

Lake O'Woods Will Be Popular Tourist Resort This Summer

Lake of the Woods promises to be a delightful camping spot. The next two miles is beautiful prairie, covered with grass and flowers, where hundreds of cattle are seen grazing throughout the summer.

Passing through another stretch of fir and pine, you get the first glimpse of the Lake of the Woods, only 200 yards ahead, a heart-shaped gem like an emerald in one of the most perfect settings in the world.

The lake is four and one-half miles long by one and a half miles wide. It is fed continually by white, churning, ribbon-like streams suspended from the pale green mountains above. Three sides of the lake are surrounded by mountains, while the fourth opens into a large meadow. On the east shore a strip, two miles in length, has been set aside for lots. The simple, rustic cottages that have been built, front the lake and are set back about 80 feet.

Two large springs furnish water, which some day will be piped into the cottages.

Boating, bathing, fishing, hiking, hunting and picking huckleberries are the main sports at the lake. Tourists may rent boats from the forest service concession, while two-thirds of the permittees have private boats. There is an excellent bathing beach, and as the water has an average temperature of 69 degrees, the bathing is very pleasant. The lake has been stocked with bass and rainbow trout which promises to make it a great fishing ground in the near future. The timber near the lake is quite open, making it possible to hike in nearly any direction, while several trails have been made, and others are proposed. There is a trail to the top of Mount McLaughlin, a distance of 12 miles.

There are higher mountains on the coast. McLaughlin being only 9493 feet elevation, but none have a greater capacity for arousing mountaineering blood. Furthermore there are few peaks, even of greater height, that offer the same thrills. From the government fire station at the summit, may be seen 28 lakes, the tops of the Cascade range, the Rogue River valley and the Crater Lake mountains, besides all the surrounding peaks.

During the last seven years the number of visitors to Lake of the Woods has doubled each year. Now, with the new road completed, many tourists visiting Crater Lake will return to the highway by way of Lake of the Woods.

There are now 48 permittees at the lake, 49 of whom have already built cabins on their lots. It is believed that with the new road completed this number will be increased to 200 during the next summer. Fifteen of the cabins are owned by Ashland citizens, most of whom spend from two weeks to three months at the lake. Many families remain there during the entire summer, while business men from all the neighboring towns drive up there on Saturday nights and return to their offices Monday mornings.

On the old road the distance from Ashland to the lake is 35 1/2 miles, but this distance is lengthened about two miles by the new road. The grade on the new road is in no place over ten per cent, and will average about five per cent for the entire distance. The road is standard, being from 10 to 16 feet wide with a solid roadbed.

The road takes off from the Pacific highway three miles east of Ashland, at what is known as the Owens place. The first point of interest is Pompadour Bluff, a peculiar shaped mass of limestone near the five-mile post. On one side the rock takes the appearance of a pig, while as you pass around to the east, the face of an Indian is clearly outlined. The road rises gradually up the south slope of Dead Indian Creek canyon and as you near the summit, you can see clearly the beautiful snow-capped peaks of the Siskiyou, and below parts of the Rogue River valley. Here the road passes through heavy stands of yellow pine and red and white fir. The summit, 4500 feet elevation, is 12 miles from Ashland. Five miles of thickly wooded slope and you reach Spencer's Cove,

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EXTENSIVE PATROL FOR HIGHWAYS

SALEM, Or., March 14.—With the motor tourist season only a few weeks away, the state traffic department has practically completed preparations to carry on the most extensive highway patrol service ever attempted by the department. This was announced Saturday by T. A. Rafferty, chief inspector of the state motor vehicle department.

The entire state has been divided into districts, and a traffic officer has been assigned to each. Josephine, Jackson, Curry and part of Klamath county has been assigned to J. J. McMahon. This is known as district number 8 and includes a large part of the Pacific highway in southern Oregon.

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YOUNG FOLKS ARE QUIETLY MARRIED

John Redmon Bilderback and Glynnie Clarkson were quietly married at Jacksonville Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Bilderback parents reside about ten miles southeast of Ashland, but she has been in Seattle for some time past.

Mr. Bilderback has resided with his parents about six miles east of town, and the young folks will go to housekeeping on the father's place, in the very near future.

The best of good wishes are extended to the young people for a happy and prosperous married life.

"Build with the Birds."



"SIGHT-SEEING IN FRANCE"

Camp Besener, 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 played 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 Besiner 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 crab 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-Angoulême, 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 squash 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. 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 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 Krenbille line. Out through this waste the wagons wallow, through obliterated roads. The men wading 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—and you are settling on Easy Street, with your feet on your desks, etc.

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 Mardi-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 clench that the man who was in the service, did not get it.

FUNERAL WILL BE THURSDAY

The funeral of the late Mrs. J. J. Walker will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the H. C. Stock undertaking parlors. Burial will be in Mountain View cemetery. The funeral has been delayed owing to the critical illness of the little Walker child who has been lying at the point of death since before the mother passed away.

