

The Jacksonville Miner

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Let's Be Good Hosts

It is now a certainty there will be 50,000 or more visitors to southern Oregon during the week from June 3 to 9. The greater part of this number will drop over to Jacksonville seeking scenic and historic pastime. There will be plenty of it here.

Coming over the short paved road from Medford, every one of the visitors will be eager to see gold in the process of being mined, to hear of the brilliant past which once made Jacksonville the most famous city on the coast, and to see the many early-day scenes that have been preserved in their original surroundings and environment.

They will have open, inquisitive minds and will come with reserve enthusiasm for what Jacksonville will have to show. It will take a minimum of cooperation and sales talk to put the old town over so well that it will practically "steal the show" during jubilee week, and be the talk of many families for weeks afterward. And all that will be to the good.

There is no doubt the people will be here. They will be looking and asking questions. All we of Jacksonville will

have to do if we want to put over our part of the anniversary of statehood, will be to tell the folks what they want to hear, and show them what they want to see. There need be no artificiality—we have the real McCoy right here that will have a bigger punch than any pageant or stage could ever present.

A little local color among the townspeople—and we have a natural start in that direction anyway—a smattering of authentic chatter, a few competent, courteous guides and we have the makings of the best "progress" exposition Oregonians will ever see. It will take comparatively little effort on our part, but that effort must be put forth, and in the right way.

The Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce has pledged its support in the venture. Interested townspeople have already started working on the jubilee. It behooves all of us to do what we can to create the right atmosphere and to give the visitors a real break not only for the financial betterment of the town as a whole, but for the social and historical prestige that will be the natural result.

We have a chance to put our town over in a big way, and all of us make a few dimes on the side. The Chamber of Commerce is the central group, the Medford chamber is the kingpin and if we don't kick over the traces and if we will just jog along and pull a little bit of the load, we—and Jacksonville—can't miss.

There will be another meeting of the chamber Monday night in the old U. S. hotel at 7:30 o'clock. Whether you are a member of the chamber or not, drop up and find out what it's all about. A little effort from all of us will put Jacksonville's share of the entertainment over and perhaps garner no small amount of the money that will be left in southern Oregon.

How's about it?

REYNOLDS PICKS MOHAMMED FAITH AS OWN; PREFERS 100 BEAUTIFUL WIVES TO HARP

"Don't Call State Police if You See Me Bow in Dirt (Or Mud) of Applegate at Eventide," Advises Sage of Yonder Valley Gold Pans in Dissertations on "Religions I Have Met"; Delves Deeper Into Past Fund

By J. C. REYNOLDS

At last after many years of research among the more than 500 religions of the earth, I have picked one just about my size and from now on I shall abandon my wicked ways and be known as a staunch Mohammedan. The goal I shall strive for is a beautiful Paradise where the true believer is rewarded with a hundred fascinating women, who vie with each other in their efforts to make him happy, which appears to me as a far more attractive proposition than to spend my future existence sizzling in a lake of fire, or tossing restlessly on a bed of red-hot coals.

And as there is no fighting allowed in this Paradise among the women, it will be quite an improvement on the conditions obtaining here on earth where no two women were ever known to get along together for a week without a quarrel.

Possibly, as a special favor to a new convert, Mohammed may throw in a few extra charmers for good measure. Still, 100 will do very nicely for a starter till a fellow can get onto the ropes and learn methods of acquiring more. You may be inclined to turn up your nose at my choice of religions, but let me tell you that seven hundred million of our earth's population are headed in the same direction. You wouldn't try to convince me that seven hundred million people could all be wrong, would you? It wouldn't make sense. Another highly attractive feature is that it does not require nearly as much "back-sheesh," "pourboire," "dinero," or, in other words, good hard cash money to be a Mohammedan as it does to belong to some other denominations I could name. So if you happen to be around about sundown and see me prostrate myself with head in the dust (or mud) and hear me mumble "Allah Allah Allah," don't send for the state police.

