



## The Editor Speaking

In a strike-torn region, when some agitator gets to shooting off his mouth too much, someone gets shot.

The government is sending her worst criminals to Alcatraz prison near San Francisco, where it is sincerely hoped the California climate will be bad for 'em.

A small town is a place where everyone knows all the dogs by name.

Radio crooners, to our notion, are the most illiterate when it comes to saying it with music.

If a political candidate's hat were thrown in doors instead of in rings, voters probably would at least get a good kick out of it.

Art (Hic) Powell, scribe of the Central Point American and generally more or less gunning for The Miner in his column, has joined this paper's long list of admirers by complimenting on the change to white paper.

Then there's the candidate for governor who is worried about being Dunne right by.

A two-year-old tot in New York fell 60 feet, landed in a flower patch and suffered only a slight bump. Must of been that bed of roses we hear about but never see.

Some critics are attempting to paint the New Deal as a dirty one by throwing mud at it.

Columbia river salmon are too dumb to climb fish ladders, say naturalists. Which may be another way of saying man is too dumb to build a ladder the fish will use.

## SPRIT MINE WAS ONE OF RICHEST TELLS REYNOLDS

Prospector Recalls Famous Colorado Mine That Paid Fortune Under Direction of Spirit for 20 Years

By J. C. REYNOLDS  
From the time when I was a very small boy, I cherished an ambition to meet a ghost, or at least to see one. In the country where I got my schooling there was much talk of ghosts and haunted houses. As I grew up I met a lot of people who could tell interesting ghost stories by the hour. And among the Mexicans and Indians ghosts flourished on every side and haunted houses and spooky localities were numerous. All this whetted my curiosity to a fine edge and I began to hunt for ghosts. But my hunting was all in vain and I felt that in some way I was being cheated. Why couldn't I see these ghosts when others seemed to have no trouble in finding them? Was something the matter with my eyesight, or what?

I laid around graveyards for hours, night after night. I hid myself close to places where ghosts had been seen frequently. I took my blankets and slept in houses said to be haunted, but to no avail. No ghosts showed up. A lady ghost on a white horse rode right over my head once, as I stood in a doorway and three men and two girls saw her plainly and their pale, terror-stricken faces convinced me they were honest in their belief that they had seen her. But I had neither seen nor felt her. Again she came and knocked on the door when the room was full of men and women. Four of us were playing cards and we heard the knock and looked up as the door was opened, but saw nothing. Outside of us four, everyone else saw her standing there and some of the women screamed while the men's faces turned as white as death and it was quite a long time before they returned to normalcy. These men were seasoned range riders and not afraid of anything in the world except ghosts.

And so it went. There was one time in my life when I seriously considered taking up the business of investigating haunted houses for a living. I was reading the Chicago Saturday Blade at the time and every paper was full of accounts of haunted houses all over the United States that people were afraid to live in, or even to go near them. If I could have figured out where there was any money in it, I would surely have tried my hand at it. But I didn't have the means to travel all over the country here and there on my own capital and no one seemed to want to pay anything to have their pet superstitions busted up.

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## SATURDAY NIGHT CROWDS TO GET EXTRA POLICING

Chamber of Commerce to Pay Salary of Deputy to Control Crowds Outside Dance Hall on Saturday

Although Jacksonville's Saturday night dances have been well-ordered and trouble free in the hall itself, there has been some complaint raised by residents whose homes border the U. S. hotel building that too much noise and rowdiness are being indulged in by late visitors who remain outside the hall. To correct this trouble, Jacksonville's city dads Tuesday night endorsed the local chamber of commerce's offer to hire an extra deputy for Saturday night duty to aid Marshal Jim Littell in policing the area.

Councilmen were to select an officer of their choice, salary to be paid from dance revenue by the chamber of commerce. Chamber Secretary Joe B. Wetterer represented his group and repeated his offer to cooperate with city officials in removing objectionable features of the week-end dances, which have been attracting unusually large crowds to the town each Saturday night. City council, without a dissenting vote, granted the chamber usual 30-day license, permitting dancing until 2 a. m. The late hour closing recently was a bone of contention in Medford dance and beer parlor circles, and an effort originating in that city to close the affairs at midnight here was definitely out as a result of this week's action.

