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A Weekly Newspaper—Only Paper Published at the County Seat—Devoted to the Interests of the People of Jackson County

## WAR EXPERIENCE OF LOCAL WOMAN

### MRS. SARGENT WRITES INTERESTING ACCOUNT

Under the caption, "A Woman's Glimpse of the War With Spain," Mrs. Alice Applegate Sargent, widow of Col. H. H. Sargent, and an honored resident of Jacksonville, has written for The Post the following interesting account of her experience:

The year 1898 found me in a little army post away up in the mountains of New Mexico, with Navajo and Zuni Indians for neighbors. But we were not too far out of the civilized world to hear the terrible news of the blowing up of the battleship Maine, nor too isolated to hear the rumor of war and to see the gathering war clouds.

One night in April the summons came; we were to be ready in five days to start for the rendezvous at Chickamauga. And then followed a scene of activity. Our household goods were packed to be stored until what time no one knew. How could we foresee that four long years would roll by before we would again set up our household goods and gods in a garrison in the United States. How little had any of us dreamed that war would come into our hitherto peaceful lives. It seemed to me, with my heart filled with bitterness at the fate of the Maine and with compassion for the starving Cubans, that the avenging and succoring army would never be ready to move. But at last they were gathering; from east and from west, from north and from south came our hardy soldiers, as fine a little army as the world had ever seen; and there on the historic battlefield of Chickamauga comrades clasped hands who had not met for twenty years.

Then followed busy weeks full of changing scenes, until the 8th of August found me on a transport bound for Santiago, the deck crowded with eager-eyed volunteers sent to relieve the shattered and broken remnant of those who had borne the brunt of the fight. When we ran into Santiago harbor we saw, instead of the crimson and yellow banner of Spain, our own stars and stripes floating from the grand old castle of the Morro. Away up on the ramparts walked a man in the uniform of Uncle Sam. I took out my handkerchief and waved it frantically around my head while he took off his helmet in an answering salute. Slowly we ran in past the wreck of the Spanish battleship Reina Mercedes, past the sunken Merrimac, scene of one of the most heroic deeds of history:

"Heedless of death and din,  
Steered they the vessel in—  
These are the men who win  
Undying glory."

How we impulsive Americans make unto ourselves idols and soon find them clay. How soon, alas, do we forget!

On August 12th we dropped anchor in the harbor, and on the following day the regiment was disembarked and marched into camp on the high ground near the city, and here on the hills of Santiago, we set up our tents and prepared to fight disease and death as best we could.

Never will I forget my first impressions of the city of Santiago as we climbed up the narrow, rough and filthy streets on our way to the hilltops, past thatched huts where half starved Cubans clothed in rags, and little brown children clothed not at all, peered at us from the low doorways. The great guns that had belatedly been sent still; their smoke had drifted away; a strange brooding stillness was over everything. Not even the note of a singing bird broke the silence; and over the city and camps on the hilltops circled the horrible vultures. There were hundreds of them slowly circling all day long, their black shadows on

the ground multiplying them into hundreds more. They became doubly repulsive to us when we were told how our wounded men, trying to make their way back to the temporary hospital at "Bloody Bend," had to beat them off with their guns, and how one poor boy had been found, his ghastly face turned up to the sky, and his rigid fingers gripping the neck of one of these hideous birds. The hilltops were covered with creeping and crawling things, little brown lizards, land crabs from a wee brown thing the size of one's thumb nail to great horny creatures as large as a man's hand and most gorgeous in coloring, black and crimson, and orange and black. When one of these uncanny creatures came shouldering his way towards you he looked like a veritable imp of Satan. But most objectionable to me of all were the frogs—queer, flat, clay colored, and always cold and clammy. Of course we never came into contact with them of our own free will, but they had a way of forcing their acquaintance upon one which was decidedly disagreeable.

One afternoon I had my horse saddled and rode with my husband into the city to see the Spanish prisoners who had been brought down to the water front to be embarked for Spain. Hundreds of them were gathered under the sheltering balconies along the Alameda. Black haired, olive skinned fellows in wide brimmed hats of white straw and worn uniforms of pale blue. I did not see a single brutal face among them, and I have yet to see the first drunken Spanish soldier. Three hundred of these poor soldiers, wounded, worn with fever and hard campaign, died on the homeward voyage.

Our own men were being marched down to board the transports for home. They were only ghastly wrecks of the splendid men who had landed at Daiquiri only a few short weeks before. I talked a little while with a member of a volunteer regiment, the Ninth Massachusetts. He said: "I've stood it pretty well myself, better than most; but we've lost a lot of our fellows; a lot have died of yellow fever, and some have died there on the dock; the ship wasn't there, and they were so weak they died." Down on the hot dusty boards, with no shelter from the scorching sun they had died waiting for the ship which was to carry them home.

