

Ashland Tidings

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POLITICAL BUNK AND MISREPRESENTATION

Most of the members of the Chamber of Commerce received a letter in the same mail with their ballot this morning, purporting to come from a "committee of business men."

The letter was cunningly devised to mislead. It is simply a tirade against Greer and a plea for "vindication."

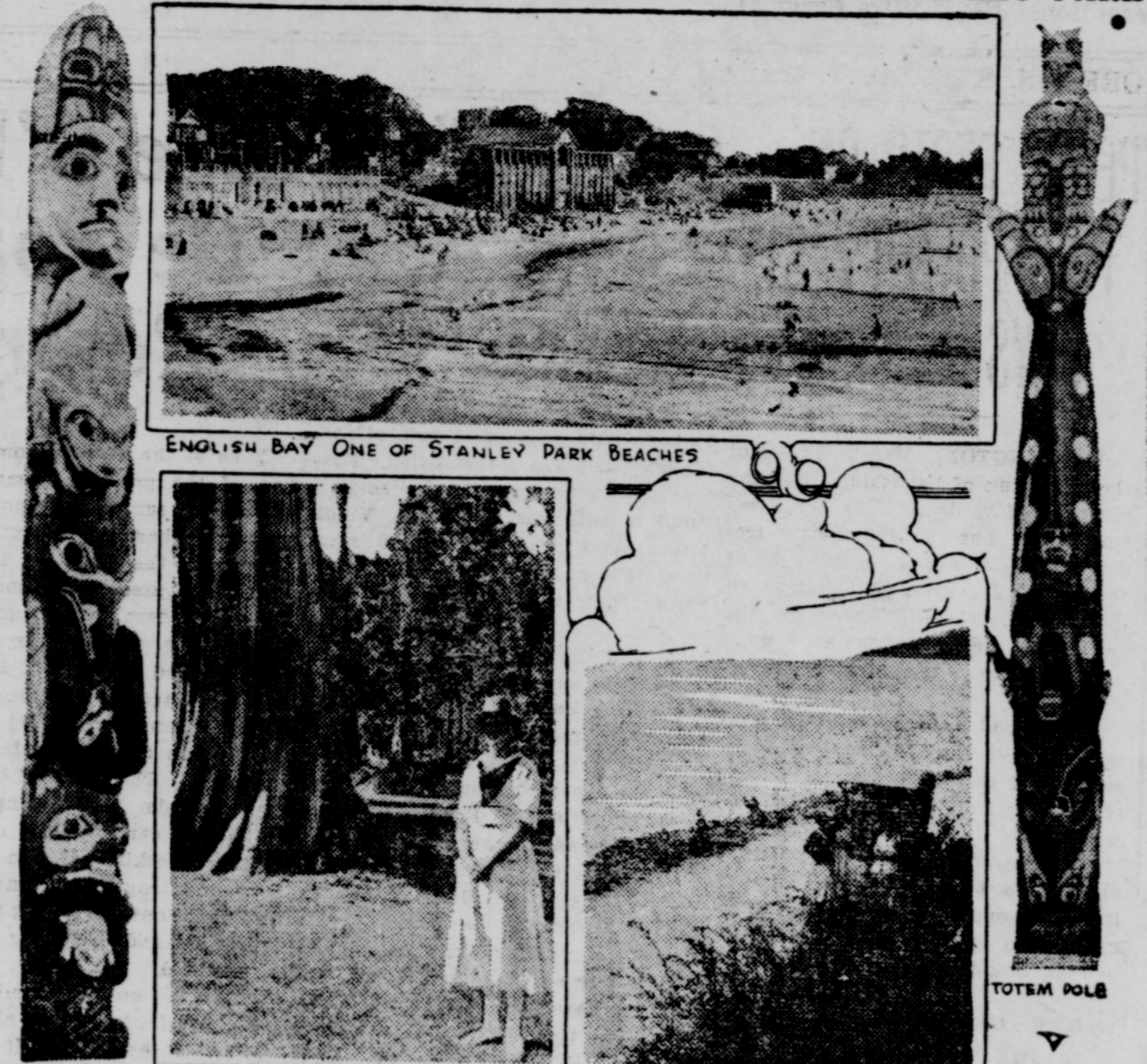
In the same envelope and folded with this letter was a resolution, more cunningly devised than the letter and, evidently, so devised for the purpose of aiding in securing signatures to the document. (Get the resolution they sent you, Mr. Member, and read it.) It is so phrased that by reading the first paragraph, you have to read carefully and thoughtfully in order to tell whether the resolution is FOR Greer or AGAINST Greer. Even then, we leave it to you, can you tell which side that first paragraph, the one most likely to be read to the signer to induce his signature, is for, the bank bunch or the hotel side.