City dads discussed the local water shortage and decided to continue water service to paid-up users for a short time further. Should rains not be forthcoming within two weeks, however, probabilities are that all users will be shut off in the interests of fire protection. About 18 feet of water remain in the city's large reservoir. Users will be given a week's notice, however, according to councilmen, before shutoff will become effective.

Scoutmaster Earl White offered councilmen help of his troop for any emergency involving first aid, fire patrol or lookout duty. Jim Littell Jr. was hired by city officials, at suggestion of Fire Chief Ray Wilson, to keep all-night vigil Tuesday and Wednesday as the forest fire smoldered a scant mile from city limits. The Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce volunteered to pay Littell's salary.

Mayor Wesley Hartman, Councilmen E. S. Severance, Jim Cantrell and Paul Godward and City Recorder Ray Coleman were present at the regular monthly meeting, Councilman Peter Fick being the absent member.

Bananas are to be sold in the form of powder. First they threw us down and now they'll blow us up.—Weston Leader.

Iowa has adopted the sales tax, but at any such proposal here Oregon gets pale around the Gills.—Weston Leader.

## 'A Century and Costs' Says Justice Coleman to Drunk Driver Tues.

Justice of the Peace Ray Coleman Tuesday took a hand in stemming the wave of drunken driving in southern Oregon by assessing W. L. Jurgensen, 32, of Chiloquin \$100 fine, \$4.50 costs and 30 days in jail, with the incarceration clause suspended pending good behavior. Conviction on the charge carries with it automatic suspension of Jurgensen's driving license for one year.

Jurgensen, according to State Police Joe Folsom, was arrested driving while under the influence of intoxicants near Klamath Junction Monday night. The defendant swore "never again" as Justice Coleman assessed the minimum fine and criticized gasoline as a poor mixer.

## LOCAL SCHOOLS OPEN DOORS TO STUDES MONDAY

Little Red School House Doors to Yawn for Annual Resumption Mental Machinery; Roster Up

Half apprehensive and half eager, Jacksonville's students will march down the familiar, weed-grown paths to school Monday morning, announced Principal M. E. Coe yesterday, to plunge almost headlong into the annual business of disturbing gray matter and the teachers. Grade students should come prepared to spend the entire day Monday, said Coe, while high school students will be let off with half a shift.

John Heckert, who was recently awarded contract for student transportation, will start his run from Provolt, covering Sterling and Griffin creek sections as well. Mr. Heckert has equipped a large and small truck with passenger bodies for the work and expects a peak load increase over last year's haul of about 15 students.

Other schools of this section opening Monday include Applegate, Uniontown, Sterling, Forest Creek and Thompson Creek, while Mr. Watkins, Little Applegate and Beaver Creek schools opened early this week. Some county schools, however, will not start till September 17.

Lunch baskets, apples for teacher, classroom tittering and note throwing will be in vogue by Tuesday, so far as this side of the county is concerned, and assignments, homework and hookey will fill young minds, replacing the cherished, fleeting liberties of vacation. However, few students are there who have not pictured the many pleasures of school, as well as its torments, in preparing for Monday's opening.

Dublin has had no newspapers for five weeks because of a printers' strike, but it doesn't seem to matter much. They were daily newspapers.—Weston Leader.

## Warren Coffman Passes, Victim of Lobar Pneumonia

Warren Eugene Coffman, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ike L. Coffman of this city, passed away suddenly at the Community hospital in Medford Monday evening at 6:30 o'clock after a week's illness of lobar pneumonia. Warren Coffman was born at Ruch, Oregon, June 4, 1915, and had lived in southern Oregon throughout his lifetime.

His death was sudden and unexpected and came as a great shock to his parents, relatives and many friends. Warren was known for his generosity and kind-heartedness, having on numerous occasions extended aid and help to strangers discovered in dire circumstances. He was a hard-working youth, with an inherent love for mining and hunting, and Jacksonville folk knew him as an ardent outdoor lover, much of his time having been spent in the hills and forests of southern Oregon.

Besides his parents he leaves two sisters, Geneva and Helen, and three brothers, Alfred, Donald and Melvin, all at home.

