

The Jacksonville Miner

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The Editor Speaking

Groaning, worrying, a flock of miscarriages of justice, libel suits no end and recall petitions for honest judges who step on lawbreakers' toes—for which we had always supposed judges were for—and right in the middle of all this dark, dank despair and glum future a little town, for years lying quiet and sleepy where hills and valley meet, does a Rip Van Winkle, wakes up not only herself but the entire state, and stages the gosh dingdest, biggest and best celebration ever witnessed in southern Oregon and, considering the town's colorful past, that's saying a lot.

It all goes to show that the old rule of "man is the captain of his fate" works during a reign of severe depression as well as any other time. When the rest of the world was busy worrying and fretting because of the lack of money, employment, necessities and gasoline, a few Jacksonville men got their heads together, admitted they had raw material aplenty awaiting a bit of publicity and nerve, and started the ball rolling toward putting the town not only on the map but also on the road to recovery and solution of its unemployment problem. A meeting was held for all interested parties and behold, the Gold Rush Jubilee became a fact! It is not necessary to use adjectives to describe just what a success the venture was, for every person in Jacksonville knows—and was surprised—at the overwhelming tribute paid to Oregon's second oldest city.

As well as aiding financially, the Jubilee has advertised Jacksonville no end and has furnished a dramatic example of the error of always being "agin everything" some public spirited group attempts. Every community has its clique that forever stands at attention with buckets of cold water and, particularly when times are hard, odds often are in their favor, for no one is overly optimistic these days. But, when some worthwhile project comes along which should merit the support of everyone, a barrage of "aint possibles" is laid and those who would accomplish something not only have the usual difficulties to encounter, but also the added burden of carrying along those who will not, through disposition, aid or at least fail to hinder the workers.

However, don't get us wrong on this jubilee affair—it was marked by the lack of opposition and by a wholehearted community spirit in putting it over—the entire city and surrounding territory is to be thanked for its success. And strange as it may seem, cooperation of Jacksonville's nearest city went far in helping stage the affair and particularly newspapers not only of Medford but also Grants Pass, Ashland, Klamath Falls, Gold Hill and Central Point were instrumental in bringing the record crowd to this city. Judging from our personal observation, all Oregonians hold a warm place in their heart for Jacksonville and are eager to aid the old town do her stuff.

In this connection it is interesting to note that each man is a community unto himself—with an optimistic group hounded by the cold water of his pessimistic nature. Like any town, he is torn between the two elements within—which, though they both serve a purpose, one is nevertheless responsible for a lot of lack of accomplishment and action. The Gold Rush Jubilee last Saturday, which attracted so many people that stay-aways can't believe there were 15,000 here, is a good example for we humans to follow.

Anything worthwhile CAN be done!

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Jacksonville Early History Colorful, Hang Indian Boys

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

(Continued from last week)

The last session of the peoples' court was held in August of the same year and, unhappily, its last act was one to cast a dark stain upon an otherwise clean record.

During the summer the Indians had waged a desultory war against the whites. Several settlers had been shot down from ambush in the outlying districts and the savages were becoming more emboldened every day by their success.

Finally Thomas Willis was brutally killed almost in the edge of town and the citizens were enraged.

A few days later two Indian lads entered the town and although they were far too young to have possibly been warriors or even spies, so bitter was the anger of the townsmen that the boys were seized and hauled before the "court." Justice was, for the time, blinded by passion and without a shred of evidence to connect them with any crime they were hastily convicted and, although they pitifully protested their innocence, strung up to a tree on the banks of Jackson creek.

On September 5 a regular court was held in Jacksonville by the Hon. Matthew P. Deady under the territorial jurisdiction and thus passed the rough and ready, though efficient, judicial system of the pioneers.

During the spring of this year a large religious element had arrived and the Methodist church was founded. The building, which is the oldest protestant church in the west, was erected by popular donation, much of the money being given by the sporting fraternity who, in the parlance of the old-time gambler, were probably "hedging" against the future.

The first brick building was finished in '53 on the present site of the city hall by Morford and Davis. It was constructed of brick burned in the limits of the town and cemented together with "dobe" from the desert east of Medford. This structure was destroyed in the disastrous fire of '73 but Jacksonville still boasts the oldest brick building in the state for the store erected by Brunner brothers in 1835 is in a fair state of preservation.