I will simply be performing my devotions and most likely endeavoring to picture in my mind the hundred beautiful females who are waiting so impatiently for my arrival. And my fervent prayer will be that there will be no mistake made in the count. However, you are probably no more interested in my religious affiliations than I am in yours, so I will proceed to tell a bit more about the west in

early days and the man whose slogan, "Go west young man and grow up with the country," did more to people this great section than any other one thing. Horace Greely was the man and he was big enough to win the nomination for president, even though he never secured it.

A great journalist and a clever, resourceful person was Greely, with an eye constantly on the advancement of his country. He was a powerful writer and his editorials always attracted wide attention. Unfortunately he was a tremendously poor scribe and I have heard could not read his own writing after it had got cold. Typewriters had not then been invented and editors generally used goose-quill pens. It seems there was only one man on his office force who could decipher Greely's writing and of course the hieroglyphics made by his superior when dashing off literary effusions were always left to him to be translated into something readable. In the office was a bantam rooster which the boys had for a mascot and one day, thinking to have a little fun, they put ink on this rooster's feet and made him walk around on several sheets of foolscap. Then they called the translator and bade him hurry as Greely had an editorial that must be deciphered in time for the next edition. When at last he came and had had a look at the rooster tracks, he swore profoundly. "That damned Greely is getting worse all the time," he declared. But it is recorded that after quite a lot of hard figuring, he succeeded in making a fairly good editorial from the inky footprints after all.

A friend of Greely's was induced to come west and take the job of civilizing the Utes. He was appointed Indian agent of the White River Utes and did his noble best to teach them farming and other pursuits of the white man. After a short time the Utes rebelled, raided the agency, killed Meeker, his wife and everybody else but Josephine, his daughter, who was then about 19. She was carried off by a chief who had taken a fancy to her and held prisoner by the tribe for a long time. Finally she was rescued and in course of time had a baby. This occurrence caused more discussion and argument for a long time than anything that ever happened in Colorado. All of society took sides, some one way

and some another. Some claimed she was a lewd woman, while others stoutly denied it. I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of them are not still battling about it over in the mile-high city of Denver. Knowing Indians as I do, I would say she was a lucky girl to get out of it at any price, with her life.

I don't think the government ever did teach the Utes to farm. The last time I was on their reservation I noticed some of them with plug hats and tailor-made coats and vests, but from the waist down it was the same old buckskin leggins and moccasins as of old. The Kaw tribe in the Indian nation were another hard-boiled bunch. The government built fine little stone houses for them to live in, but they persisted in living in the open as per usual, and used the houses to stable their ponies in. Around Pendleton, Oregon, one can see the wealthy Umatilla Indians dressed in the height of fashion come riding to town in high-priced cars where they hire white men to work for them on their hay ranches. I know a lot of fellows who make a specialty of hiring out to the Umatillas every year during hay season. They say they get better wages also are paid every night and the food and accommodations are good.

Only one drawback, they say. The squaws are fine cooks but don't wash their hands more than once a week. If one's stomach is not too squeamish in that respect, everything else is "jake."

I think of all the Indian tribes I like the Navajos a little the best, though I find much to admire in the Cheyennes. I have been around in the Nez Perce country quite a lot, but don't care much about them. They are a very disagreeable lot even now, and a half-century ago were pretty hard to get along with. Finally they got to going too strong altogether and General Custer dragged a few cannons over the Lolo pass down to the Clearwater and gave the Nez Perces such a drubbing that they have been rather decent since.

I used to visit with old Yellow Bull often. He was getting along in years and his eyesight was not so good when I knew him. He had learned to like the white men and their ways, but every time I shook hands with that old rascal, I always remembered that the hand I was shaking had scalped many a white man. The Bannocks are a queer lot and the most superstitious bunch of all. They are terribly afraid of a camera and believe it charms the soul away from the body in some magical way that can be used later to work harm on the one whose picture is taken. On their reservation any one possessing a camera will have it taken from him and smashed. I was much amused in Challis, Idaho, once. A squaw was coming down the street across from a livery barn in which stood a fellow with a camera waiting to snap her



