

The Editor Speaking

Now we know why they call 'em political doers. Their forecasts are all dopey.

And, judging from the returns, those old-line New Deal critics got a new deal election day.

Half the world looks for an excuse to celebrate, while the other half looks for something worth celebrating.

Charles H. Martin, Oregon's governor-elect, had been criticized for having lived a long time and for having served his country as a military man, but Tuesday's balloting was a restatement of our faith and appreciation for maturity and patriotism.

Moore Hamilton, editor of the Medford News, was elected to the state house of representatives, but we have a sinking suspicion it was merely a plot on part of the voters to get rid of at least one southern Oregon editor at any cost.

A wrestling match in England was attended by a female referee, but we predict the idea will not become popular. Think of having a woman around every time the grapplers make a break.

Folks who carry grudges begrudge.

There always is the psychological time for everything. Now, with election just over, the Southern Pacific announces air-conditioning will be installed on its passenger trains.

Brain Truster Foiled As Woodsman Applies Mountain Graymatter

Washington may be overrun with brain trusters, but mountain-top philosophy and wisdom as exercised on the Applegate at times would shade the cunning of the nation's cleverest diplomat. Elucidation compels the following:

Ike Coffman, that woodsman-miner-trapper known to every native human and animal in these parts, once was quite perturbed by a robber coyote. The plundering critter had been swiping bait from Ike's traplines for several miles and, although special traps for the animal were set, the coyote wisely turned each trap upside down, in which position it was useless for catching either coyote or the bobcat for which it was originally intended.

After weeks of frustration by Mr. Coyote, Coffman was completely baffled. The thing had successfully robbed every trap on the line, and had added insult to injury by wolfing bait on traps set with special regard for snaring Mr. Coyote. Something had to be done and done soon, else Ike was to lose his winter's income as well as his self respect. Brain trusters not being available at the head of Star gulch, Ike had to figure it out alone.

"That **!!b&th&tt!! coyote invariably turns every trap upside down and then holds a victory dance on the darned things just to show his contempt," mused Ike. "I'll just cross him up today and set the trap upside down to begin with." And Ike licked his chops and prayed that the scheme would not fall him. It didn't and next day Ike found a completely subdued coyote almost dead from humiliation. The conclusion is best repeated in Ike's own words:

"That coyote was about the maddest and worst whipped critter I ever seen. He'd just kinda look at me from under his brows in a completely-licked sort of way," grinned Ike. "So I gave him the worst cussing he ever had, and went over to a young sapling and cut myself about a four-foot club to use in collecting several debts via the hide route. I made several passes at Mr. Coyote to see if he was going to flinch and then, repeating the Lord's Prayer almost complete, I whaled the tar right out'en him."

The Miner is happy to offer the upside-down trap trick to the government for the next Geneva meeting in case Washington gets tired of having its traps turned upside down and robb'd.

Vandals Steal Food From Local Larder

Thieves, taking advantage of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Art Curry during the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock Sunday night, broke into and looted a cooler on back porch of their residence in this city. All foodstuffs were confiscated, save for a partly-used can, which was discarded. And the Currys were looking for transients or neighbors with jam on their fingers as they restocked their pantry.

ORDERS GIVEN TO SINK 2ND WINZE PACIFIC STATES

Encouraging Returns from No. 1 Winze Orebody Cause Order for Work on Second Dig for Depth

Because orebody uncovered in No. 18-1 winze at Pacific States mine near here was almost conclusive proof that values in this section continue to depth, officials of the company a few days ago authorized installation of machinery in preparation for starting of second winze in No. 18 tunnel—lowest previous working.

Orebody uncovered in the winze has been developed to a length of 200 feet and a depth of 130 feet, averaging a five-foot seam of good milling ore which shows enriched zones at frequent intervals. The second winze will be a like continuation downward of another ore chute on the same seam several hundred feet west into the mountain. The second chute is thought to be of even more uniform richness than the one now being developed and stope.

In addition to a shrinkage stope in No. 1 winze, crews of miners are working in three upper stopes digging out mill ore, which is giving Pacific States profitable breaking rock from four points in the mine. Mill, being operated two shifts a day, has stepped up grind to about 70 tons daily due to additional water and new liners.