Look over the list of names attached to the resolution and study them carefully in the light of the campaign. Out of a total of 37 all of them are avowed supporters and strong partisans of the Carter crowd on account of business and social relations, excepting nine. No doubt the nine signed it without reading further than the first paragraph of the resolution.

These 37 signatures were gained by "combing" the membership, we may fairly assume, because, when they started such a political move it must have been with the intention of making the BEST POSSIBLE showing of such signatures in order to gain the purpose of the resolution to the fullest, the prejudice of members who stood on the fence in the fight. That considered, it was an exceedingly poor showing and is a good indication of the weakness of their side.

The deception went further. This resolution was folded in with the letter signed "Committee of Business Men," in such a manner that it shows a clear intent on the part of those who sent it out to deceive those members who received it by having them

VANCOUVER VISITORS MAY STUDY ANTHROPOLOGY WHILE SIGHT-SEEING IN LOVELY STANLEY PARK



ENGLISH BAY ONE OF STANLEY PARK BEACHES
TOTEM POLE
AMONG THE GIANT CEDARS
ONE BIT OF A 14 MILE PICTURE THAT CIRCLES STANLEY PARK

Stanley Park's venerable cedars will soon shadow an Indian Village in the plans of the Art, Historical and Scientific Society of Vancouver and its members. This beautiful natural park is enfolded in Indian legends and in its innermost recesses are buried the ashes of the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnston, who gathered together these legends and made them into a little book.
The Indians of British Columbia are vanishing and it is hoped to perpetuate for future generations, their customs, houses and wares in the proposed village which will be a museum of that art—will be an entrance post before the

lodge. It is planned to put Indians in charge of the exhibit that will contain dancing masks, talking sticks, muck-a-muck bowls, carved door jams and lintels, war canoes and medicine men's costly fur robes.
The Indian arts of weaving, spinning, basket-making, carving and painting as well as their industries of hunting, fishing, curing of skins and fish and the preparation of foods, will be represented. Careful research is under way to obtain a minute history of their secret writings which contain accounts of ancestral worship and tribal mysteries.
Tens of thousands of tourists visit Stanley Park every year and enjoy the magnificent views of

water and mountain that are unrivaled each mile of the excellent motor road that circles the peninsula. They enjoy the fine beaches and wander among the centuries-old giant cedars, all within walking distance of the center of Vancouver, that fascinating western Canadian metropolis and gateway to the Orient.
Civilization has robbed the Red-man of his primitive charm and glory. Today, the squaws—called "klootchmen" on the Pacific coast—work in fish canning plants. This clock-punching existence is a far cry from the days of the tope and trail; true, that was a life that held many hardships, but it was a life of romance too, as Stanley Park's Indian Village will reveal.

believe that those whose signatures attach to the resolution composed the "committee of business men" signature attached to the venomous letter which accompanied the resolution.

A very small, mean and cunning deception. It would indicate that those responsible for the letter and resolution are willing to put all their friends and members generally in bad in order to gain a much desired point—to prejudice in their favor members who were undecided as to how to cast their ballot.

It is mere political bunk and deception. The Tidings offers the reward of a hard-boiled egg to every citizen who can state who composes that "COMMITTEE OF BUSINESS MEN" that they put forward as responsible for the publication of the letter.

BOSH! BUNK! Who will be deceived by such flimsy stuff? There IS NO SUCH "committee of business men." The genuine signatures you read were attached to the resolution and not to the circular letter. They hoped to deceive you into thinking that they were that "committee of business men." Cheap, political clap trap.

