

# STAGE HOLDUP BRINGS DEATH AT JARBIDGE

Reynolds, at Murder Scene, Pens Tribute to Fallen Stage-Driver Hero

By J. C. REYNOLDS

When the big gold stampede at Jarbridge came off a couple of years or so before the great war, I did not go at once, for the reason that I was tied up to a job in the Blue mountains in eastern Oregon, running a tunnel to develop an ore body of gold quartz.

Everything was looking favorable and a freight team had been engaged by the owners of the property to haul in our winter's supplies, including wood and mining timbers when, a whole month ahead of time, it started to snow and gave us four feet of the stickiest, heaviest white mulch imaginable. And a strong wind whirled this into drifts 10 feet deep in places. That put a capper on that job and if I had not split up some old boards and put in a couple of days dressing them down into skis, I hardly believe the four of us could have got out of there.

As it was, we put in 12 hours of as hard work as ever men did in traversing seven miles, to where the snow was only two feet deep and could be waded. It is such trips as that which make a man old before his time.

Then I decided the sign was right to hit the trail for Jarbridge. After getting as far as Twin Falls, Idaho, where I had friends, I heard so much about this new mining camp from them and from dozens of other reliable mining men that I never did go there. Jarbridge lies on the Nevada side of the line but all supplies at that time were freighted in from Twin Falls.

A cattleman riding up the trail on the Nevada side picked up a bunch of quartz float that assayed \$200,000 to the ton. I have seen a chunk of that quartz and it was enough to set a man crazy, being nearly half pure gold. Incidentally, no more of that has ever been found, though those old hills have been nearly torn up by the roots in hunting for it. However, several tremendous bodies of low-grade gold ore were discovered and a number of paying mines began to operate within a short time, and quite a sizeable town was established on the Jarbridge river in a rather narrow canyon, surrounded by steep mountains covered by pine and fir trees. Jarbridge is an Indian name meaning "dirty water."

After leaving the edge of the mountains in which Jarbridge is situated, the rest of the 70 miles or so to Twin Falls consists of bleak, barren, rolling hills and when I first came west this was part of what was known as the Great American desert, though in later years, under the vast irrigation projects introduced along the Snake river, a great part of this desert was transformed into a veritable wonderland where anything that would grow could be raised in profusion. And at the time I speak of, the whole of that country was one of the most prosperous places I have ever lived in.

At the time I reached Twin Falls the country around Jarbridge was all snowed up and could not be prospected. And by the time the snow was gone in the spring, I was making so much money where I was that I didn't want to go. It was that winter I became acquainted with Fred Searcy, as fine a lad as ever walked on two feet. A nice, clean, genial dispositioned fellow, with no bad habits and not only a willing worker, but the major part of all his earnings were regularly sent to his widowed mother back east, Ohio, I think.

Fred took a great liking to our bunch between trips to Jarbridge, spent most of his time with us. I should have stated that he drove the stage and was well liked by his employers for his cleverness with horses and for faithfulness to his duties. I don't think Fred had an enemy in the world, but for weeks in one of the pool halls of Twin Falls three shiftless, no-good would-be toughs had been plotting to grab the Jarbridge mines payroll, which went over there on a certain day each month on Fred's stage and, knowing from a couple of incidents which had occurred previously that Fred would put up a desperate resistance, it was decided that he would have to be bumped off.

One of the bunch, named Kuhl, was elected to do the dirty work, while the others would establish an alibi for him and help in other ways.

I must explain that most of the road being bare, during the winter months when the snow was encountered a few miles from Jarbridge, the stage load had to be transferred to a sleigh for the remainder of the trip. So finally it came payday and the Jarbridge payroll was made up and given into Fred's hands as usual. I little thought that would be the last time I would ever see Fred alive, but it was.

He made it safely and on time to within less than two miles of his destination and was slipping along merrily when suddenly Kuhl, who had been hiding along the road, jumped on the footboard and shot Fred in the back of the head. Climbing quickly into the seat, he grabbed the reins, at the same time throwing one arm around the slumping form to steady it, and

## NO, DEAR SUBSCRIBER, YOU'RE NOT 'HOOKED' BECAUSE WE'LL MOVE

Although The Jacksonville Miner, pock, stock and barrel, will be moved to Ashland over the week-end, paid-in-advance subscribers to the paper will not be penalized. They will be continued on subscription lists of the newer and larger Southern Oregon Miner—the paper's Ashland moniker—same as always. Local news coverage will be continued.