An electric hoist and automatic skip will be installed in No. 1 winze and present equipment moved to No. 2 soon as possible, said P. H. Miller, foreman at Pacific States, last night. An addition to the present crew of 35 is expected before long to handle work of the new shaft, said Miller, and work is now so arranged that only between the hours of 4:30 to 8 a.m. is the mine not producing.

Superintendent H. G. Mitchell, geologist-engineer, left for Portland Thursday morning, to return Saturday, in connection with mine business, while early this week another car of concentrates was sent to smelter. Values, which are reduced 30 to 1 in the form of black concentrates, are being recovered in oil flotation units at the rate of about two 20-ton cars per month.

SETH PARKER AT HIGH SCHOOL GYM TUESDAY

Seth Parker is coming to town. Yes, that most beloved of all radio entertainers is to be impersonated at the high school gym Tuesday evening, November 13, by the well-known dramatic artist and singer, John Howard. Mr. Howard has all the earmarks of the real Seth Parker, appearance, singing voice and the ability to tell stories which have made Mr. Parker so famous. Mr. Howard will be assisted by a full company of local stage artists and singers in his production, "A Night With Seth Parker."

This entertainment is being sponsored by the local church choir and a large crowd is expected.

Miners Get \$150 from Three Days Workings

More than five ounces of good old gold from three and one-half days of effort is not so bad, but to do that in someone's yard is even better, believe D. M. Bates, Tom Dickey and Joe McIntyre, who have been mining on the Jack Thrasher place near the school grounds. About \$150 was realized from the cleanup, which produced from a layer of pay dirt six inches thick which ran about \$40 per yard in places.

The rich run was made last half of last week-end, to prove that all miners with holes in the ground are not liars, the \$150 of yellow treasure was brought en masse to The Miner office for admiration and envy.

Wild, Woolly West Is Not Thing of Past

Most people think of the wild west as a thing of the past, but it is not so. Proof? Sure, right here in Jacksonville—one of the whing-dingdest gold camps in Oregon.

One morning early this week, right in front of The Miner office, a small lad, probably not yet four years old and just able to talk, had his cap bill pulled over his face by the printer's devil and burst out with "Keep yer dirty hands to yerself, you big son-of-a-b—!" Anyone who thinks the far west is sissy country had better revise their ideas. The young brats here are still nearly as tough as their New York cousins.

1912 Chauffeur Badge Found Marble Corner

Workmen at the Marble Corner, during their remodeling and cleaning, uncovered an interesting relic of an early day when they discovered a chauffeur's badge issued by the state of Oregon in 1912. It bears the number 1349 and is a replica of an old-fashioned automobile wheel and tire of that time.

The badge takes on more interest when it is remembered that the first automobile to enter southern Oregon came in 1908. In 1912 an automobile stage line was in operation between Jacksonville and Medford, running in competition to Bill Barnum's railroad, and it was thought by several the chauffeur for this line might have misplaced or lost his badge at the Marble Corner while in his cups.

The Marble Corner, now operated as an inn by Sally Cole, also uncovered what is believed to have been the key to the city—or to the jail—during extensive remodeling. It is a large bronze affair of pioneer vintage and weighs most of a pound. Both relics will be placed among a display of interesting objects at the Marble Corner, said Miss Cole.

Life may begin at forty, but if the old age pension scheme becomes a law, it will start 20 years later.—Weston Leader.

The college graduate who turned kidnaper sought to qualify, no doubt, as the cur in the curriculum.—Weston Leader.

Rainmakers Were Fakes, But One Nearly Drowned Poet-Prospector Reynolds

By J. C. REYNOLDS

When I was a very small boy I got all tangled up with a young hurricane which visited the shores of the New England states. This was the famous "September gale" of which mention was made in the school readers of that time.

I guess everybody has read Oliver Wendell Holmes' description of it in his comical poem, in which he tells of seeing his Sunday britches go straddling off like witches, from the clothesline on which they were drying.

We were living in Providence, R. I., then, a city of 100,000 population, which is situated at the head of Narragansett bay. I didn't lose my breeches or anything else in that storm but were surely would have lost the roof to our house if it hadn't been nailed on pretty tight. About half the roofs in town were blown off, big oak trees uprooted and the air full of boards, boxes, shingles and other articles that the wind could pick up and blow around. Then, at the height of the confusion, a tidal wave 22 feet higher than the highest high water mark came racing up the bay with the speed of an express train and when it reached the vicinity of Providence, where the bay narrowed to a head, it tossed the shipping around like chips, slammed them violently up on the shore, or against the wharves, wrecked houses and inundated all the cellars in the lower part of town.