PEOPLE'S FORUM

Editor Tidings:

Do you know that for years Medford has been trying to gain control of our Lithia park? And do you know that Medford is watching for the result of our commercial club election more anxiously than some of us? Why? Because she knows that if the hotel proposition is defeated, her opportunity has arrived. She knows that soon Ashland will not be able to keep up her park, the county will get hold of it, turn it into a county park, and Medford will have control.

The bankers of Ashland know this because it was two years ago that one of the bankers told the author of this article how Medford was working to get hold of this park.

Suppose the progressive hotel ticket is defeated, what will happen when Portland's 1925 fair is in full swing? Ashland will have about the status of Talent. Tourists will drive through the sleepy village into beautiful Lithia park, controlled by Medford boosters. These tourists will remain over night, a day or two, a week, for it is a wonderful spot in which to rest, and it is only a short run to Medford, where Medford's hotels are good, Medford's shops are like city shops, Medford's homes are beautiful, Medford has every sort of amusement.

Ashland? Oh, yes, Ashland started out to be the enterprising city of the Rogue River valley, but her citizens were not progressive, they pre-

ferred a quiet little town, so the progressives gave up in despair, moved away, and Medford reaps the harvest.

Vote for the progressive hotel ticket straight and make Ashland, or defeat it and make Medford.

HOTEL BOOSTER.



"SIGHT-SEEING IN FRANCE"

Camp Besenier, a collection of dilapidated French barracks in a flat, ill-conditioned forest, south of Clermont, lay enveloped in a cold, penetrating fog, as the companies of a certain sapper regiment gathered and formed for the day's sight-seeing jaunt. Heavy marching order as always. Everything you own on your back, for you may not come this way again.

Horses shivering in the clammy fog, plunged and balked as the wagons and rolling kitchens plopped out of the muddy forest into the road that stretched away into the mist toward that place beyond the horizon where the sleepy muttering of cannon came muffled to our ears. After much standing in line and moving to and fro, the column was formed and moved out under a storm of caustic remarks anent the uselessness of hiking north on one road only to trudge south on another, the next day, for we were headed south. General Jack would learn a lot on how to conduct a real war if he could only stand on the side of a road and listen to the freely given opinions of a regiment of sappers on the hike. Comments die down, however, with a mutter, when the colonel dashes past in a sidecar.

Over a hill, through a cut of soft, slippery red clay, we trudged and then, to our relief, turned westward along a byroad through the dripping trees of a small forest to come out into a narrow valley by the Besenier farm. An inspiring sight is opened before us, the road leading to the north is packed and jammed with slowly moving wagons, limbers and kitchens, while across the fields and beside the wagons, the drab hosts of marching men crawled steadily forward into the fog. As far as could be seen the land is alive with phantom forms.

Our column cut into the already overflowing road while we tramp beside them or across the fields, as might be convenient. As the day wears on the fog lifts, and a fine, drizzly rain adds zest to the occasion and beauty to the landscape. To the right a small town, Clermont-en-Argonne, sprawls along the muddy hillside, and one marvels why it does

not slide down into the meadow below.

To the north the road, graded wide and easy, ascends the low hill, covered with a tangle of dun colored brush and small trees. Motor trucks panting and throbbing, slithered up the hill from St. Memehold and crowded us arrogantly from the road into the ditch. How we would like to wring the necks of those cocky M. T. drivers—but roads are not for foot troops,—so out into the weeds you go, and the cold water from their tops is driven through your trousers and leggins and seeps down into your shoes to squish pleasantly up and down between your toes.

At the top of the hill the road threads its way along a narrow ridge, to the right through a forest of large beech and oak, a valley filled with drifting fog. See the gaunt shape of a shattered tree, where some giant broadaxe has slashed from right to left. Over here a gnarled oak, all honeycombed with holes, like the work of great woodpeckers. Surely something has been doing here. Under the trees, which stand stark and broken, all is a trampled sea of mud, for in a day shortly passed, this was a stabling place for innumerable horses that go to the making of an army. Where those poor, half-starved beasts had been tied, all the bark is gnawed from the trunks and limbs as high as a horse might reach. On both sides of the road, hanging in dejected festoons, entanglements spread their hellish network away into the

Do You Feel Dressed Up in a Soft Collar?

