

Visit Beautiful Applegate Valley While Here

QUIET DIGNITY OF MOUNTAINS HAS OWN CHARM

Swimming, Fishing Streams and Picnic Grounds Lure Many Vacationists

Green, timbered mountains that rise directly from the level floor of fertile valleys, winding rivers that tumble and churn into shimmering pools and a people whose disposition reflects the serenity and cleanliness of their surroundings—that is the Applegate valley, one of southern Oregon's oldest settlements.

Cutting deep through rocky gorges, spreading out in open meadows, the Applegate river winds its way from the California line toward the famous Rogue river near Grants Pass. Little Applegate, demure, sometimes scarcely wet in the late summer's heat, joins its big brother at a point a few miles above Ruch. Numerous other streams add their clear, cold waters to the larger river from the greenest, most beautiful watershed in America.

Residents of this section—many of whom have spent lifetimes amid such wholesome, soothing mountains—spend their hours tilling the soil, raising cattle and sheep, timbering and hunting. The never-ending search for gold along the Applegate from Applegate store to the California line continues, and not without results for the many hundreds now engaged in the industry. Headwaters of Little Applegate, Sterling creek, are famous for the old Sterling placer mine, which down through the years since southern Oregon's beginning have continued to reward husky miners who sluice out her channels.

With a setting so charming and alluring, and the fascination of gold almost on every hand, tempered with great woods, big game and fish, it is little wonder that the Applegate country has become one of the most popular picnic spots of Oregon. Visitors for many miles drive there for a cool afternoon siesta by the rippling waters, shaded by towering trees whose foliage never browns. Every week sees new faces arriving for outings, berry picking parties and swimming groups.

In the colder seasons, when outdoor relaxation is impractical, Applegate country still remains popular, abounding in those things which make the woodsman and hunter tramp over her hundred hills with fruitful results. Mining for gold, too, increases in intensity as the wet months arrive, but at this time of the year the sluicers, with boxes rigged up in the depleted waters of Applegate, scratch exposed bedrock for deposits of rich mineral carried there from upstream.

Visitors from other parts of the state, and from other states, should, while in Jacksonville, make it a point to drive the very few miles to Applegate valley and see for themselves one of Nature's most pleasing combinations of moun-

tain, fertile soil and rivers. They will scent, see and feel the refreshing peace and majesty of the area and will begin to understand just what recompense early day pioneers garnered from their often losing battles with Indians and the forces of nature. They will understand too, why founders of southern Oregon were such hardy, wholesome and admirable people and why hundreds, long since removed, always come back to Applegate valley to spend the happy abandon of vacations.

Those who make the trip to Applegate for picnic, camping, swimming or just ordinary sightseeing should make it a point to drop in on the merchants of the sections for chats and guidance. From the

summit of Jacksonville hill—some three miles from this city—they will find convenient, friendly attention in whatever needs they have. Cold, refreshing drinks, auto service, picnic supplies, ice cream and other accessories to a perfect outing in this great open spaces will be found almost on every hand.

Applegate valley is the Utopia of relaxation, beauty and serenity. It is its own reward ready for the seeing.

LETTERS To the Editor

To the Editor:

Your repeated appeals for copy for the Jubilee edition has almost got something started. When one has fingers itching to write anyway, it is dangerous to be urged on. And when you deliberately said, "you folks over on the Applegate"—well, my feelings got the better of my judgment. "Civic pride," one would call it if living in town. Living in the sticks, I don't know what to call it, but am responding anyway.

A neighbor came at this point for a fryer and a dozen eggs and chatted for forty minutes. Now to resume.

I am imbued with the idea of writing a poem for you. There must be a lot of poetry in me since I have never to date been able to get any of it out. I am exhilarated by the thought of seeing my maiden effort, as it were, appear in the Jubilee Miner. The assurance that all copy will be used is great encouragement. Rejection slips are SO depressing. Besides, it would be a pleasure to help the Miner with our contribution. Not that we always agree with everything printed in the paper—far from it. But we do admire the spunky little sheet. Could you forgive me if I say that it makes me think for all the world of a little banty rooster challenging the whole barnyard?

As for the poem, I am about decided to write about the river itself. They write about the "Beautiful Ohio," and the "Silvery Colorado," and the "Swanee River" and thousands of people have sung "Coming Thru the Rye" without even knowing it referred to a stream. I once saw a picture supposed to illustrate the song and it showed girls coming thru a grainfield instead of wading the creek.

