

The Jacksonville Miner

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The Editor Speaking

(Continued from page one) Miner. Perhaps 1933 DID teach some people a few things, after all!

Art says he has a "sworn circulation of 686." We can see no reason why any country editor should swear when he has that many readers.

At least we can say this much for the year just past: Much credit was due 1933, that won't be paid by 1935.

Too had egotism can't come under this inflation control activity.

About the only thing left, any more, that soaks poor and rich alike is wet weather.

As a result of the passing of the old-fashioned home cook, young husbands now HAVE to bring home the bakin'.

And the newest version of a second-story man is the weekly editor with a pair of scissors in his hand.

Some people seem to believe that the shortest distance between two points is the line of least resistance.

Speaking of war debts, some nations won't even pay the United States their respects any more.

What puzzles us is people who worship a "wisdom that passeth all understanding" for a lifetime but never absorb five minutes of it.

Real benefits to Oregonians seem to be in Bonneville dam's power.

Possibly the reason pretzels seem to understand the tastes of drinkers so well is because they've been on a bender themselves.

One old-timer tells us there was a lot of mismanagement around the now extinct town stables in spite of their abundance of horse scents.

The hardest steak to chew is a mistake.

Although he could use a new one to advantage, a fathead seldom gets ahead.

Sometimes ponies are very one-sided, especially if you happen to be on the inside.

E. Hemmla, whose business is reeling, is thinking of trading his little pup in on a new one that's not so Foxy. And anyway, says Eino, the darned animal insists on using his wife's best furniture as a pacifier.

Man is the only thing that gets fresher as it gets older.

To the Gulf Publishing chapel pals down in Houston: It has been a Lang time since we were together Daley, so we thought we Otto Penn a bit of Witt to the old Franz down south. We have been Sojournering here in Jacksonville almost since we Bennett Houston, there being Nossel else to do for a living unless we were an out-and-out Peisker. Greetings to all of you, and here's hoping 1934 will Oil Weekly your troubled waters while we continue to Hoot-wink the folks up here. Be Bob-ing down to see you when the air lines give press passes.

We have been reliably warned that our friend, Moore Hamilton, of the Medford Muse, er, News, states but one other objection to the Medford postoffice appointment is in existence—Henrietta Martin. Trouble is, Moore ought to widen his circle of speaking acquaintances.

Some of these people who think they're the intellectual center of culture are partly right—they're in the dead center of something.

All may be fair in love and war, but it is beginning to look as though everything's unfair in politics.

We feel the glow of satisfaction that comes from returning good for evil, having sent a Basic English primer as a gift to Olin Miller. It contains about a hundred simple words, our regret being that they couldn't be as simple as Olin.—Weston Leader.

The New York market plunger who says his mind was a complete blank during a recent disappearance, may have been pinch-squibbing for Olin Miller.—Weston Leader.

Don't we wish now that Uncle Sam had the money with which to relieve his own people that he virtually gave to Europe?—Weston Leader.

Olin Miller says we "got up on the wrong side of the floor." Mebbe so; but we did not, as in Olin's case, have to be picked up.—Weston Leader.

With reference to the much-debated question of position in drinking, it's our opinion that the wets will fall for it and that the dries will have to stand for it.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

The Prince of Wales is learning to play a bagpipe. The chief result of his exertion is likely to be a royal flush.—Weston Leader.

An editor observes that unremitting toil is essential to success. We find it neutralized, however, by the unremitting subscriber.—Weston Leader.

Starting a Clean Page



POINTS AND DISAPPOINTS OF THE SALES TAX GLEANED from the OREGON PRESS

Presenting a Series of Pros and Cons Concerning Oregon's Newest Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde Taxation Scheme

The Sales Tax Corpse

By W. T. SELLERS (Grants Pass Bulletin)

The state of Mississippi in 1931 passed a general sales tax. It has been taken as a model by the sales tax advocates. Even our governor and the 1933 special and regular sessions attempted to duplicate that tax for Oregon. But what happened?