Mrs. J. J. Walker Dies at Talent

Mrs. J. J. Walker, of Talent, died at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, aged 40 years, nine months and 27 days.

Mrs. Walker was born in California, but moved here a number of years ago. She was well known in Ashland, having lived here until a few months ago, when, with her family, she moved to Talent. About two months ago she was taken ill with influenza and this developed into pneumonia, which, with other troubles she had been suffering with for some time, was more than her system could throw off.

Funeral arrangements have not been completed at this time and will be announced later.

Golden Rule to Open Store Soon

The Golden Rule department store which is now refitting the interior of the rooms recently rented in the Elks building, will be ready to open its doors for business in the very near future, although the exact date is not yet known.

The room will be completely finished in white, as will the show windows, thereby giving the place the appearance of cleanliness as nothing else would do.

The store will handle men's clothing and furnishings, ladies' ready-to-wear garments, dry goods and notions of every description. White House shoes for men, Maxine shoes for ladies and Buster Brown shoes for children will be handled.

The store has a floor space of 4200 square feet, which will give it ample room for display tables as well as plenty of shelving for the goods.

Stock is arriving daily and is being placed in position by Mr. Evans who will have charge of the store. C. W. Wilcock, manager of the Golden Rule store at Medford, is in the east buying goods for the store here, and this is assurance that the stock will be absolutely new.

Announcement of the opening date will be made public as soon as the manager is able to set a definite date.

RANCHER TO HAVE RADIOPHONE IN ROOM AT HOTEL

Harry Rosenberg, of Medford, has returned from New York and Chicago, where he studied fruit conditions, and also purchased a radiophone, called the most marvelous of modern inventions, which he will install in his room at the Medford hotel. By means of the radiophone, which is a highly developed wireless, he will be able to hear distinctly lectures, concerts, speeches and vaudeville, the range of the instrument including territory from Mexico to Canada and as far east as the Rocky mountains.

The performance of the Chicago grand opera at Portland the latter part of this month, will be heard through a radiophone. Every week day night, the dance orchestra of the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, gives a concert for the radiophone. On other nights singing and talking numbers of Orpheum vaudeville are sent broadcast.

The radiophone has taken the east by storm, and they have been purchased as fast as manufactured. The one bought by Mr. Rosenberg is now en route, and is believed to be the first one to be installed in southern Oregon. In last week's Literary Digest there was a description of the radiophone and a map showing the sections served. For instance, the Rogue river valley will be able to hear the Los Angeles and Seattle stations, and as far as Denver, if air conditions are right.

FIRST COMPANY PLAY POSTPONED

Announcement was made yesterday that the play, scheduled to be put on by the First company, O. C. A., next week, has been postponed for two or three weeks on account of conflicting attractions.

Prof. Irving Vining took charge of the cast last evening, and under his proficient management, the members made splendid progress. The whole attraction promises to be one of the most ably put on of any local talent show ever staged in the city.

Citizens who have listened to some of the practice work state that the choice of the play is an admirable one and that it is bound to make a big hit.

Rogue River Abounds In Trout and Salmon

At all seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter—there is good fishing and plenty of fish in Rogue river. Of course, this does not mean that even the most expert fisherman can go out any time the spirit moves him and return with a large string of fish. Anyone who has had experience in angling for trout or salmon will know better than that.

Trout and salmon are temperamental and many a day you may spend whipping the waters of Rogue river from dawn to sunset and have little to show for your efforts beyond a sunburned face and a peeled nose.

Rogue river, having its source in the snow-capped heights of the Cascade mountains, meandering its entire length of over 200 miles through rough and mountainous country to empty its waters in the Pacific, is one of the grandest trout streams in the world. Snow fed at its source, gathering volume from cold springs and creeks on its way to the sea, un-sullied by any long stretches of stagnant marsh and unpolluted by the filth of great cities, it is the ideal home of the trout and salmon species.

From their home in the salt water of the Pacific, great schools of royal chinook, silverside salmon and steelheads enter the fresh water and seek their spawning grounds in the gravel beds of Rogue river. With wonderful strength and vitality they leap the falls and rapids and battle the currents in their efforts to reach the waters that are purest and coldest.

A LARGE NUMBER ATTEND MEETING

The meeting held at home of Ralph Billings, under the auspices of the Farm Bureau, was largely attended by dairymen from this section of the valley, there being about 40 men and women present to hear the talks made by Prof. Pitts, of the Oregon Agricultural college, and other experienced dairymen. While the information was not all new to experienced dairymen, many things of interest were brought out that will prove of value to the experienced as well as the new dairyman.

