

Veteran Flivver Seller Enters Business When Former Frills Funny

(Continued from page one) the still struggling Medford. For six years he guided the city's footsteps with the loving care he had lavished on Son George, who was away to war much of this time. Pop refused to draw a red cent of salary from the city's treasury, which was having its troubles, and not once was he paid a nickel's expense money, though many of Medford's most prominent citizens agree that Pop's services were worth a king's ransom.

Pop—tall, genial, smiling, near-sightedly—is known over the state. And, like all public-spirited men in Oregon, has come in for his share of vilification and political mudslinging (to which The Miner can testify) but Pop, through it all, has retained his good-natured poise, his friendly qualities which have made him one of the state's outstanding citizens.

Pop Gates, and son George, are justified in relaxing today and reminiscing in pleasant memories of more than two decades of service in southern Oregon's automotive world. The vehicle of their choice has carried them safely past 22 milestones with a minimum of motor trouble and one could hardly blame Pop and his chief helpers, Mrs. Gates and George, if they feel like stroking fondly the gleaming lines of the newest V-8 models.

Take Sides in a Cattle War? Nix!! Says Wily Applegate Prospector

(Continued from page one) Then came the news of the discovery of the old Aztec cliff dwellings down the Animas river, 60 miles away, and as soon as I heard of it, I sent for Bill Rogers and a couple of friends, who were in the vicinity and, packing our outfits on burros, we lit out to have a look-see at this new attraction. We had to go down the Animas valley right by Farmington where the cattle war was raging, but did not anticipate any trouble as we were neutral. And we had none on our way down.

Believe me, those ruins were well worth seeing. Millions of years ago a vast inland sea had covered that whole country. This of course was long before the earth was created, because that happened (according to Moses) just 5938 years ago. However, I'll stick to my figures, my word against that of Moses, so take your choice.

As I was saying, millions of years ago this vast inland sea went dry and the soft sediment of many feet in thickness during succeeding millions of years hardened into sandstone, which was later cut into by floods, possibly glaciers, or other forces of nature which gouged out deep ravines and valleys, which in time were peopled by this strange, long-extinct race.

In places could still be seen their old ditches which had been used to convey water to their cultivated fields of hundreds of years ago, faint marks of which remained in a few places. High up under the immense slabs of sandstone which jutted out far above the valley bottoms, they had established their homes where no enemy could get at them from above, nor could their foes reach them from below when they had once pulled up the ladders they used in climbing up. Shortly after these ruins were discovered the government took possession and started charging admission fees, but we got there first and had our pick of everything. I found for myself a gunnysack full of old bones, pipes, pottery and other relics. One day we climbed up into a new place and there laid an Aztec Indian as perfect as the day he died. He had been there so long his clothes had rotted off. I started to take hold of him to roll him over when bing! he crumbled into powder, giving me quite a start. The rarified atmosphere of that desert country either does that to a dead body, or else petrifies it. After 10 days of exploration, we decided we had seen about all of it and started home with our loads of curios. Next morning we were camped about 15 miles up the river. Feeling lazy, we were still loafing in bed at sunrise. A party of a dozen Navajo Indians, spotting us, came into camp and one fellow, who had the biggest foot I have ever seen on any human being, began to act the clown to make fun for the others. As we didn't do anything about it, he grew bolder and finally kicked over our coffee pot. We just laughed at him. Pretty

Kay Francis



Glamorous star as she appears in her latest hit, "The House on 56th Street," coming to the Holly theater Sunday.

soon he jumped on the bed where Bill Rogers and I were and, grabbing the covers, yanked them clear off of us. There right by our sides were two mean-looking Winchester rifles and as quick as he saw them he put the covers back over us very carefully and no one touched anything else as long as they were in camp.

We made about 15 miles more that day and camped. Next morning we were up bright and early, had breakfast and were packing our burros, when from a side canyon a short distance away burst 25 or 30 heavily armed men, riding furiously, each man having a naked rifle in front of him on the saddle and six-guns on a wide belt full of ammunition. In a jiffy they had spread out in a half-circle around us and the leader asked us sharply which side we were on. We replied we were on neither side and had been down looking at the ruins.

He said, "We don't want any neutral people in here and are not going to have any, either. You can take our side or take the other side, whichever you like. Otherwise get to hell out of this country as fast as you can go." We replied very pacifically that we were doing that very thing and we wouldn't be back, either. Of course we had guns, but were not crazy enough to mix it up with that army. So we swallowed their abuse with the best grace we could.

