

The Drummer
By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

In the dear dead days beyond recall Jacksonville was known in other ways than as an old mining town.

Up and down the coast it was reputed to be the liveliest burg along the line. Not really bad, mind you, but just wild and reckless and full of the old Nick.

There was a whole flock of saloons and some of them, in their appointments and service and their stock of plain and fancy refreshments, would have graced any city in the west. For those who wished to woo the tiger in his lair there were opportunities in plenty, for in the big gambling hall adjoining the Banquet saloon one could pick his favorite method of getting skinned, from faro or roulette on down to the more plebeian games of draw or stud. And the young men-about-town with the traditions and the romance of the old west tingling in their veins fitted into this environment like the kernels on a corn cob and when these boys were in the mood and really stepped out things did happen and the town was lively.

Incidentally, when it came to lovely women and girls Jacksonville stood without a peer on the whole Pacific slope. Leastwise that was the verdict of the drummers, or traveling salesmen, who periodically visited us. Their opinion was worth while, too, for even although they might not know much about the goods they sold, they did know their women and their wine.

In those days the drummer was looked upon by us untraveled small-town yokels as almost a prince. He it was who brought to us a glimmer of the great outside world and a reflection of the bright lights of the great cities. He brought, too, the very latest fashions in whiskers and haircuts and clothes, and he could be depended upon for the newest gags and a bunch of clever stories that were erroneously supposed to be for male ears only. But best of all, his pockets seemed to hold an inexhaustible supply of coin which he knew how to spend with a resounding fanfare of trumpets.

Naturally all this made him a very welcome guest and his coming usually meant a hot time in the old town.

But towns, like individuals, are temperamental and have their moods and moments and no matter how much pep and spirit they may have, or how much feminine pulchritude they may claim nor how many gilded halls of pleasure they may boast, there are times when they seem to crave peace and quiet.

Jacksonville was especially that way and, usually, her hectic outbursts of wild revelry were succeeded by periods in which she was as gentle and lamb-like as old Dobbin ever dared to be.

'Twas on a night like this, when the town was enjoying one of these peaceful, but deceptive, lulls, that

JACKSONVILLIANS WAX JOURNALISTIC

RAIN!

Dissertation by a Country Schoolmarm

Yes, it's good for the farmers,
And good for their crops,
And good for the miners,
And good for the lots.

But who could get lyrical
And pronounce rain a miracle
When they trudge down a road
Without hat or galoshes
And it rains down your neck
And off of your lashes.

And each day you start
Hopefully out on your way
Gazing soulfully up
At the small clouds at play,
And you say to yourself,
"This'll be a good day!"

But oh me! and oh my!
Such profane thoughts enter,
When as evening comes on
And you start home to dinner!

First it drops,
Then it sloshes;
There you are again
Without hat or galoshes
And such a big string
Of awful By Goshes!

the particular drummer, whom this tale concerns, alighted from Barnum's special, as the diminutive train that connected us with the main line was called.

He was a new man on this route but his colleagues had filled him full of wild yarns about Jacksonville and he was all agog to go places and see things and so he lost no time in rushing down to the old U. S. hotel and securing lodgings for the night.

The best was none too good for him and he was assigned to the corner room which overlooks the main square of the town. It was, perhaps, in the light of future events, just as well that he did not know that a man had hung himself in that self-same room only a few years before.

These arrangements made, he sallied forth to beard the west in its native heath. But in this quest he was foredoomed to bitter disappointment for a quaker's meeting had nothing on the old town this particular night.

As he wandered from saloon to saloon he could, for the life of him, find nothing more exciting than a game of seven up or cribbage or a group of loungers quietly drinking and gossiping at the bar and despite his liberality in setting up the drinks and springing his funniest yarns he couldn't raise a spark of life.

By this time he was thoroughly disgusted and it was in the Banquet where he was drinking with Bum, the owner; Big Bill, the city marshal, and a few of their cronies that he finally declared himself: "Why, fellows," said he, "how on earth do you stand a dull hole like this?" "If I had to live here three days I'd go nuts for it's honestly as dead as a smoked codfish and you boys ought to get busy and bury the poor old place before it begins to smell."

Of course, the boys tried to wise him up to the fact that it was not always thus but, thinking that he had been bunked enough, he would have none of it, and a few moments

(Continued on page six)

Miner Readers Express Views on Varied Topics

COUNTY SHOULD HELP MUSEUM ELECTION LEADS LOCAL INTEREST

By GEORGE LITTLE

Because it is one of southern Oregon's most important drawing cards, ranking with Crater lake and the Oregon caves, the Museum of Southern Oregon should receive financial aid from the Jackson county court to help defray expenses necessary to proper handling of crowds which come to view the valuable collection. From the middle of last May till the first of February this year more than 4000 persons from every state in the union registered in the institution's books and many more were unable to be taken through the building.

