

# ASHLAND TIDINGS

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The Tidings has a greater circulation in Ashland and its trade territory than all other local papers combined.

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## People's Forum

### Soldiers On East Coast.

Some Where,  
Some Place,  
Sometime.

Dear Mamma and Papa: The censor says we can't tell where we are or when, but it's the east coast, anyway. We have had SOME trip and I have not been at all sick, much to my surprise. All the fellows who were sick are all O. K. again. Our trip will soon be over and it will be good to be ashore again. We were ashore for a while this afternoon and I saw more negroes than I ever saw before. I don't believe I'd like to live where there are so many. We were down in the negro section. I saw more boats of various descriptions than I ever saw before.

Things look much more warlike here. We expect to get to the city of my dreams tomorrow. Guess where. I bought a newspaper today, the first I have seen for a couple of weeks, and it never mentioned anything west of Kansas. Punk paper, eh?

We bought some apples today, big nice looking red ones, at 5 cents each, but they lacked the good old Oregon flavor.

I'm feeling fine but dirty, which won't hurt me, I guess. If I don't stay that way too long. First time I ever considered a bath a luxury!

Lovingly,  
HAROLD.

March 17.

Arrived Jersey City O. K. New York is some place, although it's rather misty and we can't see much. Boats—running around like bees. Warm here, sun shining. Hope we get passes soon. Statue of Liberty is quite SOME statue. Woolworth building looks like Mt. Shasta (?).  
H.

Camp Merritt, N. J., March 18.

Here we are at Camp Merritt, settled for a little time, I guess, though they haven't told us anything of the future. Mail not censored here. We arrived in New York harbor yesterday morning about 7 o'clock. Passed the Statue of Liberty at 7:30 and docked shortly after 8. There was a heavy mist along the shore so that we passed the big buildings before we saw them, and it was not until the mist lifted that we could see the city. We docked on the New Jersey side, so the city was some distance away. It is impossible to appreciate the size of the place. I was not at all disappointed in New York, and only hope we will be able to get over there. We were on the boat until 5 P. M. and I spent every possible moment upon deck rubbering, I expect in true country style.

At 5 they unloaded us and we marched through Hoboken to the edge of Jersey City, where we took the train for Camp Merritt, arriving there after dark. All the people we saw in Hoboken were Jews, and it seemed just like marching through a foreign city. I don't want to ever live in a place like that. Flats, barren looking houses, nothing green, no trees, no grass. We did not go through the best of the city, perhaps.

but it was not the worst. Dirty! Ouch!

After we got on the train we got some of the little "Sheenies" to get us some fruit, and they brought us Yakima valley apples. They are considerably more expensive than out west.

It is about 17 miles from Hoboken out here. We marched directly out to the Camp and got settled. Had supper at 10:30 P. M.—bread, butter, corned beef, pears and coffee. We got up this morning and the wash house has been overrun all morning. I feel like a new man, with all clean clothes on.

This is a big camp, with a capacity of about 20,000 or 40,000. It is not full now, but troops are coming in every day. Another regiment of artillery and several of infantry came in yesterday, besides us. The majority of these are drafted. There are a good many buildings still under construction and finished buildings in every direction.

It is warm here and the sun is shining. Some of the fellows are out playing ball, without their coats.

We are not allowed to leave camp without passes. We may get 24-hour passes, and if we do—wow!

Mailed cards and letter from Portsmouth. Did you get them? Will mail this now and write more later.

Lovingly,  
HAROLD.

Camp Merritt, N. J., March 20.

Dear Papa and Mamma: Once again there is so much to tell that I don't know where to start in. Lawson (Riley) and I succeeded in getting 24-hour passes, starting yesterday at 10 A. M., so we caught a jitney to the 130th street ferry. It is only two blocks to Grant's tomb from there, so we hiked up there and went through it. There we caught a Riverside Drive bus and rode on top down Riverside Drive and Fifth avenue to Eighth street. There we walked over to Broadway and went through John Wanamaker's store, then dropped into a restaurant for lunch. Immediately after lunch we took a street car, with a lady conductor, down Broadway to Wall street. Walked down Wall street past the Morgan building, Subtreasury building, etc. Back at the corner of Wall street and Broadway we caught a subway back "up town" to the theatre district, 46th and Broadway. Took in the matinee at the Hippodrome, and it was some show. After the show we did a little shopping. Got a pair cut—a real Fifth avenue "movie actor" hair cut and rubbered. We took dinner at the Pekin Cabaret, overlooking Times Square, and then went to the Winter Garden and saw Al Jolson in "Sinbad the Sailor." From there we went to the Strand Roof Garden and from there to the Hotel Hermitage, Corner Broadway and 42nd.

