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THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

"The Sheet That's in the Pink"



Volume 3

Jacksonville, Oregon, Friday, July 27, 1934

Number 30

The Editor Speaking

It would be fitting if more gangsters showed up with their toes turned up.

The postoffice department apparently stamped out extravagance when it ended the fiscal year with \$5,000,000 to the good.

In Europe, it seems, each new rein brings a rain of lead.

Big Jim Farley was fined three postmaster'ships in Eugene the other day for failing to grow whiskers. Characteristic of the administration, though, that its members let no grass grow under their feet or over their ideas.

And the way to get ahead in the world is to have a head.

You never hear of a nudist colony on a rooftop, probably because they all want to live down stairs.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but fewer people will believe it.

We note by the Weston Leader that horseshoe pitching champions were there for an exhibition a few days ago, but what Clark should arrange for this time of year is a demonstration on how to pitch a tent.

Now that the nation's banks are all sound, there's less being made about them. People forget to give credit where most of their credit is due.

Then there's the time Eino Hemmilia went to a mind reader, and was his face read!

According to a story in the Cottage Grove Sentinel, a grasshopper killed a black widow spider on exhibition there. Probably, as any chewer's wife will attest, the hopper spits tobacco juice in its eye.

About the best way to plug financial leaks through crime is with lead.

With a drought striking the midwest, it is only consistent for Kansas to be a little drier than the rest.

FRED EDENS RECEIVES CHERISHED NAVY TASK

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Will Edens of Jacksonville that their son, Fred, has received the signal honor of being appointed to personnel of the senior radio station of the United States navy, NAA, located in Washington, D. C.

This is one of the most powerful stations in the world and includes some of the most expert scientists of that profession. Fred joined the navy some five years ago and immediately after his six months course in the naval radio school was appointed radio operator of the USS Lexington.

Since that time his unusual talent and ability and earnest endeavor have advanced him over many of his senior officers.

This last advancement came as a complete surprise and shows that our navy still holds opportunities for those who excel. As Fred modestly expressed it in a letter to his friend, Marion Smith, "This is the place where they make radio men and I hope to know something in a few years."

His many friends of Jacksonville will wish him bon voyage and congratulate him for his deserved good fortune.

STRIKE EASE IN FRISCO WOULD MEAN OPERATION OF DOUBLE SHIFT AT OPP

Peaceful settlement of the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco will be felt almost immediately on consummation in Jacksonville, according to Robert A. Clarke, superintendent of Pacific States mine near this city.

Pine oil, a substance which has an affinity for gold, is used in sizeable quantities at the Opp property mill in oil flotation recovery units and is one of the key elements in recovery of values here. With shipping and all transportation tied up in the bay district through the strike, there was but one avenue of movement left open to pine oil—through the United States mails. This, of course, is an expensive and limited way of shipping the fluid and, as a result, mill operation at Pacific States was reduced from two shifts daily to one, pending outcome of the strike.

Sackers at the mill are busy preparing third carload of concentrates for smelter, and completion of the lot is expected within a short time, mine employees said yesterday.

GILMORE LIONS AND MINERS TO TANGLE SUNDAY

Miners Take Prospect 17-15 in Bush League Game at Mountain Resort Last Sunday; Sked Soon Up

Brain versus brawn will be the order of the day Sunday on the Jacksonville diamond when Medford's Gilmore Lions meet Miners of this city. Gilmore's nine, composed chiefly of high school and college players, has been stepping out lately, taking wins over Crescent City, Grants Pass Stars and other strong aggregations. Miners and Lions have divided honors in two previous meetings.

The game will be called for 2:30 sharp, with Gilmore battery composed of Ray Tungate and Cap Stoddard, with Miner lineup starting Bill Hammersley on the mound and Si Johnson behind the plate.

Last Sunday afternoon, on the Prospect diamond, Miners defeated nine of that locality 17-15 after Prospectites came from behind with 11 runs in last three frames to give the game a whirlwind finish that marked their nearest approach to victory for several weeks. Miners gathered in 21 hits off L. Rawlings while Turner, for the gold diggers, surrendered seven hits and four runs in three innings. Bill Hammersley, who took mound duties for next three stanzas, surrendered no hits or runs and Manager Hall, to give the game competition, took over twirling for last three frames to surrender 11 runs off seven hits and seven Miner errors. Heavy hitting for Prospect was headed by Dewey Hill, who marked up three out of six chances, one a home run in the ninth with the sacks soggy. Peevee Van Galder, tiny Miner second-sacker, also took a roundtrip clout with the bases full for his share of heavy bat work, while Tooley Williams, Art Ferris and Manager Hall each gathered in four hits in six chances.

