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# JACKSONVILLE POST

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## POST READERS AGAIN FAVORED

### HOW I WENT TO THE PHILIPPINES AND WHAT I SAW

(By Alice Applegate Sargent)

We folded our tents in Cuba, only to unfold them on the other side of the world. When President McKinley called for volunteers in the summer of 1899, and I realized that there remained no hope of a peaceful home in a garrison in the United States, I thought of these words: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has no where to lay his head." This seemed to me to apply forcibly to army people, especially to army wives, for we seemed to have become homeless wanderers on the face of the earth. About this time an order was issued, forbidding army women passage on the transports, and the outlook was certainly discouraging.

The Oriental Steamship Company came to the relief of the disheartened women, however, with an offer of rates from San Francisco to Hong-Kong. Needless to say, these vessels were crowded, and I had to wait two months after I applied for passage before I could get a stateroom and start on my long voyage into the (to me) comparatively unknown world beyond the vast Pacific.

On December 21st I sailed away on a big white ship, the America-Mar, for Hong-Kong. Seven days out from San Francisco we ran into the harbor of Honolulu, only to learn that the bubonic plague was raging to such an extent that all passengers bound for ports farther on were forbidden to go ashore. All that I saw of beautiful Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands I saw from the deck of the ship.

It was a long voyage from there to Yokohama, with nothing as far as the eye could see on every hand but the vast expanse of sea and sky, with never a sail in sight, and only an occasional flying fish to relieve the monotony of the scene. Christmas and New Year's we spent on the ocean.

We dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama in the night, and when I went on deck in the morning the first sight to greet my eyes was wonderful Fujiama, the Japanese sacred mountain, piercing the blue sky, an almost perfect cone, the top gleaming white with snow. It is the belief of the Japanese that one night, centuries ago, this mountain arose from the bottom of the sea. Every summer hundreds of pilgrims toil to the summit to make offerings to the gods.

It was now January, and the air was piercing and cold, although it seemed a summer landscape. We were to remain here until noon on the following day, and all the passengers went ashore to see the city. To take a ride in a jinrikisha through the streets of Yokohama repays one for the long voyage. Everything is interesting—the little people, the tiny houses and shops of bamboo and paper, the shops filled with beautiful hand-carved cabinets of native woods, embroidered and lacquered screens, exquisite pieces in cloisonne, satsuma and bronze, and embroideries in silk and linen, which could be purchased for a song, compared to the prices we have to pay on this side. Japanese children fairly swarmed on the streets, nearly every child having upon its back, in a sort of a shawl, another child almost as large. I have seen these quaint little folks, playing at their games, each seemingly oblivious of the child hanging on behind.

After leaving Yokohama we stopped at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, passing through the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. Mere words cannot picture the marvelous beauties of this Inland Sea; all day long the big ship threaded her way in and out among the emerald green islands. It required most skill-

## WANT ADS FAR-REACHING

That Post Want Ads bring results was proven by the fact that in response to our want ad in our last issue in regard to trading our Dodge car for a linotype or an intertype a Portland representative of the Intertype company to call on us Monday. We didn't give him an order but—well, we hope to buy a machine before we forget how to operate.

"Civilization is the 'control of impulses.'"—Pacific Record Herald.

ful engineering to guide a ship safely through this sea, and our captain never left the bridge, his meals being served to him there. At Nagasaki the ship took on a supply of coal, the work being done almost entirely by native women, some working all day long with their almond-eyed babies hanging on their backs.

We reached Hong-Kong on January 18th, twenty-nine days from San Francisco. Here I had to wait three days for a ship to Manila, but found the time short, for there was much to see. The air was mild and balmy, with flowers and foliage everywhere; it was "shirt waist" weather in Hong-Kong. Here were the same temptations in the shops filled with wonderfully beautiful things. All along the sidewalk on a certain street was the flower market, where masses of flowers in bunches and baskets were displayed; here one could get a huge bunch of beautiful roses or long-stemmed feathery chrysanthemums for the small sum of twenty cents.