The cattle war continued merrily, each faction shooting as many men and cattle of the opposing side as possible, until everybody was forced to quit from pure exhaustion. They even brought the war right to Durango at one time, one party establishing themselves on the bluffs across the Animas river and shooting into town all of one afternoon. Their object in this instance was to incite Harg Eskridge (an opposition leader then in town) to come out and fight with them. But Eskridge paid them not the slightest attention. Luckily no one was hit, for people avoided the streets in line with the bluffs. On the cross streets business went on about as usual, but the hail of bullets became monotonous after awhile and the business men got together and signed a petition requesting Eskridge to leave town in the interests of peace. C. M. Williams, a rather pompous banker, for whom I was working at the time, but not in the bank, was selected to present the petition to Eskridge. He found Harg leaning against the open door of the hotel where he stayed, contentedly smoking a cigar. Harg took the petition, read it through, then dropped it on the sidewalk and reached for his six-shooters and C. M. Williams im-

'Invisible Man' Comes to Crate Sunday

dately shed his dignity and broke all speed records getting away from there. When dark came, the shooting ceased and the town was never bothered with a repetition of it.

I could tell many a tale about this Harg Eskridge and his brother Dyson, did space permit. Suffice it to say they were both celebrated gunmen and bad actors. Some time after the war was ended and matters had quieted down a lot, word was brought that the Utes had gone on the warpath over west of town and 30 or 40 of the gunmen around town got together and decided they would ride out that way and show the Utes some real shooting.

They managed to stick together until they reached the Mancos river. Then, while eating lunch, they had quite a disagreement as to which was the best road to take. The argument waxed hot and ended by several parties being formed, each of which started off in a different direction from the others. Harg Eskridge determined to flock by himself and took the main road west. Inside half an hour a lot of shooting was heard from the direction taken by Harg and everybody turned and raced over that way.

They said they found Harg in a fallen tree-top where he had crawled after his ankle had been smashed by a bullet and around him lay 14 dead Utes. The party drove away the remaining Indians after killing several and rescued their comrade.

Some time afterward Harg was eating dinner in Bennett's hotel in Antonio, a little town on the D&RG railroad in southern Colorado. Bennett's nephew had lately come from the east and someone pointed out Harg to him. The boy was fascinated at sight of such a notorious desperado and stared at him with all his eyes. Pretty soon his steady gaze began to annoy Harg and he spoke to the youngster (he was about 17) telling him he didn't like it. But the boy only stared the harder. Becoming exasperated, Harg drew his gun and shot the boy through the head, killing him, then went on eating. As soon as this became known, every peace officer in town left for parts unknown. Harg walked around town for an hour till the train came, then got aboard for some place in New Mexico.

Five years after that I happened to be in Antonio. Coming out of the barber shop, where I had been getting shaved, I saw a familiar figure riding up the street. Hurrying back in the shop I said to the barber, "Are my eyes on the bum, or is that Harg Eskridge coming on that bay horse?" He told me it was Harg all right and that he had a half-interest in a cattle ranch 14 miles out, just over the line in New Mexico, and had never been molested for killing Bennett's nephew. I have never been able to find out how he was able to get away with that cold-blooded murder, for that is what it was. But there were some queer things happened in the west those days.

Journalism in the Raw Rural Places Is Seldom Mild



"The Invisible Man" has arrived to join the weird procession of characters who have beaten a fantastic path across the pages of screen history. The picture comes to the Craterian theater Sunday for a three-day run. An unseen character who vanishes into the thin air to upset the rhythm of the universe proves beyond doubt his right to a prominent position in the ranks of the grotesque.

INDUSTRIES THAT LAG

When depression come on, there are some industries that continue prosperous after others have gone flat. And then when the recovery from depression is accomplished, certain industries, usually the ones that were the last to feel the original disaster, are slow in starting up. Even now, when there is a very marked pick-up all over the country, some business people report that they can see little if any improvement.

Their turn will come all right. It takes time for the currents of industry to flow into all the slow-moving pools. But any industry that has lived through the past four years and is still running, can be sure that it represents a vital need. And if it represents a vital need, people are going to demand its product, and plenty of it, within the near future.—Chronicle, Milford, Delaware.

OREGON SETS PACE

Down in Oregon, where all tom-folow legislation used to originate, the natives are giving Washington a lesson that might well be studied. Their legislature was called into a special session to consider hootch regulation; began work promptly; completed its task and went home. Over here if the legislature gets home by the Fourth of July the state will be fortunate, whether the job for which the session was called is completed or not.—Dan Bagshaw Jr. in Zillah (Wash.) Mirror.

Journalism in the Raw Rural Places Is Seldom Mild

'SPECIALIST'—MAN OF THE HOUR

What a glorious opportunity Chic Sale is missing! With the employment of a dozen full time privy inspectors in the Yakima valley, not one real qualified "specialist" can be found in the lot. Specialists may come and specialists may go, but no country ever witnessed such a swarm of embry specialists as were turned loose in this valley yesterday. Remodeling, repairs and moving is to be a specialty, but careful attention also will be given to new construction, with care being exercised to face the structures to the east, close by a handy tree and bordering the wood-pile trail.