Hell was to pay and nothing to pay it with. This wave appeared so quickly that the righteous Puritans of the city had no time to ring the church bells and scare it away. They had purphused for a long time that the Lord would destroy the city of Providence on account of its wickedness and this storm looked to them as if the thing was about to come to pass. The worst of it was, the majority of them were not quite ready to have it done. So fervent prayers were sent up to postpone the calamity till some other time and consequently when the storm had worn itself out next day it quit and all was peaceful again. My Dad did some fervent praying himself and I guess that was all that kept our roof from being blown off, which would have been quite a disaster. Years after, out in the wild and woolly west, I got mixed up with a lot of water when the dam of a big artificial lake broke in the valley above where I lived. I have seen floods galore and several cloudbursts and my experiences with high water have been many and varied. But it remained for that rainmaker, (Hatfield, I think his name was), to show me I had a lot of things yet to learn along that line.

If anybody thinks the highly improbable occurrence I am about to relate is a darned lie, I will just refer them to the San Francisco Examiner, or to any of the other big daily papers of California, of March, 1905, and they can see the account of the whole thing from

ary and March of that year, up to that time, had been exceptionally fine and I had been taking advantage of the nice weather by prospecting the mountains west of the Sacramento valley. For convenience I had made arrangements to board at a nearby logging camp, which saved me a lot of hard walking. The cookhouse was built on high ground on one side of a ravine about 40 feet wide, and the bunkhouse was on high ground on start to finish. January, February, the other side. The ravine was crossed by a cable footbridge, just wide enough for a board walk and having hand rails of wood on each side. The bridge was exactly 12 feet above the floor of the ravine.

In the daily papers we read of a famous rainmaker who had made a contract with the state of California to furnish 20 inches of water for \$1000. I will not be sure if it was 20 inches or not, but I think it was and we will call it that anyhow in this story.

The reason I do not remember the exact number of inches was because I knew of a number of attempts made by rainmakers in the dry country east of the Rocky mountains, all of which were failures. So when this story came out I naturally thought it to be another fizzle and gave it scant attention. In fact, from start to finish I regarded the whole matter as a fake that would doubtless be exposed in time, so gave it little thought. The papers told us how this rainmaker had built himself a tower down on the coast somewhere (San Diego, I think) and had shut himself up in it, denying admittance to everyone, though to reporters he confided that it was easy enough to make it rain if one only knew how to go about it.

Anyway, one night it started to rain and when I say rain, I mean rain. It poured all night long and when morning came we found ourselves on an island and the only way out of there was that narrow little cable bridge across the ravine. And the ravine was now full of water, up to within a couple inches of the bridge. Twelve feet of angry water and still rising. We managed to get across to breakfast. Half of the cookhouse had been swept away by the flood, but the nifty cook had stayed with it and dished us up some ham, eggs and hotcakes in the half that was left. Breakfast over, we wiggled carefully back over the bridge and the dozen or so loggers packed up their belongings and beat it.

As usual I was the little boy who didn't get stampeded easily and made up my mind to stick. I shaved myself, read a little, played a few games of solitaire and about once an hour went down to the ravine and gave things the once over.

By 11 o'clock matters had taken on a rather bilious aspect. The water had risen to the bridge, all the hand rails had been knocked off by logs and stumps that were being whirled downstream and I could hear great boulders grinding around in the bottom of the swiftly-racing current. The strongest swimmer alive would have no chance in that torrent. And it began to look as if some big log would take the bridge out and leave me marooned on that island, and not a thing there to eat.