In spite of serious Indian troubles and the severe winter of '52 and '53 which shut off the town from the outside world and caused prices to skyrocket until flour sold for a dollar a pound, tobacco for as much per ounce and salt to be balanced with gold dust, this was perhaps the most prosperous year that the camp ever enjoyed.

Gold flowed from the rich placers in an ever increasing stream; new settlers poured into the valley engaging in farming and the various industries necessary to the larger community; a branch of the Adams express company was established with C. C. Beekman carrying the mails and thousands of dollars in gold dust over the lonely Siskiyou and through the hostile Indian country, strangely enough without molestation, though usually traveling alone and always at night, and regular pack trains were running to Crescent City handling immense quantities of merchandise.

The social life of the town was colorful. Swarthy Mexican packers mingled with the red-shirted miners and rough-clad ranchmen while an occasional Indian slunk sullenly among them with ill-concealed hatred of the strangers who were slowly but surely pushing him from his hunting grounds.

Night was the time of high revelry. With plenty of dust in his pouch the Jacksonville miner lived up to the miners' proverbial reputation for liberality, and the saloons, the gambling and dance halls and even the bawdy houses were scenes of wild gaily.

There was, too, a higher stratum of society where greater conventionality was demanded in dress and manners and it was not uncommon to glimpse among the motley throng proud dandies in expensive broadcloth with stove-pipe hats and glistening white vests to complete the ensemble.

One could write volumes on these glamorous days as the seemingly unending stream of gold poured forth from nature's treasure chest; of the cruel and inhuman warfare of the savage tribes; of devastating fires and floods, and of the terrible ravages of a dread pestilence.

And out of it all would stand, clear and distinct, the picture of a big, happy people; a people generous and chivalrous and courageous to a fault; a people who dared to break the ties of home and comfort to invade an unknown savage wilderness and build from it the beautiful, peaceful land we have today.

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Camp Pair Get Lost Within Stone Throw of Campfire Quarters

The very humiliating fact that the cook and director at Camp Willpen Pines were lost within sight of camp probably would have been kept secret forever, had it not been for some ambitious reporter in camp getting a "scoop" on the story and laying bare the facts in "Willpen Mirror," the scouts' newspaper.

Under the caption, "Near Calamity," the story follows:

"Wednesday night when each unit was enjoying a campfire by itself, Polaris (Mrs. Pardee) and Corvus (Miss Loeffler) took this chance to go over to Buckley's for the daily mail. Polaris was anxious to hear whether her family and household goods had received their destination at the ranch which is to be her home when she leaves camp. Corvus went along to take care of her. But alas, what a guardian! She forgot her flashlight. So they had to stumble over fences, fallen logs, rocks and blackberry patches. Finally the moon peeked out through the clouds and showed them the river, the light of the campfires appeared to the wandering 'babes in the woods.' When one of the Locusts flashed her light out on the river in the direction of giggles and gurgles midstream, she discovered the two wading across toward home—Corvus carrying shoes and mail, Polaris wearing some heavy shoes borrowed at Buckley's and clutching the letter that brought news of the safe arrival of family and goods at the ranch."

"Willpen Mirror" is a live five-page newspaper published in camp every Friday with the aid of a mimeograph, each issue bearing different characteristics. The front page of one issue carries an illustration by the staff artist symbolizing the scout's motto, "Hold Your Mirror Up to Nature." The staff for that week, which varies weekly for the benefit of each individual, included Anne Dean, editor; Ruth Banish, art and poetry; Nan Tengwald, Campfire reporter; Phyllis Smith, general reporter; Barbara Holt, jokes, and Naomi Hohman (Katydid), advisor. "The Mirror" intimates that the staff is afraid of snails. The last issue carries all of the front page characteristics of a city newspaper, even to the "lead."

An editorial states that this is the first newspaper printed regularly at the camp, and that the staff is endeavoring to make it better than any other camp paper in Oregon. Illustrations of the friendly frog and grasshopper or a sizzling frying pan or gleaming campfire lend spice to each page, and portray something of the true spirit of a woodsy camp. Intimate glimpses of the scout life and their standards are given through numerous articles and poems, possibly only of passing interest to the casual reader, but something long to be cherished in the hearts of the girls. Something of the sentiments and inspiration gleaned from camp associations which can be connected with the years to come only by a beautiful memory, is given in the following poem published in the scout paper:

PICTURE A SPOT

Picture a spot of beauty rare,
Picture a sky so blue and fair,
Paint it with rainbow hues so bright;
Then tone it down with shades of night,
Frame it with friendships tried and true,
Then let it thrill the heart of you.
A picture of camp ever will be
A challenge to you and to me.

