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AUGUST 7 COMMIT THY WAY unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:3, 5.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

The Ashland resident of a quarter of a century ago doubtless ridiculed the prediction that the Ashland of today would be a thriving, growing little city of six thousand happy and prosperous people, and now that the swaddling clothes of a village have been cast aside and Ashland is assuming the proportions of a hustling city, predictions for the future are not absurd.

The Ashland of today finds itself with a water supply that is not capable of meeting necessary demands so far as the irrigation of lawns, parks, and gardens are concerned. Although the city has already taken steps to augment the supply by the purchase of water from the Talent irrigation district, this will not suffice only for a brief time, and it is well that the present administration recognizes the necessity of providing additional water through further development of the flow in Ashland creek.

The Tidings believes it presents the sentiment of a large majority of Ashland citizens in urging city officials to continue their investigation to a point where they can give assurance of additional water from that source. It is almost imperative that the problem be solved at the earliest possible date, and it is important that the plans adopted provide for the utilization of every drop of water that it is possible to command.

In recognizing that a difference of opinion existed with respect to securing water from the Talent irrigation district it is necessary only to state that there is every indication that within less than ten years Ashland will need every inch of available water that comes from that source and from Ashland creek as well, and it is a patent fact that had not the contract been negotiated for water from Emigrant creek and Hyatt prairie that source of supply would have been forever lost to the city.

Necessary attention must be given to developing and augmenting our water supply not only, but if the city expects to continue reaping profits from supplying an increased number with electric lights and power it is also imperative that consideration be given to developing additional electric power. Ashland is fortunate, indeed, that a municipally owned plant is supplying the major portion of electric power and lights to its citizens, but the growth has attained a point where it is now necessary to expend several thousand dollars annually in the purchase of this commodity from a private source.

Ashland now owns its system for the carrying and distribution of electricity. It is sufficient to carry the load of several additional power units. Again, when we consider that it is possible to use the same water again and again, it seems that the development of both additional water supply and electric power should go hand in hand and be the next and immediate objective of Ashland.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE

Arkansas City has the Commission form of government. Winfield has the Commission-Manager form of government. A striking example of the difference in efficiency in the two cities is now in evidence. Arkansas City has a first class row on between the chief of police and the Mayor. The law granting the Commission form of government divided the control of the various departments of the City between the three members of the Commission. To the Mayor seems to fall the police department. Yet the Commission elects the Chief of Police. This Chief of Police decided to dismiss two policemen on the ground, he said, of inefficiency. The Mayor declared that this action was purely personal and political and did not endorse the dismissal, so the matter is to come up before the full commission. If the other two members of the commission vote with the Chief of Police, then the Mayor would seem to be deprived of what little authority he has with the police department. And if the Mayor should be sustained by the majority of the commission then it would appear that the Chief of Police has little authority. In either horn of the dilemma the respect of the citizens for their police department will be lessened. Here in Winfield the City Manager is elected by the Commission and the law gives him the sole and exclusive control of all de-

partments of city government and of all city appointees. There is no question here where the authority lies or where the responsibility for any sort of misgovernment in the police or any other department rests. All matters of discipline or of complaint relative to the action of city employees is referred to the City Manager. And the only question that can come before the City Commission is whether their manager should be retained or discharged. It centers authority (and consolidates responsibility into the hands of one man, who gives his entire time to the city's business, and who is paid a salary commensurate with his talent and ability for the job. It is a big job, requiring a big man and he is paid a salary in line with his responsibility. The Manager is also empowered by law to frame the budget, to publish same for two weeks, and then it is laid before the Commission and they are free to amend, increase or decrease any item in this budget. The Manager of the city is in constant contact with the three members of the Commission and in consultation with them relative to all affairs that arise. He is benefited by their ideas and advice, but they have no power whatever to determine his final action except by discharging him from the job. It is a most workable plan and arrangement. It tends to promote economy and efficiency and the City Manager who gives the best government at the least expense and with the least friction to the citizens establishes a reputation that will prove a valuable asset to him throughout his life.

We advise our sister city to look into this Commission-Manager form of government and feel sure that they will find so many points which recommend themselves to sensible business men that they will in time adopt it instead of their present system.—Winfield (Kas.) Daily Courier.

A report comes from somewhere in the Rhineland saying that wine over a thousand years old is stored there. That's entirely too long to keep wine, whether in the Rhine or elsewhere.

