

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

O. & C. GRANT LANDS—Blue print plat showing lands in Josephine county, \$1.50. Address A. E. Voorhies, Grants Pass.

SECOND-HAND FORD for sale or trade for cattle. Union Junk Co. 91

\$80 TAKES a good light truck in good running order, or will trade for good work horse. Inquire at Ed Front barn, Grants Pass, Ore. 90

FOR SALE—Home in Long Beach, Cal., good residential section. Would consider good income property in Grants Pass. Also an 80-acre fruit ranch two miles north of Grants Pass. Mrs. O. W. Murray, Grants Pass, Ore. 12

FOR SALE—4-horse team, weight, 1,600 each; new 3 1/2 wagon and new 3 1/2 trailer; complete freight-outfit. Address E. Friday, Selma, Ore. 94

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 591f

FOR SALE—Three horses, four cows, three wagons, two harrows, phonograph, two beds and other things. C. H. Gordon, Rd. No. 3 100

TO RENT

FURNISHED ROOMS—Large, comfortable and conveniently located. 411 C street. 581f

PARTLY FURNISHED cottage for rent, 50 feet from pavement, also unfurnished cottage on pavement, \$8 per month. Inquire A. E. Voorhies. 924f

FOR RENT—Six-room house, 727 North Fifth street, partly furnished, bath, sleeping porch, acre of ground, poultry yard and house; also 4-room house, 321 Rogue River Ave., sleeping porch, poultry house, three fourths acre. Get key from Mrs. Jennie Moss. 94

FOR RENT—Eight-room modern bungalow, 846 North Sixth street. Phone 364-R. 90

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 209 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moss renting agency. 581f

WANTED

WILL PAY cash for good small quartz prospect, rich in gold. P. O. Box 167, Rogue River, Ore. 97

MAN WITH A TEAM wants work. Address H. Cameron, care Murphy stage, Grants Pass. 93

WANTED—Man to work in garage; with some experience preferred. Address No. 987, care Courier. 91

LOST

LOST—Pair of men's shoes on Sixth street, between postoffice and repair shop. Finder please leave at this office. 90

MISCELLANEOUS

WASTE MERCHANTS—Dealers in all kinds of scrap. Union Junk Co. 10

ATTORNEYS

H. D. NORTON, Attorney-at-law Practices in all State and Federal Courts. First National Bank Bldg.

COLVIG & WILLIAMS, Attorneys-at-law, Grants Pass Banking Co. Bldg., Grants Pass, Oregon.

E. H. VAN DYKE, Attorney. Practice in all courts. First National Bank Bldg.

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney-at-law, Golden Rule Building, Phone 170, Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys, Albert Bldg. Phone 216-J. Practice in all courts; land board attorneys.

VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian, Office, residence, Phone 305-R.

PHYSICIANS

L. O. CLEMENT, M. D., Practice limited to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Office hours 9-12, 2-5, or on appointment. Office phone, 62; residence phone 359-J.

S. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 182 Sixth and H, Tufts Bldg.

A. A. WITTHAM, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office, Hall Bldg., corner Sixth and I streets. Phone: Office, 116; residence, 288-J. Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. J. O. NIBLEY, Physician and surgeon. Lundburg Bldg. Health office. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 310-J

PHOTO STUDIO

THE PICTURE MILL, open daily 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. For Sunday sittings call Mill 283-R or residence 140-J.

DENTISTS

E. C. MACY, D. M. D., First-class dentist. 109 1/2 South Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

J. S. MACMURRAY, teacher of voice culture and singing. Lessons given at home of pupil if requested. Address 716 Lee street.

DRAYAGE AND TRANSFER

COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. All kinds of drayage and transfer work carefully and promptly done. Phone 181-J. Stand at freight depot. A. Shade, Prop.

F. G. ISHAM, drayage and transfer. Safes, pianos and furniture moved, packed, shipped and stored. Phone Clark & Holman, No. 50. Residence phone 124-R.

THE WORLD MOVES; so do we. Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 397-R.

The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company TIME CARD

Daily except Sunday Effective May 1, 1918

Train 1 lv. Grants Pass, 1:00 p. m.
Train 2 lv. Waters Creek 3:00 p. m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and Eighth streets opposite the Southern Pacific depot. For all information regarding freight and passenger service call at the office of the company, Lundburg building, or phone 181 for same.

YANK TELLS OF SOLDIER'S LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

One of Pershing's Veterans Relates His Experiences.

ALL EAGER FOR THE FIGHT

Sergeant, Wounded in France and Invalided Home, Gives an Account of the Trip of First American Contingent to France and of Their Entry into the Trenches—Describes Artillery Fire and Gas Attacks.

