platform of his string of one or two passenger coaches, yell "all-aboard" and then alight to the ground. He would hurry forward to the cab of his panting engine, doff the cap and swallow-tail, heave in a few sticks of cordwood—enough to fire her up for a mile or so—wash his grimy hands in a barrel of water he always carried in the tender, set the throttle so the train would chug along about four miles an

hour and then don his cap and swallow-tailed coat again.

Old Barnum would then leap to the ground, wait for the end of the coach to approach, swing to the rear platform and enter his car or cars, whatever the case might be. He would produce a punch from somewhere behind his great beard and amble off down the aisle mumbling "tickets please." When he had finished with this duty he would climb over the tender, take off the cap and coat and be fireman, engineer and owner for the rest of the run, which would be made at a 10-mile clip if he had dry wood.

In all the years Barnum operated in this manner—earning, per dollar invested, more than the crack railroads of the nation with their high-paid executives—he never had the locomotive chug into a stray cow due, no doubt, to his well-fenced right-of-way. The old engine was trustworthy in its feeble way and always could be relied on to rattle along at a leisurely gait while the section foreman-president-fireman-engineer-conductor-brakeman collected tickets from his passengers and paused, occasionally, for an exchange of words with his many friends.

Another peculiarity of old W. S. Barnum, as told by the brakeman, was in his annual trips to Portland which, of course, were made on the Southern Pacific. Barnum used a pass, quite naturally, for these always has been a certain brotherhood among railroad presidents, but in all the years he traveled back and forth on business between southern Oregon and the northern part of the state, he never spent one cent on a railroad.

Barnum, whiskers and all, would invariably board a Southern Pacific passenger carrying a large shoe box filled with lunch. He always wore his swallow-tailed coat and he never rode a Pullman or ate in a dining car. The only money he ever spent on any railroad, so far as can be learned, W. S. Barnum spent on his own line as an investment that paid handsomely back in the days when railroads were the last word in transportation.

Paved roads and the increasing popularity of gasoline has since reduced this famous old railroad to a weed-covered right-of-way dotted here and there with a few rotting ties, rusty rails, a decayed depot and one remaining crossing sign. Barnum's Special has gone west, but not without leaving a heritage of tradition for the territory it served in its inimitable manner for many years.

## S'MATTER POP— Well, Who Does?



## By C. M. PAYNE

