

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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

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Address All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year \$1.00 Six Months .50c
Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

Fifteen Pioneers

ALICE APPLGATE SARGENT

In the year 1846 15 pioneers from the Willamette valley came into the Rogue river valley seeking a route by which immigrants could reach the Willamette valley without having to travel the long northern route across the Blue mountains and down the Columbia river as they had come. Their names were Jesse Applegate, Lindsay Applegate, Levi Scott, John Scott, Henry Boygus, Benjamin Birch, John Owens, John Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Goodhue, Moses Harris, David Goff, Benit Osborne, William Sportsman and William Parker.

Lindsay Applegate was my father, Jesse Applegate, my uncle.

Each man was equipped with a saddle horse and a pack horse. As they made their way through the Rogue river valley they were constantly followed by the Indians and had to be on guard day and night. When they had to pass through heavy timber and brush they dismounted and led their horses, carrying their guns across their arms ready to fire. The Indians were armed with bows and poisoned arrows, the pioneers with the old-time muzzle loading rifles. They made their way through the valley, crossed the Cascade mountains into the Klamath country and thence east to the Humboldt river. Here they met a train of immigrants. They brought back with them 150 people, the pioneers traveling ahead and making a road over which the wagons could pass. This train was taken through to the Willamette valley.

Now that we have our splendid Pacific highway, built at enormous cost, with all the modern implements, rock crushers, steam rollers and plows, and by the labor of hundreds of men, it is well for us to remember that the first road in southern Oregon and through the Rogue river valley was built by the labor of 15 men with nothing but axes and their bare hands and amidst perils and hardships that would strike terror to any but the stoutest hearts. It was free to all, a work of humanity, the only recompense to the builders was a consciousness of duty nobly done.

A large proportion of the early population of Oregon entered the state by the road laid out by these pioneers in 1846. After three months of hardships all these men returned in safety to their homes in the Willamette with the exception of Henry Boygus, a brave and handsome young man, who was much liked by all members of the party. Young Boygus was very homesick and when the party reached the Humboldt he decided to start out alone on the trail towards his old home back in Missouri. He was never seen again, but sometime later his saddle blanket and some of his equipment was found in the hands of a party of Indians by whom he probably was murdered.

Lindsay Applegate was in command of the south road expedition.

Brave pioneers, with dauntless courage, they led the way.

They climbed the mountains
through forests dark,
Braved terrors the desert had;
The swollen tongues, the bleeding
lips,
The thirst which drives men mad.

But they opened the road to the
sunset's red,
Then the covered wagons came,
And these valiant men, though they
knew it not
Had climbed the ladder to fame.

Then the covered wagons followed
on
Wherever the builders led,
And grateful immigrants knelt to
pray
In the light their campfires shed.

They have traveled the road to the
great Unknown,
These heroes whose tale I tell;
They sleep at last in their long,
long sleep,
In the land they loved so well.

Diving Champions and Chain Stores

(Continued from page one)

swim a month before, had, under the skilful tutorship of the L. A. A. C. instructor, defeated one of the nation's best. Howard was promptly forgotten and publicists gave out the surprising story that but a few weeks before this important meet Miss Coleman had been observed on the beaches as likely material for development, taken under the wing of the great diving coach of the club and hastily nurtured into championship material—all in one month. Her age had been hacked down to 15 years (we believe at the time she was easily of voting age) and Sunday magazine sections strained their blackest type telling the thrilling story of how such coaching genius had transformed in a few days an awkward, undeveloped schoolgirl into a champion. And, strangest of all, *Georgia Coleman believed it herself!* Information given out by her new coach was carefully scanned to detect any mention of her Houston experience, her past victories and the many medals the girl had won before she ever saw the California club.

Having heard Georgia's full account of the transition, that of her newer diving coach, and also that of Howard, who was considered an outcast and shunned by the L. A. A. C., we were given a glimpse into one of the misuses of psychology—which makes this tale a close parallel of chain store practices.