I went out over the battlefield, upon San Juan hill, past the graves where our men had been buried where they fell. Up above the trenches, which our soldiers fought and died to win that scorching July day, I gathered a little bunch of yellow flowers; I have them still. Just outside the city was the Spanish bull ring, a huge circular structure, but the great gateways were closed. As I rode around it I tried to picture the scenes of past days when the vast amphitheatre was packed with the shouting multitudes.

Then followed months that now seem more a dream than a terrible reality. Months when the drenching tropical rains poured down until the air seemed full of hot steam, and our tents turned black with mould; when our men sickened and died of the terrible fever, their parched lips babbling of wife or mother and the home they would never see again—died and were buried under the drooping palms on the green hillside.

For some unexplained reason we were for many weeks without mail. Many of our men who had families at home were almost frantic. We seemed cut off and forgotten by the outside world. Nearly all were homesick. Pitiful as it is to see men die of fever, it is more pitiful still to see them die of homesickness—how pitiful only those who have had the experience can know. The pernicious malarial fever was our most persistent foe, against which we had to keep up a constant

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## Be Something.

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a bush in the valley—but be  
The best little bush by the side of the rill—  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.  
Be a sun if you can't be a star;  
Be the best little booster wherever you are.

### Your Cue

(From Kiwanis Magazine, with Alterations)

If you think your town's the best,  
Tell 'em so.  
If you'd have it lead the rest,  
Help it grow.  
When there's anything to do,  
Let the others count on you;  
You'll feel good when it is through,  
Don't you know?

If you're used to giving knocks,  
Change your style.  
Throw bouquets instead of rocks  
For awhile  
Let the other fellow roast,  
Shun him as you would a ghost;  
Meet his banter with a boast  
And a smile.

When a stranger from afar comes, don't desist;  
Tell him all about your town—how good it is!  
Never falter, never bluff;  
Tell the truth—that's enough.  
Be a booster, that's the stuff!  
Don't just exist!

### MAKING ROADS PAY

California has long been noted as a well paved state and probably no section of the United States has capitalized its good roads or made greater returns therefrom than has this state.

Nature helped it in many respects by giving it road making material such as asphalt which twenty years ago was laid in different towns and cities as a matter of convenience to the local people more than with an idea of advertising to be derived from good roads.

The advantage of hard surfaced highways, however, soon became apparent and the result has been that California has laid mile after mile of asphaltic concrete highways, many of which have now been giving steady and continuous service for a period upwards of twenty years.

It is particularly noticeable that the towns in California which have prospered and become the most pleasant places to live are the ones which have shown the greatest activity in ridding themselves of mud and dust as a result of well worked out paving programs.

Neighboring states can profit much by California's paving experience from the standpoint of commercial returns therefrom, convenience to citizens and cost to taxpayers for maintenance of various types of construction.

### BOY HAS ARM BROKEN

An accident occurred on the highway between Jacksonville and Medford Wednesday, which resulted in a broken arm for the seven-year old son of Rufus Roberts.

Mr. Roberts, accompanied by his son, was bringing over a truck load of sand to be used in the paving. It is reported that he reached back to put a wrench in the tool box and in doing so turned the steering wheel. The truck left the pavement and turned over. Mr. Roberts escaped injury. The boy was taken to the Medford hospital.

### PRESBYTERAN CHURCH

The subject for our Sunday morning service will be "The Revelation of Jesus Christ." A vocal solo will be rendered by Mrs. Otto Neidermeyer.

The Sunday school will meet at 10 o'clock as usual, and will be glad to see every girl and boy right on time.

There will be an afternoon service at 2:30 o'clock.

All are invited to attend these services.

E. H. Edgar, Pastor.

### MARRIAGES

Marriage licenses were granted during the past week to the following:

Thomas Bozenoff, Eagle Point; Clara Mae Morris, Medford.

B. M. Churchman, Elphia Sargent, Medford.

C. A. Herr, Lenora G. Howard, Medford.

DeFore Cramblitt, Klamath Falls; Rose B. McGregory, Medford.

Theodore F. Lockhart, Jewell Morris, Ashland.

### NUNN-HELMS

Harry Helms, a prominent resident of the county seat, and Miss Lily Nunn of Medford were married Sunday, the wedding taking place at Yreka.

They will reside in Jacksonville, where they have a host of friends who extend best wishes.

### SOON REACH JACKSONVILLE

The paving of the Medford-Ruch road is completed from Medford to Bybee's corner—about one and one-quarter miles from Jacksonville.

C. A. Olson and P. M. Johnson, promoters of the Gold Hill Smelter project, were callers in town yesterday. The gentlemen informed us that there are tentative plans for building a smelter on the Applegate. Oregon is rich in undeveloped resources.

### MINING CONGRESS

Sacramento, Calif., July 8.—World economic conditions will rest, in some degree, on the deliberations of the twenty-seventh annual convention of the American Mining Congress at Sacramento, from September 29th to October 4th, in view of the range of topics for speeches and discussions appearing on the tentative program for the convention just issued by the Department of Mines and Mining of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, which is in charge of arrangements for the gathering.

