

ASHLAND TIDINGS

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Bert R. Greer..... Editor

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EVERYMAN'S PLEDGE

"America shall win this war!
Therefore, I will work, I will
save, I will sacrifice, I will en-
dure, I will fight—cheerfully
and to my utmost—as if the
outcome of the struggle depends
upon me alone."

IS IT YOU?

There is a man in this town who always acts as a brake on the wheels of progress. Every project that is broached for the betterment of community conditions, elicits from him no more than a grunt of dissent, if not active opposition. He regards every man as a rascal until proven honest. He can see no sincerity in the most unselfish actions, and can detect cupidity at the bottom of the greatest sacrifices. He is a community wet blanket. Is it you?

There is also in this town a man the opposite of this one. He has a keen eye for any chance to forward the interests of his community. Every proposition for community betterment, provided it has merit and feasibility, not only has his approval, but he at once pulls off his coat and becomes one of its most active rosters.

It takes a heavy jolt to convince him of the insincerity or dishonesty of his neighbors, and even then he has more pity than blame for them. He is as grateful as fire on a raw day, and restores our confidence as the spring sunshine after a dreary winter. Is it you?

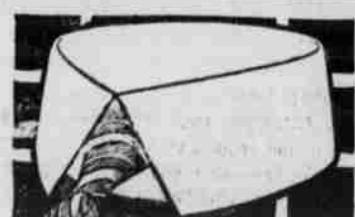
INCOMPETENT ADMINISTRATION

What a pity it is that President Wilson made such grievous blunders in picking the men to whom he has entrusted the conduct of the war plans. He could easily have gotten much better timber, and might easily have had the war won long before this.

We have men in this town that can discount McAdoo, Baker and the whole lot at Washington at least that is the conclusion one is inclined to form after hearing them dilate for a few hours on the subject of what should and should not be done in the circumstances.

Their stock of knowledge on subjects military is something at which to marvel, and we feel like impeaching the whole bunch at Washington for failure to make use of their valuable services.

But it was ever thus. The wrong man is usually chosen and we have



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to rush through a crisis in any old shape, when if real genius was recognized we could sail through with flying colors.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS

J. S. Burnett of 691 Oak street got the first letter from his son Earl, who went with the belated members of the 65th regiment to France and has recently arrived. The letter is as follows:

Dear Folks: I suppose you will be very much surprised to hear from me, for it has been a long time since I have written, and really I am ashamed of myself for not writing sooner. I don't think I told you much about our trip across, but it was a real trip, believe me, and I don't care to take another one like it. We had some exciting time on our first start across. The boat we were on was hit by one of the other ships of the convoy, and we surely thought we were torpedoed. I sure

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FISH ON FRIDAYS.

OYSTERS AND CRABS IN SEASON. James Barrett, Prop. Phone 188.

had the thrill of my life, and everything was excitement for a little while. But every one soon cooled down, and the rest of the trip was O. K.

I like France pretty well. We have fine weather here, and it reminds me considerably of Oregon, although I like it home much better.

We have not got back to our battery yet, but expect to move in a few days, and will be glad to get back to them. I heard from Steve the other day. They are located about 300 miles from here and seem to be getting along finely.

Well, I haven't anything more to write just at present, and will try to do much better next letter.

With love as ever, EARL.

Harold Simpson is certainly having an interesting experience "seeing" France. Harold has the capacity of seeing interesting events and relating them entertainingly, and the following letters to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Simpson, give a brief description of some of the leading scenes that the Oregon boys witness during their sojourn abroad:

France, May 2, 1918, 9:15 P. M.
Dear Mamma and Papa: The nights in the squad rooms are out, so I'm out in the hall sitting on the steps. Lawson and I just came in off pass, and we brought along some French jam to try for breakfast. We had salted almonds and figs tonight. The salted almonds we get here are fine, always fresh and crisp. They are not more expensive than in the U. S., but the stock is always small. We bought all there were in the store tonight for two (duo) francs.

I expect to leave here soon for another place where there is an auto

truck school which I am to attend. There are ten of us going from this battery. Sergeant Delmsman is the only other Ashlander. I am glad of the opportunity of taking in this school. We will come back to the battery at the conclusion of the school which will be about six weeks.