In the harbor were two big British battleships, and in the evening one could hear the bands playing on deck and the notes of the bugles floating across the water.

The British soldiers stationed in the city were another attraction, and I crossed the bay to see them drill. This drill I found very similar to our own, but the uniforms were very different, consisting of very dark blue trousers, scarlet tight fitting jackets and white helmets. The Sikhs, or Indian policemen, were to me one of the most picturesque sights in Hong-Kong. They were splendid big fellows in dark uniforms with immense turbans of scarlet cloth.

I went in a jinrikisha to the cemetery or "Happy Valley," as it is called, two miles from the city. It was like a park, with trees and masses of flowers and splashing fountains everywhere, while under the trees were comfortable seats where one could sit and enjoy the beauties of the place.

The City of Hong-Kong is built along the foot and on the side of a huge hill, commonly called the "Queen's Hill." The view from an observatory on the extreme summit is very beautiful. Cars run part way up the hill like a fly crawling up a wall. To reach the summit, however, one must be carried by coolies in a sedan chair.

The fine weather with which we had been blessed all the long way over from San Francisco continued during the three days' run to Manila, and early on the morning of January 24th, thirty-four days from San Francisco, I went ashore, and "with malice toward none, with charity for all," I took up the burden of my life among the Filipinos.

Here was a strange world, a strange people, strange customs. For more than three hundred years the old city had kept her watch by the sea. Divided into two parts by the Pasig River, the more ancient part lies on the south bank and within the walls of old Fort Santiago. This, with its huge gateways, its moat and draw-bridges, was a most fascinating place. My home was for several months with a Spanish family within the wall. Here can still be seen ruins of great stone buildings, wrecked by the terrible earthquake of 1880. For months I never tired of driving on the streets of

## A Fable

Said a wise old bee at the close of day,  
"This colony business doesn't pay.  
I put my honey in that old hive,  
That others may eat and live and thrive;  
And I do more work in a day, by gee,  
Than some of the fellows do in three.  
I toil and worry and save and hoard,  
And all I get is my room and board.  
It's me for a hive I can run myself,  
And me for the sweets of my hard-earned pelf."

So the old bee flew to a meadow lone,  
And started a business of his own.  
He gave no thought to the buzzing clan,  
But, all intent on his selfish plan,  
He lived the life of a hermit free.  
"Ah, this is great," said the wise old bee.

But the summer waned and the days grew drear,  
And the lone bee wailed as he dropped a tear;  
For the varmints gobbled his little store  
And his wax played out and his heart was sore;

So he winged his way to the old home band,  
And took his meals at the Helping Hand.  
Alone our work is of little worth;  
Together we are the lords of earth;  
So, it's all for each and it's each for all—  
United stand, or divided fall.

Moral: In unity there is strength.

Author Unknown

Manila. To drive on the Escolta, the principal business street, was often-times a hazardous undertaking, for it was literally a jam of carriages, carabao carts, and many other queer vehicles; and as these people have no regard for the rights of others, one was in constant danger of having a wheel taken off or being driven into by a Filipino cocher.

In the evenings it seemed as if all Manila turned out to drive or walk on the Luneta, the popular driveway along the beach, to listen to the bands and to see the beautiful sunsets. The breezes that blew across the bay were cool and refreshing, and the sunsets beautiful beyond description.

In Manila were representatives from many parts of the world. Here I had an opportunity for observing the Spanish soldiers even more closely than at Santiago, living, as I did, just across a narrow street from the barracks where they were quartered awaiting transportation back to their beloved Spain. I found them still the same quiet, sober, well-behaved soldiers. There was never any loud or boisterous talking, drunkenness or rude behavior.