when she reached a point directly opposite. Just as he started to snap the picture she caught a view of him from the corner of her eye, realized in a flash what he was going to do, and leaped into the air so high that when the picture was developed nothing could be seen but her legs from the knees down and the running gears of a wagon that had been left standing against the sidewalk across from the barn. It sure made a remarkable picture. Next day her buck came into the livery barn and accused the hostler of taking his squaw's picture, but the hostler denied it. The buck stormed around and demanded that it be given to him. The hostler finally told him he had really tried to take a picture of her, but that she had jumped so high that he had failed to get one, and eventually succeeded in making the buck believe it. In the Bannock country we always were in a jangle with them about the deer. They claimed all the deer and other game belonged to them and we thought differently. However when we killed the deer, we always saved the hides and they would give us a dollar apiece for them. The squaws tanned them and made gauntlet gloves, which they sold for \$1.50 per pair, and they were well worth the money. Almost any squaw could make six pairs of gloves from one skin, but there were some who could make seven pairs from any average deer hide.

In many instances these gloves are beautifully ornamented with fine beadwork and are much in demand by the women in that section of the country. Speaking of squaws, I would say I have found them to be very efficient, ingenious and capable. This applies to the squaws of every tribe in the west. I have known hundreds of white men who have married them and who declare that a squaw is the best pal a man can get. I guess from what I have seen that for a man who lives his life in the open, they do. They can go with a man everywhere, hunting, prospecting, exploring, and stand up under the same hardships that he does. They can live anywhere a man can and are raised to believe that they should do all the work. If a man is a hunter, all they ask of him is to kill the game. They do all the rest. If it be a deer, they dress it, tan the hide and make of it whatever is needed. They do not like for a man to offer to help them in any way. They believe a man who would do that must be a sissy. On a trip, they hunt the horses and bring them in, rustle all the fuel for the fires, do all the cooking and move the camp. They are nearly always cheerful, laughing and singing.

Along the coast in California there will come a time when people of high society will endeavor to trace their lineage back to the Indians, same as they do in Virginia now. Everybody of high estate in Virginia is always trying to discover a drop or two of Pocahontas blood in the family. Have you forgotten how President Wilson's second wife was so proud of her descent from Pocahontas? In California right today there are hundreds of half-breeds, many of them highly educated and mixing in the highest society. One has to be rather careful about speaking disparagingly of "breeds" down there. He might be talking to one of them.

I presume you will think I am trying to kid you when I say that in a free country like this, women

are still bought and sold. Well, you won't have to go any farther than Siskiyou county, California, to find that if you wish to marry an Indian woman, there is only one way to get her and that is to buy her from her father. Even if she has been educated, wears "white" clothes and speaks English probably better than you do yourself, the old custom of buying her from her father is still in force. I say "still is" because I saw in the paper a couple of years ago where the Indian agent had sent word to a young man that he had better get married if he intended to keep on living with a certain young Pitt river squaw, which sounds just like what used to happen in 1905 when I was prospecting all over that country. The price of young squaws then was \$25 for the ordinary ones and \$40 for the best grade. This included a contract with her dad that she could be taken on trial for a month, or in some cases two months. If it was found that she didn't fill the bill, she could be returned at the expiration of that time and the money would be paid back. Not many were returned, but in a few instances that I heard of where they were, it was generally discovered that the old Indian dad had blown the money in for booze, so there was none left to return.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the Last Will and Testament and of the estate of John Brownlee, deceased, has filed the final account of his administration of said estate with the Clerk of Jackson county, Oregon, said Court has fixed Monday, April 23rd, 1934, at the hour of ten o'clock, a.m., as the time, and the County Court room in the County Court house in Medford, Oregon, as the place, for hearing objections thereto and the allowance and settlement of said final account.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to present their objections, if any they have, in writing, to said final account or any item or part thereof on or before said day.

Dated this 23rd day of March, 1934.

CARL FITCHNER, Executor,
W. G. TRILL,
Attorney for Estate,
(Mar 23 30, Apr 6 13)

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, as Executor of the Estate of Alice A. Sargent, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned Executor, at his office, 301 Liberty building, Medford, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published this 23rd day of March, 1934.

ALLISON MOULTON,
Executor of the Estate of Alice A. Sargent, Deceased,
(Mar 23, 30, Apr 6, 13)

S. C. PETERS
(D.M.D.)

Dentist

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