

The REGISTER'S EDITORIAL and FEATURE Page

C. J. READ, Editor and Publisher

The Ashland Register

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OUR OWN FUTURE

At the town meeting held Friday night, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce E. G. Harlan told of the conditions in Tacoma, Washington when the rail road shops were moved to Seattle, how the business district was nearly paralyzed for some time, and how after they had once regained their confidence, the city enjoyed a greater and more substantial growth than it had ever had before. This is a message that Ashland can take to heart. For years and years business has progressed locally, with the serene confidence of a community that knows it has a large payroll from which to make its living. No effort has been made to rightfully hold that which belonged to it. There was no particular reason for attempting to build up outside trade territories, or develop local resources, for business was good because of the railroad pay roll.

Then one day Ashland folks woke up to the full realization that families who had resided here for years were moved, forced to move into other communities, that ties of friendship, established over a period of years were being broken and business relations were severed over night. This created a feeling of despair in Ashland's future.

The prop that we had been leaning on for so many years had been kicked out from under us and we were left suspended in mid air with apparently nothing to light on. However as the months go by, we find that we have a comparatively soft place to land. We find that the population is just about the same, or if anything a little larger. We find that Normal school students spend considerable money, we find that there are many people living in the outside districts who would prefer to come to Ashland to do their shopping, and we find that the rail roads cannot take away the greatest thing we have, our natural resources.

Our job now is to come to the full realization that our future lies in our own hands. We can do as Tacoma has done. But it will require the united efforts of every interested individual. The future of the City of Ashland is greater than that of any individual and by working out our destiny together, it can be greater and more successful.

THE ACTION OF THE HEALTH BOARD

There has been some criticism directed to the board of health for their action in prohibiting all children under sixteen to attend Sunday school and other gathering places, but still allowing the schools to remain open. The Register feels that this criticism is based upon a misunderstanding of the motive of the board rather than anything else, and that a brief explanation as to the reason for this action would not be out of place.

According to members of the health board, there has not been one single case of infantile paralysis originate in Ashland, the one case that was discovered here was brought in from the outside. The board of health arrived at this conclusion, that as long as there were no cases originating in Ashland, the probable source of the disease was not in Ashland and if there could be some means adopted to keep local children from coming in contact with outside districts, the chances for the spread of the disease would be considerably minimized, and there would not be the great loss entailed in the closing of the schools.

Of course only the future can tell the wisdom of this course but it would seem that the board's reasoning was logical.

A GROUNDLESS IDIOSYNCRACY

Herbert Hoover proposes a question very pertinent to the time when he says: "I often wonder why it is that insurance must be secured by solicitation."

It is a peculiar fact that, with the exception of fire insurance, practically everyone has to be "sold" by the ability and tenacity of the agent, rather than by their own wish to purchase an indispensable commodity.

Yet the hazards of death, accident, liability, and the rest are every bit as imminent as the

Along the Concrete



chance of fire, perhaps more so. This idiosyncrasy of entire races of people, to "dodge" the insurance sellers, is groundless and foolish. It has gone to the extent where insurance selling is the basis for numberless jokes. But the humor quickly reacts on the joker when he dies leaving a penniless family, or is injured, or has his business wiped out by court judgment.

Persons will eventually realize that they should give every assistance toward furthering anything so entirely for their own safety and benefit. And when that comes to pass, more people will come to the insurance dealer's office, instead of trying to avoid him in theirs.

MORE PUBLIC JOBS, MORE TAX EXPENSE

The annual conference of state governors and several institutes and economic congresses have puzzled themselves how to curb growing state extravagance.

The Institute of Public Affairs wracked its brains two weeks at Charlottesville, Va., and came to the conclusion that what the states needed was "wiser, not less state spending." As the states have pyramided their expenditures from \$2,227,000,000 in 1913 to \$7,400,000,000 in 1925, in addition to Federal taxes, the statesmen of the high school of public extravagance agreed that some form of economy in state affairs was necessary, not so much fewer dollars spent as better use of the dollars, "increasing the efficiency and modernizing the conduct of public business."

There was much learned talk about "economies in the use of the tax dollars" by the various governors attending, but none of these governors could show that the total expenditures had not risen by leaps and bounds during their brilliant "economy administrations."

The basic fact remains that state politicians are constantly multiplying functions in the form of new activities, duplicating federal activities and fashions in other states, all making places for high salaried easy jobs which increase employees in the public service.

The more the state is called upon to do for the people (outside the function of governing) what they could do for themselves, the higher the cost of government mounts. The result is more public jobs at high pay. The simple-minded producer from the soil and industries must foot the bill in the form of increased taxes. Could anything be simpler?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNER-SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE ASHLAND REGISTER, published semi-weekly at Ashland, Oregon for October 1, 1927. State of Oregon, County of Jackson.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. J. Read, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Ashland Register and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement, management.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Editor, C. J. Read, Ashland, Oregon; business manager, C. J. Read, Ashland, Oregon.