The Tagalos are small and brown; the women are, as a rule, much better looking than the men, having more regular features and more pleasing countenances. They have very pretty hair, long, black and glossy, which they wash almost daily. Men and women alike seem devoted to their little ones, and are very demonstrative, kissing and caressing them; yet I have seen but one native woman who wept on the death of her child. A funeral seemed usually more an occasion for rejoicing, where they could wear their best clothes and smoke their biggest cigars. Men, women and even little children, smoke, and I have seen wee girls not more than three years old smoking cigarettes with as much gusto as a grown man.

Infantry, artillery and cavalry were stationed throughout the city. The now familiar khaki uniform was everywhere to be seen, and the tramp,

of the sentinel could be heard at all hours of the night, bringing that sense of security which nothing else could give, for all was not sunshine in these sunny islands. The war, insurrection, rebellion, or whatever one might choose to call it, was not over.

Summer brought with it fresh anxieties and responsibilities, and regiments then on duty in the islands were ordered to join the allied forces in China. Here were men who had fought under the scorching sun and in the drenching rain at Santiago; in the dark and tangled jungles of Luzon, and who were yet to fight and die before the walls of Tien Tsin and Peking. There were heavy hearts in old Manila when they sailed away—heavy hearts for many weary days and weeks for the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who had been left behind. There are some of us who will never forget the night when the message came across the water telling of the fearful fight before the walls of Tien Tsin, with its gruesome list of killed and wounded.

Watching detachments leaving Manila for an expedition into the wilderness after insurgents, I was always impressed with the firm and manly way the men had of looking straight ahead. There was never any careless lounging or looking from side to side. I used to feel that in each man's mind was the same thought that was in my own—some one would never come back; who in that little band would be the mark for an insurgent's bullet?

Eighteen months spent among the Filipinos brought many changes in my estimate of their character and less of charity in my feelings.

When we steamed out of Manila Bay, leaving behind us the troubled islands, it was hard to realize that we were really going home. Who, having once felt the charm of these Oriental countries, can forget or deny their subtle but indescribable fascination? Yet, after all, the "Land where our fathers died," is the land for all true Americans.

## NORMAL AT ASHLAND

The following named Jackson county teachers are enrolled in the summer normal at Ashland:

Mrs. C. Cook, Jacksonville; Mayme Tucker, Medford; Maude Moore, Fern Corum, Ruby Derrick, Beth Johnson, Gertrude Brown, Glenn Hale, Elizabeth Carlton, Constance Andrews, Ethel Bryan, Margaret McCoy, Mildred Beeson, Frances Greb, Irene Hughy, F. H. Johnson, Helen LeRoy, Marguerite Moore, Mabel Moore, Kathleen Silver, Mildred Gyger, Mabel Trott, Ruth McCollister, Madge Hackler, Ben Vimont, Myrl D. Watson, Mrs. Ada East, Eleanor Maule, Mrs. Letta Eastburn, Blanche Clute, Dorothy Head, Clara Foerst, Florence Lawson, Edna Wisely, Mrs. Roy Stanley, Winifred S. Stewart, Cecil Fifield, Mrs. G. E. Dickey, Edith Fredenburg, Mildred Culy, Ina Pursel, H. A. Trueblood, Mrs. G. C. Crane, Marie Davies, Neva Regel, Thelma Franks, Minne Beaver, Florence LeRoy, Hazel Messe, Lou Vina Harper, Mrs. Grace Childreth, Cecil McCracken, Viola Cole, Susan Cole, Norma Reeder, Mildred Kaigi, Cathryn Pratt, Kathryn Parson, Mrs. G. R. Carter, Mabel Waldrip, Vestal Goetze, Grace Bowman, Marie Prescott, Ruth Hackler, Marguerite Hammond.

## OLD-FASHIONED CHARIVARI

The young folks of Jacksonville gave an old-fashioned charivari to each of the newly wedded couples in town Friday night, visiting first Mr. and Mrs. Harry Helms and then Mr. and Mrs. Lester Thompson. The youngsters reported that both grooms were generous and paid them well for their "music."