Your letters 11, 12 and 13 came this morning. I have had mail from home in every incoming mail so far. I had a check cashed this morning for \$20. The chaplain did it for me. He is most accommodating in such matters. I got 166 F. 99c for it so I'm rich now! I thought I best do this as I leave for this school and 't may be some time before I get paid. The last few days here have been wonderful, and the trees and vegetation show the effect of the warm weather and are budding out nicely.

Well, the old chime clock has just tolled out 10:15, my pen is most dry and these old stone steps are getting awfully hard so I'll crop off until morning.

5-5-18.

I see this letter is still in my tablet. This is Sunday morning and we are in a different place than when the fore part of this was written. We did not travel far, however, and made the trip in auto trucks. This is a dandy little town of three or four thousand, and we are better situated than at any time since we left the states.

The town is prettily situated on a hillside, and abundantly supplied with trees, fir trees, apple trees, and other kinds, some of which I cannot remember of ever seeing before. There is a square in the centre of the town with a town pump and a public wash pond. There are several of these jumps around here and the people who are not fortunate enough to have wells of their own get water from these places. There is a water trough at each one where the horses and cattle are watered. There are several stores, a couple of (so-called) hotels, a blacksmith shop, a good-sized church, and house, each behind its own stone wall.

The farms around here are mostly pasture land, and I suppose the chief products are cattle and dairy products. There is a baron who lives here, Baron de —, who owns a park, that is said to be several miles square, and he also owns a huge stone chateau in which he lives. I suppose that back in medieval days his ancestors owned the country around here and these peasants' ancestors worked his farms. Have to quit—lots to tell though. Love,

HAROLD.

France, May 11, 1918.

Dear Mamma and Papa: This is my first letter from this place, and believe me, its some place! The most beautiful park of France that I have yet seen. We are staying right at the edge of a large river, with boulevards along both shores, with rows of large, shapely trees, a good many of which have white cluster blossoms or them. There are parks, costly residences, and well-kept lawns along the boulevards. The river is crossed by bridges, low, well-made stone bridges, most of which are very busy. This is a much more modern part of France. The street cars are modern, fine automobiles and they speed, too, and the people are generally well dressed. There are good looking tug boats on the river and reminds one of the eastern U. S. A.

We were out of camp last night and crossed the river on one of the bridges into a section of fine residences. Many of them are quite elaborate, with beautiful flower gradens and lawns. The yards are generally surrounded by high fences or hedges so that it is not easy to see in. The streets here (as in every city we have seen) do not run parallel but run together into a square or court. There are statues in most all of them, either of famous people or in honor of soldiers, and many other things. There are a great many large barges on the river. All the river hauling has to be done in barges as ordinary boats cannot get under the bridges.

A few of the barges have engines of their own, but the greater part of them are towed by tugs. I have seen no women washing along this river.

I am going to a tractor school which starts Monday. This promises to be an interesting school, and I am glad to have the chance. I am not wasting any money here, but I don't want to miss seeing as much of France as possible while I am here, and I am sure I will never regret it.

We spent Ascension day on the train, and as that is a holiday here, the people were all out in their Sunday "duds." We had another long trip through an interesting and beautiful valley.

I won't have time to write more at this time.

Love,

HAROLD.

France, May 12, 1918.

Dear Mamma and Papa: This is

Mother's day, so I am up pretty early to write to my mother. It is just 6:30. Most of the fellows are still in bed, as this is Sunday and we do not breakfast until 7:30. ***

General Pershing has requested that all the men in the A. E. F. write to their mothers today. This has been a wonderful trip and a wonderful experience for me, and I wouldn't have missed it for most anything, and I think the best part is yet to come. I hope to get out on pass today and if I do I'll surely see wonders.

There is a high fog this morning and the air is still, like seaside, weather. There is a woman here selling papers this morninf, including the Chicago Tribune. I think I'll have to have one. I would like to wander in and take dinner with my mother today, but there is a day coming when I will and then it will be "my" day as well as mother's.