Score by innings: R H E J'ville 342 304 100—17 21 13 Prospect 004 000 236—15 14 11

One week from Sunday Miners will travel to Gold Hill, where southern Oregon's Twirled Series will be played between the two nines, who have taken a pair of wins from each other. Following the Gold Hill game Sunday, August 5, Cement Makers of that city will return to the J'ville lot August 12. One more game probably will be scheduled for the season, between Miners and Merchants of Jacksonville, to be played Sunday, August 19, to settle a 1-1 game tie.

What we need now is a permanent hair cut.—Weston Leader.

Sometimes, too, politics makes bedfellows strangers.—Weston Leader.

It is some job to keep in the pink while you are in the red.—Weston Leader.

Dog Poisoners Busy As Six Canines Die

A wave of dog-poisoning, which has aroused dog owners, broke out in Jacksonville during past few days, and animals belonging to Gall Lusk, Edwin Ross, Chris Kenney, John Wittingham, Jim Little and Leonard Osborne have fallen victims to poisoned meat.

Dog owners have been confining their animals as a result of the crimes, and a wave of indignation has swept over young and old lovers of pets. Four of the dead animals apparently were poisoned near the center of town Sunday night, and resulted in private investigations being made.

New Forest Road Thru Siskiyou to Silver Fork Opened

A large number of local people took the opportunity Sunday of motoring through the heart of the Siskiyou mountains, traveling the new forest road completed from Beaver creek through Silver Fork to Oak Knoll ranger station on the Klamath river. One party making the trip included Mr. and Mrs. John Herriott, Mrs. Maud Kubli, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kubli and son Norman. The group picniced at Donamour, where they enjoyed a chat with "Shorty" Farnsworth, employed there by Walter Freshour, cattle owner of the Klamath.

Others enjoying the trip Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer and son Claus, Mrs. Dora Saltmarsh and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Offenbacher of Applegate, and Martin Stevens and son Russel of Medford. Cattle owners wishing to make an inspection trip by horseback included Mr. and Mrs. Fred West, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Saltmarsh, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Offenbacher, and Cliff Smith.

Points of interest on this route reached by branch roads include Cinnabar springs, Dutchman's peak lookout, Perik's guard station, and Cinnabar trail lookout. Those preferring a short trip may travel through the Beaver country to the Little Applegate road. Next year sightseers may drive to the summit of Mt. Ashland from Silver Fork and continue to the Lithia City.

WEEKLY ARMORY WRESTLES RESUMED AS LILLARD PITS LETHERS AND KRUSE IN GO

Resuming his weekly wrestling shows at the Medford armory, Promoter Mack Lillard pitted Broccoli Bob Kruse of Oswego and "Sad" Sam Lethers of Texas in a double main event for this Thursday night.

First half of the double bill, scheduled to open at 8:30, was to bring together Harry Kent, 236-pounder from Oregon State, and Al Karasick, Russian Lion who has been one of the pillars of the wrestling business in southern Oregon for many moons.

The twin headline program was looked upon by fans as one of the more colorful meetings which Lillard has been in the habit of arranging for fanciers of the bone bending business.

MANY A TWIST TO HUNTING OF MINERAL, TOLD

Rock-Knocking in Early Day No 'Pushover' Task Points Out Applegate's Famous Prospector-Poet

By J. C. REYNOLDS

I had been in the west about 10 years before I tackled the mining game. During most of this time I had been in a mining country and had learned a lot of things about minerals, but had decided I didn't want any prospecting in mine, as from what I had seen I was convinced that a prospector's life was a hard one, a steady rambling from place to place with a burro or two, ragged clothes to wear and an unchangeable diet of pancakes, sow bosom and beans. And I also got hep to the fact that not more than one man out of two or three thousand ever found anything worth while.

After having tried my hand at a number of occupations and making fairly good at most of them, I had learned a trade which suited me fine and paid from \$3.50 to \$5 per day, which was pretty good money in those days, and I worked at that eight or nine months every year, which was about as long as the jobs lasted.

