

5c a Copy
But You Really
Should Subscribe
Today

THE JACKSONVILLE MINER



Volume 3

Jacksonville, Oregon, Friday, October 19, 1934

Number 42



America is a land of opportunity. Young inventors have a wide-open field in devising trick louvers for automobile hoods.

Safety in the woods will never be accomplished until hunting licenses are printed on bullet-proof vests.

The man who has the fewest virtues boasts the most and Joe (Air-flow) Dunne's modesty is equaled only by his circumference.

Labor continues incorrigible over the world. Hungarian miners went on a hunger strike because their pay was not raised from \$2 to \$3.50 per week. It is supposed communists were at the bottom of the insurrection.

A brain trust seems to be a college professor no one will trust.

Probably about the most outstanding accomplishment for which the present generation will be remembered is the invention of cellophane. History students, in years to come, should at least be able to see through that.

The government has subsidized farmers for not raising pigs, but what might be as timely would be a dole to agitators for not raising hell.

The subtlety of it all! Art (Hic) Powell, in his Central Point American last week, commends the county judge with lavish adjectives in one column and, a little farther down, says he "has a hunch" his town is to receive some road work from the county court soon.

Auto Horns Don't Count; Hunters Lam As Others Get Meat

Maintaining that "a hunter was behind every tree" in the Lakeview country, Tom Mee and Art Hooper returned to their homes at Applegate and Grants Pass feeling lucky to be alive, following a week-end trip to the sagebrush district. Starting upon their jaunt to the woods, the men counted 150 cars belonging to hunters strewn over the area, and decided the woods were overflowing and returned.

As to whether there's anything in a name, a state policeman found that there is more truth than fiction when he stopped a car in the Siskiyou bearing a buck on each bumper. "Who killed them?" he asked. "I did," replied the driver. "What's your name?" "Kilham." Horace Kilham of Portland, a guest of his cousins, Edward and Chester Kubli, was the proud possessor of the meat. Motoring here one day last week for a few days hunting trip, Mr. Kilham and the Kubli brothers reached Dutchman's peak at 6 o'clock one morning and an hour later had bagged two deer, one of which was an eight-point weighing 150 pounds. With the animals lashed to the bumpers, Mr. Kilham left for Portland the following morning to put the meat in cold storage.

Neighbors in the Little Applegate section believe that Carl Ayres, school teacher there, was the victim of a joke during the week-end, when he and Mrs. Ayres went hunting, bringing back a buck upon which Mrs. Ayres placed her tag and took to Portland with her. Mrs. Ayres came here from the Rose City for a brief vacation, equipped with an Oregon hunting license presented her by her employers. Friends still are unable to say who actually shot the deer, although it is said to be the last one on the hill.

A successful trip to Donamore during the week-end was reported by a group of local men, including George, Harry and Hugh Brown, Mathew Ray and Gene Mee, who returned with three deer. Henry Kubli, Walter Miller and John Griffin of Medford have returned from a short trip to Bly, bringing back one deer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Dunnington and A. S. Kleinhammer of Little Applegate spent last week at Freezeout, and came home with reports of no luck. They saw several small deer, but by the time they had located the big ones it was time to come home, they said. Mr. Kleinhammer also spent some time riding after cattle while there.

BYBEE HOUSE GETS PICTURE
The William Bybee house, located near Jacksonville, received a news play-up October 2 when the Oregon Journal reproduced a photograph of the structure, built in the late '60s. The house, owned by the original family, is in good repair and is a familiar landmark in a district filled with them.

CITY DADS BACK WATER SEEKERS AS FLOW BULGES

Spring Water Sees Neither Sun Nor 'Bugs'; Ample for City's Needs; Water Comes Direct to Mains

Mayor Wesley Hartman and his city councilmen late last week made a personal appearance at scene of water development activities of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce and volunteer fire company, which had exhausted their \$150 water fund, and were sufficiently impressed to back the project with \$250 of the city's money.

Late Saturday compressor was placed, pipe relaid and a crew of three workmen started driving tunnel in granite where a short opening had uncovered much of the present flow of water. The work has been pressed forward night and day, with three-shift operation, and water flow has been more than doubled, increasing from 30,000 gallons at the start to twice that amount by Tuesday night—enough to supply the city's domestic needs. Workmen expected the flow would be developed to about a gallon a second, or near 80,000 gallons in 24 hours, more water than householders can use, excluding irrigation.

