

JACKSONVILLE POST

EMIL BRITT

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

SMELTER IS A SURE THING

OREGON CORPORATION CAPITALIZED AT \$300,000.

The organization of the Sunset Smelting Company has been watched with interest because of its influence upon the mining industry of southern Oregon.

A large number of mines have reopened since it was announced the smelter would be built, among them the famous old Greenback Mine near Grants Pass, the Barron Mine of Ashland, the Golden Wedge near Galice and a large number of smaller and newer properties.

The company is an Oregon corporation, capitalized at \$300,000. An issue of 8 per cent preferred stock is to be offered at once, and investors may have their choice of either the preferred or common stock.

Mr. Olson, Judge Hough and P. M. Johnson returned Wednesday from Salem where final details pertaining to the corporation were filed. Further construction work will commence early in August.

The plant will consist of a 100-ton smelter, 50-ton mill, a fuel plant for the manufacture of metallurgical fuel, and a by-products plant for the manufacture of chemical by-products, including carbide.

Officers and directors of the company are:

President, C. A. Olson, formerly of Port Townsend, Wash., now of Medford.

Vice-President, M. S. Johnson, Gold Hill.

Secretary, P. M. Johnson, Medford. S. E. Heberling, President Millionaire Mining Company, Gold Hill, Director.

A. C. Hough, Grants Pass, attorney and Director.

J. Edwin Johnson, Gold Hill, United States Mineral Surveyor for Oregon, Director.

H. C. Diers, formerly of Portland and Alaska, Chief Engineer.

E. W. Derwent, Gold Hill, Consulting Chemist and Assayer.

L. H. Van Horne, Gold Hill, Field Superintendent.

E. H. Hoghatt, Eugene, Oregon, Auditor.

The success of this company means development of the mining industry in Southern Oregon. Let us be "all for each and each for all" in the Valley.

It would be a fine thing if the people who throw cigarettes from automobiles could spend a day fighting forest fires.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Mrs. Edgar will bring an inspirational message from our recent meeting of Synod on Sunday morning at 11 a. m. It is hoped that we may have a goodly number out to hear this message.

Our Sunday school will convene at the regular hour for period of Bible study. We are glad to note the steady increase in attendance and the new faces which we see from time to time.

The ladies' guild will meet on Thursday next at 2:30 at the church. The church treasurer informs us that the funds in the treasury are very low due to the fact that some are back on their subscription. Will you not please pay in your pledges at once, as the treasurer does not wish to send out any more statements.

Let everybody be on hand on Sunday morning and if possible bring a friend. Edwin H. Edgar, Pastor.

When you leave your campfire, sing: "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," and apply the water yourself.

A PIONEER FAMILY

We reprint the following from an article entitled "Old Oregon," written by D. M. Hyskell and published in The Portland Telegram of July 19:

In the Klamath basin for nearly eighty years the Applegate tribe has held a place and the last surviving chief, Captain Oliver Cromwell Applegate, at 79 years of age, is as robust and active as a boy. He stands straight up, six feet, two and one-half inches, broad shouldered, bronzed, keen eyed, his whitened whiskers being the main outward evidence of his years.

The Applegates were Kentuckians. In 1843 three brothers, Lindsay, Charlie and Jesse, then living in Missouri, emigrated to Oregon. They settled first in the Yamhill district, before there were county subdivisions. Oliver C. Applegate was born on the farm of his father, Lindsay Applegate, on Salt Creek, not far from the present town of Dallas. He claims, and rightly, to be a native son of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. California then was Mexico. "When Lindsay and Jesse Applegate and thirteen other men, with thirty horses, came south to Phoenix, Ore., and crossed the Cascades and marked the first road to Fort Hall, they passed through Mexico to get to Fort Hall," says Applegate. A monument at Phoenix now marks the old route.

Although the three pioneer brothers have passed the sunset, the Applegate tribe is far from being extinct. Charlie Applegate died first at his ranch in Yencalla Valley. He left a large family, some fourteen children, but only one is now alive—George, known as "Buck" Applegate, residing on the home ranch.

Jesse Applegate died about 1887, having reared a family of twelve sons and daughters, but all these are now dead, although a number of the second generation survive, including Dan, a resident of Ashland, and twin daughters, Eva and Evva, who went as trained nurses to France.

Lindsay Applegate died at his home in Klamath County in 1892, and left twelve children, of whom four survive. Lucien is a rancher in Swan Lake valley, Klamath County; Alice (Mrs. Sargent) lives at Jacksonville; Mrs. Rachel Alvord, wife of the city recorder of Medford; Oliver C., the fourth survivor, has six children living—Frank, of Medford; Annie (Mrs. Halferty) of Kodiak, Alaska; Leroy G., of Long Beach, Calif.; Rachel Solomon, a high school teacher at Klamath Falls; Jenn, the youngest daughter, a teacher at Centerville, Calif.; and Oliver C., Jr., with the Standard Oil Company at Sacramento.

The Captain estimates that there are still some forty of the Applegates residing up and down the Pacific coast to do their share in helping to perpetuate the traditions of the pioneers. His grandfather and great grandfather were soldiers in the Revolutionary war.