Sergt. Floyd M. Clark, wounded in France and invalided home to Fort McHenry hospital, told the story of the men General Pershing led to France as the vanguard of the American expeditionary force.

"I enlisted at Fort Slocum, New York, and in June, 1914, I went down to Galveston and was signed in with the Twenty-second infantry. It was on the way down that I got acquainted with 'Duck' Smith. He's on the books now as Sergt. Merle C. Smith, from Dubois, Pa., which is out near Pittsburgh. But he's got such short legs that we just natchurally called him 'Duck.' He's the best pal a man ever had. He's got a heart of gold and from the very first off we've shared and shared alike. And he is sure some talented. He's a natchural born musician. Boy, you should hear 'Duck' blow a bloody cornet. He can play any instrument he can pick up. It don't make any difference what the instrument is, give him five minutes and he begins to get real music out of it.

"He's always got a guitar with him and he knows all the music there is, all them deep Spanish songs you hear down on the border and a whole string of 'Blues.' By the time he gets through with the Fritsies he'll know all the music in Europe, too.

"Along in 1916 they organized the Thirty-fifth regiment and 20 of us were taken from each company of the Twenty-second, to help make it up. Then, in the spring of 1917, we were transferred to the Eighteenth regiment and I went in the headquarters company. I was made a sergeant just before we started across.

"In May the word went around that we were at war strength and from that time on we were getting the hot news every day that we were going across, or that we were going to be moved North, or were going to San Francisco or some other place.

"Goes 'Over There.' "But nothing happened until the first week in June, when we got the order to pack up. The dope was that we were going into camp at Gettysburg or at Syracuse. Nobody I knew had a hint that we were going across. Of course, everybody wanted to go across, but if they had let out where we were going it would have got around in no time.

"We had a fine train with Pullman cars, they sure gave us a fine trip. In France you're lucky to get a ride in a freight car. We went along easy and stopped in a lot of small towns. They never stopped in the big places; we went through most of them at night. Finally, we got to Hornell, N. Y. And that was where we got the real dope. The word came around that orders had come to hold up the trains because the ships had not reached their docks. Then we knew we were going over, and, boy, I'm telling you there was some cheering.

"We went on board about eleven o'clock at night, and that same night we started out, but were later held up for several days. I don't know what we were waiting for, but when we started out we had a convoy of warships. In our company we had a Danish lad whose father was a sea captain. This Dane kid had been in every port in the world. Just as soon as he saw the port he says: 'We are going into the port of —.' That didn't mean much to us, but he told us it was in France.

"Well, boy, I want to tell you it is the prettiest place in the world. It looks just like a picture, a handpainted picture. It is the prettiest town I ever want to see.

"We were at that camp fourteen days and while we did quite a lot of drilling, we got liberty to go back to the town, and we began to learn their lingo. They wouldn't let us spend much money and at that time they didn't know how much money we got, so prices were cheap.

"Into the Trenches. "Well, we got the kinks out of ourselves during the two weeks we stayed at that camp. I guess there must of been more men coming over, because one night we gets the word to be ready to move on the next day. They moved us in box cars. We were two days and two nights on the road and must have gone about 450 miles; it was a swell trip. The country looked great at that time of the year and we were loaded down with flowers all the time.

"We went into camp at —, which is about four miles behind the front line trenches. We were billeted in barns and stables from Saturday until Monday night, when we took our first

trip in the trenches. Our division was feeling fine and they all wanted to get a chance at fighting right away.

"There were four regiments in our crowd and one battalion from each regiment was sent up in the first relief. My battalion was chosen from the regiment. We had about 5,000 men going up the first time. We took up a front about a mile long.

"Well, there was some groaning when we found what kind of trenches they had handed us. They had mud up to your shoetops and they were lousier than a cuckoo. We went in at night and spent the first few hours getting our dugouts fixed up.

"This first trip in the trenches was only for ten days. But we were glad to get the rest, when it came time for us to be relieved. We wanted the chance to get a bath.

"Our trenches were only 800 yards away from the Fritsies and we could see them fine. During our stay in there we got a chance to try some shooting, but there wasn't much doing except the shelling from the German trenches. In our battalion in that stay we lost sixteen men killed and wounded. Two of them were killed by snipers' bullets and the other seven by artillery fire.

Loss Their Curiosity.

