

The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one)
ing. Dresses were burned, clothes ruined and, all in all, Jacksonville spread herself in raising early-day whoopee.

Heaven only knows just how much of that mischief lies dormant in the old natives here yet, but it

won't surprise us a bit if the Jacksonville spirit busts loose in a real whing-ding this year as the Gold Rush Jubilee swings into action.

That spirit, not far removed from vandalism, but still coming under the heading of good clean fun, is one of the things that made old Jacksonville both feared and respected when men like Ralph Woodford were in knee pants.

You'll have to excuse us now. We're going down into the storm cellar for a few days.

"All Europe is ready for war," according to Henry Morgenthau Sr. In which regrettable event, war is probably ready for Europe — Weston Leader.

A Leader fan asks to know: "If a family became impoverished because of corn 'likker,' would they be known as corn paupers?" Find out by tuning in to the cornstalk. — Weston Leader.

V.J. BEACH

JACKSONVILLE'S
JEWELER

Guaranteed Watch and
Clock Repairing

A REAL, COMPLETE, ONE-PRICE

Pioneer Dinner

Served from 11 a.m. on Jubilee Day in
Bough-Covered Outdoor Dining Room

40c Complete

Plenty of Real He-Men's Food Like Grandma
Used to Cook

DRAFT and BOTTLE BEER

Amy's Place

Amy Dow, Proprietor

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The Nugget Confectionery

The Only Real Confectionery
in Jacksonville

GOOD EATS, COLD DRINKS and
COURTEOUS SERVICE

Try Our Sandwiches and Beer and Coffee
on Jubilee Day

Always 100 Per Cent for Jacksonville

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HORSE DOCTORS

Have Been Supplanted by

AUTO MECHANICS

in Jacksonville. We can look at your motor's teeth, however, and tell its age and requirements. We can pick out ignition systems with the heaves at a glance and know how to handle spavined connecting rods . . .

YOU WILL LIKE OUR SERVICE
AND OUR WORK

Dunnington's Garage

(C. B. (Punk) Dunnington, Proprietor)

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JACKSONVILLE

When Jacksonville Was Young Eggs Were
A Dollar Apiece . . . Salt Was Worth Its
Weight in Gold and Flour Was Priceless!

TODAY, THE

BASKET GROCERY

Supplies the old town with Fresh Fruits,
Vegetables, the best of Groceries and other
needs at low prices and with a prompt
free delivery service.

LEWIS AND LEWIS

PHONE 52

Jacksonville, Past and Present of Gold Lure

By ALICE APLEGATE SARGENT

This is a story of bygone days when this sleepy old town was young. A story of the olden, golden days, when Jacksonville was the richest town in Oregon. A story of the days when men with picks and shovels turned out the gold to the tune of hundreds and thousands, yes, millions of dollars. A story of the day when Jim Cluggage, booted and spurred, and with belted revolver and Bowie knife tramped over these hills and found nuggets of gold in the sand in a dry ravine.

In two months from the time Jim Cluggage found the nuggets of gold a thousand men were on the spot. Not half of

the wonderful story of their coming has ever been told. The trails were dusty with the tramp of many feet—they came on horseback, on muleback, and on foot. They filled the ravines and swarmed over the hills where Jacksonville stands today. No time was spent in building cabins; some put up tents while others built shelters of bark and brush.

Through that awful winter of 1851-2 provisions gave out and the miners lived on wild game, meat cooked without salt.

Fortunes were taken out that winter and many who had families in the east and elsewhere went back in the spring and summer of 1852 and brought them to Jacksonville.

When the covered wagons rolled into Jacksonville in the fall of 1852 they brought the first white women.

There were only four white women in Jacksonville through the winter of 1852-3, but with strong hearts, undismayed, they established their homes in a wild land. Often young mothers watched the long nights through by the rustic beds where their babies slept, listening, hoping, praying the savages would not come—their only light the blaze from some pitch pine knots or a twisted rag in a battered tin plate of grease.

Then came days of prosperity for Jacksonville—beautiful homes took the place of the rough log cabins. There were churches, schools, hotels, a courthouse, for Jacksonville was the county seat. There were drygoods stores, millinery stores, jewelry stores.

As early as 1855 Jacksonville had a newspaper, "The Table Rock Sentinel," published by G. W. T. Vault. Later there was "The Sentinel" and "The Democratic Times." Copies of these papers can be seen today at the Native Daughters museum.

There were at one time 1600 Chinese in Jacksonville. There was a brass band and tickets to a dance at Velt Schultz hall were \$20 each.

Then men began to talk of a lost vein, mines closed down. Men who had made fortunes in the ravines in Jacksonville moved with their families to San Francisco and elsewhere where they could spend their wealth. There was no longer a rush of gold seekers and the old town fell into decay.

But may we not hope that sometime, somewhere, someone will find the lost vein of gold, and that there may be a renewal of the glory of those bygone days when Jacksonville was the richest town in Oregon.

THANKS, CLARK WOOD

One of the oldest towns in Oregon is served by a bright and readable little weekly called The Jacksonville Miner. That its editor knows good stuff is shown by his generous use of duly-credited Weston Leader paragraphs. And by the way, one country newspaper can bestow no higher compliment on another than by clipping from its editorial page. — Weston Leader.