Problems covering every phase of the mining industry will be discussed. The magnitude of these and their bearing on business conditions generally in the United States will make the Sacramento convention the most important in the history of the mining congress, according to J. F. Callibrecht, secretary of the congress.

The program calls for addresses and discussions on federal and state taxation of mines; financing of mining enterprises; regulations for sale of mining stock; problems of the gold and silver producers; possibility of inducing Europe to re-introduce silver as a basis of subsidiary coins; opposition to government in business; oil shale development; tariff on minerals, particularly lead, zinc, manganese, magnesite and tungsten; lower freight rates for mineral ores; federal legislation to bar destruction of gold coins; anti-grading laws and conservation of timber in mineral regions.

In addition there will be held national conferences on coal, standardization, oil shale, taxes and industrial co-operation.

Leading men of the industry are being invited to participate in these discussions and the presentation of expert testimony will make the convention a clearing house for the latest developments in mining.

### COURT HOUSE NEWS

Once again the county jail is almost depopulated—only one inmate.

Mary Ryan is back at work after being incapacitated over the Fourth—ask her.

Miss Delila Stevens, our "will be" county clerk, is now driving a new Overland sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Florey spent their Fourth of July vacation at Klamath Falls and Crater Lake.

A. C. Walker returned recently from Woodburn, after spending a few days with his father, who was ill.

Everybody in the sheriff's office has been very busy preparing for the sales caused by the coming foreclosure, which will take place Saturday.

Miss Margarite Sparks is now employed in the assessor's office—we see the "Star" quite a bit now days.

Miss Constance Vance is now in our midst. Miss Vance is stenographer for F. Roy Davis, who recently moved his office from Medford to the court house.

L. D. Fornerook and family and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Terrill spent the week-end at Diamond Lake. Mr. Fornerook reported a dandy time and lots of fish.

Miss Delilah Stevens and her sister, Mattie, were called to Salem the latter part of the week on account of the illness and death of their grandmother.

Judging by the sale of automobile licenses gotten through the sheriff's office, this county shows no signs of hard times, for the last week alone the sales numbered approximately 300.

The fountain of running water at the rear of the court house has been turned off and employes and visitors are now enjoying refreshing water from the well. This is quite a saving of the city water supply and also affords better drinking water.

## DAVIS RECEIVES NOMINATION

### WITH BRYAN AS CHOICE FOR VICE PRESIDENT

The Democratic battle is over and no doubt the delegates are glad to go home and rest after the exciting sessions of the convention.

The convention finally nominated for president, John W. Davis of West Virginia, and for vice president, Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska.

### BLOW TO GASOLINE TRUST

Washington D. C., July 10, 1924.—President Coolidge has handed the gasoline trust a body blow by directing the Attorney General to bring action against many of the large oil companies who, according to the investigating body, have been parties to a gasoline "combination, conspiracy and monopoly" organized for the purpose of keeping the price of gasoline at a figure far too high.

This action on the part of the president is considered one of the most sweeping anti-trust moves that has been made for years and is one that all automobilists will heartily endorse. Drivers of cars, no matter whether owners of twin sixes or humble fivers, will be afforded relief if the courts back up the president. It was learned today that Mr. Coolidge shortly after he took office as president ordered a searching investigation of the gasoline trust; he watched the proceedings carefully and as soon as sufficient evidence was collected directed Attorney General Stone to draw up the necessary papers. Action is also directed against a number of "secondary defendants" who, it is claimed, were in the combination to keep the price of gasoline at a high figure. These secondary companies are charged with accepting licenses from the primary defendants, this action being taken to safeguard the suit.

This suit is of even greater magnitude than the "trust-busting" actions taken by the late Theodore Roosevelt, who in one of his drives against combinations in restraint of trade directed action against the Standard Oil company alone. The action now taken contemplates restricted measures applicable to all the great oil producing companies in the country.

The petition in equity was filed by Edwin A. Olson, United States attorney for the northern district of Illinois, representing the attorney general.

This action on the part of President Coolidge further demonstrates his courage and his determination to see that the people of the country will have their interests protected no matter who the offender may be. Coolidge is determined that every citizen shall have a square deal.

### PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Mrs. Odell Osborn of Spokane, Wash., is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Wendt.

Everett Gillings of Walla Walla, Wash., and Henry Fleming of California, are visiting at the E. A. Fleming home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Woodhouse of Merrill, were callers at the Presbyterian manse. They were enroute to Grants Pass.

Miss Catherine Chapman of Dunsuir, Calif., arrived Wednesday evening to visit friends and attend to matters pertaining to her property here.

Mrs. Archie Bowman of Cathlamet, Wash., who had been visiting her father in Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Wilson in Jacksonville, departed Wednesday for her home.

Have you read the advertisements in The Post?