Came a time when a friend named Fred Thomas and myself went hunting for elk in the Sangre de Christo mountains in Colorado. We got a nice big elk and also we tumbled onto a six-foot ledge of mineralized ore that looked to us like silver. We took samples of this with us and had it assayed and, sure enough, it ran 33 ounces of silver per ton and silver was worth a dollar an ounce at that time. So we went back there, staked it out and dug a 10-foot hole and found it good all the way down. It laid over behind a spur of the mountains, 14 miles from a railroad, so we quit our jobs and put in the next three months, or nearly that, making a trail over to it, so we could get the ore packed out with burros or mules. Personally, I got rather tired of working on that trail. Of course we were not out laboring but what we ate and our labor, but I had been used to having a payday once a month and on this job there was nothing coming in, though of course we had hopes for the future. One day a wealthy cattleman we knew found our trail and followed it up to where we were at work. When we had told him all about our claim he went and looked it over and took samples from it which he had assayed.

In a few days he came back and offered us \$1000 cash for the claim and for what work we had done on the trail. I was in favor of selling, but my partner, being one of those guys who can't let go of anything they once get their fingers on, would not agree. He was convinced we had millions in our claim and ridiculed the idea of selling for a paltry thousand dollars.

Finally I hunted the cattleman up and told him my partner would not sell but if he wanted to buy my half interest for \$500 cash, I would do business with him. So he bought me out. Incidentally, he put in \$2000 and my partner put in two years' hard work before they gave it up. The claim produced an average amount of silver right along, but the transportation charges ate up all the profits that the smelter didn't get, so it turned out to be a fizzle. After that experience I did quite a lot of heavy thinking and decided there might be something in the prospecting business for a fellow who was reasonably lucky and had a little education along that line.

Here was \$500 cash all in a lump for less than three months work, whereas at my job it would take me a year to save that much. So I began to buy books on geology, mineralogy, petrology and crystallography. And talk about study. Never in my life had I put the close attention on any studies that I did on these. Night after night I poured over these books, often till 12 and 1 o'clock, trying to master (to me) this most interesting subject. And when I finally got it down so pat that I could spout the lingo like a professor, I was still a blooming ignoramus as far as actual experience went. I was like the guy that Gassy Thompson played the joke on. I had to get out and get the experience. And believe me, that said experience was hard to get.

S'MATTER POP By C. M. Payne



Rogue River As Is

By AN ILLUSION-BUSTER (J. C. Reynolds)

While of late it appears To be quite the vogue, To pen miles of poems Extolling the Rogue— Let us closely examine The matter throughout, And find what the deuce All the fuss is about.

The Rogue as we see it, Consists at this date, Of a substance called water In its natural state. And following Nature's Unchangeable will, It wabbles and straggles And rambles down-hill.

Sometimes it is high And sometimes it is low, But its water down-grade Never ceases to flow. We find it no different, As its course we explore, To a thousand such rivers We've visioned before.

To be sure, certain facts To its credit redound; There are many fine fish In this stream to be found; And truth-speaking anglers, Both here and elsewhere, Will say of the Rogue That, "The fishing is fair."

If the Rogue would reverse And flow backward up-hill, We would doubtless sustain A quite sizeable thrill. But as long as it follows Its natural bent, It will never enthuse us To any extent.

not sell but if he wanted to buy my half interest for \$500 cash, I would do business with him. So he bought me out. Incidentally, he put in \$2000 and my partner put in two years' hard work before they gave it up. The claim produced an average amount of silver right along, but the transportation charges ate up all the profits that the smelter didn't get, so it turned out to be a fizzle. After that experience I did quite a lot of heavy thinking and decided there might be something in the prospecting business for a fellow who was reasonably lucky and had a little education along that line.

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The old-timers who knew every trick and turn in the game wouldn't tell me or, for that matter, would anyone else, a single thing that would help. They were the closest-mouthed bunch in that respect I ever met with. Every mouth buttoned up tight whenever I tried to pry any information out of them. But I am not the kind of bimbo who puts his hand to the plow and then turns back. I had determined to be a prospector and I would not take "no" for an answer. Little by little, a grain at a time, I pried, picked, pumped and probed during the ensuing years, till I had dug out not only all the information they could give, but a whole lot more and then I began to make it pay.