The wider field at Ashland will enable the paper to enlarge its scope and value, and it is hoped readers of The Miner will continue their interest, which has been both appreciated and helpful. The paper cherishes its many friendships and hopes they will continue for the little sheet that was born in Jacksonville as it moves on to bigger and better things.

continued on towards Jarbridge, there was a little snow falling and it was turning dusk. There was only one house to be passed and that was set back from the road a piece. A woman looked out of the window and saw the stage pass on time, with two men in the front seat, one of whom was driving and at the same time supporting the other one, who seemed to her to be either drunk or sick, but thought nothing of it till questioned some hours later.

Just before reaching Jarbridge, the road forked, one going right up through town, the other turning into a river bottom where no one lived and where all was quiet and dark. Leaving the outfit there, Kuhl possessed himself of the payroll and slipped into town where he mingled unnoticed with the crowds of miners on the street and around the rooming houses.

In a couple of hours those who had been waiting for the payroll to show up became alarmed and started out to hunt up the stage. Finding out from the woman up the road that the stage had gone by, they took the back track and soon located the bloody mess down in the river bottom. Then there was hell to pay.

An intensive search was begun right there and though it was quite a while before these three murderers were apprehended, they finally were run down and had to pay a bitter price for that day's work. I went to the morgue where Fred's cold, stiff body was laid out and looked at him for a long time. He appeared to be asleep, instead of dead. On his lips was the same half-smile he always wore. The dirty murderers had not been able to erase that.

Then I went home and wrote the following tribute of respect, that was printed in the morning paper the following day:

TO FRED M. SEARCY

### THE LAST TRIP

The Stage speeds down, towards Jarbridge town  
And the Driver's heart is light;  
In the iron rack, is the money-sack  
With the mail, secure and tight;  
And he feels content, and confident  
That he'll land it in town by night.

The road is rough and the going tough,  
Through hills that are bleak and bare;  
But he feels like one with work well done  
And is glad he will soon be there;

And he gives no heed, as he gathers speed,  
To the treacherous, waiting snare.  
Foul Murder's head looms grim and red,  
And close behind stands Greed:  
The crack of a gun and the deed is done—  
A soul from a body freed;

And thieves with ease, the booty sieze  
And scurry away with speed.  
And the murdered boy, the pride and joy  
Of his mother, as all men know,  
Lies cold and stiff, 'neath a beetling cliff  
While his life blood stains the snow;

And the night-wind stirs, in the pines and firs,  
And sobs at the sight below.  
The hills look down and darkly frown  
On that piteous, gruesome sight;  
For they feel the breath of the Angel of Death  
And they hear her footsteps light,  
As she comes to him in the twilight dim  
And bears him into the night.

Farewell, old Pal, so genial,  
I must explain that most of the road being bare, during the winter months when the snow was encountered a few miles from Jarbridge, the stage load had to be transferred to a sleigh for the remainder of the trip. So finally it came payday and the Jarbridge payroll was made up and given into Fred's hands as usual. I little thought that would be the last time I would ever see Fred alive, but it was.

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So faithful, tried and true; We hope and pray, when comes the day On which we are summoned too— At our post we'll be, found steadfastly, As staunch to our trust as you. —J. C. REYNOLDS.

Among my most prized keepsakes, which I look at occasionally with a lot of satisfaction, is a telegraphic dispatch from Elko, Nevada, to a Twin Falls paper, reading as follows: Elko, Nev., October 8.—To The Times, Twin Falls, Idaho. "Guilty murder first degree," verdict of jury in Kuhl case, Jarbridge murder, Sunday morning. Penalty death, either shooting or hanging. Beck, second murder suspect, on trial today.—Elko Free Press.

### JIM GETS TOLD PLENTY!

Say, Jim, was you at the Marble Corner last Sunday night? No? Boy, you missed plenty. That Sally really knows how to put on a show—they had it in honor of that kid Peggy McNeill's birthday. Man, I'm telling you they was so many folks there I got my feet tangled up in the crowd. They was miners, aviators, schoolmams, society dames, old and young, lean and fat. Boy, what a night!

The aviators had such a darn good time, they flew back the next day and circled right low over Jacksonville to see if they were more of that there party. Yes, sir, that's the way it is, they allus want to come back to Marble Corner for more.