After Miss Coleman's tryout the first thing His Presence, the coach of the famous athletic club, said was "Who the h——l ever told you you could dive?" (Those were his very words.) This question had the desired effect. Then, for the next couple weeks, the Great Being laid a barrage of criticism, actually laughed at the girl's diving and saw to it that a diver's most important necessity—self confidence—was thoroughly routed. The natural result was that Georgia went haywire, flopped her dives and became self-conscious and awkward. Then, her morale gone, confidence in her previous training lost, the Wise One proceeded to rebuild that confidence, reestablish poise and make her believe that she was learning to dive all over again—from the ground up. And 30 days from the time she first saw The Coach she entered the first important meet on the coast, and won. She had learned no new dives—yet she was convinced she had been recreated, reglorified and transformed from an ugly duckling into a graceful champion.

Five years from the time we last saw her in Texas her diving has not changed one mite. Her approach, execution and entry are fundamentally the same; her repertoire is practically unchanged and the principles learned back in Texas still were the basis of her success. True, from constant practice and able coaching, she had polished her work a bit and added one or two dives, but most certainly had not traveled far from the peak reached under Howard's guidance. Her performance in Medford Sunday further bore out this observation—and all who knew her before her annexation to L. A. A. C. agree with this view.

* * * * *

We tell you these details simply because they are a good example of what has been accomplished by the chain stores of the nation. If you will think back you can remember how the same psychology was used on us—how we were told constantly of the savings of combinations, the blessings of chain ownership and operation of the stores of the realm. We were attacked with a barrage of boloney about how independents had robbed us, overcharged and taken advantage of us, and how the new order of things would do away with all this.

Our confidence in the ever-present home-owned merchant was destroyed; we were asked "who in h——l ever told us we were wise buyers." And then, when chain stores had thoroughly painted themselves as Godsend to the suffering buyer and clarions of a new merchandising era of greater value and lower prices they proceeded to make us believe that chain stores, and chain stores alone, could serve us efficiently, economically and at great savings to our purses. Through a cunning psychological knowledge of human mental habits they clouded our minds to the fact that instead of replacing obsolete methods and wasteful practices they were in reality taking over what had been an honorable, beneficial and thoroughly democratic retail and wholesale business for their own

selfish interests. Instead of the boons they purported to be they were in fact breaking up and hogging an industry which had benefited the many instead of favoring the few. The chain store ogres came in sheep's clothing to disguise their real lust for monopoly and control, their heartless methods and record of low pay, long hours and misleading statements of great savings. Now, really, *could anything be more un-American?*

When you sally forth to market for your groceries, meats, clothing and hardware remember that your dollar can either help or hinder democratic business. Remember that chain stores right here in the valley send, every week, money taken over the counter from southern Oregon people direct to eastern centers, never to return. Remember that the United States mint does not send money here—it all has to come through regular channels of trade. And remember—*there is not one chain store in Jacksonville!*

FABLES FOR FARMERS

While on his way from Ruberville to Jazztown a certain husbandman fell among financiers.

Being thoroughly trained in the higher efficiency school they promptly and systematically deprived him of his belongings.

His garments were taken by the high-tariff agents, as protection to home industry. His shoes were seized by the railway managers, on the plea that they threatened unfair competition with the transportation monopoly. His purse and watch went to the bankers for interest on his mortgage.

The good Samaritan came by as the spoils were being divided. "Have pity," he entreated. "Don't you see that if you leave the poor man naked and helpless he cannot produce anything that you can take from him the next time he comes this way? I urge that the council of wise men, which is the congress, make a law for Farm Credits, so that he can borrow from you some of that which you have taken away."

Recognizing the necessity for furnishing an incentive to industry and opportunities for the investment of capital, the kindhearted financiers consented to allow the husbandman to go back to his farm, provided he agreed to pay for the privilege of utilizing the credits that his labor had created.—W. G. in Life 10 years ago.

A KISS FOR THE LEAGUE

While the Japanese were in the act of swallowing Manchuria the statesmen of the League of Nations showed their size and showed what the league amounts to. From their statements it is deduced that any league member may make war with impunity so long as it does not declare it; if the nation attacked declares war, then by so doing it becomes the aggressor; further, and worst of all, it is held that the council of the league is powerless

to declare one of its own members to be the aggressor without the consent of the member in question.

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