

**The Jacksonville Miner**

Published Every Friday at  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF JACKSONVILLE

Entered as second-class matter February 19, 1932,  
at the postoffice at Jacksonville, Oregon, under  
the act of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription Rates, in Advance:  
One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, 50c

**SANTA CLAUS A ROBOT?**

It's quite a bump for a child to have cherished illusions busted and Santa Claus lost in a forest of dollar signs doesn't help them remember to say their prayers. But at that, The Miner still kinda goes for the old red-cheeked, pillow-stuffed gent.

Although we know the average Christmas spirit has been sadly commercialized, and that it is folly to chant "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" one day and fan war clouds the next, still Christmas comes as sort of a freshener for man's mental habits.

We may be far-fetched and impractical when we tell kiddies Santa slipped down a false chimney and filled their tiny stockings, but at the same time we are ourselves in a fairyland which we've never been quite able to outgrow, and which always brings its pleasure and idealism.

It seems to be a very practical thing to hitch one's wagon to a star, but still it is good for the soul to look at the stars in all their quiet majesty once in a while. Catching the delicate thrill of true Christmas spirit—love, loyalty, generosity and childish delight—is an annual glance to heavens we may never reach but which, nevertheless, are inspiring.

Merry Christmas to you, friends.



**KEEP THE POT BOILING**

It never seems like Christmas is drawing near until the Salvation Army erects its red tripod kettles and stations bell ringers on prominent corners. There's something about their patient, steady ringing of that clear, sharp little bell with the wooden handle which seems to be as much a part of the season as Christmas trees themselves.

Time and again all of us have watched the Salvation Army, about dusk, praise their Lord and sing and preach and thump large drums for the doubtful benefit of a lone straggler who has rested against a building to watch, probably for the sake of nothing else to do. We have wondered what possible good might come from a dozen people laboring in service of their religion as though hundreds were gathered in an appreciative, respectful circle.

But, somehow, the Salvation Army has set up sort of an ideal which unconsciously heartens the most casual passerby. The mere fact that the Salvation Army always is there, plodding

**DROPS OF WISDOM**

By J. C. REYNOLDS

I remember when I was a boy  
With an appetite hard to supply,  
My mother I'd often annoy  
By teasing for cookies or pie.  
And the certain reply I would get  
Remains to this day in my pate—  
"If you can't get along till the table is set  
You can take a cold biscuit—and wait."

So at length when the time came to dine,  
I'd discover I'd ruined my chance  
To eat what was rightfully mine,  
Because I'd filled up in advance.  
And my gloomy reflections beget  
A well defined moral of weight—  
I'd have never lost out when the table  
was set,  
If I'd only had patience to wait.

Through the years I have found it the  
same,

When I got in too much of a rush  
For the goodies of life's little game,  
I was handed cold biscuits—or mush.  
And a lesson I'll never forget  
I have learned in my dealings with fate;  
For she'll always reply when her table's  
not set—  
"You just take a cold biscuit—and wait."

But in future I mean to apply  
The wisdom so tediously learned;  
I'll fasten a confident eye  
On the dainties I feel I have earned.  
And when appetite grips I'll not fret,  
But politely I'll say, "Madame Fate,  
No cold biscuits for mine if your table's  
not set;  
I'm in no blooming hurry—I'll wait."

along seeking help for some down-and-  
outer, seems to round out a very lopsided  
world just a bit.

Too, for a few nickles we can buy a  
feeling that we have taken part in such  
an unselfish, brotherly cause, and our  
coins bring back to us far more in spir-  
itual pleasure than they could in phys-  
ical pleasure, if we have but average  
human emotions.

The other day in Jacksonville a Sal-  
vation Army girl and her kettle and bell  
spent a long, unbroken shift ringing out  
a message of Yule thoughtfulness. To  
those who had ears to listen, she rang  
them a hymn of humanity, an eloquent  
plea for humility and understanding.

Doughnuts and coffee during war,  
clothes and food for the needy during  
peace. A standing army ready to go into  
the trenches with us, or into the slums,  
the hovels and the chill, unfurnished  
cabins just to fill in those cheerless, ne-  
glected gaps left by a so-called civiliza-  
tion.

There is a saying that, because of his  
undying faith in man, a dog is his best  
friend. If that is true, then the Salvation  
Army most certainly runs a close second,  
and we should pay them more respect—  
and more nickles and dimes for, after all,  
the little coins in the hands of the Army  
are the vehicle for one of the greatest  
exchanges of faith and affection in the  
world today.

**Greetings**



(Copyright, W. K. G.)

duly made the 5th day of Decem-  
ber, 1934.