Under the present arrangement it is necessary for some businessman to neglect his own affairs to conduct throngs of tourists to the museum and explain the many exhibits. The county could, and should, have some indigent being cared for stationed at the collection or appropriate funds for this purpose. It is almost certain that, if the three county commissioners could be persuaded to come to Jacksonville and have the entire situation explained to them that definite action would be taken to insure the museum, which always comes in for much praise by the hundreds of tourists, of a regularly employed curator who would be able to properly handle visitors.

It is striking that no visitor who has been taken through the museum and had the exhibits explained to him has ever failed to express surprise, pleasure and enthusiasm for the collection, which is unique in its great variety. And, with the town itself, it forms a very true reproduction of the glamorous days which have passed. It would be well for the county judge to make a personal visit and see at first hand the valuable collection, which was unselfishly titled the Museum of Southern Oregon.

Old Age Pensions

By J. S. BYRNE

"Death Closes Brave Fight Against Poverty-Illness." This is the heading of an article appearing in the Medford Daily News of April 30 recounting the death of Mr. Castile. It states, among other things, the fact that our local government, or relief agencies, offered to send Mr. Castile and his sister to the poorhouse, but he declined and was finally submerged in the battle of life.

How elevating it is to think of going to the poorhouse. Dear reader, don't you just love the word poorhouse, and all it implies?

These are very uncertain times. You, who are well and strong today, and have plenty of this world's goods, did you ever stop to think that, through reverses, you yourself might see the shape of the poorhouse coming over the horizon. Would you care to go there yourself?

The Jackson county poor farm is a good and well conducted place, but there is a very small percentage of our population that would be pleased to go there.

We are a proud race of people. Can you imagine the thoughts that must run through the minds of our old people when they are relegated to the poorhouse? I would like to have seen Mr. Banks include the question of old age pensions in his questionnaire. I would like to know just how our public servants to be stand on this important question. The last time our legislature was in session I wrote to our representatives at Salem urging them to support the old age pension bill coming up at that time. Their replies were not very satisfactory to my way of thinking.

We realize that finances are in a bad way, that the state of Oregon could not pension all its old people now, but now is the time to work on and study this important and humane measure. I believe in an old age pension system by our government. There are no sound arguments that can be advanced against it. We are a very wealthy nation.

(Continued on page four)

CAMP BAKER

ALICE APPLIGATE SARGENT

When Abraham Lincoln made his immortal call for "three hundred thousand more" the ringing appeal reached far away Oregon, and echoed down the timbered slopes and into the wilderness of the Rogue River valley.

Oregon was required to organize two regiments—one of cavalry and one of infantry. Camp Baker was established in 1862 and garrisoned by the 1st Oregon cavalry. The camp was named in remembrance of Col. Edward D. Baker, who was killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff in 1861.

The site of Camp Baker lies one-half mile west of the town of Phoenix, or Gassburg as it was then called, and one-half mile from the Pacific highway. The officers' quarters, soldiers' barracks, hospital and other buildings were built solidly of hewn pine logs. Between the mess hall and stables ran Coleman creek.

Today only a few mouldering logs mark this historic spot where once the Stars and Stripes floated from the flagstaff and the boom of the sunset gun echoed from the surrounding hills; where once the thunder of horses' hoofs and the clank of sabers responded to the trumpet's call of "Boots and Saddles;" where once the trumpet sang "Reveille" at early dawn and sounded "lights out" at night.

Gone are the days when the old (Continued on page four)

Leonard's Rendezvous Cafe

Drive Over After Your Theater Party
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
Pool Hall in Connection

CARPENTER AND CABINET WORK

Screen Doors, Window Screens and Built-ins a Specialty

Estimates Cheerfully Given

Thos. Laughead
Box 193, Jacksonville

R.C. CHAPPELL PAINTING PAPERHANGING ETC.

Estimates Gladly Given

Phone 13 or Drop a Card to P. O. Box 51, Jacksonville

The Place to Get Good Home-Cooked Meals

Hot Dinner Sandwiches

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE JACKSONVILLE MINER

THE NUGGET

Sandwiches, Fountain Drinks, Candy, Cigars Barber Shop and Pool Hall in Connection

SOUND HORN FOR CURB SERVICE

PHONE 162



Keep The "LITTLE THINGS" Colorful!

IN every room in your home there are many little objects and articles that should radiate color . . . and harmony!

Why not brighten your surroundings. The cost and trouble are little . . . you can do it yourself.

Use Rasmussen paint products for complete satisfaction. Let us show you the attractive Rasmussen color cards.

Rasmussen & Company



Fick and Lindley's Hardware

131 West Main Street

MEDFORD

Phone 300