Look at the wealthy delinquent taxpayers (rather tax-dodgers) in Portland. They would like to pass the burden onto the poor masses. They appeal in this proposed law to the school loving people of Oregon to save its carcass and to resurrect it.

State Police of Oregon Are Copy of Original Famous Texas Rangers

(Continued from page one)

has enshrined the state's institutions with a peculiar interest for those within and without her borders. Her flag, her presidents, her foreign ambassadors, her army and navy, her statesmen, all have come in for a share of the scorn and story, the history and tradition of the Lone Star republic, all her institutions. However, Texas has none which have attracted more attention at home and abroad than that organization of fighting men known as the Texas Rangers.

The man on the street car of a northern city may have curious ideas about Texas and her inhabitants. He may think that Dallas is on the Red river, or on the Rio Grande. He may believe that San Antonions are in danger from stray bullets let loose by Mexican revolutionists. And he may think that Texans in general wear horns and six-shooters. But along with his information he believe—the Texas Ranger is a fighter, and in this bit of knowledge he is correct.

Just what is the Texas Ranger? The question can be answered best by finding out what he has discovered in his origin, tracing his developments, and examining his duties.

Date of Origin Lost The exact date of the origin of the Rangers is lost in the obscurity of early Texas history. Stephen F. Austin mentioned them in his letters of 1821. When Texas revolted in 1835 a general council met and a part of its work authorized the ranger force. This organization consisted of three companies of 25 men each, one to range east of the Trinity river, and one between the Trinity and the Brazos, and the third between the Brazos and the Colorado. The men were to serve as protection against Indians.

The creation by the council of the Ranger force was a formal recognition of the present social need

The timber tribes comprise the Caddo, Atzacpan, Krankawan and confederacies. The prairie tribes consisted of Apaches and Comanches. The two cultures were in constant conflict. The Spanish lent aid to the wild tribes of the prairie by releasing some of their mustangs over on Texas soil they multiplied very fast on the plains, swarming up from the south and covering the plains with immense herds waxing fat on the mesquite grass, and furnishing mounts for the Comanches and Apaches. The Spaniards in the meantime were also coming north.

Austin's Band The story is told when Texas was a providence of Mexico the Comanches and Apaches frequently came into San Antonio, the center of Mexican population, and compelled the Mexicans to hold their horses while they paraded the streets and celebrated the occasion. A sad state of affairs, but one destined soon to end.

The first settlers from the United States were introduced by Stephen F. Austin in 1821. Once the door was open the Americans pushed in with that mighty surge which carried the Anglo-American civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

During the first part of the last century Mexico, becoming alarmed, undertook to close the door, but it was too late, the Texans not only stood off the Indians and the Mexicans but turned and wrested from them Texas independence in 1836, just 15 years after they had entered the state. This done, however, they found themselves caught as it were between the jaws of a great vise. On the frontier, the Indians extended along the edge of the great prairie from the Rio Grande to the Red river, a distance of 500 miles. The actual southern boundary line of the republic was the Nueces river. War was the rule, the commonplace of daily life, and death was the price of defeat, for the enemies of Texas knew no mercy.

The early Rangers were un-uniformed and undisciplined. They were, in a sense, indigenous to Texas, having sprung from the soil made fertile by the blood of their kinsmen and they soon became the frontier fighting force par excellence of the world.

Learned Their Lessons The true character of the Rangers becomes clear only in the light of that knowledge which comes from an acquaintanceship with the nature and disposition of their foes, the Mexicans on one hand and the Indians on the other. From long experiences with the Mexicans Texans had come to distrust every word and deed of the race. They doubted their honor, feared their mercy, and despised their valor, lessons dearly learned at the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto. The Indians, whose position on the west had already been indicated, also took hard lessons. The Comanche warrior was a terrible foe, courageous, cunning and cruel in all the practices of warfare. In order to meet this, the Ranger had adopted his tactics.

For example, the Comanches always came suddenly, mounted on the fleet prairie mustang, which they managed with great skill and which bore them away with the speed of the wind. Again the Comanches never permitted themselves to be made captives, and to become their prisoners meant torture and death. Here were the ready-made rules by which the Rangers had to fight. The Rangers were good marksmen, showing great preference for the revolving six-shooter, were versed in warfare and possessed a sense of direction.