Funeral services were held from the Perl funeral parlors Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 with interment in the Jacksonville cemetery. W. R. Baird read the final rites before a large group of friends and relatives who gathered to pay their last respects to the youth who was called when just reaching his prime, and to mourn his loss. There were many floral offerings from friends and admirers.

Pallbearers were David W. Wainwright, Paul Wainwright, Charles Shannon, John Brite, Aaron Rhoten and Floyd Pence.

## SELTZER TO GREET OLD FRIENDS AGAIN SUNDAY

L. M. Seltzer, preacher-pianist from Chicago, will continue his meetings at the Norris store building in Jacksonville starting Sunday evening, September 9, at 7:30 o'clock. His first subject will be: "If a man is led astray by a false teacher, will God hold the teacher responsible and let the man go free?"

Mr. Seltzer also will conduct meetings on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights for the next several weeks, with old-fashioned prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings. All gatherings will be featured by special music, and Mr. Seltzer promises short, interesting sermons at all times, interspersed with thrilling, beautiful music. All Jacksonville and Applegate folk are invited to attend, said the evangelist.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown in the bereavement of our beloved wife and mother, and also for the beautiful floral offerings.

RAY W. BROWN  
MRS. O. E. CRAWFORD  
MRS. C. L. CLARK  
JACK GIBSON

• Mrs. E. S. Severance was a Medford visitor Wednesday.

## Marble Corner to Be Remodeled as Result of Long-Time Lease

The Marble Corner, a traditional landmark of an historic town, will be completely remodeled, renovated and redecored, according to plans being formulated last night by owners of the property and Miss Sally Cole, a Medford businesswoman, who seeks lease on the building. The one-time saloon, now a card room and bar, is owned by S. C. Dunnington of this city.

According to C. B. Dunnington, long-time lease is being prepared, and remodeling of the structure will include installation of plumbing, addition of a kitchen, the tearing out of a room and the laying of new floors, as well as redecoration. Miss Cole, formerly of Portland and San Francisco, and who operates the Gnome Inn in Medford, plans to make the popular corner one of southern Oregon's smartest and most unique beer parlors, carrying out the theme of old-time fixtures, swinging doors and location at the intersection of California street—the town's main thoroughfare—and the old stage road.

## HOP PICKING TIME HITS ON LOWER 'GATE

225 Workers Gather Yield from 90 Acres on Clute Yard; Harvest to Flavor Famous Eastern Beer

As beautiful a scene of harvest activity as the imagination could conjure is being enacted at the B. M. Clute hop yards on Applegate, where 225 pickers are engaged in gathering the yield from 90 acres of ground. Fifty families are occupying the camp ground at the yards, and not only are the pickers, time keepers, yard boss and truck drivers kept busy with the process, but carpenters will remain busy throughout the picking season completing final details of new buildings erected this year.

During the last year Mr. Clute spent \$8000 in planting additional acreage, and building new equipment which includes two new dry kilns, a three-story storage room, 12 new cabins for the pickers, and a sawmill.

The hops are trucked on a ramp to the dryers and placed directly into the kilns, eliminating the former method of carrying the sacks from the elevator. By this system a 24-foot kiln is filled with 4500 pounds of hops from the field in half an hour. After drying, the hops are run on a track to the storage room, where they are elevated by tractor power to the cooler to await baling. A new baler is being installed in the storage room and will operate with a counter weight which also serves as an elevator. The buildings are lighted with electricity, including the pickers' cabins and the surrounding grounds. The foundation of the storage room consists of timbers from the old Applegate bridge torn down last spring.

In erecting his own sawmill on his ranch Mr. Clute not only has dodged the high price of lumber, but is utilizing thousands of feet of pine timber being cleared from his land, which otherwise would be burned.

This year's crop has been contracted at a good price with Hart and Williams, for the Pabst brewing company at Milwaukee, makers of a famous beer. Pickers obtain their grocery supplies from the small store Mr. Clute has established at his home for the two weeks season.

Mr. Clute knows the hop business, having been engaged in that industry for 24 years. Even during the lean, discouraging 13 years of prohibition, he remained on the job and his was the only yard in Jackson county to survive. At the present two other yards exist in the county, George Truax and John Herriott, both of the lower Applegate section, having planted smaller acreages last spring.