The water, like Medford's famous supply, sees neither daylight nor contamination at any point, flowing directly from granite into covered flume to pipeline, which carries it past both large and small reservoirs and directly into the city's mains as clear, cool, pure water quite as fit for drinking and general use as any available. Water Marshal James Littell over the week-end turned spring water into by-pass and for nearly a week the tiny drill holes—scuffed at as "silly" a few days before—have supplied the city's needs. The large reservoir has been dry for 10 days while the smaller tank will hold only a few hours supply.

Although Jacksonville's watershed has been "condemned" by many residents as an arid dream, and Medford water has been touted as this city's only salvation, the expenditure of an even \$400 has resulted in giving a thirsty city pure, crystal-clear water almost in abundance. The result is only indicative of what can be accomplished with the \$3000 sum to come from PWA for further water development, backers of the work pointed out.

Residents Give Street 'Ride Test'; Say Oke

The famous 10-block "ride test" which a few days ago would pitch the paint off any car, was as smooth as a traveling salesman's line Tuesday night when tried on South Oregon street from California avenue to above the Walton place. County equipment, Jack Thrasher, donations for expenses and a day's labor worked the transformation.

South Oregon was the only

10th Lookout Will Be Radio Equipped

The tenth lookout station in the Applegate district, which will be an emergency post, will be built this fall on Mt. Isabel on Forest creek. The house will be built on a 50-foot tower and, owing to lack of telephone lines in that section, will be equipped with radio for receiving and transmitting messages. The building will be erected by Ross Dickey, forest service construction foreman, and his crew of Bruah Marines. Charles Knutzen, packer for the forest service, is packing the material to the mountain site this week. Later in the season the CCC workers will build a road to the mountain top.

With the recreational program of the forest service having priority over other work at the present, work will begin immediately on establishment of camp grounds in the high hills. With the network of new roads intersecting the mountains, the forest service believes it advisable to equip likely camping spots with conveniences for the numerous travelers and vacationists next year.

Slants on the Folks

By M.E.P.

Fritzie Offenbacher was out on a horse the other evening doing the biggest share of the work in bringing home the cows.

Charley Hamilton gave a concrete example of one having his hands full when he wheeled in a wheelbarrow full of night's wood and tried to greet a passing autoist.

Morris Byrne is fully equipped for business now except for a social secretary. Morris administers first aid to himself following all the football games, at the same time writing editorials and "The Diggins" on the High Prospector. He says writing editorials is not much work and mostly imagination.

Lorraine Offenbacher seems to be suffering from the effects of a Portland dance step. She also felt wide awake the next day after a dance the night before.

Lamentations are in order from Ed Warford because he has not killed a deer. Ed is still looking for a place to hunt and accuses his neighbors of killing all the deer on Billy mountain.

Amos McKee evidently was subjected to a little back-seat driving one night while he drove his sophomore granddaughter to a dance at the rate of 10 miles per.

Several have had tussels and arguments with the dentists lately, some of whom won, including Charley Mee (who did NOT win), Ross Dickey and Mrs. Tom Mee.

street in Jacksonville to receive much-needed attention after two years, due to the fact residents of that thoroughfare were the only ones to get together and finance the work, which cost about \$20 for the day. Other streets, needing attention as badly, are starting into their next two years of rough existence.

Thrasher and his crew scarified the street Tuesday and then graded the surface, leaving a smooth roadbed replacing the near-creek bottom. Thrasher donated his time.

Pioneer Men May Have Been Tough, But Couldn't Take Bit Overly Odorous Rotted Cheese

By J. C. REYNOLDS

About the hardest thing for me in writing these little sketches of life on the western frontier is to remember the correct dates on which these events happened. I never kept a diary as so many people do, so I have nothing like that to refer to. Nor did I consider the adventures that befell me of enough importance to be written down nor did I make any special effort to remember them. It is my disposition to live more in the future than in the past. So many new and interesting things coming into view almost every day that absorb my whole attention, which is more to my liking than to have my mind all cluttered up with memories of past events, many of which were quite disagreeable and were best forgotten.

So in regard to dates, I avoid them whenever possible. They are not important anyway. In the old days I was looking for adventures and enjoying them to the fullest. And a lad like me, who jumped around all over the country, could crowd a lot of experiences into one year and be in a lot of different places.