The Texas Ranger could ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, shoot like an outlaw and fight like hell. He was a quick thinker. One thing in warfare he had forgotten in his long struggle with a dual foe and that was to surrender. He gave quarters sometimes, but never asked and never expected any.

Rangers Once Disbanded Though the Texas Rangers have never had a prescribed uniform, their dress has always been distinctive. They have worn buckskin, corduroy or khaki, according to time and circumstances. Fine leather boots, spurs and large felt hats have been a part of their costume. From the day of the republic until the present, their arms have consisted of the best rifles that could be had from two to four pistols, a

VIEW S of OTHER PEOPLE

WHAT DOES THIS MAKE NEWBERG?

Recent announcement from the national capital is to the effect that the bill for all this national recovery activity, which includes the various appropriations for emergency employment now keeping millions at work, will be paid by taxing liquor \$2 a gallon.

Of course, liquor taxes cannot be collected without liquor being sold—and presumably consumed. All of which creates an odd situation for such irreconcilably dry communities as Newberg which last fall voted by a small majority against allowing public consumption of even the innocuous 3.2. This city, with a statewide reputation for trying to legislate its citizens into temperance and with an almost equally wide reputation for number of jobless workmen, is eagerly grasping its share of CWA funds. It would probably be the same story if taxes from legalized gambling or other locally prohibited things were used to pay the bill.

But this is not the first instance in which the cherished ideal of "a thousand years of prohibition"—peculiar to the organized vote swingers of this community—has had to take a backward step on coming into conflict with more practical matters. For instance, hop growers declare they have encountered numerous cases of Newberg prohibitionists laboring right willingly among the vines of the festive hop. The only moral we can point from the above discourse is that the joy of forbidding the other fellow to do the thing we, ourselves, do not care to do probably has an appeal to a certain type of fool—but the accompanying duty of being consistent in any conscientious objection is more easily overlooked than observed.—Newberg (Oregon) Scribe.

lariat and perhaps a bowie knife. They were the first to demonstrate in actual war, the value of the revolving six-shooter. After its invention in the 40's it became, and has remained to this day, their chief weapon.

When the war between the north and the south had ended and Texas found herself in the union, the Rangers disbanded with the feeling that the regular army would afford Texas and her citizens whatever protection was needed against the Indians. The federal government did establish posts and maintain forts at Fort Concho along the frontier, which she garrisoned with negro troops mounted on large, clumsy horses. These negro soldiers did not understand Comanche warfare and the Indians were not long in finding this out. They soon spread terror throughout the border land, whose inhabitants called long and loudly for the Rangers. Again many lives were lost, many persons wounded unto death or made captives for life, and many were carried to a horrible captivity. Much property was destroyed and thousands of horses and mules and cattle were driven off by the Indians and outlaws.

Carpenter's Reign At the close of the war came that miserable period of reconstruction during which the Texans, those who had held back the Indians and Mexicans and fought for their conception of right in the war against the north, were disfranchised and made helpless in favor of the infamous carpet-bag regime, and also the Indians with their scalping knives. The carpetbaggers came for their spoils, while bold and desperate characters sprung up on every hand. Lawlessness and disorder were truly rampant in those post-war days.

In 1874 the government was reformed and the Texas Rangers, but conditions were very serious. The Indians remained bitter, and there were enemies within the settlements. A great crime wave was on. Murder was a daily occurrence, owing to deadly feuds which had grown up spreading sinister influence over the entire organized counties. In many localities sheriffs feared to arrest criminals and judges found it dangerous to render decisions.