I never was fortunate enough to find one of the big bonanzas, but in 12 consecutive seasons I made \$28,000, from two to three thousand every season, which is not at all bad. Between times and in other years first and last I worked in the mines, 14 years underground altogether, work that I naturally like as long as the ground is reasonably dry.

Where the ground was too wet and a man had to be all bundled up in rubber hat, coat, pants and boots, I didn't stay long. Quite often while prospecting for companies I would find something that showed up well on the surface, sell out my interest to them in the fall and then take contracts driving tunnels on the properties during the winter months.

That gave me the opportunity to not only make money for myself, but also to personally develop the claims I had discovered, about which I naturally had considerable curiosity. Two or three thousand dollars per year is nothing to brag about. Still it must be considered that practically everything I found was in country that had been pawed over for years by hundreds (Continued on page four)

FIRE DESTROYS FORBES HOME IN WEEKEND BLAZE

Structure, Unoccupied, Is Mass of Flames When Volunteers Arrive on Scene; Partially Insured

Fire, of unknown origin, completely destroyed the house owned and formerly occupied by Dr. Forbes at a late hour Saturday night. Volunteer firemen, including Mayor Wesley Hartman, Chief Ray Wilson, Hubert De Haas and George Wendt answered the call and arrived at the scene as flames were engulfing the entire structure.

The house, unoccupied since start of school vacation, was covered by \$750 insurance, according to report. Flames apparently broke out on back porch or woodshed, said Fire Chief Wilson, and spread rapidly through the entire house, aided by open doors and cloth lining on all walls. The building was located east of the George Wendt dairy barn near the highway.

The blaze, which was reported at 11:45 Saturday night, is the second to destroy houses in this city in past few weeks, the old Cronmiller home being the other total loss last month.

Smoking Banned in Oregon's Forests

Regulations governing the use of all national forest land and some adjoining areas which carry unusual fire hazard have been announced by proclamation of the governor for the duration of the fire season, or till September 1.

The proclamation provides that everyone entering these areas shall refrain from smoking while traveling, except on paved or surfaced highways; shall secure permits before building a camp fire other than at certain designated camp grounds, and shall carry certain tools if a camp fire is to be built. Campers in the Applegate section are advised to contact Ranger Lee Port at Star ranger station for fire permits and instruction.

Millers Seek Work; Fire Destroys Home

To save their home and all their possessions destroyed while away seeking work was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Burl Miller last week, whose home is located on Nine Mile creek in the Thompson creek area. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is believed to have occurred during the night, owing to the fact that neighbors did not know of the fire until some time afterward. The barn on the place did not burn.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who did not have the property insured, have since obtained employment at Crater Lake lodge.

FORMER HUMBUG RESIDENTS RETURN, SEEKING GOLD AND RENEWED HEALTH AT MINE

After an absence of a long period of years, during which he had lost contact with Applegate people, Rev. Paul James of Seattle, accompanied by his two sons and two daughters, has returned here for the summer. Believing that there still might be gold in the James mine on Humbug, where his father, Paul James Sr., was killed in a tunnel more than 25 years ago, Rev. James expects to reopen the mine while here.

The primary factor, however, in bringing the family back was the hope that the eldest son, John, might regain his health. He is an explorer of the south sea islands and is suffering from malaria. Rev. James, who became a minister after leaving Applegate, has established camp on Humbug.

JACKSONVILLE MERCHANTS ACCEPT MINER CHALLENGE TO MEET SUNDAY, AUG. 19

Agreeing to meet Jacksonville's Miners again only after a stipulation that Manager Hall of the Miners do the twirling, Manager V. J. Beach of the local Merchants definitely promised to have his outfit groomed for the third and deciding game of the summer between the youngbloods and the old timers of the town.

Miners and Merchants are on a par with one victory each—won by a lone run in both instances—and the controversial topic of whether the once-wuzzers or the now-ares are superior, from a baseball standpoint, will be settled Sunday, August 19, when the two nines will make a day of it.

Manager Beach of Merchants was instrumental in gaining donation title to school ball park from Ben B. Beekman recently, and would like to close the season with a victory for his men, he has intimated, on the field. The Miner-Merchant game, so far, is final encounter of the year scheduled for Miners, who will morthball bats and mitts till spring at that time.