It began to look like moving day for me so I went back to the bunkhouse, rolled up my sleeping bag, packed my war-sack, strapped everything firmly on my back and started. Arrived at it a long time. Logs were coming fast now and every once in a while one would hit that old footbridge and knock it several feet out of line. There was only one thing to do—trust to luck. Carefully I felt my way along that crazy structure through the swirling water that had now covered the board walk and was about two-thirds of the way across when a big log knocked the bridge right out from under my feet and I sat down flat with a leg on each side. That was nothing but luck for if I had fallen on either side I wouldn't be here writing about it now. I just sat there in the water for a full minute till I got my breath and nerve back, then I boosted myself very cautiously to a standing position, which with the heavy bundle on my back took about all of my strength, and made a run for the other side. Then I pulled out for my little house down in the valley where I had plenty food, wood and everything I needed and holed up for the next 10 days while it rained steadily without any let-up. Talk about floods. There was more water sloshing around in California then than there was in the Pacific ocean. Every bridge on the Sacramento river was washed out and the river in spots rose over the lowlands till it was 30 miles wide. Then the rain ceased and the state officials figured up and notified Mr. Hatfield he was still two inches short of the amount the contract called for. He told 'em

LOCAL BALLOTS FOLLOW TREND OF STATE NATION

South Jacksonville Goes All Democratic While North Precinct Favors Martin Four to One

Election day in Jacksonville pretty much reflected sentiment of the county, state and nation, resulting in an avalanche of democratic votes expressing confidence and encouragement for the New Deal and its defenders. Governor Martin, democrat, led the field almost three to one, with Dunne trailing just ahead of Peter Zimmerman.

For county offices Jacksonville voters favored Earl Day for county judge, Caster for commissioner and Syd I. Brown for sheriff. Moore Hamilton, young editor of the Medford News, led the field of candidates of both parties for representative of this district, with A. E. Brockway ranking second, Glenn O. Taylor third and William Grenbemer fourth. Two referendum measures were defeated, the Healing Arts amendment being snowed under 215-95. Jacksonville voters favored the 20-mill tax limitation measure 173-136. Judge Norton was favored with 219 ballots, while Tom Miller was written in on 51 ballots. Electa Fehl, wife of Earl H. Fehl, now in state prison, was written in on one ballot for circuit judge.

In south Jacksonville precinct every democrat on the ticket carried and precinct committeeman, Joe B. Wetterer, democratic representative in that section, was smiles as he reviewed the fine bourbon record. However, an interesting development was found in north Jacksonville precinct balloting, which swung majority-giving votes to republican nominees. North Jacksonville, normally republican, and republican in nearly every office on the ticket, was about four to one for Candidate Martin, democratic governor nominee, giving him 132 votes, Joe Dunne, republican, 48, and Peter Zimmerman, independent, 25.

A total of 147 votes were cast in south Jacksonville precinct, with 206 in north precinct. Election boards were as follows:

South Jacksonville—Joe Wetterer, judge; Emil Britt, chairman; Addie Smets, first clerk; Mrs. Paul Godward, second clerk, and F. A. Hensper, third clerk.

North Jacksonville—Harry Hinderer, judge; Claire Hanley, chairman; Florine Severance, first clerk; Ida Wilson, second clerk, and Wesley Hartman, third clerk.

In the city election incumbent officials were reelected as follows: Wesley Hartman, mayor, two-year term; E. S. Severance and Peter J. Flick, councilmen, two-year terms; Ray Coleman, city recorder, one-year term, and C. C. Chitwood, treasurer, one-year term. There were few scattered write-in ballots cast on the city ticket, which was voted at the city hall only.

Gold Buying Averages \$6000 Month for J'ville

The buying of gold over counter, cash-on-the-barrel-head, continues at a most steady pace, said Buyer G. W. Godward here this week. "We are averaging about \$6000 a month over our scales, which is a high for many years from Jacksonville's back-yard independents," explained Mr. Godward.

Local gold, for the most part, is produced in small quantities from city lots and nearby claims, most of it being of the placer variety. Few small producers now ship direct to the mint, Godward said, they having decided red tape and expense more than offset the small margin on which the buyer works. Godward averages about \$28 per ounce payment to the miner for raw gold, metal being about .860 fine.

"all right," and turned his machinery loose again and down came four inches more. That filled the bill, with two inches over for good measure.

So the state paid him \$1000. "But," I hear you say, "that's all hoey. No man could make it rain like that." I think myself there was a lot of hoey about it. But this guy made a fair, square contract with the state of California to furnish so much water for \$1000. The water was furnished in some way on the right dates and consequently the state had to pay the money. That's all I know for sure and all any doubter can do is to obtain any of the big California papers for March, 1905, and read it for himself. I often run across fellows who were there at that time and talk it over with them.

The last I heard of that rainmaker he had been sent for to try his hand at rainmaking in Australia. Believe me, if he can make it rain in that dry country, I would have to take off my hat to him.

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