Drove Out Bandits Once the Rangers were reorganized, six companies of 75 men each, but an important change was made in their status and duties. They were to protect the frontier and fight Indians as before, but in addition they were given the power of peace officers. On the northern border they fought Lone Wolfe, Sitting Bull and Lellow Wolf. And on the southwest they guarded on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, Corina and his gang of cattle thieves, and in the interior pursued and killed Sam Bass, broke up the Taylor and Sutton feud of Dewitt county, also broke up the Harrell and Higgins feud of Lampasas county, and drove the road agents under cover. When not more actively engaged they guarded prisoners, protected courts and dispersed lynch parties. The Rangers were busy men in those days in their double capacity of soldiers and peace officers.

Be that as it may, during the 10 years following this reorganization the Rangers pushed the Indians and outlaws to the very limits of Texas and made Texas a safe place for white people to live in.

The Texas Rangers of Today With the passing of the Indian raids the Rangers were relieved of further military duties, and from 1880 to the present they have devoted themselves to the maintenance of law and order within the state. They have been kept busy trying to catch the bank robbers, hijackers, kidnapers and bootleggers. Today they may be found performing peace in the oil towns of West Texas, or they may be seen on the docks of Texas' great sea ports, helping to solve a difficult problem.

The Texas Rangers were always in the storm centers of danger, calm and devoid of fear. They have been called, and perhaps were, the most picturesque set of fighting men the world has ever known.

The writer served Texas more

Butterfat Story Gets Too Slippery; Needs Few Grains of Salt

(Continued from page one)

ter likewise is the same for the two cities. When butterfat brings 26 cents a pound—the code breaking point for figuring churning overhead—the creameries' overrun portion is worth \$5.20 per 100 pounds of churned butter. When the price was down to 12 cents a pound, this same overrun was worth less than half—\$2.40. Expenses of churning the butter, operating trucks or salaries were no less, and the difference quite naturally (and the NRA code provides for this emergency) was made up by putting a spread between price of butterfat and wholesale price of butter. This same process is followed in San Francisco, and in all other cities.

The Medford weekly failed to point out that when the price of butterfat is greater than 26 cents per pound, the creameries sell butter at LESS than the butterfat price. It works this way: For every two cents drop in the price of butterfat under 26 cents, the creameries are authorized to add one cent to the price of butter; for every two cents OVER 26 cents per pound, the creameries must sell wholesale butter for ONE CENT LESS. Twenty-cent butterfat, when churned under this regulation, would sell at butter for 23 cents. Forty cent butterfat, churned under the same regulation, would—and has many times—sell for 33 cents a pound as butter! The Medford writer "explaining" the overrun and "burning charges of creameries either was in ignorance of this basic, universal fact, or purposely kept it from his story.

Were Medford creameries to follow the inference of that story it would be impossible to ship surpluses to the larger markets. Because Medford is on the San Francisco butterfat price schedule, it would be impossible for creameries to pay six cents a pound MORE for butterfat—as suggested by innuendo—and then sell that butter on the California markets. The surpluses would have to stay in southern Oregon to further glut a burdened market.

than 50 years as a Ranger and peace officer, in some capacity, and has felt the sting of bullets three times and is yet raring to go.

A CHANGE OF PROGRAM ON NEW YEARS DAY

By J. C. REYNOLDS

'Tis well to remember— The month of December Is steadily gliding away. Quite soon we'll be meeting And joyously greeting The dawn of the New Year's first day.

It has long been my habit— (I might as well blab it)— To make new resolves at this time. And also my custom Soon after, to bust 'em And slip back contented to crime.

In pondering over These facts, I discover, Such acts are foolish and vain. Hard, stern resolutions For frail constitutions Like mine prove too much of a strain.

And so I've decided No more to be guided By custom's unpleasant decrees; In fine self-compassion I'll alter this fashion Before it becomes a disease.

New, grand resolutions, With like institutions, This year shall be laid on the shelf. Ne'er again, I state plainly Will I act so insanely And make such a fool of myself.

"Sleeping sickness is attacking horses. Unfortunately, Jackasses continue immune."—Olin Miller. When you analyze this it sounds illogical. Olin isn't a horse.—Weston Leader.

Organized propaganda against the Roosevelt monetary policy suggests a conspiracy to scuttle a lifeboat.—Weston Leader.

The man who looks before he leaps isn't likely to be the one who drinks before he drives.—Weston Leader.