"It's a funny thing about that shelling. About the first day we were ducking all the time. Whenever we heard a shell come over we all wanted to know where it struck. After about the first day we got so used to it that we'd never even look around to see where it went. Most of the shelling was done early in the morning or late in the evening. At first, the most of us had the shakes somewhat. You felt all quivery all over and you couldn't stop, no matter what you thought about.

"Our dugouts had little French stoves in them. Them French stoves ain't no good. Of course, we used 'em and sometimes they did pretty well. The trouble was that the smokestack has to be run out the door of the dug-out, and when the wind blows that way it blows the smoke right back into the trench.

"It was pretty wet and uncomfortable a lot of the time, but, boy, I want to tell you, I'd rather be in the trenches any day than drilling.

"The only time I ever came real near to getting hurt on that first trip up was the evening before the day we were relieved. A wagon drawn by mules was brought up to take away a lot of eats we hadn't used and I had a detail of seven men out to load the wagon.

We had the wagon almost loaded when the shells began to come over. But they were going over our heads and we didn't pay much attention.

"Then Major Duke came along in the trench not a great ways from us and he yelled out: 'You boys better come out of that. One of those shells will fall short pretty quick.'

"Well, we only had a few more boxes to put on and I says, 'Throw on the rest lively, boys, and beat it.'

"Just about then old Fritzies sends one over. You know you can hear them coming, and you can tell just about where they will land from the sound. I knew this shell was going to come near for it sounded loud. I had kept my uniform pretty clean and when I heard that shell, I sure did hate to throw myself flat in that mud we were standing in.

Takes a Chance.

"Well, I took a chance and didn't fall flat. I bunkered down and so did the rest of the bunch. The shell exploded right over our heads about 25 feet in the air, I guess. Something hit me on the head and knocked me over and my tin hat fell off.

"I grabbed the hat and we beat it for a dugout. The driver of the wagon beat us in, though. He sure had the shakes for a minute. I looked at my hat and it had a big dent in it where a piece of shrapnel struck. Two other men in the detail, messengers, had holes cut in their blouses by flying bits of the steel, but none of us were hurt. Boy, I sure was tickled when I found I wasn't hurt none. The luck of it was that it busted so high in the air that the bullets had kind of lost their power when they hit us. One of the four mules on the combat wagon was hit. One of his forelegs was broken and we had to shoot him.

"It was the first trip up for that guy that was driving the mules and you should have heard him swear when he found out he was all right.

"We had one gas attack. Half the men were on guard and half asleep when the patrol runs in and wakes up and makes us put on our masks. Two of our men were knocked out by the gas, but they recovered.

"Well, we went back to our billets in trucks and it was while we were back there that I got shot in the foot when a rifle went off. It blew a hole in my foot. Something got into it and it don't seem to heal very fast. They cut off my little toe, took out the bone and used the toe to plug up the hole. I guess it will do fine if it don't grow a toenail on the bottom of my foot."

CLASS FOR DEAF WOMEN

They Can Sew and Are Being Taught to Read Cross Work.

Seemingly sane seamstresses of capable sewing circles sometimes say severely silly sentences.

But don't you dare make that assertion in the presence of a certain sewing circle at room 300, Mason building, Los Angeles, for although not a single member of the class would hear you, they would all understand what you said.

The society referred to is the Auxiliary of the Red Cross for the Hard of Hearing, a class which has just been organized entirely of deaf women who are engaged in making sponge wipes, compresses and other surgical necessities for the Red Cross.

Butter Wrappers printed to comply with the law at the Courier.

Our classified ads bring results.

GOODYEAR Tires

C. L. HOBART CO.

Don't Slow Up Advertising Now!

Never has there been a time when the public has looked more keenly for MERCHANDISING NEWS than now.

Never has there been a time more auspicious for the enterprising tradesman to secure HIS FULL SHARE OF TRADE than now.

People must continue to eat, to wear and to use.

The tendency is to cut out luxuries, and luxuries are only a relative small proportion of your business. For every luxury cut out you have a chance to increase your movement of staples.

How short-sighted is the policy of reducing advertising expense to "save money." You will only lose trade. You will only lose prestige.

Advertise to increase sales and make more money; don't cut it out to save money.

Study your advertising as you never did before—do it wisely and well.

Be prosperous and let the people know that you are prosperous.

Success was NEVER achieved by stopping advertising or by wearing old clothes and talking pessimism.

Be Wise—and Advertise!



O. & C. Grant Land Blue Print Maps

Josephine and Curry Counties\$1.50

Jackson County\$1.50

Both maps for \$2.50

Printed from tracings made by M. J. Anderson Jr.

Mailed prepaid on receipt of price

A. E. Voorhies

Grants Pass, Oregon