"A great demand for a smart-looking starched collar for men has developed as a result of the war." This statement is a quotation from an article that appeared recently in a magazine that is an authority for men's wear in the United States.

As a nation, the war taught us neatness. Men learned the value of trim dress. The passing of the soft collar and the popularity of the starched is a result of that object lesson. For it is a fact that no single detail of apparel adds so much to a man's good appearance as a well-starched collar.

Our services are especially at your disposal for this item of your dress. You send us your collars—we deliver them perfectly laundered, lustrous, immaculate, smooth and pearly, with none of the rough "saw" edges of the old stand-up of the days gone by. Play fair with yourself in your personal attire. Telephone us. Then wrap your bundle securely and our driver will call for it.

Ashland Laundry Co.
PHONE 165

wilderness of sodden brush and trees.

A halt for lunch. How cheering to march past the steaming kitchen and receive your portion of savory stew and a cup of black and scalding coffee. True, the stew is composed of dried carrots and corned beef. Yes, and the coffee is rank with the taste of chloride of lime, but it is warm and relieves one of the chill induced by the monotonous dripping of Sunny France. During this short rest, the train goes rumbling by, crowding and jostling along the sloppy road.

Shortly we come to a place in the edge of standing timber, where the forest is utterly wretched, battered and riven and plowed with gigantic plows of destruction. The land stretches away under leaden skies, a dreary desert, the very burnt out craters of an awful volcano. This is the Krenhilde line. Out through this waste the wagons wallow, through obliterated roads. The men winding about to miss the shell holes and the tangled wire and wrecked trench that sends forth sick, deadly smell of rotted earth. The haunting, bitter odor of spent gas. A dreary, depressing smell, once known, never to be forgotten. With the gathering dusk the rain comes on like silent, hopeless weeping of the women of France. To the left, a hill in dark, ghostly silhouette; again, darkening the heavens, rows on rows of black crosses spread their arms across the sodden mounds beneath.

Only the sounds of marching feet tramping onward into the night, the rattling of chains and the low chuckling talk of the wagons. The swish and whisper of the rain in the dead leaves out through the broken forest.

Down a little hill and the brush and trees withdraw their muffled forms away from the road, a halt is called. The black bulk of an officer passes down the line and informs our eager ears that our downy couches await us in the field to the right, and be careful we don't fall in a shell hole; also, remember, positively no lights. The caution about shell holes is well-taken. Great ponds of water, some three feet deep, await the unwary searcher for a place to spread his blankets. Lucky indeed is he who can find a spot large enough to spread a shelter tent, before he plunges to the waist in a stinking bath occupying a shell crater. First you spread your rain coat, then your overcoat, then your blankets, and lowering yourself gently into your bed, you sink softly into a dreamless sleep.

In the still, cold dawn of the morning, you awake to find your feet freezing in a pool of green, stagnant water, while your head rests a few feet from the carcass of a friendly mule who had departed this life not many days gone by in the service of you and your country. Such is one day of the sight-seeing you hear so much about. Others? Oh, yes, many of them. It was SOME SHOW.

The short story above is a true account of one day's experience of one of Ashland's ex-soldiers. We will freely admit that there are very many of our comrades who have undoubtedly had a like experience, who can easily verify it for truth. The Legion editor wants your experience in your own words, just as you remember them. You will be glad to have a copy of it ten years from now—after you get your adjusted service pay from the government—

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The members of Ashland Post will be very busy chaps this month. They have their first meeting Tuesday, the 14th, and then we have the Mardigal glee club (girls) from O. A. C., on the 24th, and then the Oregon glee club (boys) from the U. of O. on the 30th. In between times we will have some of the service and compensation census work to start. The census will enumerate every ex-service man in the community and determine what are his needs and his desires concerning the national adjusted compensation due to be passed in the near future. Lynn Slack is heading the service census campaign and it will be a thoroughly done job.

We notice that the fellows who are fighting the justly due adjusted service compensation, are the birds who made the best profits during the war. It is a cinch that the man who was in the service, did not get it.



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