And say, Jim, did you know that our leadin' official is a natural on pickin' presents for the ladies? Too bad about our ex-official's havin' to check in so early now. Sort of spoils the party not to have him here until the last dawg is hung.

Jim, didja know what I heard the other day listenin' around corners? That they're gonna change Marble Corner into something pretty excitin'! In just a week's time, the hull durn place will be changed so you'll never recognize it. Better prospect around and find it—she's a dandy!

### DEPRESSION

By MISS B. F. H.

Nothing to eat, nothing to wear, All the cupboard's stark and bare; Plenty to love us, plenty to care, But hell! that don't get you anywhere!

Plenty of grub in all the shops Waiting for money we ain't got; Plenty of clothes, pretty and neat, But flour sack pants cover our seat.

Plenty of gold in the ground Waiting for nothing but to be found Lots of silver in all the banks, But our checks are just blanks.

Some have money, some have none And the rich guys have all the fun, So I'm telling you, if I had my way, I'd spread out the dough and demand fair play.

Automobiles have never reached the once-predicted point of saturation. It is known, however, to the pedestrian in a mud puddle.—Weston Leader.

### 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 12th day of January, 1935, in a certain suit therein, wherein J. H. Butler as plaintiff recovered a judgment against the defendants, George Schumacher and Marie Schumacher, husband and wife, for the sum of \$2500.00, plus interest at the rate of 7% per annum from the 17th day of December, 1932, plus \$200.00 attorney's fees, plus costs and disbursements taxed herein in the amount of \$47.80, plus inter-

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est on said judgment from the date of the decree herein, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said court in said county on the 12th day of January, 1935.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will on the 23rd day of February, 1935, 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 defendants herein, George Schumacher and Marie Schumacher, husband and wife; Howard Hill; L. A. Banks; W. B. Barnum; O. B. Morrow; L. D. Harris; C. H. Taylor; W. H. Norcross; 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, had on the 18th day of June, 1930, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 4 and 5, block 1, First Extension of South Sea Addition to the city of Medford, Oregon.

Dated this 14th day of January, 1935.

SYD I. BROWN, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.  
By HOWARD GAULT, Deputy.

(Jan 18 25 Feb 1 8)

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

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ELIZABETH COULTER, DECEASED.

### CITATION

To Gretchen Schneider, Fred C. Puhl and Kenneth Puhl, the heirs at law and next of kin of the above named decedent:

You, and each of you, are hereby summoned, cited, ordered and required to appear in this said court and cause in the County Court-room at Medford, Jackson County,

**ROXY 20c** Any Time Children 10c

Saturday Only  
KEN MAYNARD in  
**'Arizona Terror'**  
also  
**'PERILS OF PAULINE'**

Sunday and Monday  
**'Romance in the Rain'**  
with ROGER PRYOR  
HEATHER ANGEL

Tuesday and Wednesday  
**'Private Scandal'**  
with ZASU PITTS  
PHILLIPS HOLMES  
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Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a.m., on Friday, February 1, 1935, said date being more than four weeks after January 4, 1935, the date of the first publication of this said citation, and then and there show cause, if any there be, why Louis Puhl, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the above entitled estate, should not be authorized, licensed, empowered and ordered to sell all of the right, title, estate, lien and interest that he as such administrator, or said estate may have or claim to have in and to the following described premises lying and being situate in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

Lot 7 of Block 2 of Palm Addition, City of Medford, Oregon.

Lot 7 of Block 29 in the Town of Jacksonville, Oregon, less those certain premises described in deed recorded in Volume 189 of the Deed Records of Jackson County, Oregon, at page 284 thereof, to-wit: Beginning at the Southwest corner of said Lot 7 on First Street, thence East 100 feet; thence North 59 feet; thence West 100 feet; thence South 61 1/2 feet to the place of beginning.

at private sale for cash, or one-half cash and the balance in negotiable security, as prayed for in the petition for sale on file herein, specifically referred to hereby and by this reference made a part hereof.

Witness the hand and seal of the County Court of Jackson County,

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Adults 25c - Kiddies 10c

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Oregon, this 3rd day of January, 1935.

EARL B. DAY, County Judge.

Attest:  
G. R. CARTER, County Clerk.  
(Jan 4 11 18 25)

**CRATERIAN**

Mats 25c • Evcs 35c • Kiddies 10c

Ends Saturday  
**Shirley Temple**  
**'BRIGHT EYES'**  
PREVUE SAT. NIGHT

Sun-Mon-Tue

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