HEUBER-HOWARD UNITE IN TUESDAY CEREMONY

Miss Thelma Heuber, formerly of Ruch and a sister of Mrs. Leon Offenbacher, was united in marriage to Charles Howard of Grants Pass Tuesday evening, August 16. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Howard, at 658 West Third street, Rev. C. H. Hilton of the Christian church officiating.

The ring used in the ceremony, which was performed in the presence of the parents and immediate friends of the young couple, was given to the groom's paternal grandmother by his grandfather in 1868. Following the wedding, refreshments were served at the new home of the couple at the Climate City.

Mrs. Howard, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Heuber of New Hope, resided at Ruch with her parents six years ago, and attended grade school there. Mr. Howard is proprietor of the General Petroleum service station at Grants Pass.

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CAMERON, HORSESHOE EXPERT, VISITS 'GATE

Wilbur Cameron, ex-mayor of Jacksonville and president of Medford's horseshoe club, managed to get some time off and visited Applegate folks recently. Mr. Cameron, who is an enthusiastic horseshoe fan, was elected president of the club a short time ago when he wasn't present, he says. However, he accepted with the knowledge that the club has an acting vice president.

Mr. Cameron made particular comment on the new pitching court in the city park, which had been moved from the De Voe grounds a short time ago. The men's and women's court will be put in first class condition, with a lawn, he said.

Pseudo Wild Animals Parade at Willpen

A three weeks successful camping period at Camp Willpen Pines closes Sunday, August 28, with a closing assembly for presentation of camp awards, to which parents and friends are invited. Assembly will be held at 2:30 p.m.

The circus last Friday evening, staged under the big tops of the trees beside the river Nile, was one of the outstanding activities of the girls. A woolly brown pup collected from the neighborhood led the parade, striking terror into the hearts of the many onlookers in the name of a ferocious lion. All of the girls were in the parade posing as pseudo elephants, camels, kangaroos, giants, midgits, pirates, Turks and clowns. The hippo and alligator bore such weird resemblance to the wild lizard and toad found only in the darkest and hottest of the Applegate Congo that they were kept in captivity.

The bearded lady, one of the leading sideshow attractions, possessed the only moss-colored beard ever worn by a human being, and when she has crossed the great divide, youngsters of future generations will be able only to listen to the awesome tales of what their grandparents once saw. The pantomime band interpreted some famous overtures, with Josephine Bullis as leader. There were numerous novel attractions, such as the spotted calves, the tumbling act, etc. The dancing class presented the jugglers' dance, and Edith Hodgkins was official ballyhooper. Instead of the usual wildwest show

after the main performance, pretty misses from the Dancing Islands off the coast of Australia presented a play entitled "Little Nell," a farce in poetry. The boa constrictors and pythons were rendered exactly as harmless as garter snakes under the capable charms of Leda O'Neil who has a more natural inclination for the wiggly creatures than most other girls. There was no sign of depression at this circus; money was as plentiful as in 1928. Sections of pine cones were the medium of exchange. Admission was six-bits, and pink lemonade was two-bits.

During encampment the girls have enjoyed two overnight hikes to the "bald spot" on Nigger Ben mountain nearby, and while out at camp they gave signals back to the girls at "home."

Leda O'Neil has accomplished unusual records in archery. Never having sent an arrow darting through the air before, Miss O'Neil made 190 points in archery tests in two weeks time, whereas only 125 points are necessary.

FIVE-LEGGED FROG DISPLAYED AT HOLLY

Following in the wake of Frank Zell's discovery of a five-legged wart-producer came news from John Neidermeyer that one of his henchmen, Alton Lindley and B. Brown, found a like critter on the Applegate river this week.

The queer frog, with the extra appendage between front shoulders, was placed on display in the lobby of the theater this week and forms an interesting exhibit in connection with showing of Ripley's "Believe it or Not" on the screen.

Frank Zell, original frog finder, has been eyeing the newcomer Medford with suspicion and no small amount of jealousy and avers that, although it may be alive, his was the first "and the best, dang it!"

Harold B. Gillis

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