2. That the owner is: C. J. Read, Ashland, Oregon.

3. That the known bond holders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

C. J. READ.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3 day of October, 1927.
(Seal) G. H. BILLINGS,
My commission expires 6-1-1928

TALENA NEWS NOTES

Mrs. Geo. Netherlands, who was in the Medford hospital for blood poisoning is now at home with her sister Mrs. Wm. Fox. Mr. Netherlands left for their home in Winters, Calif. Wednesday, Mrs. Netherlands will follow Sunday.

Mrs. E. E. Cooke and Mrs. Dix visited with Mrs. Wesley Vogeli Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford are packing tomatoes at Mr. Vogeli's and hauling them to Klamath Falls.

Frank Straten in company with Merrick Thornton of Ashland are leaving Saturday in the Thornton Coupe for an extended trip in Canada. They will visit at Eugene, Portland and Seattle on the way to Victoria, B. C. and points in Alberta Province.

Fred Rapp, chairman of the school board visited the school Monday.

Mrs. John Robison made a business trip to Ashland Wednesday.

Mrs. Bessie Palmer of Grants Pass while enroute to Talent Tuesday was hit by a car cutting in on the highway, no one was hurt but her car was damaged. Mrs. Palmer visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. T. McMahan.

A surprise party was given for Elton Hart at the G. F. Hamilton home Wednesday evening.

Mrs. John Robison entertained Mrs. Edith Cochran and Esther and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Childers and John at dinner Sunday evening.

Prof. and Mrs. Briscoe of Ashland visited at her parents Mr. and Mrs. Vogeli Sunday. They took Mr. and Mrs. Vogeli for a nice ride Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and daughter Constance of Medford spent Monday evening with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Vogeli.

Donald Long motored down from War Eagle mine and return Wednesday afternoon.

A dinner party was enjoyed at the home of F. L. Holdridge Sunday, Sept. 25th, to celebrate the birthday of D. O. Hurley. Frank Reed, F. L. Holdridge and Esther Holdridge and Aunt Martha Matteson. The guests were, C. W. Holdridge and family, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Vimont and Will, Alice Gleason and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moore and Andrew Moore of Medford.

The W. H. M. S. will meet with Mrs. Chas. Estes Thursday Oct. 6th at 2:30 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Estes and Fay spent Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory on Green Spring. While there Mr. Estes went hunting. Mrs. Gregory's mother accompanied them home returning to her home Tuesday.

Cottage Grove—Heavy pear shipments being made from Loran orchards.

FIX BAYONETS!

The War at Close Range Described in a Remarkable Series By an Officer of the Marines —

Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

Illustrated by the Author from Sketches Made on the Battlefield

Six hundred yards to go; keep the Bols well away—well, start back the same route. Wheat, little gully here. Craters just beyond. Main line at least a hundred meters back. Good! Let's call up Terry and see if he'll give you the men. Terry would give him twenty-five men and two chauchauts and not a marine more. Who wanted a raid, anyway? Sending two support companies up to the Bols as soon as it's dark. Looks interesting on the right. Good! All set. Start your covering fire at 23 hours 19. Take you six minutes to get over, huh? "All right, colonel, bonne chance!"

Just before dark the colonel and Captain de Stegur were at battalion headquarters. "Whitehead will give you your men, and I'm sending my scout officer along. Needs that sort of thing. Be sure you come back where you went out. Crabbe's to the right of there. You know Crabbe. Right quick."

"But, My Colonel," represented Captain de Stegur, "one should arrange, one should explain, one should instruct—in effect one should rehearse—"

"Rehearse hell, sir! I'm due in Paris tomorrow night. Where those marines, major? I'll tell 'em what I want—"

So it was that a wedge of men debouched into the wheat at 23 hours 19 minutes. It being sufficiently dark.

The battalion scout officer and a disillusioned sergeant, with hand-marks on his sleeve, were the point. The men were echeloned back, right, and left with an automatic rifle on each flank. In the center marched the colonel, smoking, to the horror of all, a cigar. Smoking was not done up there, after dark. With him was the elegant French captain, who appeared to be very gallantly resigned to it. The story would be reflected, amusing and delight his mess—if he ever got back with it! These droll Americans! He must remember just what this colonel said: a type, Nom de Dieu! If only he had not worn his new uniform—the cloth chosen by his wife, you conceive.

The 75s flew with angry whines that arched across the sky and smote with red and green flames along a line. There was a spatter of rifle-fire toward the right; flares went up over the dark room of the Bols; a certain violence of machine-gun fire grew up and waxed to great volume, but always to the right. Forward, where the shells were breaking, there was nothing.

The scout officer, leading, had out his canteen and wet his dry mouth. He was acutely conscious of his empty stomach. His mind dwelt yearningly on the mess-kit, freighted nobly with monkey-meat and tomatoes, awaiting him in the dependable Tommy's messette.