All this is a part of the CWS (civil works sanitation) program to make the Yakima valley a clean and healthful place in which to live. A general cleanup of old-time privies had been planned for several months by state health authorities, which plan was given further impetus by the recent flood, which removed many pioneer structures from their accustomed locations, consequently adding to the typhoid danger by contamination of shallow wells in the lower parts of the valley.

A corps of inspectors is provided by CWS to inspect outdoor plumbing facilities; followed by crews whose job it is to make such alterations as are deemed necessary by the inspectors. Labor is furnished by CWS, but in case of new construction materials must be provided by the owners. It has been stated by CWS inspectors that about 10 per cent of the typhoid of the lower valley is traced to outdoor privies, while the remainder is blamed on the untreated sewage of the city of Yakima which is dumped into the Yakima river. Cleaning up the lower valley will

be only a small job for the inspectors and specialists, in comparison with their more extensive field-to-be in the valley metropolis where the natives don't even have privies on their own lots, but dump their sewage into the river to be passed on to their neighbors in the lower valley.—Dan Bagshaw Jr. in Zillah (Wash.) Mirror.

PITTS-SUMMERVILLE COME TO ROXY THEATER SUNDAY

ZaSu Pitts, co-starred with Slim Summerville in "Love, Honor and Oh, Baby!", the Universal comedy which comes to the Roxy theatre Sunday and Monday, declares that she would accept several radio contracts now offered to her—if she could figure out what to do with her hands!

RIALTO

Continuous Shows Saturdays - Sundays - Holidays

FRI - SAT Two Features!

Caught in the web of the law! SHADOWS OF SING SING

PLUS BUCK JONES in THE FIGHTING CODE with DIANE SINCLAIR

SUN - MON

HOLY FOUR DAYS STARTING SUNDAY From the Lights of Broadway to Its Shadows—In One Woman's Lifetime!

MYRT AND MARGE The big feature comedy with drama, songs and glorious, dance numbers.

with Ted Healy—Eddie Foy, Jr. J. Farrell MacDonald Trixie Friganza

TUE-WED-THUR

SHE "PLAYED SAFE" WITH LOVE until two desperate kids taught her that to hoard love is to lose it...

FREDRIC MARCH MIRIAM HOPKINS GEORGE RAFT "All of Me" A Paramount Picture with HELEN MACK

Advertisement for Kay Francis in 'The House on 56th Street' featuring a portrait of her and listing the cast: Ricardo Cortez, John Halliday, Gene Raymond, William Boyd.

NOW PLAYING UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT "EASY TO LOVE" MENJOU—ASTOR—HORTON PLUS SHORT REELS

Complete Typewriter Service TRY THE NEW MODEL UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITERS Taylor and Bierma 34 N. Central—Telephone 112 Medford

SPRING COLORS Are BACK AGAIN —and HOW'S YOUR CAR, MISTER? Color on your car this season can put the blushing crimson flush of pride in your cheeks... keep abreast of the automotive styles. Duco's many and varied harmonies will do the trick at surprisingly low cost!



DROP IN TODAY Daily's Auto Paint Co. 32 South Bartlett Phone 724-R

Advertisement for 'The Last Round-up' featuring Zane Grey's story, starring Randolph Scott, Monte Blue, Barbara Fritchie, Fred Kohler, and Fuzzy Knight.

Advertisement for 'The Invisible Man' with the headline 'how does the screen "show" an invisible man... IN ACTION!' and 'COME AND SEE!'

Advertisement for 'All of Me' featuring Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and George Raft.

Advertisement for Lee Tracy's 'Advice to the Lovelorn'.

Advertisement for Del Rogue paint, featuring a can of paint and the slogan 'SOLID PACK TO THE STORES'.



In the Palm of Your Hand...

That's where you have your potential customers when your ad appears on the pages of The Jacksonville Miner. The whole family sits down to enjoy it—its features and news—and when your advertising message confronts them it finds them in a happy, receptive mood that gets results. Don't fail them—they're looking for the things that make life better. Tell them where to find them!

THE WHOLE FAMILY ENJOYS READING The JACKSONVILLE MINER BOX 138—JACKSONVILLE—PHONE 141

Advertisement for Lumber and Big Pines Lumber Co., including a phone number and address.

Advertisement for Roxy 15c ANY TIME CHILDREN 10c, featuring Tom Tyler in 'Deadwood Pass' and Slim Summerville in 'Love, Honor and Oh, Baby'.

Advertisement for Nursery Stock, listing various fruits, nuts, and ornamentals at special low prices, provided by Carlton Nursery Co.