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FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1927

EDITORIAL

Perhaps we had better not make any remarks about summer weather.

Many a checkered career ends in a stripped suit.

Most advice seldom gets any further in than the eardrum.

Among the books with unhappy endings are check books.

Now if Linbergh would stop flying he could enjoy his money for a longer time.

An editor refers to a candidate as a "flaming wet." Probably set on fire by the stuff.

Whoever named it the "funny bone" had a mighty poor sense of humor.

So live that you can get sick and be delirious without later worrying over what you said.

What the average woman wants is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapped around her finger.

Editor Bede of the Cottage Grove Sentinel is always getting off something funny, and most of his jokes are original. The latest rumor says "Bede is talked off as a candidate for governor in 1930." Bede is the life of the party.

Reports from various corners of the state don't look quite so sure for the income tax. Should the measure fail to pass, we will all live on just the same, and don't expect to leave Oregon in order to live.

Sympathy for the Mississippi flood sufferers reminds us to thank God for our trees. May this great disaster that has befallen the nation bring about a never changing policy of reforestation that will forever prevent a recurrence of the damaging effect of the powerful devastation of loosed waters.

SUNSHINE

Don't growl at the heat. It is earning so much money every minute it is difficult to estimate the amount. A hot, moist June will make Mother Earth catch up completely with all her crops on millions of farms.

One may prefer cold breeze like those on a mountain top, but they would mean a short corn harvest and a slim yield of potatoes. Let June be as comfortable as a winter resort, and down comes the quantity of nearly everything which comes from the soil.

These hot nights are translating themselves into millions of extra bushels of wheat, corn and oats. A sunny June yields a bigger berry crop and hence a more plentiful supply of jellies, jams and other things one would be unable to get if nights were cold and mornings frosty.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL

When you were a school-boy, or school-girl, a red letter day of the year was when school was dismissed for the summer vacation. It mattered not if you were one of the one who like to go to school. There are such girls and an occasional boy of the same kind. The attitude of the pupils at the closing of the school year will not be misunderstood by those who have not forgotten their own feelings under similar circumstances. There is eagerness to lay aside books and pencils and rest from the routine which has been the

order for ten months.

The suggestion which is sometimes made that the school year should be continuous and that the summer vacation, if granted at all, should be short, gets mighty little indorsement from those whom it would affect chiefly. Even the teachers we imagine would not wish to surrender the weeks relaxation though it might mean a little more pay.

The average boy in the grades regards school as a species of punishment, inflicted on him because he cannot help himself. It is the exception for the boy to hold it needful to do more than will "get him by." This may not be the ideal boy, but it is somewhere near the description of the normal boy. When the boy lands in the high school ambition may burgeon, but the small boy who is too studious is likely to be regarded as catering to the prize of being the teacher's pet and that in the average estimate is nothing but a disgrace.

It is well that parents and school authorities have views somewhat at variance with the pupils, else school rooms would not be filled as they are. Were it not so there would be longer vacations and shorter school terms. It happens that so long as children are in the grades, the parents know what is best for them. When the children get into college the situation may be reversed and the children know what is best for parents. At least there is some practice on that theory.

LUMBER MARKET WILL IMPROVE

The recent and still continuous flood disaster of the Mississippi river region is to be deplored most sincerely, but the floods have forced the desertion of homes and most of the small shacks and light structures that were in use.

It will be necessary that many of these be replaced as soon as the waters recede. Hardwood mills have been washed away, thus creating a shortage in the hardwood market. This will mean a strong demand for western lumber in the near future and we should feel the result in the West in the increased payroll, which will have a favorable effect on business.

Those who have pessimistic views as to business conditions for this summer very likely be pleasantly surprised to note the changes here in the near future.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD ROADS

It is not so long ago that the Caterpillar Tractor company published a most interesting volume, entitled "Out of the Rut." This book's story began almost at the beginning of time and showed the history of road building up to the present.

It brought out forcibly the fact that in many sections of the country the gospel of good roads is still in that stage characteristic of the middle 19th century, covering only the veriest beginnings of modern roadway systems.

It is almost inconceivable that any American community could countenance indefinitely the handicap of poor roads. The whole history of the world's advance is inseparable from its transportation facilities. The world has prospered with the development of transportation rather than transportation with the development of the world.

Those who live on the great highways suffer because there are places in this nation where good roads do

not abound. It is for the general weifare that we should spread the gospel of good roads until it taps and develops the hindermost regions, adding wealth and greater prosperity to our unified nation.

PUTTING BUSINESS INTO FARMING

Almost any locality can make its own place on national or international life. Petaluma, California, did it with White Leghorn hens. Tillamook, Oregon, did it with cheese. Jericho, Utah, does it with the great Jericho wool pool, that sells only top wool in one prize sale. Idaho Falls, Idaho, does it with potatoes. Wenatchee, Washington, apples are internationally famous, and so on through a long specialized list.

In every case the profits result from high grade uniformity. The producers do not trust to luck, or to individual idiosyncracies; they agree on a standard, and enforce it. The "independence" of the farmer becomes a myth in every one of these high priced specialty products; independence, that is, to think freak stuff by freak methods. But they become independently rich; which is better than mere license to do foolish things in a foolish way.

A grain company that was urged to buy in one of the most fertile sections of the mountain West, refused to buy grain there. "We want standard grains," it said, "and no two of you raise the same kind of stuff. Your wheat is mongrel; your oats are all the way from white or red, to black; your barley is piebald and will not grade in any market. We'll go out of business before we'll buy in such a district."

The adoption of a high standard product, and the cumulative aid of every affiliated grower to keep up the standard and make the supply adequate to fill the market every year is one sure way out of the agriculture doldrums.