Date of the first publication of  
this summons is December 7, 1934.  
O. H. BENGTON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

126 East Main Street  
Medford, Oregon.  
(Dec 7 14 21 28)

In the County Court of Jackson  
County, State of Oregon  
**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLE-  
MENT**

In the MATTER of the ESTATE  
of CARL E. PALMER, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that the  
undersigned administrator of the  
above entitled estate has filed in  
above entitled court and matter his  
final account and report and said  
court has fixed December 29th,  
1934, at 10:00 o'clock a.m., at  
courtroom of said court at Jackson

county court house, Medford, Ore-  
gon, as time and place for hearing  
any and all objections thereto and  
for settlement thereof.

ELTON HODGES,  
Administrator.  
(Nov 30 Dec 7 14 21)

According to a few whisperings  
off the record by Dan'l Cupid, Ar-  
thur Curry and Miss Josephine  
Carter, both of Jacksonville, were  
to face Justice of the Peace Ray  
Coleman last night for better or  
for worse. In other words, Jack-  
sonville's charivari exponents were  
contemplating activity last night,  
the newlyweds exposing them-  
selves by making their home here.  
Mr. Curry is employed at Pacific  
States mines.

There is one good feature about  
listening to a church service on

the radio. The buttons from the  
set cannot get into the collection  
plate.—Weston Leader.

Some men who prefer blondes  
like things in a lighter vein.—West-  
ton Leader.

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

Dentist

Opposite Post Office  
JACKSONVILLE

**LEGAL NOTICES**

In the Circuit Court of the State  
of Oregon for Jackson County  
J. H. BUTLER, Plaintiff,

vs.

GEORGE SCHUMACHER and  
MARIE SCHUMACHER, hus-  
band and wife; HOWARD HILL,  
L. A. BANKS; W. B. BARNUM;  
O. B. MORROW; L. D. HARRIS;  
C. E. TAYLOR; W. H. NOR-  
CROSS; DON R. NEWBURY;  
GEORGE B. CARPENTER; J.  
F. WORTMAN, trustee of the  
estate of L. A. Banks and Edith  
Banks, bankrupts; also all other  
persons or parties unknown  
claiming any right, title, estate,  
lien or interest in or to the real  
estate described herein, Defend-  
ants.

**SUMMONS**

To L. D. HARRIS and GEORGE  
B. CARPENTER, Defendants  
herein:

In the name of the state of Ore-  
gon, you are hereby required to  
appear and answer the Amended  
Complaint of the plaintiff on file  
herein against you, or otherwise  
plead thereto, within four (4)  
weeks from the date of the first  
publication of this summons, ex-  
clusive of the first date of publica-  
tion, and if you fail to appear and  
answer the Amended Complaint of  
the plaintiff as hereinabove re-  
quired or otherwise plead thereto,  
plaintiff will apply to the court for  
the relief demanded in its Amend-

ed Complaint, which is succinctly  
stated as follows:

For judgment against the de-  
fendants George Schumacher and  
Marie Schumacher for the sum of  
\$2500.00, plus interest at the rate  
of 7 per cent per annum from the  
17th day of December, 1932, plus  
\$200.00 attorney's fees, plus costs  
and disbursements herein to be  
taxed, plus interest on said judg-  
ment at the rate of 7 per cent per  
annum from the date of the decree  
herein.

For a judgment and decree fore-  
closing plaintiff's mortgage on  
property situated and being in the  
county of Jackson, state of Oregon  
and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot 4 and 5, block 1, first  
extension of South Sea addi-  
tion to the city of Medford,  
Oregon.

**R. W. Sleeter, M. D.**

202 Medford Bldg.

Phone 4 Medford

**Medford Cycle and  
Repair Shop**

GUNSMITH—LOCKSMITH  
Lawn Mower Service  
Phone 261 23 North Fir

and that defendants, and each and  
all of them, and all persons claim-  
ing by, through or under them, or  
any of them, subsequent to the  
execution of said mortgage on said  
premises, either as purchasers, en-  
cumbrancers, or otherwise, be  
barred and foreclosed of all right,  
claim or claims, or equity of re-  
demption in the said premises and  
every part thereof.

This summons is published in  
The Jacksonville Miner by order  
of the Honorable H. D. Norton,  
judge of the above entitled court



**Buzz  
Squeal  
Howl  
or**



**HAPPINESS ON THE AIR TONIGHT**

Is your radio standing in the corner—silent, dusty, unused—carrying  
memories to all the family of weird, disturbing noises—or, is it a musical  
instrument, a companion for all the family, to which you point with pride.

This year's radio will prove a revelation to those whose sets are four or  
five years old. All extraneous noises practically eliminated. Tone quality  
of such purity it must be heard to be believed. Naturalness of tone that  
thrills and beauty that inspires.

Half the money paid before will get a radio today that is a good one.  
Why not trade in your old set? It will prove the best investment in entertain-  
ment and companionship for the entire family you have ever made.

We do not sell radios, but your local radio dealer will be proud to show  
you the latest instruments. A new radio for Christmas would prove a revela-  
tion to the entire family. Ask your dealer about radios today.

**The California Oregon Power Company**