## COMING TO A GOOD COUNTRY

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wendt, Sunday, July 13, a son. He will be known as George Lester.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

At the regular meeting of the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce Monday night the following committee was appointed to confer with the city council in regard to the paving: Fred Fick, Frank Salsbury, Vivian Beach and Oscar Lewis.

## MARRIAGES

Wm. Arthur Jones of Lane County and Miss Corinne Menzel of Medford were united in marriage Friday, July 11, at high noon, at the Presbyterian manse in this city, Rev. Edwin H. Edgar officiating. The bride is taking the nurses' training course at a hospital in Portland and intends to finish the course.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

There will be no preaching service next Sunday, due to the absence of the pastor who, with Mrs. Edgar, is attending the synod at Eugene.

Sunday school will be held at the regular hour, and all are invited to be present.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT ON JOB

That Jacksonville's fire department is "on the job" was evidenced by their prompt response Wednesday morning when the alarm of fire was given.

Rev. and Mrs. Edgar had gone to Eugene that morning and their son David was burning some rubbish, when some dead grass caught fire and was soon beyond his control. The alarm was given and the fire was extinguished before any damage was done.

Graport—best drink made—at Dorothy's.

A single hopeful heart is worth a regiment of faultfinders.

## NEWS OF THE COURT HOUSE

### CUPID VISITS RECORDER'S OFFICE

Ted Ge Bauer and Miss Marjory Adamson were issued a marriage license this week. The marriage occurred at the home of the bride's parents in Talent Wednesday morning and, following a wedding breakfast at the Blue Flower Inn, the happy couple departed on a honeymoon trip to Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, B. C. The bride is one of the very capable clerks in the Recorder's office and the groom is a prosperous young business man of Medford, where Mr. and Mrs. Ge Bauer will make their home. A host of friends are wishing them happiness.

Verl Walker, the efficient young deputy treasurer, is now the proud possessor of a "Charles Chaplin."

Glen Terrell and wife were Sunday guests at the home of Sheriff Terrill.

Alex Norris, the new janitor at the court house, assumed his duties Thursday morning.

Judge Gardner Victor Burcell and George Alford went to Butte Falls yesterday to inspect the new road being built from Butte Falls into prospect.

### ROGUE RIVER GOLD

Rogue River has long been recognized by mining men as being rich in gold, but its swift current has deterred those interested from active work on the bed of the river. With the exceedingly dry season this year, the prospects are for the lowest water mark known since records have been kept. Mining men are consequently taking advantage of that fact and the river promises to be the scene of much activity yet this summer and early fall. Already long stretches of the river have been located and four separate outfits are preparing to wing dam the river so that placer operations may be carried on, between Grants Pass and Gaiice. The bureau is informed that practically all of Rogue River in Jackson county has been located preliminary to active mining.

F. E. Jenkins has installed a small suction dredge on a 20-foot barge near the bridge below Hell Gate for the recovery of gold from the bottom of the river. The dredge has a two-inch suction and an actual test covering 30 minutes running of the dredge produced \$7.60 of coarse gold. Mr. Jenkins states it is his opinion that only the small dredges will be successful on the river, owing to the many boulders, but that there is room for a number of the smaller type with assurance of pay gravel.—Southeastern Oregon Mining Bureau.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

The following couples secured marriage licenses at the county clerk's office during the past week:

Theodore L. Lockhart, Jewell Morris, Ashland.

John H. Hildebrand, Margaret Mote, Medford.

Wm. Arthur Jones, Cottage Grove; Corinne Menzel, Medford.

Glenn D. Winthrow, Mary E. Jacobs, Talent.

Ted GeBauer, Ashland; Marjorie Adamson, Talent.

Harry R. Morris, Ruth Emery, Ashland.

### HOME MAKERS INSTITUTE

Southern Oregon Home Makers Institute, conducted by Extension Service of the Oregon Agricultural College, will be held at Grants Pass in Josephine County Fair Pavilion, July 28-August 1, inclusive. It is free and all are invited.