A hundred meters forward the last shells burst, and he saw new dirt. Ahead, a spot darker than the dark; he went up to it. Away on the right a flare soared, and something gleamed dull in the black hole at his feet—a round, deep helmet with the pale blur of a face under it; a click, and the shadow of a movement there, and a little flicker; a matter of split seconds; the scout officer had a moment in his stomach almost—

Goldrigger Kurt Iden, company six, the Margrave of Brandenburg regiment (this established later by brigade intelligence on examination of the paybook of the deceased), being on front post with his squad, heard a noise hard on the cessation of the shelling, and put out his neck. Dear God, shoot! Shoot! quickly!

The scout officer was conscious of a monstrous surge of temper. He gathered his feet under him, and his hands crooked like claws, and he hurried himself. In the same breath there was a long bright flash, right under his arm, and the mad crack of a Springfield. The disillusioned sergeant had estimated the situation, loosed off from the hip at perhaps seven feet, and shot the German through the throat.

Too late to stop himself, the scout officer went head first into the crater, his hands locking on something wet and hairy, just the size to fill them; and presently he was at the bottom of the crater, dirt in his mouth and a burning in his head, straining something that flopped and gurgled and made remarkable noises under his hands. There were explosions and people stepped hard on his back and legs. He became sane again and realized that whatever it was it was dead. He groped in his potties for his rifle, and cut off its shoulder.

straps and a button or two, and looted its bosom of such papers as there were—those being details the complete scout officer must attend to. More explosions, and voices bleating "Kamarade!"—a terrible anxious voices—in his ear.

The disillusioned sergeant, a practical man, had ducked into the crater right behind the scout officer. The raiding party in his rear had immediately fired their weapons in all directions. A great many rifles on forward stabbed the dark with sharp flame, and some of those were very near. The sergeant tossed a grenade at the nearest; he had noted that Frog citron grenade around for quite a while, somewhat against his judgment; he now reflected that it was good business—"grenades—I hope to spit in yo' mess-kit they are—ask the man that used one—"

It was good business, for it fell fair in the other crater, thirty feet away, where the rest of that front-post squad were beginning to react like the brave German men they were. Two of these survived, much shaken, and scuttled into the clever little tunnel that connected them with the Feldritter's crater, emerging with pacific cries at the sergeant's very feet. Being a man not given to excitement, he accepted them alive, while he dragged the scout officer standing. "We got our prisoners, sir. Let's beat it," he suggested. "Their lines is wakin' up, sir. It's gonna be bad here—"

The colonel, as gallant a man as ever lived, but not fast, barked into them. "Prisoners? Hey? How many? Two? Excellent, by God! Give 'em here, young man!" and he seized the unhappy Boches by their collars and shook them violently. "Thought you'd start something, hey? Thought you'd start something, hey?"

The scout officer now blew his whistle, the sergeant shouted in a voice of brass, and the colonel made the kind of remark a colonel makes. It is related by truthful marines there present that every German in Von Roehn's army fired on them as they went back, but no two agree as to the manner of their return. It is, however, established that the colonel, bringing up the rear, halted about halfway over, drew his Itherto virgin pistol, and wheeled around for a parting shot something in the nature of a bean geste. Seeing this, the tail French captain to his rear and left, drew his pistol and wheeled also, lunging pursuit. The colonel—and to this attest the scout officer and his sergeant—then shot the Frenchman through the—as sea-going marines say—stern-sheets.

The scout officer and the sergeant got him back some way, both filled with admiration at his language.

By the time they stumbled through the nervous outposts to their own place, the French captain had lapsed into English. "As a wound, you perceive, it is good for a permission. But it is not a wound. It is an indignity! And, besides, my new breeches! Ah, Diou de Dieu! Ce sale colonel-ci! What will my wife say! That one, she chose the cloth herself! Tonnerre de canon!"—and he sank into stricken silence.

The raiding party shook down in several holes, praised God, and went to sleep. The colonel, with his prisoners, received the compliments of the battalion headquarters and departed for Brigade. The scout officer observed, to his amazement, that they had been out of their lines less than twenty minutes. "Where's the Forty-ninth?" he wanted to know first. "Hell, Jim, they went up to the Bols right after the major sent for you. An' the seventeenth. We're moving battalion headquarters up there now. Get your people and come along. Attack or something."

After a very full night, the scout officer crawled and scuttled along the last tip of the Bols de Belleau, looking for a hole that a battalion runner told him about. "Seen the footman diggin' in just past that last Maxim gun, sir. Right at the nose of the woods where the big rock is. There's about a dozen dead Heinies layin' by a big tree, all together. Can't miss it, sir." The scout officer had no desire to be moving in the cool of the morning, when all well-regulated people are asleep if possible, and if you moved here at the hole that a battalion runner told you with 88s—that wicked, flat-trajectory Austrian gun—but he followed an urge that only Tommie could satisfy.

(To be continued)

Stayton—Cornerstone laid for \$5,000 community house.