Points brought out by Prof. Pitts were that it pays to feed good cows grain, but that a cow which is a poor butterfat producer, should be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Good cows should be fed good and well-balanced feed and if they do not live up to the standard, sell them at the earliest possible moment. For winter feed, beet pulp soaked in equal to silage and is advisable for dairymen who do not have silage available. The amount of milk produced is limited by the amount of protein in the feed.

County Agent Cates and his assistant, A. L. Moss, were present, as was Mr. Stewart, the new cow tester for the Rogue River cow testing association. Mr. Moss will have charge of the various boys and girls clubs that will be formed over the county. Prof. Pitts stated that the first meeting held in the state along the line of the one held yesterday at Mr. Billings' place, was held in Jackson county four years ago.

CLAUD PHILLIPS CLAIMS A BRIDE

Claud Phillips and Martha Huxley were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Huxley on Walker avenue in the east part of the city Wednesday afternoon. The ring ceremony was used and Rev. Rhodes of Medford said the words that made two hearts beat as one.

After the ceremony, a delicious luncheon was served by the mother of the bride to the newly-weds and their friends who had been invited to attend the ceremony. After a brief honeymoon trip the young couple will be at home in Medford.

SURPRISE PARTY WEDNESDAY EVE.

Six of the local telephone office employees went to Medford Wednesday evening and surprised Mrs. Marie Otterdale, mother of the local chief operator, Miss Myrtle Otterdale. An enjoyable evening was had, and the birthday cake was cut, a portion being distributed to those present. Mrs. Otterdale was the recipient of a lovely cut glass bud vase from the local telephone employees. Those present from here were, Mrs. Dora Hubbard, and the Misses Lola Conroy, Alice Craig, Mildred Carlton, Gladys Inlow and Bertha Smith.

In the higher altitude where the river is a series of white falls and where the angler seldom ventures every little creek is alive with native trout. So there are always game fish in the Rogue river ready (when the humor strikes them) to seize the natural bait or strike the artificial lure.

Late in June the summer steelheads begin to appear and then the grandest fly-fishing the world knows begins. From June till December they take the fly and the Rogue river steelhead has the reputation of being the hardest fighter for his size and weight among game fish. Spawning and hatched in a mountain torrent, infant days spent in boiling and foaming rapids, he becomes a living dynamo of strength and beauty. Nothing in the line of sport sends such an electric thrill through you as when he grabs your fly and tries to make off with all your tackle. Every trick known to fish or man he tries in his efforts to rid himself of the barb, making a gallant fight for life and liberty. You give and take, matching wit of human skill against the wit of cunning brain, and with your slender rod of bamboo you are for a time helpless against his six pounds of dynamic energy. But, after a time, persistence begins to tell. His frantic rushes become shorter, his struggles become a series of short jerks, you retrieve more of the line, and finally he gives up the fight and allows you to slide him safely out on the sloping gravel.

COLLEGE WOMEN'S BUSINESS MEETING

The College Women's club met Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. E. H. Hurd, in Medford. After a brief business meeting in charge of the president, Mrs. Amos Willetts, a delightful program was given with Mrs. Malgram as chairman.

The first number was a song, "It Matters Not," the words of which were written by Mr. R. P. Campbell, and the music composed by Mrs. E. A. Woods. Mrs. Perry Ashcraft sang this and Mrs. Woods played the accompaniment. So exquisite is the haunting beauty of the harmony and words that at the close of the program, at the earnest request of all, Mrs. Ashcraft sang it through the second time. Miss Rogers, of the Ashland high school, gave a reading by Bruno Lessing, "The End of the Task." Miss Rheu gave an explanatory talk regarding the biology work she is teaching in the Ashland high school. Mrs. R. E. Hurd, who with her husband and baby, was lately returned from Peru where, before her marriage, she founded and conducted a school at Lima for girls under the direction of the Methodist church, gave an interesting account of the home life of the Peruvian women.

Mrs. Ashcraft sang another delightful little song, the music for which was composed by Mrs. Woods, and the words written by Grace Hall of Portland. The Ashland ladies present were justly proud of the local talent displayed on this program.

During the social hour refreshments were served with the following members as hostesses, Mesdames E. H. Hurd, E. E. Kelly, F. G. Newman, James Campbell, and Misses Manning and Heywood.

It was announced that the next meeting will be held in Medford, at the residence of Mrs. Stearns.

MEAT MARKET CHANGES HANDS

The City Meat market, on East Main street, which has been operated for the last few months by J. M. Grimsley, has changed hands. O. C. Goodlett has bought the business and leased the building for one year. Mr. Goodlett has been operating the Fourth Street market for the last five months and decided that he could operate the two places to better advantage than he could the one place alone. The Main street shop will be improved and equipped so that a larger amount of meat may be taken care of at all times.

W. T. Mason will have charge of the shop for the present, and will weigh up the meat for what he hopes will be satisfied customers.