Lindsay Applegate was a captain in the Rogue River Indian war. Oliver C. was a captain of militia in 1864 and of scouts in the Modoc war in the early seventies. At the time of the Modoc outbreak he had charge of 500 Indians at Yainax, including Plutes, Klamaths and Modocs.

"The best service I ever rendered," he says, "was given at that time, when Captain Jack and his brother John revolted from Schonchin, chief of all the Modocs, and left the reserve and killed General Canby at Tule Lake, I was able to keep Chief Schonchin from joining them." It is said that had the Modocs and Plutes joined forces they could have wiped out every white person in the Klamath basin before soldiers could have been brought from Fort Bidwell, 160 miles away.

Have you subscribed for The Post?

Heap O' Livin'

By Edgar A. Cuest

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home,

A heap o' sun and shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam

Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,

An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em always on yer mind.

It don't make any difference how rich ye get t' be,

How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;

It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,

Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;

Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;

Within the walls there's got to be some babies born, and then

Right there ye've got to bring 'em up t' women good an' men;

And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part

With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart;

The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore,

Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumb marks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got to sit and sigh

An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;

An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,

An' close the eyes o' her that smiled; an' leave her sweet voice dumb.

Fer these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,

Ye find the home is dearer than it was, and sanctified;

An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories

O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,

An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;

Even the roses round the porch must blossom year by year

Afore they come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear

Who used to love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jest to run

The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;

Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome;

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

CO-OPERATIVE EXCHANGE

Today the new co-operative prune exchange will commence operation in Oregon and southern Washington with ten local organizations. Other units will be and are being organized, and the expectations are that a large majority of the orchards of the two states will soon be signed up. Over twenty million pounds are already under contract. The organization is well planned, has able officers and leaders and if the growers will stand by solidly and loyally, the organization should be a power for the producers.

In all industries except farming the owners of the commodity have a hand in the selling end and the price. When the farmer sells a commodity, the buyer names the price. The farmer is not a party to the deal. He produces and takes what is offered as the price, and the buyers are strongly organized. They can to a large extent regulate both demand and supply.

MEDFORD'S WATER PROBLEM

Medford's water problem is to be gone into immediately by the Craters Club, in the interest of Medford people. Captain A. J. Vance, president of the Craters' organization, is appointing a committee, made up of a number of leading townsmen, who will make a trip to Fish Lake and sections of the pipe line and reservoirs to investigate conditions and put before Medford people an unbiased and unprejudiced statement of their opinion of the trouble.

Captain Vance says: "I believe that it is the duty of every Medford person to interest himself in the water situation as a vital problem." Mr. Vance believes that the Craters should take an active interest in the water problem, and that the time has come for prompt and vigorous action.—Medford Mail Tribune.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

The Post wants the news. We have no way of knowing the personal news that is not reported to us.

Mrs. D. L. Jones, of Medford, is caring for her mother, Mrs. Kate Cople, who is ill.

Mrs. W. R. Lamb of Ashland is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arthurs.

Morton Clifton, a telegrapher and dispatcher of the Monon R. R. in Indiana, visited this week with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clifton, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fick and daughter, Virginia, motored to Grants Pass Friday afternoon, where they attended a big picnic. Virginia remained for a two weeks' visit.

PAVING COMPLETED THIS WEEK

ROAD BUILDERS BEGIN AT RUCH NEXT WEEK

At the time of going to press, the paving is laid up California Street to the post office, and when The Post reaches some of its readers, the pavement in Jacksonville will have been completed.

After finishing the work here, the road men will begin at Ruch and work toward Jacksonville.

It has been suggested that there should be a celebration in honor of the county court, when this road is completed. Someone start something.

CHILDREN'S STORY HOURS

For the pleasure of the children of the community, the Jackson County Library has arranged a six weeks series of story hours which began Tuesday, July 29. The children will be grouped under the oaks on the library lawn and the stories will be told by Miss Jane Elizabeth Olson.

The story hour for the little children will be held on Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. and legends and folk tales of various countries will be told. The story hour for the older boys and girls will be held on Thursday at 2:30 p. m. and will consist of stories of the wanderings and strange adventures of Ulysses and his men.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has said, "Stories help a child to form a standard by which he can live and grow, for they are his first introduction into the grand world of the ideal in character. The child understands his own life better, when he is enabled to compare it with other lives, he sees himself and his own possibilities reflected in them as in a mirror."

An important function of story telling is that of developing the imaginative faculty of the child, which helps him to interpret all that he hears and sees and thinks, to intelligently govern his own thought, and to clearly picture his own line of action.

We do not need more Material development, we need more Spiritual development; we do not need more Intellectual power, we need more Moral power; we do not need more Knowledge, we need more Character; we do not need more Government, we need more Culture; we do not need more Law, we need more Religion; we do not need more of the things that are Seen, we need more of the things that are Unseen.—Calvin Coolidge.

The safe fires are those which are never started.



More hunting for farmer and sportsman!

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