

START WORK ON MILL THIS WEEK

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sulted as to advisability of seeking another location. L. Houghton, general manager of the site seekers, offered to pay all in excess of \$200 promised by the city and a compromise was made with Britt at \$250, half that amount in cash and the balance within 90 days, with quitclaim title offered the Seattle men at the end of 12 months if the mill had been in continuous operation during that time.

Wednesday of this week, through the further cooperation of civic-minded groups and individuals, the \$125 necessary to bind the deal with Britt was raised and the following day saw preliminaries on the foundation commenced. The local chamber of commerce, from funds derived through operation of the Saturday night dance in this city, contributed \$50, Ray Coleman loaned the cause \$15 and O. M. Knox, former mayor, \$10, which, with the \$50 difference offered by Houghton, made up the first payment. Balance will be raised within the next 90 days either by popular subscription or through the cooperation of the Legion club in this city in a special event which might be staged in Jacksonville within that period.

It was pointed out that culmination of plans and the realization of hopes of city officials for a full-sized mill here would go far toward

solving the local unemployment problem this coming winter and would greatly relieve the burden on the city itself. Willingness of Jacksonville leaders to aid in launching the new industry has been traced to the fact that the most effective way for a community to aid unemployment is to abolish it.

Announcement of the mining project was first made in southern Oregon through columns of The Miner on March 18, when headlines told of the reopening of the Old Town and probable installation of a mill within a few months.

MAY STAGE '49 SHINDIG HERE

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and celebrants and southern Oregon could receive one of its greatest and most unique puffs should the plan go through to completion.

Possibilities for strange and interesting features are unlimited for an event of this nature, and the phoney money could be issued by Ben B. Beekman, son of the famous C. C., from the bank which weighed in several millions of dollars of gold dust. Old saloons could be thrown open and near beer sold from hogheads, slopped over counters and bone foam-wipers revived. Apple cider would appeal to the esthetic taste when bought over a counter in whiskey flasks and pretzels could writhe in all their many tortuous designs with perfect propriety. It would be a simple matter for the volunteer firemen to stage an old-fashioned hand-to-hand bucket rescue, using old equipment still in a perfect state of preservation, while Mahatma Ghandi might be presented dressed in the cartoned two-piece costume for the edification of crowds. There would be a great field for inexpensive features which would far outclass more costly displays available for this old town, which fairly reeks with inspiration for humorous and thrilling stunts.

The Legion club and chamber of commerce members already have talked over preliminaries to the celebration and have offered their cooperation toward success of the project. Naturally, of course, all-night dances would be one of the major attractions and much could be realized from the sale of phoney money for entertainment purposes. The middle of August has been suggested for the staging of the days of '49 shindig, when Jacksonville would roll back the leaves of time and live again in mock fury the glamorous days of its early existence.

'BIG PARADE' NOW IN SOUND; TO BE SHOWN AT ROXY SOON

You can now hear the big guns boom, the airplanes hum, the tanks crawl and the doughboys singing "You're in the Army Now" in that never-to-be-forgotten motion picture, "The Big Parade," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has reissued the famous King Vidor hit with sound effects and is showing it for two days, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, at the Roxy theater in Medford.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU READ IN THE PAPERS, SAYS EDITOR

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL
(Dern Him)

Beware ye evildoers! Nemesis is on thy tail! Thy day of judgement approacheth. No more shall the fair name of our chaste village be smirched by worse than smudging!

At least so it would seem if a certain group of our citizens keep up the good work they have begun. Verily, they seem able to out-sherlock Holmes himself, and make the exploits of Nick Carter look like the silly antics of a small-town cop. If a bloodhound saw them nosing out things he would jump in the lake through sheer envy.

Let us follow them in one of their minor investigations—Last Sunday friend Leonard, our genial editor, was missing from his usual haunts and when he did appear at an unholy hour no adequate explanation for forthcoming.

To the members of this purity clique or clan, or what have you, this was enough. The young man had been up to no good and early next morning these human hounds were on the scent.

Results were not long in coming. Operatives X and Z, perhaps on a hunch, had driven up the road that borders the Jackson creek jungles. Suddenly X stopped the car. "Aha!" he breathed, "there's your answer," and he pointed to the tracks of a car that left the road and disappeared into the dense willows along the creek.

"Huh!" snorted Z, "just some poor devil trying to gather a little wood."

"No sir!" snapped X, "these tracks have a sly, furtive look.

We'll investigate." "That editor drives a chivvy roadster, too," he muttered as he pussy-footed toward the pussy willows, "and these here tracks was made by a light car. Hot dog! we've got him."

Well, to omit details, they did get him for on the sandy shore in the shade of the willows they found enough evidence to convict a saint.

That same evening Leonard was summoned before the Great Swat of the secret Inner Circle and somewhat inspired, perhaps, by the Nth degree, he told all, that is, nearly all.

And now, dear children, the moral of this tale is: If you must make footprints in the sands of time or anywhere else, be mighty sure they are just footprints.

Hubbies Get Break; Ice Cream Vanishes

A restful respite from haying and all other responsibilities of summer is due many of the Applegate husbands who are fortunate (?) enough to possess club-member wives. This comes about because two clubs are devoting an evening to entertaining their husbands. The first men to revel in this freedom are those of the Little Applegate who are in any way connected with the sewing club of that community. The men were entertained at the home of Mrs. E. H. Taylor on July 13. The guests first visited the new Clover Leaf dairy there, then retired to the house, where they en-

joyed visiting until the ice cream and cake were served. Thirty-two guests consumed five gallons of ice cream. This fact has been denied, but the hostess' figures are accepted as authentic.

The Home Economics club of Applegate Grange plans to entertain the husbands on July 27. Definite plans have not been made for this event, although it may take place at the Grange hall, where there is plenty of room for dancing and games if the crowd so desires.



Friday, Saturday, July 22-23

"MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"

with
JACK OAKIE

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
July 24-25-26

LIONEL
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"Law of the Rio Grande"

starring BOB CUSTER

Sunday, Monday, July 24-25

"One Hour With You"

with Maurice Chevalier

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 26-27

"THE BIG PARADE"

First Time Here in Sound

John Gilbert—Renee Adoree

Thurs., Friday, July 28-29

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"

Walter Huston—Kent Douglas

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Continuous Sunday 1:30 to 11

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