

**The Jacksonville Miner**

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**Big Name, Little Men**

At the recent mining congress held in Medford, at which gathered a few mineralogists and geologists, and a flock of doodle-bug, easy-chair mining promoters, it was suggested that the congress go on record as favoring the preparation of a leaflet which would instruct the uninitiated into the mysteries of finding gold.

Some southern Oregon "promoters" who certainly have done little for the furtherance of legitimate mining, but much for their own projection into lime-light, still cling to their old dream of sending every unemployed man into the hills to work out his own salvation with a gold pan. The yellow metal is looked upon—by those who will not have to practice what they preach—as a panacea for unemployment if the greenhorns are but given a pan, a book of instructions and a kick in the pants toward the open hills.

Trouble is, as seen by hardened miners who have prospected, tramped, starved and prospered at their calling, that the leaflet probably will be written by some person who couldn't take a ream of his works, the necessary equipment, three doodle bugs and a rabbit's foot into the hills and earn 25 cents a day. But the author and his backers will be instrumental in torturing uninformed tenderfeet into believing that steady work at fair pay awaits all of them in the mountains and streams of Oregon.

There is ample field for proper mineral development in southern Oregon, especially, but any progress must come from level-headed, hardened mining men, from competent engineers and seasoned geologists who can put the industry on a firm foundation for larger and more permanent production. Southern Oregon, in particular, has had too much two-bit mining promotion which concentrates on 99 parts of chance and one part of color in the pan.

The mining congress, to a large extent, bothered itself with penny-ante stuff because there were too many penny-ante "promoters" mixed up in the meeting. Men with experience, men who know successful mining, are needed to place Oregon in her rightful place among the mineral-producing regions of the west. We have plenty of natural resources, but have been afflicted with too much of the wrong kind of human activity concerning it.



**O, Promise Me!**

Although it probably won't make too much difference which way the election goes in November, The Miner would like to spout a bit about the two regular candidates for governor, Martin and Dunne.

We were fortunate enough to meet both candidates and found them very personable, likeable and quite impressive. General Charles H. Martin appeared to be of the dignified, reserved but sincere type of man. Joseph Dunne was exceedingly well-met and ultra-fluent, with a very pleasing type of personality. Placed side by side, the average voter probably would find it hard to decide which man is the better material for governor while he was shaking their hands. Most of us would need to go off into our holes to reflect and think things

over before forming any too definite opinion, barring political or party prejudice, of course.

In favor of General Martin we have his fine background of service and loyalty to his country; a character which is above question and a sincerity which is apparent even to his political enemies.

The only two complaints we have heard against the man are that he is too old, and that he served in the army too long and accepts a pension from the government for military service. Martin's opponents say we do not want a military man, with his "superiority complex born of the army's caste system," in office as governor where he will look down on all others as inferiors. But, contradicting this argument, we have several Jacksonville men's statements that General Martin even years ago stood head and shoulders above any other army officer they ever served under as a reasonable human. And so far as the retirement pension is concerned, he certainly should be entitled to it after a lifetime spent in the army. Part of the appeal with which our government attracts young recruits is the promise of pension rewarding long service. Surely there can be no reasonable objection to the general receiving his due, even if he did back up President Roosevelt's curtailment of veterans' benefits, which have been almost wholly restored.

As for the General being too old, we rather suspect it is more with a feeling of pity for themselves than for Martin that his political opponents point with subtle meaning at the democratic nominee's age of 71 years. Mr. Martin is active, in good health and certainly an able man, for all his summers. Neither his mind nor his girth are burdened with excess blubber. Trim, vigorous, outspoken, Martin is a credit to the United States army, and to Oregon, his native state.

On the other hand, Senator Joe E. Dunne has a long record of political activity backing him up. He "fathered" the \$5 auto license bill and the resultant high gasoline tax. He is described as a tireless worker in state legislature; a sincere Oregonian and well acquainted with the state and its needs.

When Joe dropped into The Miner office the other day he had us feeling like we were on the inside track to become state printer. He seemed to know what everyone wanted, and how to get it for them. His conversation was logical, reasonable and convincing, and his views were the views of most of those voters he met. In fact, Dunne's ideas seemed to reflect the every notion of his listeners—all of them.