California is reciprocating so far as tourist trade is concerned. For every dollar Oregonians expend enjoying winters with our southern neighbor, Californians spend two during the summer seasons.

And yet the backbone of our civilization is composed of men who eat with their coats off, except when there is company.

Our guess is that Lot's wife turned back because she had forgotten to put out the cat, or else had left her favorite hat.

Let's turn the old presidential campaign loose. Our ears yearn for the sound of the political guns.

No man's ship comes in unless his ship goes out.

Interesting Reminiscences By A Southern Oregon Pioneer

Being a series of interesting articles dealing with early day events and pioneer men and women who made history and bulidled for succeeding generations. (By C. B. WATSON)

Chapter Sixteen

The Scene Changes Rapidly as We Near the Willamette Valley. A Beautiful Land Emerging From Savagery to Civilization.

As civilization advances into nature's wilds, the recovery is indexed by the roads that are pushed out further into the wilderness. The outposts are manned by the most hardy and adventurous who must have roads to connect them with markets of trade and keep them in touch with the progress of the age. The roads were not much more than a trail, but pointed the way to centers that were rapidly building. One thing I could not avoid noticing, that hardy sons of adventure were always hearty in their greeting, royally unselfish and cheerfully divided their possessions with the needy traveler. They lived and communed with nature and the lessons they learned tended to develop that humanity that acknowledges the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of man. Our host of the night bid us God-speed and invited us to stop and see him if we passed that way again. There is always more than mere words in these sympathetic greetings and partings. The sentiments disclosed are such as the experiences of pioneers necessarily cultivate. If we were to pursue our inquiry on this line we would discover why the great Northwest has so rapidly grown into important states. Among these early adventurers were the cream of many lands. It required a hardihood to venture and a deep intelligence to accomplish what they did under such vast vicissitudes. Many started across the great plains as youths just entering manhood and reached their destination prepared to take on the work of statesmen.

As we plodded our way by the side of this beautiful river; listened to the music it made and communed with each other and with our surroundings, I could not but feel that some mysterious impulse was directing purposes toward higher things. We passed an occasional cabin in a small clearing, or noted the choice of a beautiful glade with a musical stream and tried to visualize what that spot would disclose a half-century afterward. Babes un-

born then would be men and women fifty years hence and the clearing responded to the efforts of more than a generation would represent a splendid home of plenty and comfort, its inmates recognized forces in the operation of a great state.

Hog Joins Company

About the middle of the afternoon, a lonely hog came grunting from the brush at the road-side and, falling in behind us, followed until we camped near the river in an open glade. He seemed contented and accepted such meager scraps as we could spare him and rooted around to fill out his evening meal. In the morning he was still there and greeted us with friendly grunts. When we started on he fell in behind and followed as he had done the day before. About noon we encountered a forest fire that had crossed the road and we had to dodge burning brush and shy around burning logs. This was very embarrassing to the hog, who in efforts to avoid the fire sometimes got several rods behind. On such occasions he would squeal as though his heart was breaking, apparently begging us to wait for him. When, finally he succeeded in extricating himself from the apparent danger he would sprint up until he had caught up with us where he'd fall in with a grunt of contentment and trot along beside us. Toward evening we came to the most pretentious place we'd seen. There was a good house and barns, quite a field in cultivation, with hogs, cattle and chickens about. Here our hog turned in with a grunt of satisfaction and bade us good-by, saying by his swinish actions that he had got home at last. My readers will be just as able as I to figure out how he had got so far away, and to account for the "hunch" which he evidently had that prompted him to follow us back. We noticed among the other hogs what we interpreted as a rejoicing at the prodigal's return.

Scene Changes

The scene was rapidly changing. The mountain growths were giving way for the growths of the valley; groves of oak, madrona, ash, and other hardwood. The continuous forests were surrendering to open glades and the hill-sides were spotted with grassy slopes covered with the succulent bunch-grass. While there

were many eligible spots not yet claimed, the recurrence of farms with grain fields and meadows were more frequent, and bearing orchards were in evidence, the roads were growing better with many side roads leading to settlements that were not in sight. A great state was in its early growing stage and sign boards gave information of communities that we could not see.

