

# The Jacksonville Miner

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## Striking Home

A great many editorial writers and paragraphers have made much of the numerous strikes lately. They pun that so many disputes between employer and employe are a certain sign better times have returned.

Just why the newspaper fraternity, in particular, should always assume that a striker is a man who doesn't want to work when there is work that must be done is beyond us. Scribes, for the most part, are just wage-earners themselves, and it is curious how little sympathy they have for their brothers in other trades.

True, it was but a few months ago that labor was glad to get anything to do at any price. Today, to the casual and uninformed observer, it would appear that a certain class in this country is attempting to foment trouble between employer and employe, and that workers are not entering into the true spirit of the reconstruction period.

The thought occurs to The Miner that

## FOREST RANGER DID MUCH TO RID RANGES OF WAR

(Continued from page one)

had to be helped into the saddle. I was there "for keeps." I could stay there all day, even go to sleep after they had got tired of ragging around. Down in southern Colorado I bought a race mare. She was the most nervous thing I ever saw on four legs. She was fast as the wind but the least move would make her fly the track. If the rider lifted a hand, or if his hat blew off, she would jump from under him. I lent her to a friend once and he rode her very nicely for 10 miles. Then the wind blew his hat off and she jumped over a 10-foot bluff into the river with him and nearly broke him in two. After that no one wanted to borrow her. The boys all said the first time I got drunk she would kill me, but I discovered she had formed a taste for whisky in the training stables, so she and I would get drunk together and go places and do things almost unbelievable, like riding up and down flights of stairs and into saloons. Looking back on those days, I marvel the Mexicans didn't kill me, as I was always riding into their houses and cutting up all kinds of didoes with them. But they took it all in good part and seemed to genuinely like me, though they were not so kind to a lot of the other white boys.

When the Maxwell Land Grant company received a favorable decision in the courts and took possession of a large tract of country in southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, I was appointed as special guard in a certain district to keep the shepherds off, after that one guard had been killed, one badly wounded and another scared away in rapid succession. Mexicans had run their sheep on those ranges for generations and couldn't at first understand why they should be ordered off. And don't get the idea into your head that these sheep herders were cowards. They were as nery a lot as I have ever seen and any time a guard rode roughly up to them and said "Get them damn sheep to hell away from here and be quick about it," he could be sure that they would shoot it out with him right there. And they could shoot as fast and straight as anyone. I took the job and held it for six months. Simply treated them as human beings. I could patter Spanish those days pretty fluently and I was not a bit too good to take time and explain the why and how of things to them.

When one did that, they proved to be as amenable to reason as one could wish. Many times I have stayed in their camps overnight and many times I have seen their courage tested to the limit. Sheep those days were generally bedded in corrals at night, as the country was full of mountain lions, which was a bad idea, for when a lion

jumped into a corral to grab a sheep the others would crowd into some corner in a mad panic and sometimes 10 or 15 would be smothered. That doesn't happen on an open bedground where they have room to run. Several times, when staying in a sheep camp at night, a lion has jumped into the corral after a sheep and I have seen the herder fly out of bed with nothing but a six-gun in his hand and tear right into Mr. Lion, bare-footed and in the dark. That is a stunt I wouldn't care to tackle myself, as one rake from a wounded lion's claws would likely make a cripple for life out of the one who received it.

All the things I don't know about sheep would make a large book, still I have seen quite a lot of them in the west. Most cowboys and cattlemen hate sheep like the very devil, but with me I have always been able to recognize some very good points in sheep. Anyway I never hated them so bad that I would get off my horse and stamp half-frozen sheep to death as I have seen many cowboys do when finding them along the road after a blizzard.

I have seen plenty of bitter scrapping between sheep and cattlemen in my time close around the different localities in which I think the establishment of forest reserves by Theodore Roosevelt did more to quiet these wars than anything else. I believe that central Oregon, up and down the John Day country and around Shaniko, was about the last to declare an armistice. I know that after quiet had been restored throughout the entire west they were still at it in this section, because about that time I took a trip from Portland right through this district.