MEMORIAL DAY

Care for the widows and orphans of our soldier dead adds especial appeal this year to the annual national sale of buddy poppies conducted by the Veterans of Foreign Wars during the week of Memorial Day to the end that through the symbol of the poppy we as a nation may pay tribute to those war-heroes who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

This year in further extension of the relief program, to which the entire proceeds of the sale are devoted a portion of the proceeds will be allotted to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, National Home for Widows and Orphans of ex-service men established two years ago at Eaton Rapids, Mich. The home, the site of which covers 472 acres, operates on a unique family group plan, keeping mother and children together in individual households. The addition of a new building recently increased its facilities, and another is now under construction.

Other proceeds of the sale are used for relief of war-disabled and to meet conditions of distress among ex-service men and their families occasioned by sickness or unemployment.

President Coolidge annually endorses the buddy poppy sale, as did the two preceding presidents. Professional organizations and trades associations, religious leaders, the General Federation of Women's clubs and the National American War Mothers also officially commend it.

All of the more than 3,000,000 buddy poppies are made by disabled and needy ex-service men, many of them patients in government hospitals. Each buddy poppy is guaranteed by a copyright label.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of George W. Harkins, deceased, and all persons having claims against said Estate are required to present them, duly verified, and with proper vouchers, within six months from this date to I. A. Roberts, Attorney for said Estate, at his office over the Citizens Bank of Ashland, Ashland, Oregon.

Dated May 6, 1927.

MARY A. HARKINS,
Administratrix

Harness and all parts for dressing up your horse at Pail's Corner, Ashland.



BINGO'S BUBBLES

BY BINGO Jr.

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Speaking of antiques, what has happened to the cowbell?

—(B B)—

In small towns, flea hounds are thorough.

—(B B)—

You receive your diploma at the postoffice when graduating from a correspondence school.

—(B B)—

Healthy men never make friends with the undertaker until it is too late.

—(B B)—

A hick town is where the old fogies predict rain when their corns get to hurtin'.

—(B B)—

A stranger coming into town judges the inhabitants by the first man he meets.

—(B B)—

You know and I know that the censors decided that Jack the Giant Killer wasn't the Husband of The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

—(B B)—

Correct this sentence: "When Willie read the titles, everyone enjoys the show."

—(B B)—

It takes an experienced astronomer to find chicken in chicken soup.

—(B B)—

When you order hash, remember they are waiting to clean up the kitchen.

—(B B)—

Brigham Young is still the undisputed champion in the game of love and seek.

—(B B)—

Doctors prescribe more for mental sickness than for disease.

—(B B)—

No woman is ever outspoken—it's impossible.

—(B B)—

A man that wears a 17½ collar can always get his size at the harness shop.

—(B B)—

Hotel reservations are not always full of Indians.

—(B B)—

Observation proves that many are born tired.

—(B B)—

Some students improve with age. Others study consistently.

—(B B)—

If you sleep in class don't bother the listeners by snoring.

—(B B)—

In speaking of grades remember that a Ford is a strait two.

—(B B)—

Never pick anyone up when motoring. Let the ambulance do it.

—(B B)—

In the class room, altitude counts more than knowledge.

—(B B)—

The morning's mail brot the following: "I like your columns, but what's the sense of being a Jew and posing under an Irish name?" Well, why not be a martyr to the Mud Slinging Army?

—(B B)—

Many sailors see the world thru a port hole.

—(B B)—

Dark horse senators need a Congressional white wash. The Congressional car has many flat tires.

—(B B)—

"Fill up the tank" isn't as popular now as when gas was cheaper!

—(B B)—

It ain't always the man that reaches the spigot first that gets the best drink!

Brakes were not put on cars jes' for ornamentin' purposes as some drivers do believe.

—(B B)—

EVERYMAN'S DREAM

A razor with a perpetual edge

—(B B)—

MARTHY BROADCASTS:

"An engagement is jes' like a transfer. It lets you go a little bit farther!"

—(B B)—

Some people likes to leave their curtains up at night—it gives all the curious neighbors a chance to see how they spend their evening.

—(B B)—

Many a man swears it will be the last "hang over" he will ever have, but Saturday night changes his mind for him.

—(B B)—

Punchin' in on a time clock clearly proves to the man that the proclamation of Lincoln's didn't free all the slaves.

—(B B)—

When a man sez their ain't no news in the paper, then you kir bet he has a "small town" mind.

—(B B)—

The head is a good place for an idea to originate, but too many men are too lazy to ever try putting it into practical use—they are just so afraid some one will criticise them!

—(B B)—

BEING POPULAR DON'T MEAN HAVIN' A BOTTLE ON YOUR HIP ALL THE TIME.

—(B B)—

When two men put their arms around each other and get confidential, you can gamble your last cent that the confidence relates to a bottle.

—(B B)—

If more people went to bed at nine o'clock there wouldn't be half so much gossip to talk over the next day.

—(B B)—

Sensible advice from a woman has started many a man on the right road again.

—(B B)—

All potatoes are not planted in hills. There are a few put in holes.

—(B B)—

Yeast and sugar cause explosion as well as dynamite.

—(B B)—

Bell hops always whistle when paging dogs.

—(B B)—

The reminder in a hotel room: "Have you left anything,"—may be there for sarcasm.

—(B B)—

An empty stomach causes a hollow ring in a voice.

—(B B)—

The office and the lodge are still the favorite evening excuses.

—(B B)—

No matter how terrible the biscuits may be, a hungry tramp never complains.

—(B B)—

When the wife is away, empty bottles always accumulate.

—(B B)—

If a man calls his wife "darling" he intends to go out the same evening.

—(B B)—

Politicians are rarely clasped as honest men.

—(B B)—

Bad eggs are not the only things that run when opened.

—(B B)—

In another year it will be a curiosity to see a woman in a barber shop.