The "little red schoolhouse" is apt to turn blue when railroads and utilities are no longer able to pay the taxes required to maintain it. — Weston Leader.

"We wonder what kind of code the hitch-hikers will get up," speculates Carey Williams of Georgia, who might ask Olin Miller. — Weston Leader.

The farm women of a North Carolina community wear hats braded of corn shock, but when they're young and pretty the effect is said to be by no means shocking. — Weston Leader.

We've Been MEATING
Jacksonville People for the
Past 22 Years . . .

The

Jacksonville Meat Market

QUALITY MEAT HAS BEEN THE
FOUNDATION OF OUR BUSINESS

TOM DUNNINGTON, Proprietor

PHONE 53

130-Year-Old Quilt Pride of Old Family

By MAUDE E. POOL

A log fire crackled merrily in a great stone fireplace where an iron kettle hung over the flames. The children cracked nuts as they listened to the twice told tales of Grandmother rocking in the chimney corner by the spinning wheel. Maggie was sewing quilt scraps from calico.

Such is the story one may read between the stitches of an old, old quilt made some time in the late 1700's. This quilt is the cherished possession of M. W. Maxwell of Ruch, whose grandmother, Maggie Wallace, sewed the time honored relic with deft and loving fingers in her girlhood days in North Carolina some 130 years ago.

Its colors still are bright despite the probable fifty launderings in old fashioned soft soap. In the substantial homespun, together with the excellence of hand stitching common to those days more than 40 years before Howe's first sewing machine was in use, has been wrought an article which has withstood the test of time and long use.

Nine blocks of 120 piece pattern suggesting the sun's rays constitute the quilt, which has an individuality all its own. More than mere cloth has been pieced into this pattern. There is thrift and love and romance, and visions known to every young girl of happiness down through the years in a new home somewhere with children in it (there came to be eleven children in that home.) Somewhere in the making of this old quilt has been caught wisps of sadness and sorrow, perhaps, as well as the joys that centered around the home hearth in simpler days. In the yellows, greens, reds, and blues ranging from the white centers of each block lay memorials of every member of the family—red from little sister's first school dress, blue from the shirt of a bare foot boy, perhaps.

The large blocks are attractively set together with strips pieced of homespun in the manner of the old familiar "rob Peter to pay Paul" design. A six-inch border resembling the present day cretonne stitched around the outer edge adds charm to this quaint piece of work, which is finished with yellow hand turned binding. A first glance would mistake this binding for bias tape, yet inspection reveals that it is not cut on the bias, and its good condition shows a quality not found in tapes today.

Sewing scraps to reach a measurement of more than eight feet square would astound the modern quilt maker, but Mrs. Maxwell's heirloom is of these dimensions, and its massiveness suggests deep, restful slumbers upon an enormous wool mattress topped with those downy gray goose feathers, with a big bolster and fluffy pillows to grace the huge wooden bedstead of those colonial days.

Into the intricacies of the quilting went 1,400 yards of thread (7 spools), and who knows, somewhere in those delicate stitches forming wreaths and fence rows may be woven the story of "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party."

The doctor who suggests hard work as a cure for nervousness will never be able, in our judgement, to popularize a remedy worse than the disease. — Weston Leader.

Man is said to have had a marine origin, and we figure that Olin Miller isn't far removed from the starfish. It has no brain. — Weston Leader.

As to the question of closing the New York stock exchange when surcharged with tear gas, the eyes had it. — Weston Leader.

A three-year-old St. Paul hopeful swallowed his mother's wrist watch. Now his time is the doctor's money. — Weston Leader.

If there's to be a blanket code for the stock market, no doubt there'll be lambs enough to furnish the wool. — Weston Leader.

THE Jacksonville Pharmacy

C. C. Chitwood, Proprietor

One of the OLDEST STORES in
Southern Oregon Is Still

Buying Gold

Established in 1858, We Have Catered to
the Needs of Jackson County Ever Since.
Last Year We Bought More Placer Gold
Than Any Other Store in Oregon!

DROP IN AND SEE HOW WE HANDLE GOLD

Godward Merc. Co.

"Where the Miners Bring Their Gold and Where
the Gold Brings the Bargains"

WE DELIVER

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WENDT'S

PURE JERSEY

MILK

HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO
SATISFIED CUSTOMERS IN THIS
COMMUNITY SINCE THE
YEAR 1888!

TRULY, a case where QUALITY,
combined with Good Service, Fair
Treatment and Square Dealings have
stood the test of time.

Our modern, sanitary equipment, experienced operators, our young, healthy, vigorous Jersey herd properly fed and cared for permit us to offer each day a raw market milk that is unvarying in richness, purity, flavor and freshness—which makes every meal a feast for health and goodness.

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GOLD PANS

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DYNAMITE

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Average Citizen, Our Full Line of

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WILL INTEREST YOU MOST

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DISTRIBUTOR OF POWDER, CAPS
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Coleman's Hardware

"We Sell for Cash and Sell for Less"

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