The people here are surly optimists about the war. Everybody, everywhere say, "It won't be long." It is certainly a wonderful spirit, and the French are to be admired for it, anyway.

We were over to another camp yesterday and took a French shower bath. They let us get wet and that was about all. Some bath! However, the French baths are not all like that.

I won't have time to write more this morning. I expect to have something to tell in my next letter. Lots of love,

HAROLD.

Paris, France, May 14, 1918.

Dear Mamma and Papa: There is one city in France that we are allowed to tell about and that is Paris, but—it is impossible to tell about it and do it right!

Sunday morning, Chix Delsman, Art Spooner, of Medford, and I went to Catholic mass in one of the churches in one of the towns near here. It was a fine church, but not especially noted. It was of massive stone and wonderfully colored and designed windows, representing characters and scenes of Bible times. The interior was elegantly finished, with many statues, emblems, etc. The significance of which I did not, of course, know. It was the first Catholic service I ever attended, so, naturally, I was much interested. After mass we left for Paris. Patee, as the French call it, and wonderful place it is, too. I don't wonder that tourists come to France and especially Paris. Paris is the heart and soul of France, and I don't think the Germans will ever take Paris as long as there is a Frenchman alive.

We landed in Paris at a square, the name of which I do not remember. In the centre was a large fountain, and on one side a famous church of which there seems to be so many. From there we went down the Rue de Bonaparte (which is neither as important or famous as its name-sake), to the Seine river. We had a view of the river from there such as we so often see pictures of in America. The river, itself, then the low stone bridges, avenues, rows of large trees along its banks, backed by large buildings and the Eiffel tower rising down the river in the background. Across on the other shore we landed right at one of the large federal buildings, which covers perhaps six or eight blocks, and next the Louvre Department store, like many others we saw later in the day. This store compared favorably with the ones we saw in New York. The windows were wonderfully decorated and everything in them fully first-class.

We, of course, didn't know where we were or where we wanted to go, but fortunately stumbled into a Y. M. C. A. man who helped us out. We went to the Soldiers' and Sailors' club, passed the Ritz and Vendome hotels.

The club is located just a block from the famous Madeleine church. We were in the church and it is truly a great building, with wonderful interior decorations and statues. There are no windows in it, however. From the club we went to the Place de la Concorde, where the Obelisk is. It is placed on the ground where the Guillotine stood during the French revolution, and is surrounded by other statues and elaborate masonry.

The Avenue des Champs Elysees runs northwest from the Place de la Concorde and it is surely a most wonderful avenue. The street itself is wide, with a park row in the centre, wide sidewalks along each side. For some distance up each side are located the famous restaurants, set back from the sidewalks and surrounded by large trees, beautiful lawns and gardens. A little farther up are the Art Pallas and other magnificent uilding of similar character. Still farther west is the square called Rond Point, another beautiful square—only a couple of blocks distant from the main American Y. M. C. A. We did not go much farther up the avenue but we could see that famous arch in the Place de Etoile, called Etoile Aach, I think, which is seen in many pictures.

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In the afternoon we wandered up past the Madeleine church again and down the Boulevard de Madeleine and Boulevard Italiens, which is one street with several names, and is a beautiful street in the shopping and hotel district. The famous Opera is on this street, and all along were wonderful shops, restaurants and cafes. Later we went back to the Art Pallas on the Avenue des Champs Elysees and took in the art exhibit. It was a wonderful exhibit, paintings, sculpture, war pictures, statues, etc. The war pictures were especially interesting. It was altogether too much to see in the length of time we had. We had lunch and dined at the Soldiers' and Sailors' club and the meals were very good and reasonable. We had ice cream at the "Y", and it was the first real ice cream I have had since I left the states. We had to leave Paris at 7 p. m.

We did not see all of Paris, but did pretty well considering we did not know the city. We got a map and so had no difficulty in getting around. There are no street cars in the centre of Paris, just subways and cabs. I expect to get to Paris again and I think I will be able to get around still better, but even as it was we saw so many things, and-

one of which would have been worthy of the whole day's visit. It was Joan of Arc's day and there was a celebration going on. We passed by a statue of Joan of Arc which was at-

(Continued on page 3.)

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Ashland, Oregon