This morning we got up at 7, had breakfast, then took the elevated to Battery Place and the aquarium. From there we took the subway back to the ferry, then came out here. I don't see how it would be possible to see more of the city in 24 hours, although there is much of it we didn't see. We sure took the town in, and if our mouths gaped open you couldn't blame us. The shows we

saw were wonderful. At the Hippodrome the performance was vaudeville, but the acts were all blended into one big show. I think there were 350 people on the stage at one time. There was everything you could imagine, just like a three-ring circus. Impossible to see it all at once. At the Winter Garden "Sinbad the Sailor" was playing—a musical comedy, with the most gorgeous costumes, the best actors, the most elaborate scenery and lighting effects you can imagine.

It took over \$20 to cover the trip, but it was worth it. We had a salad at the Strand, composed of bananas, oranges and grape fruit, with a little salad dressing; 75 cents per plate, with a 10-cent war tax.

The Winter Garden was \$2.75 per seat, the Hippodrome \$1, the dinner, seven courses, at the Pekin, \$1.25. We got along all O. K. Don't think they would have taken us for country guys or wild and woolly westerners. We were "highbrows" (?) for one day, at any rate. Had our shoes shined on Wall street, one block from the Morgan building. Nerve? And after that we came back to camp and spent part of the afternoon shoveling coal. Guess that was coming down!

Your letters 1 and 2 were waiting for me when I got back this morning, and, believe me, I was glad to get them.

I didn't mail any letters from Panama because they wouldn't allow it, and they would reach you sooner from here.

We ran onto a sailor down town last night, from the same boat Charles Brady is on, so we sent him our cards. They are on convoy vessels. Elwood Hedburg was with Lawson and me last night. We did not attempt to look up Professor Vining as our time was so limited.

We are fortunate in having lovely weather, the warmest seen in New York in 23 years, in March.

There were not so many soldiers in New York as I expected to see. We were about the only ones on Wall street and attracted quite a little attention. When we say we are from Oregon we are a semi-curiosity. It was fun when we would ask for "four bits" worth of anything. One "hasher" refused to take a \$5 gold piece. Bonehead!

I've had an awful time writing this as there is a vaudeville performance going on and they are shaking this bench, so "there's a reason."

Love,  
HAROLD.

Camp Merritt, March 22.

There's a movie going on just now at the "Y," but I'm behind with my correspondence, so will pass it up. There are six "Y's" and a K. of C. hall here. There is something doing every night, and they are now holding a big theatre in one of the Liberty theatres.

It seems fairly certain we will leave here about Sunday. We have been issued two pairs of trench shoes, a trench hat just like the Scottish Highlanders wear, six pairs of heavy socks, new rifles and several other minor things. We are fully equipped now, I think. Our time has been taken up with issues and inspections. They have stopped issuing passes to the 65th, so we are lucky. The music we sent you is some that is played at the different places in New York. One a song sung by Al Jolson, "Over There," is played by all the bands. As our ship sailed into Chesapeake bay one of the bands on a big battleship broke into that. The harbor is full of navy ships, one having an observation balloon floating over it. Submarine chasers, launches and war ships, too. We have had very little mail; apparently held up some place. Lawson and I went to Englewood, N. J., this afternoon and had our shoes half soled. Cost us \$2. Ouch! Englewood is a nice town, mostly residences of New Yorkers, I think. No wonderful mansions, but many fine homes. This country looks old—old trees, houses, etc. Camp Merritt appears to have been built on several old farms; several nice houses and several old orchards. There are troops coming and going all the time—infantry, cavalry, artillery, drafted, militia and regulars, part of the militia from Massachusetts, Alabama, etc.

Camp Merritt, March 23.

Well, we are all packed and ready to leave. Will cable as soon as I get across, if I have a chance. The weather has been grand. We have been so busy and seen so much that everything is muddled up. We are leaving 34 of our bunch in quarantine with scarlet fever. One case broke out and that entire floor was put in quarantine. Doctors are very careful. That makes 83 of the bunch we have dropped. There are only six Ashlanders left, in Battery E—Winne, Lamkin, Spencer, Delsman, Riley and I. Love, HAROLD.