Taking the stage at Heppner, I was fortunate enough to have as a traveling companion Mr. O'Brien, at that time head of the forest reserves included in a vast territory, with headquarters at Portland, and one of the finest men I ever met. The stage either reached the end of its route, or turned off somewhere else at a little town along our route and O'Brien gave me the chance to share expenses with him in hiring a team and light rig to continue in the direction we wished to go, which I was glad to accept. Part of his mission was to smooth things over with the warring elements we encountered along the way and I could see by their demeanor that both sides were hostile to the new order of things and much preferred to fight it out than to brook interference from the government. I remember at one little place where we stayed in a hotel, I arose early and started exploring the town. Think the name of this little burg was Hamilton. Anyway a bartender called me into his saloon and invited me to have a couple of eye-openers with him. Then I met a man from whom I got some very important information about a road we wished to take. And returning to the hotel, I found a

possibly labor is not the only one who has failed to enter into the true spirit of the New Deal's effort to rebalance this country's business. There may be employers, or groups of employers, who have taken advantage of the working-man's overeagerness to work at any price. Leastwise, we are not going to concede that all labor strikes are mere rackets until we come into some actual contact with proof of abuse of the right to walk out on an employer.

An abundance of strikes in this country may be evidence that normalcy has returned, but that isn't saying normalcy has necessarily returned to the working-man.



## Telling the Truth

Iowa publishers have devised the following supplementary provisions of the code, which we hope General Johnson will hurry up and approve. Their adoption will mean millions to us small town publishers:

For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows he is as lazy as a government mule—\$2.70. Referring to a deceased citizen as one who is mourned by the entire community when we know that he will only be missed by the poker circle—\$10.13. Referring to some gallivanting scandal monger female as an estimable lady when every business man in town would rather see the devil coming—\$8.10. Sending a hypocritical old reprobate to heaven, when we know that hell is too good for him—\$5. Referring to deceased merchants as "progressive citizens" when they never advertised in their life to help draw trade to town—\$1. —Gazette, Stillwater, Minn.

silver two-bit piece in the street. O'Brien was just getting up and said, "You are quite an early bird, are you not?" I told him of the good luck I had had and remarked, "You know it is the early bird that catches the worm." "That's all right," he replied, "if he don't let the late bird take it away from him." That was the first time I had heard that and I never forgot it.

Once in Colorado I was hunting horses on the Black Mesa, a big stretch of country about 40 miles across and the cattlemen from the lower valleys started a fight with the sheepmen who ran sheep on the high ranges in the summer. I had left my outfit at the sheep camp of an old acquaintance of mine which was the only available place within 10 miles, and where I was very welcome to stay nights, which I preferred to camping out. Every day we heard of sheep camps being raided, herders shot, sheep run over cliffs by thousands and vats blown up with dynamite. My friend, though, didn't seem to be much worried and it didn't seem likely they would come way up there to bother with him. One day, returning to the camp, I saw at a distance three cowboys riding towards it and I knew there was no one there, nor would be till night. So I put spurs to my horse and went racing after them as fast as I could go. We were going like the wind when my bronc stepped in a badger hole and turned a complete somersault with me on the bottom. As the saddlehorn struck me in the breast as we turned over I thought "there goes some broken ribs." But we were going so fast and my horse passed over me so quickly that I was not even scratched. Jumping to my feet and realizing no bones had been broken, I caught my trembling horse and away we went again, not having lost more than half a minute on our spill. Turning up a ravine close to the camp, I stopped, grabbed my Winchester from the saddle boot and slipped quietly up over the edge of the ravine to a point only a few yards from the tents, unseen by the cowboys, who were rustling wood to burn the outfit. Throwing the rifle down on them I said, "That will be about all for today, fellers." Totally surprised, they elevated their hands high in the air and stood there. I said "I didn't tell you to raise your hands. All I want you to do is to leave this camp alone and beat it out of here." One man asked me if it was my camp. I said it was not, but that I was hunting horses and my outfit had been left at the camp and I wasn't going to stand for having it burned up. They said they had nothing against me and suggested I take my stuff out and they would burn the rest of it.