So "The Applegate," it shall be. Let's see, I must mention the cool, clean swimming holes and the deep, dark fishing pools, the flowering shrubs and the foaming cascades and the great gray rocks—fed by mountain snows and hill-side springs.

What ARE the dogs barking at? Some vile wretch left a gate unfastened and I had to stop to chase the pigs out of the garden. But I thought of something else. I'll have a verse about the river in winter and dwell upon the song of the water-ouzel. It is the SWEETEST thing! Oh yes, and the alder catkins and the pussy-willows in the spring—I wonder what meter would be best. It is such a spiffy little

bending river I ought to get a catchy rhythm to it.

NOW what in creation has broken loose?

The cow pulled up her picket-pin and ate off half our dahlias. They were just about to bloom. That makes me sick. I just want to bawl, but I won't. I quit crying about such things long ago. It never did a lick of good and always gave me a splitting headache. I can't write my poem tho. That knocked every spark of poetry out of my system. What I want now to write is irony. I might turn to the political field. There is abundance of material there upon which to vent the spleen. Just to read the papers is as good as going to a show. A little imp tempts me to confess that I can scarcely keep my face straight when I see the N. R. A. dope. It makes me think of the N. R. tablets you get at the drug store when you don't feel so good. It appears that Roosevelt thinks the stimulation of a bottle of booze will be scarcely sufficient to set us on our feet, so he is going to give the poor old knock-kneed, sway-backed, broken-down system a N. R. Pill. Upton Sinclair likens the prevailing methods of dealing with the desperate situation to placing a plaster on a cancer, but even the inimitable Upton didn't think of giving the victim a PILL.

There goes the phone. I'll have to answer it. You never know what a phone call might be. Sorry I couldn't get anything in for the Jubilee Miner, but you see how it is.

There—it's ringing again! Yours for some N. R. A. on the farm,

MRS. BERT HARR.

PRICE OF GOLD IS UNCHANGED

Hope for Increased Price Lies in Reducing Gold Content of Dollar, Is Report

No change in the price that miners of this locality will receive for gold has resulted from Attorney General Cummings' recent ruling, according to local banks.

The ruling merely permits partially refined ores to be shipped out to foreign refineries under special license from the federal government, but prohibits exportation of free gold, such as is produced by the placer mines of this county. Current predictions that foreign agencies will establish purchasing offices here to buy gold at the world price of nearly \$30 an ounce are therefore unfounded.

The main purpose of the ruling, as explained, is to permit mines near the national boundaries to continue to ship out ores and concentrates to refineries in neighboring countries. As an example, there is a large smelting plant at Trail, British Columbia, which has been receiving ores from the mining sections of northern United States such as the Idaho mines. These ores are mostly lead and silver, with some copper, but they also contain certain amounts of gold. The ruling permits these ores to be sent out as formerly and for

these, the miners may receive the world price on the gold content.

The only immediate hope of increased price for domestic miners is in a reduction of the gold content of the dollar, it is said. That step would, of course, result in an increased number of dollars for each ounce of gold presented at the mint.

"You may have only a thin dime and yet have more money than brains," says the Hubbard Enterprise. Which would apply to Olin Miller if all he possessed were a farthing.—Weston Leader.

There's no silver lining to the grasshopper cloud in Imperial Valley. Brewers cannot even use the hops.—Weston Leader.

A new postage stamp will bear the head of Kosciuszko as Jim Farley's tribute to the Poles, but mebbe they won't like it if he's all gummed up.—Weston Leader.

The Missouri hen that laid four eggs in 24 hours is in a class by herself. No rival can beat her from scratch.—Weston Leader.

A British general says the next great war will last a few weeks only and will blot out civilization. In this case we prefer to believe without seeing.—Weston Leader.

Newfoundland is said to be bankrupt, and we can't say we're surprised that her assets are frozen.—Weston Leader.

Often enough a chap comes back to earth without going up in a balloon.—Weston Leader.

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GOING AFTER GOLD IN APPLGATE—Top photo shows Little Applegate channel from which placer gold has been mined. Bottom views show giants working on 40-foot embankments at Sterling mine on Little Applegate. Inset shows a miner's hay-burning motive equipment.

—Courtesy Medford Mail Tribune.