Attractions of San Diego.  
Editor Tidings: This is written

in response to numerous requests for more California letters. Most everybody is more or less interested in our sister state south of the Sierras, for it is truly a wonderland.

San Diego has waited ten years for the completion of the railroad to the Imperial valley—and there is still ten miles of heavy rock work before the rails meet the sails. Before the soldiers came to Camp Kearney—30,000 of them, with many thousands of sailors and aviators—the "Sandy Egg-ans" were getting pretty hungry, for the population of the city had doubled in anticipation of a railroad which was never completed.

The beautiful exposition buildings at Balboa park are being used as barracks for the marines and the grounds for a naval training station. Surely no salt water Sammies are more pleasantly located. So far as climate is concerned, Camp Kearney has all the other cantonments pushed off the map.

Coronado Beach is one of the most beautiful places we visited. Before going over on the ferry we strolled around the docks scanning with curious, landlubber eyes the big ships at the wharves, some of them manned by swarthy crews of piratical Mexicans, reminiscent of the bold buccaneers who used to sail the Spanish Main. A fishing boat had its hold full of delicious lobsters, while enormous turtles, some weighing as much as a man, dozed on the slippery deck. A dozen aeroplanes circled over Aviator's Island, while swift-moving government boats, armed fore and aft with quick-firing guns, carried sailors and supplies across the bay. Near the harbor entrance lay the battleship Oregon, a mighty engine of destruction in gray war paint. A husky soldier-sailor recognized us and smilingly introduced himself as Claude Saunders, formerly of Ashland, now an aviation mechanic.

Now we are at Coronado, gazing at the great hotel with its many-turreted red roof and old-fashioned white walls, one of the world's great hosteleries. A sea wall extends northward to the racing stables and golf course, where gouty millionaires and dainty scions of foreign nobility gambol o'er the greensward. A splendid boulevard encircles the mile-wide island, which is covered with beautiful homes. Adjoining the hotel is Tent City, a beach resort for common people. The "tents" are composed of board floors and palm-hatched roofs, the canvas walls being removed during the winter season. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and I motored along the narrow sand spit which connects Coronado with the mainland, while the Little Lady, shoes and stockings off, waded in the surf for miles, her father picking up pebbles and shells along the beach, both supremely content.

O. H. BARNHILL.

### S. P. DECORATES FUEL-SAVING LOCOMOTIVES

If you see a locomotive with a red nose—a proboscis as effulgent as a Hawaiian sunset—don't attribute it to influenza or alcoholism, but just put it down that said locomotive is wearing the new Southern Pacific D. S. O., the Distinguished Service Order of the rails.

Conservation of fuel oil on the Southern Pacific lines is regarded as of such importance now that locomotive crews on every division are bending all their energies along that line. Under orders from Vice-President and General Manager W. R. Scott the locomotives of each class which make the best showing on their respective divisions in the matter of fuel oil

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We are adding to our capacity and hope in the near future to be able to supply the demand.

## Ashland Mills

Humphreys & Denton, Props.

"The Bank with the Chime Clock"

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saving are now decorated the same as a hero on the western front.

The decoration takes the form of bright red paint on the circular plate which fronts the boiler. At a distance that number plate gives the iron monster the appearance of a somewhat gory and indignant Cyclops, but the locomotive crews explain that their "hogs" really are all swelled up over the idea.

Be cheerful. Mental depression checks digestion. Poor digestion wastes food. Wasted food helps the enemy. Cheerfulness is therefore conservation.

### KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL.

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Many Ashland people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Weak kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health—the slightest delay is dangerous. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a remedy that has helped thousands of kidney sufferers. Here is an Ashland citizen's recommendation:

Mrs. E. F. Wolters, 263 Mountain avenue, says: "I have been taking Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for a long time when I have felt any need of a kidney medicine and they have never failed to give good satisfaction. I am subject to backache at times and my kidneys act irregularly. Doan's Kidney Pills soon correct this trouble."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Wolters had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

### INCREASE OF MEAT ANIMALS IN YEAR

Reports based on figures from the Department of Agriculture show that January 1, 1918, the number of meat animals in the United States was greater by more than 6,000,000 head than it was January 1, 1917. The number of inspectors for slaughter indicate a decrease in consumption.

The summary shows the total number of cattle in the United States January 1, 1918, was 66,830,000, an increase of 1,247,000 head over the same day the year previous. Hogs increased 3,781,000 head, or 5.7 per cent. The increase in sheep was 1,284,000 head, or 2.7 per cent.

Phone job orders to the Tidings.

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