Some dates I remember perfectly because they were impressed on my memory. For instance, I remember 1883 for the reason that a society was formed called the San Juan Pioneers and every member had to show he had been in the San Juan country as early as 1883. These old-timers seemed to think they had done something great by coming to the country in that year and helping to settle it. Maybe they did, but I couldn't seem to see it. I was there in 1881, two years ahead of that, and went through a lot of hair-raising perils that most of them did not have to face, but never imagined there was anything very wonderful about it. Just felt like I was having a corking good time, and never bothered to join their society.

Along about the middle of the '80's (forget the exact date) I came slipping back to the Spanish peaks country from Arizona and at once got a chance to go in partners with three other young guys who had a chance to lease a shingle mill and needed a good packer. I don't pretend to be a cracker-jack at everything, but I was really a top-hand at packing shingles and liked the work too. We got along fine while the job lasted and made some good money out of it. We batched and did our own cooking. Running out of groceries after a time, I was elected to go down to Trinidad and get some more while the others worked.

While buying our supplies the grocer brought forth a new kind of cheese that had just been put on the market. It was quite expensive, a dollar a pound, was carefully wrapped in tin-foil and had little rotten spots all over it. And talk about smell! It smelled worse than any limburger that I ever saw. He tried to sell me some but I declined.

Then he wanted me to taste it, but I said I didn't care to as I was smoking a good cigar at the time. Then he said "I am going to cut

you off a little piece of this to take with you and when you get around to taste it you will like it so well you will buy some of it when you come in again." I thanked him and dropped it in my pocket and soon forgot all about it.

Next morning I took the stage to go over to El Moro, four miles, where I could take the train for home. It was a big Barlow and Sanderson covered stage and there were three men in it when I got in. Presently a woman got in and sat down facing me. I sure hated that as I was smoking a fine 15-cent cigar and didn't want to throw it away. Finally I decided to go on smoking moderately, keep an eye on the woman and blow the smoke out the window, which was open. It wasn't long before I saw the woman begin to turn pale. Cussing myself for a brute, I threw the cigar out the window but, to my dismay, the woman grew more pale. At last she reached over and touched me on the knee and asked me if I would kindly stop the stage so she could ride outside. I called to Brown, the driver, whom I knew slightly, having helped him break a horse the day before, and he stopped and assisted the woman to the seat beside him, after which everything was all right. I reached camp in good shape with all the groceries, hung up my coat, laid my cigars aside and went to work. But next day brought a terrible commotion. My three partners swore loud and fiercely about the awful stench that permeated every nook and corner of our house and I joined in with a few spicy cuss words that I had picked up in Arizona from the experts in that line.

Something had to be done right now about that damn stink, they declared. It would kill the devil himself to have to smell that all the time. Evidently some animal had crawled under the floor and died, and by Jehosafat, the floor would be torn up by the roots and that rotten carcass removed from there if it took all day to do it. But before going to all that trouble they began to sniff around to locate, if possible, the spot where this unholy stench came from and wound up by tracing it into a corner where my coat hung innocently on the wall, in which reposed that forgotten chunk of cheese. And maybe I didn't get razzed.

I realized then what had made the woman turn pale in the stage. She doubtless wished to get as far away as she could from a man who used that kind of perfumery. Any old smoker can tell you the reason why my attention was not attracted to such a vile odor. When a man is smoking and his nostrils and lungs are full of the aroma of good cigar smoke, there are many bad odors that will pass unnoticed. I will remark, though, that none of that brand of cheese ever found its way to our table. We all agreed unanimously on that point. We had been known on occasions to indulge in limburger, but felt that when it came to this new variety of cheese it was time to draw the line.

After finishing that job I made a bee-line for the rich silver mining camp of Silver Cliff which was then entering a boom period. Left my bed, which consisted of two extra-large pretty Navajo blankets that I had picked up in the reservation for \$14 apiece. In Denver blankets like mine, though much smaller an inferior in every way, were selling to tourists for from \$100 to \$125 each. When I became located I intended to send for these blankets, but they were too fancy for a working man to own, so they were stolen and I never saw them again. Leaving the train at Huerfano station, I struck out afoot. Presently a Mexican with a buckboard picked me up and I stayed at his ranch that night after a 20-mile lift. Next morning after breakfast I hit the road again and about 10 o'clock arrived at a little hamlet named Gardner, consisting of a few houses, a combination store, saloon and dance hall, owned and run by two Mexicans, one of whom was named Monte.

Now this Monte was a pretty smart Mexican. He was so darned clever that a few years later he got elected to the state senate of Colorado and made good at it, too.