I said "Fellers, I am an old range rider myself and know exactly how you feel about sheep, but as this is the only handy place I can hang out of nights while I am hunting these horses and as I expect to use it for several days, I am telling you I don't want this

camp destroyed. If you are bound to raise hell, go somewhere else and raise it." And, I added, "Let's not have any misunderstanding about this thing. I am serving notice right now, if I see any of you fellows in this vicinity again while I am around here, I will just start shooting and we can talk it over afterward. If you don't think I mean it, just try it once." My little oration went over all right and, as it happened, that particular camp was never bothered again. The war-fever burned itself out in a short time and peace was restored. Please note that I was careful in my talk not to state that the owner of the camp was a friend of mine. I know cowboy nature too well. I simply said I was staying there. The sheep man complimented me on his return for my nerve in mixing it up with three armed men and saving his camp intact. I replied that I would fight as hard for my own little camp outfit as he would for his. Also, that I had the best of the deal all the way through, surprising them the way I did and securing the "drop" on the whole bunch. Didn't even find it necessary to take their guns away.



Sheepmen are fond of telling the story of a very green young chap who came to a sheep camp in Wyoming in search of a job. When asked if he had had any experience with sheep, he said he had not, but could learn the ropes as quick as anyone. The foreman didn't like him much, but being in need of a herder, concluded to give him a chance. Next morning he was given a horse and told to take the sheep to a certain place and to be sure to bring them back to the corral by 6 o'clock. The new hand promised to do so, but said he didn't want to bother with a horse as he wasn't used to horses. He was told the sheep were very wild and he would need a horse to handle them, but he declared he could manage them much better on foot. After much debate, the foreman decided to let him try it.

But at 6 o'clock there was no sign of the sheep, nor at 7. It was well after dark when he arrived and corralled the herd. The foreman jumped all over him when he came in to supper and said, "I told you those sheep couldn't be handled without a horse. This is a fine time of night to be bringing sheep into camp." The young fellow replied that he had had no trouble with the grown sheep, but the lambs were rather hard to drive and he was afraid he had let three or four get away. "What are you talking about," roared the foreman. "We have no lambs in that herd." And lighting a lantern he went out to the corral to see about the lambs. It transpired that the green hand had rounded up 30 or 40 jackrabbits he had found around in the sagebrush where the sheep had been feeding and had driven them in with the bunch. If you have heard this one before, please excuse.

LEGAL NOTICES  
NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE  
By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued out of and under the seal of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, in and for the county of Jackson, to me directed and dated on the 19th day of May, 1934, in a certain action therein, wherein Jackson County Building and Loan Association, an Oregon building and loan corporation were plaintiffs and Edgar G. Whiteside and Alta B. Whiteside,

husband and wife; C. J. Fry and Mary A. Fry, husband and wife; Floretta E. Anderson, and Roy D. Anderson, wife and husband, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real estate described in the complaint on file herein were defendants, in which action Jackson County Building and Loan Association, an Oregon building and loan corporation, recovered judgment against Edgar G. Whiteside and Alta B. Whiteside, the defendants, for the sum of two thousand (\$2000.00) dollars, less the sum of \$219.78 paid on stock, less the sum of \$59.04 accrued earnings on said stock, being the sum of \$1721.18, plus interest on \$2000.00 from the 30th day of December, 1931, to the 16th day of November, 1933, at the rate of 10% per annum, being the sum of \$375.56, plus interest on \$1721.18 from the 16th day of November, 1933, to date hereof at 10% per annum, being the sum of \$86.05; plus \$19.00 paid for insurance premiums by plaintiff, plus \$5.00 for continuation of abstract of title, plus \$8.00 advanced by plaintiff for water used on said premises, plus interest on judgment at 10% per annum with costs and disbursements taxed at twenty-three and 30/100 (\$23.30) dollars, and the further sum of one hundred seventy-five and no/100 (\$175.00) dollars, as attorney's fees, which judgment was

enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said court in said county on the 19th day of May, 1934.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of said execution, I will on the 23rd day of June, 1934, at 10:00 o'clock a.m., at the front door of the courthouse 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, Edgar G. Whiteside and Alta B. Whiteside, husband and wife; C. J. Fry and Mary A. Fry, husband and wife, and Floretta E. Anderson, and Roy D. Anderson, and all unknown persons or parties had on the 2nd day of December, 1926, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, to-wit:

The lot numbered six (6) and the west half of the lot numbered seven (7) in block number two (2) of Sheldis Amended Addition to the Town (now city) of Central Point, according to the official plat thereof, now of record.

Dated this 21st day of May, 1934.

WALTER J. OLMSCHEID, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon  
By OLGA E. ANDERSON, (May 25, June 18 15)

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