Horace Bromley of Medford will be at the Clute yards in a few days to snap scenes of the harvesting for the Copco moving picture reel. This will complete Mr. Bromley's series of pictures on hop growing here, which he started last spring with scenes of planting and cultivating.

We've never felt that Mr. Hoover authored the depression, but regret to say he's confessed to a book.—Weston Leader.

The makers of cotton garments turned down a White House order, but it wasn't for goods.—Weston Leader.

At all events, recovery medicine has pepped us up to an extent that enables us to criticize the doctor.—Weston Leader.

## POOR MAN'S FIRE BURNS OVER 5000 ACRES TUESDAY

Five Homes Wiped Out in Dense Forest; Flames Threaten Jacksonville from Burn Within Mile

Starting from unknown origin along the Jacksonville-Ruch highway near the intersection of the Forest creek road, fire Tuesday afternoon whipped itself into a wild fury that abated only after cool of night, leaving a charred 5000 acre ruin of timber, brush and five homes, including several barns, that extended into the Griffin creek section on the east and Miller gulch on the north.

About 400 CCC fire fighters were poured into the section late Tuesday afternoon and night, and by early Wednesday morning workers, under the leadership of Ranger Lee Port, had surrounded the 15-mile fire line, successfully controlling the blaze. Main burn, extending some five miles in length, with a two-mile front in places, raced over the mountainsides in about two hours, according to residents of the section. The blaze crowned in fir timber, throwing spot fires as much as half a mile in advance of the flames.

The Carl Mankins home was destroyed by flames, as was the Dalton brothers' house, garage and other buildings, the Ben Coffman place, Ashley's house, barn and fence, the McGrater place and several log cabins on the Poor Man's creek slope. Barn and 60 tons of hay, as well as other smaller buildings, were destroyed on the Henry Mankins place, but quick work of members of the Jacksonville volunteer fire company and others saved house from fire. Jim Littell Jr., Jeff Clogston, Dan'l Shuss and C. N. Culy drove through flames to the Mankins home, where Dan ascended roof of the two-story structure and quenched more than 15 different spot fires caused from heat and sparks of the surrounding inferno.

More than 1400 acres of timber owned by Henry Mankins was completely burned during the fire, all rail fences were a total loss and there was some loss of livestock Tuesday, according to report. A small passenger car was burned when its driver, named Oden, was forced to abandon the stalled vehicle in path of the flames. Ben and Ed Coffman, who attempted to save the former's home by backfiring as the fire approached in the distance, were forced to flee for their lives when wind changed suddenly.

Even as every tragedy has its touch of laughs, did Tuesday's disastrous forest fire furnish contrasting bits of humor. Ben Coffman, whose family escaped to safety with a few personal effects, found that turkeys and chickens fled to a safe spot and returned to their charred home Wednesday morning after having very apparently spent a sleepless, worried night, and dozed all next day with heavy eyelids. The Coffman house, garage and chicken houses were complete losses, while the "telephone booth" stood in mocking, unscathed dignity after the fire, resting unmolested in a clump of oaks. There were many other rib-tickling sights for those who had eyes for such things. Dan'l (Boone) Shuss returned from the bonfire with an amusing tale of a jackrabbit, scared into the Henry Mankins yard by flames, that ran smack into the family cat, backed up, wiggled its ears, eyed the rushing flames and the sputtering cat again, and struck out for parts beyond. Numerous deer and other animals of the forest crossed within Shuss' line of vision just ahead of flames.

At one point the fire reached within a mile of Jacksonville city limits and, had wind altered, would have invaded the town, connecting timber extending almost to back doors of several dwellings here. It is the second fire of the season to scar nearby hills, other burn extending over a small plot of ground from Jackson creek east toward the old hill road about a month ago.

A forest fire said to have covered over 1200 acres burned in the Missouri flat section early this week, endangering several homes there. The fire, which was on state land in Josephine county, became serious Tuesday, and a large number of pickers from the Clute hop yards were sent to assist in saving homes. A call for additional men from the Star Ranger station was futile, however, all available men having been sent to the Poor Man's creek fire.

Road hogs bring home the bacon for the doctor, the repair man and the tombstone-maker.—Weston (Oregon) Leader.

Raw whiskey is said to be aged in three minutes by a new process, although we've had no inner conviction.—Weston Leader.

## S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