I stopped there to get a cool glass of beer and rest a bit. Monte was very friendly and told me I had better wait over till next day, when the mail carrier would be going to Silver Cliff and he would see that I was given a ride. Furthermore there would be a fandango (dance) there that night and a lot of whoopee. This listened good to me and I decided all this was right in my alley. After an hour's rest, during which Monte and I had several glasses of beer together, he casually proposed a little game of poker to kill the time. And, as I had about \$120 with me, the idea struck me as being just what the doctor ordered. Those days I would rather play poker than eat and, believe me, I was no slouch at it either. In a square game I could hold my own with almost anybody and was generally as lucky as a pet coon. But

WILL COST \$3,470 TO RUN JAYVILLE TWELVE MONTHS

Budget Group Perfects the Proposed Cash Outlay in 1935; Waterworks Will Carry Usual Heavy Load

Meeting with city council to perfect budget for next year, Joe B. Wetterer, John R. Norris and E. A. Langley—special budget committee appointed by city officials—last week prepared their findings for submission to legal voters of Jacksonville. The budget, as proposed, calls for the expenditure of \$3,470 during the year for municipal operation, with an additional \$7,307 to be raised by taxation for various water bonds and their sinking funds.

Marshal and water superintendent's salary is one of the largest single items recorded in city expense, being set at \$900 for the year, while expense of the water department was set at \$300. Recorder's salary totals \$240 for 12 months, while roads and bridges will receive an allotment of \$200, as will water meter expense. It will cost the city an estimated \$950 for lights next year, while an emergency fund of \$250 will be provided to fill in gaps. Receipts to cover these disbursements will come from the following: Refund market road levy \$125, impounded stock and fines \$75, water collections \$2900, general fund to be raised by taxation \$332, and miscellaneous receipts \$38.

As usual, the city's water department will carry the bulk of city expense, as well as paying its own way, exclusive of bonds. A completely itemized budget will be found in this week's Miner, headed Resolution No. 147.

An open meeting will be held Wednesday, November 7, for discussion and vote on the proposed budget, at which time all qualified voters may take part in the adoption, rejection or change of the proposed levy.

In Monte I found my master and by dinner time I had just \$10 left of my \$120. Monte invited me to eat with him and his wife, who was a half-Castilian and sure knew her stuff when it came to cooking.

After dinner I was standing on the porch of the saloon smoking and feeling pretty blue when a long, lanky cowboy came riding up and, stopping his horse in front of me, stared at me a full minute before he spoke. Then he said, "What the hell are you looking so downcast about, Stranger?"

I replied, "You would be looking some downcast yourself if you had been a damn fool like me and lost all your money like I have."

"There is only one answer to that," he chortled. "You have been mixed up in a poker game with Monte."

"Right the first time," I told him, "and it cost me just \$110 in good, hard American money."

"Listen," he responded, "I've rode 20 miles from my camp this morning, just to get a game with that bandit. As soon as I get a bite to eat, you and I will get Monte into a game and double-team on him. He really plays square cards, but I am sure we can take him down the line, quite a ways. What do you say?"

I told him I might as well be broke as the way I was and if he felt lucky we might be able to put quite a dent in Mr. Monte's bankroll before supper time. So, after he had eaten, we three got into a game. Nobody else showed up and we three played all afternoon. When we caught Monte in a tight place we whip-sawed him back and forth for all that was in it. We never stopped for supper. When the dance started in the big hall, which was in the same building, we paid no attention. Just kept playing while Monte's partner took care of things in the saloon. When the fandango broke up we were still playing and at 1 o'clock next morning the cowboy had won \$200 of Monte's money and I had gotten all mine back and five or six dollars more.

Monte himself proposed that we quit and we did. He was a pretty good old sport, Monte was. Insisted we must have something to eat. Pulled his wife out of bed and had her cook supper for the three of us, gave us free beds to sleep in and fixed it with the mail carrier to give me a lift over to the Cliff. I'll bet he made a good senator. He accepted his losses as philosophically as he did his winnings and at no time did he try to cheat, even when the battle was going against him.

So I arrived at Silver Cliff where as every old-timer knows silver was being found in great chunks. Often \$100,000 or maybe \$200,000 in a solid lump. Money was thrown around as if it wasn't worth anything. Big fortunes were found by somebody almost daily. Some of these days I may write a short sketch of that bonanza camp and its deep mine, the deepest in Colorado, abandoned long ago and full of water now. But it was great while it lasted.

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



© The Bell Syndicate, Inc.