But Joe, to our way of thinking, is too much of a good thing. He has promised everyone everything. "Airflow" Dunne, as he has been dubbed, is the typical luncheon club glad-hander, a political yes-man who never crosses a prospect.

Joe Dunne's customers—the voters—are always right, before election. He has mastered the fine art of getting where he wants to go by agreeing with everyone. "Just kid 'em along and they'll come across" seems to be the Dunne code of ethics.

Joe Dunne, the politician, is indeed a smart man. For years voters have been crying for relief from professional politicians' palaver but "Airflow" knows full well that many will fall for the hokey, as usual, which is his stock in trade. The republican nominee will poll a heavy vote, although he admittedly has nothing on the ball but political experience.

However, The Miner believes that General Charles H. Martin, who knows little of politics but much of life, will march along to success with the New Deal, and carry Oregon with him when he is governor. Those who cast their lot with Martin will know, at least, that they are voting for an individual man and his principles, and not for a professional politician and the desires of all his business friends and backers.

**Alphabet Soup**



which will introduce three new faces to this section and probably, at the same time, some new angles to the gentle art of wrestling as it is committed. Promoter Lillard announced that admission prices will remain at the same low fig-

ure that has featured his summer schedule, and local fans, who turn out faithfully, are expected to battle for their front row seats as usual.

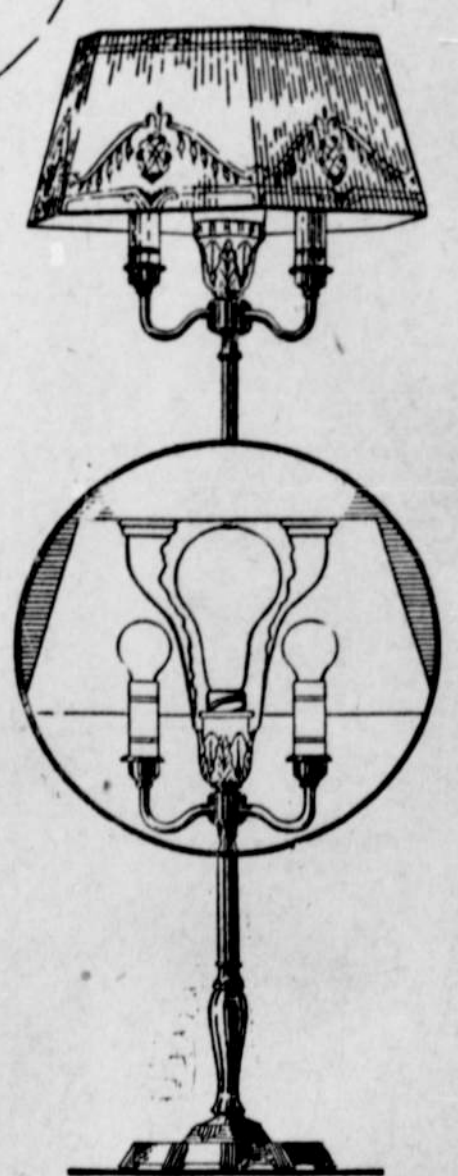
the press while the printer's devil is at large?—Weston Leader.

The wheat rancher is a chap who spends one month producing a crop and the other 11 waiting for it to go a little higher.—Weston Leader.

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**Wrestling Shows Will Return to Armory in Triple Bill Thursday**

Reinstated following a short vacation period, wrestling shows at the Medford armory were to be resumed this week by Promoter Mack Lillard, who signed three

grit and gristle teams to perform for his large following for this Thursday night, starting at 8:30.

Bonny Muir, 200-pound Australian, and Rube Wright, 230-pound Texan, were to grapple in the main event of the evening, while middle spot was to be filled by Matros Karlinko, 220-pound Russian, and Cliff Thiede, 205, Long Beach, Calif. Curtain-raiser was to

feature Gold Hill's wrestling marine, Bob Kenaston, and Jim Heslin of Spokane. Both men are beeves, bad and bound to win, and southern Oregon fans have been awaiting return of the Gold Hillite to Medford mats with great expectations.

Pete Belcastro, Italian troublemaker from Sacramento, will officiate as referee during the show,