

# THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

Published Weekly at  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

LEONARD HALL, Editor and Publisher

Address All Communications to P.O. Box 138

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:  
One Year \$1.00 Six Months 50c

HEADQUARTERS: THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY  
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## EDITORIAL

Talk seems to have subsided for the moment about the Crescent City harbor development, but nevertheless progress is being made in this direction. The most important initial step, selling the idea, has been accomplished.

It is hard to grasp the complete picture of benefit such deepwater facilities would give the valley and particularly Jacksonville. Undoubtedly a railroad outlet would be built to the new harbor, giving the many producing ledges in this neighborhood cheap transportation which they must have to operate. New life would be injected into long dormant mines producing a low grade ore, making good investments.

The harbor project at Crescent City and the Jacksonville-to-Caves highway, when completed, will furnish the very things we need to become one of the fastest developing sections of the state. Let's go after them.

It's wise to settle up so one can settle down.

It's gotten to the point where a person can't be nonchalant without producing a cigaret, run for the streetcar without contracting athlete's foot or exercise without being shamed by B. O. In fact, national advertisers would make one think that by spending a few coppers they'll never have to worry about what their best friends keep to themselves.

## Salt of the Earth

A few days ago we happened to stop near an old, dilapidated wagon. A grizzled, bewhiskered face peered out and asked if we could use any leather rope, bridle reins or hackamores. Being interested but not moneyed, we moved nearer at the man's suggestion.

The maker of leather accessories descended, with much difficulty, from his rolling home and approached us. A wooden stub protruded from one trousers leg and squeaked with each uncertain step. His clothes were of worn denim and nearly black with dirt. A battered, torn hat and buttonless shirt completed the raiment. The old timer greeted us cordially and proceeded to display his wares—pieces of rawhide skilfully woven into various articles—and explained the merits of each.

As the talk went on he told of himself—how two years before he had several thousand dollars in a mine down in California, accidentally drank arsenate mountain water which started his troubles, sending him to the hospital and losing his mine and money. He related how he was weakened and liable to go at any slight exertion. And that friends in a nearby city, feeling sorry for him, had tried to persuade the old man to live at the county home. He went on and declared that never, as long as he could get around, would he accept charity. He would make another stake—had done it many times before. Give up? Not a chance.

Penniless, dirty, crippled and aged, kicked about and mistreated by the very world that should honor him, he was one of the finest men we have ever met. Where is this law of compensation we read about?

Funny how the meaning of words differs in various localities. Southern California just had one of the gosh-awfullest, ding-busted terriblest storms in the history of that state and naively admits the recent showers were a bit unusual. And, as that region is always bragging, local wits immediately ran to press with estimates of how many millions of dollars worth of good the holocaust accomplished.

## Wanted—A Petticoat

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

The museum in the old U. S. hotel holds many relics of the days of gold.

Upon the wall hang flintlocks and muzzle-loaders of the Indian wars, some of them the handicraft of a local gunsmith.

In one corner a powerful bear trap, made by an old time blacksmith on the Applegate, shows its grim steel-toothed jaws while nearby a cumbersome ox yoke recalls the freighting days of old.

All about are reminders of the courage and hardihood of the adventurous frontiersmen who plunged into a savage-infested wilderness and laid the foundations of the paradise it is today.

But what of the noble women who shared their trials and tribulations and, on occasion, even fought by their side against the treacherous redskins?

Search as we may, not one exhibit, there, extols the glory of these women of the olden west.

Even the Indian women, the squaws, are remembered by basketry and beadwork and yet our own dear ladies are neglected.

Surely this oversight should be corrected. Something should be on display that will carry our thoughts back to them as surely as the swallows homeward fly.

One thing there is will do this; something that has been the ori-flame of femininity throughout the ages until recent times; and something that was especially dear to the pioneer women of Jacksonville. It is the old red petticoat. And what a petticoat it was!

Few of the present generation have ever seen its like unless perhaps they have been privileged to rummage in grandma's old oak chest up in the attic.

It bore as little resemblance to its modern model as does the mighty dinosaur of prehistoric ages to the tiny lizard that flits so gracefully across a woodland path.

So massive was it that the entire ensemble of a 1932 flapper could have been tucked into its ample hem with room to spare.

The only trait the old-style garment had in common with its denatured offspring is that of clinging to the female form. It more than clung. It engulfed and totally obliterated the whole anatomy below the waist.

So far as any man could say his lady love might literally have feet, or even legs, of clay.

But just as our tails gradually disappeared when we quit swinging from the primeval boughs so did the old petticoat dwindle and shrink when we began to realize how silly it is to swathe the human form in countless yards of air-proof and stare-proof cloth.

Yet, unwieldy and ridiculous as it was, the old petticoat has chiseled a

lasting niche in history. From the time of Xantippe down we catch glimpses of its vivid hue in romance and chivalry and war.

Even in our own America the dear old thing has had its fling.

When John Paul Jones, in 1777, visited Portsmouth to take command of the frigate Ranger, outfitting there, his recent naval victories and his charming personality made him the hero of the hour especially among the ladies.

Only a short time before, on June 14th, the continental congress had adopted the design of our country's flag. So the captain's admirers hastily organized a "bee" and made a beautiful star-spangled banner as a gift to him.

Every bit of it was made from their own garments. And most thrilling of all, the stripes of red were from their petticoats! How their hearts fluttered as with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks they watched it kiss the harbor breezes on July 4th.

Only a month later the new-born flag received its baptism of fire on land.

Old Fort Schuyler was besieged by Redskins and Redcoats when on August 2nd it received word of the new constellation of stars.

Next morning, Sunday it was, the

ladies set to work. Materials were scarce but white shirts were commandeered from the soldiers, an officer's blue cloak secured and once again the old petticoat supplied the stripes of red!

That same afternoon Old Glory waved proudly from the ramparts bidding defiance to shot and shell.

Such random highlights do less than justice to the glamorous past of the old red petticoat but if there is one in Jacksonville it deserves a case, and it will take a big one, in the museum in honor of the glorious womanhood of bygone days.

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