Their satisfaction over getting on a payroll results in civil workers for civil works.—Weston Leader.

"It's a wonderful world if you think so," remarks the Hubbard in the interior pursued and killed Sam Bass, broke up the Taylor and Sutton feud of Dewitt county, also broke up the Harrell and Higgins feud of Lampasas county, and drove the road agents under cover. When not more actively engaged they guarded prisoners, protected courts and dispersed lynch parties. The Rangers were busy men in those days in their double capacity of soldiers and peace officers.

There's double assurance that the poor we have always with us will be with us always, when they're clothed and fed by a benevolent government.—Weston Leader.

Noting that "the humblebees can pull 300 times his own weight," a Leader fan writes: "My boyhood recollection is that he can push more than that."—Weston Leader.

Clark Wood, poor wretch, has to keep one eye closed to keep from seeing more than he can understand.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

We shouldn't do any heavy worrying about "cut-throat competition" until the barbers begin to practice it.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

"Business is now resting on bed-rock," declares a speaker who may be taking this for granite.—Olin Miller.

A socialist is one who is willing to share anything he hasn't got.—Olin Miller.

Any idea a college professor has about money is bound to be theoretical.—Olin Miller.

A biologist says that in a few

centuries man will lose two of his toes. It's a wonder he hasn't worn 'em off long ago putting his foot in it so much.—Olin Miller.

Now we're sno-nut worried! We've just stood a physical examination and our doctor tells us that we're sound as a dollar.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

"Intellectually is moving westward," says a Colorado college president. We feel greatly relieved at this statement, for we'd been thinking something slightly different—that it was going west.—Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

Give the unemployed a hand instead of a handout.—Olin Miller.

Today's similit: As rude as a prude to a nude.—Olin Miller.

LEGAL NOTICES

In the County Court of the County of Jackson in and for the State of Oregon

In the Matter of the Estate of Gus Nichols, Deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

NOTICE is hereby given that Alice O. Nichols, executrix of the will and estate of the above named decedent, has filed in the above entitled court and estate her final account and report of her administration of said estate and said court by an order duly given and entered therein has fixed the 20th day of January, 1934, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the court room of the above entitled court, in the Jackson County court house at Medford, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of any and all objections to said account and report and for the settlement thereof.

ALICE O. NICHOLS Executrix. (Dec 22-29 Jan 5-12)

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an execution in Force and effect issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson, to and directed and dated on the 14th day of December, 1933, in a certain action therein, wherein Jackson County Building and Loan Association, an Oregon building and loan corporation as Plaintiff, recovered judgment against G. L. Britt and Lucile Britt the defendants, for the sum of two thousand and no/100 (\$2,000.00) dollars, less the sum of \$635.00 paid on stock, less the sum of \$106.47 accrued earnings on said stock, being the sum of \$1258.53, plus interest on \$2000.00 from the 22nd day of January, 1933, to the 18th day of October, 1933, at 10% per annum, being the sum of \$147.77, plus interest on \$1258.53 from October 18th, 1933, to date hereof at 10% per annum, being the sum of \$13.61, plus \$17.60 for insurance premium paid by Plaintiff, plus \$5.00 for continuation of abstract of title, plus interest on judgment at 10% per annum with costs and disbursements taxed at twenty-four and 80/100 (\$24.80) dollars, and the further sum of one hundred twenty-five and no/100 (\$125.00) dollars, as attorney fees, which judgment was entered and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 14th day of December, 1933.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will on the 27th day of January, 1934, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court-house in the City of Medford, in Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, together with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the said defendants, G. L. Britt and Lucile Britt had on the 8th day of December, 1927, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lot five (5), block twenty-five (25) of the original town (now city) of Medford, Oregon, according to the official plat thereof.

Dated this 14th day of December, 1933.

WALTER J. OLMSCHIED Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon By OLGA E. ANDERSON Deputy (29-5-12-19)

Advertisement for Pantorium Dye Works, 6th and Holly, Phone 244. Includes text about cleaning and pressing prices for men's suits and dresses.



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