Another Camp

The sun was growing low in the west when we came to a place more pretentious than any we had seen before. A good house freshly painted, barns, corrals, broad fields, stacks of hay, extensive stubble fields from which the grain had been cut with stack-yards indicating a heavy yield, together with an orchard in bearing and a garden to gladden the heart of a hungry man. We concluded to camp near by and feed our horses with fresh hay and, perhaps, a little grain. They had traveled far and were commencing to show the result of hardship. Mr. Phillips hailed the proprietor and asked if he could supply our wants and was answered cheerfully in the affirmative. As is usual in such cases many questions were asked and answered from both sides. Asked about meat he invited Phillips and me into his smoke house; the rest of the boys were making camp. Here was a great abundance of splendidly cured meat. We selected a fine ham, and then listed the things we wanted, bread (we'd only had sinkers cooked by the camp fire since we left Boise and yearned for good, old fashioned bread). The wife said she had just baked up a lot and could spare us several loaves. That sounded good and we were hungry. We got fresh butter, two gallons of fresh milk, coffee enough for supper and breakfast, some potatoes and other vegetables. We asked about the orchard and was told to go in and help ourselves. We thought about our enthusiastic friend out in John Day county, especially when this farmer filled a basket with apples and plums and would take no pay for them. His charges for the other supplies were absurdly low. We got plenty of hay and bought a good feed of threshed barley. It was good to see how our jaded stock went after it. As you may judge we had a jolly banquet around our camp fire that night and discussed our crater lake experience.

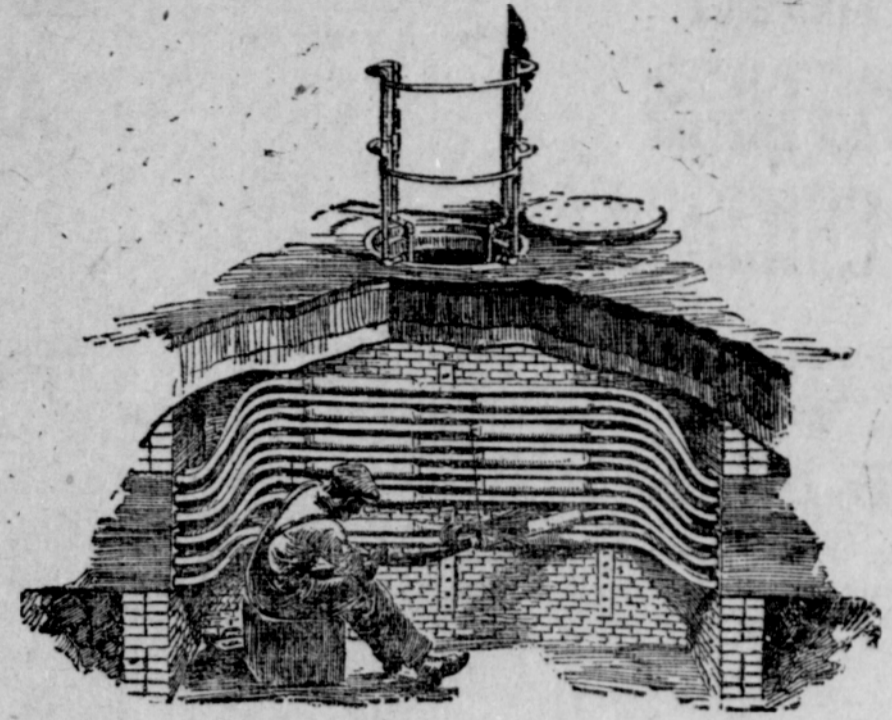
Eugene Is Reached

The next day we reached Eugene city about noon. We crossed the Willamette river on a rope ferry and saw a steam boat lying at the wharf. This began to look as though we were getting back into civilization. The town had about two thousand, or twenty-five hundred population and looked business like. Everybody we talked with was optimistic about the future. It was my first view of the Willamette valley and I was surprised and delighted at its magnitude, beauty and apparent productiveness. There Indian troubles were over but only a few years had passed and many of the actors in the early trials were still there and ready to tell their experiences. We went on to Creswell where we camped for the night. The Oregon and California railroad had been completed to Comstock, a few miles south of Creswell. There were, perhaps half a dozen houses at Creswell and not more than that at Cottage Grove. This was a very beautiful country and was rapidly filling up. The next day we passed through "Pass Creek Canyon", so named because it was the pass across Calapoole mountains, through which all the early travel from north to south had to pass. This was the old stage route between Portland and Sacramento. When we passed through it the railroad was not yet completed, though a construction track had been laid as far as Oakland, sixteen miles north of Roseburg, where we camped the second night after leaving Creswell. The next day after leaving Oakland we passed through Roseburg which was the most important town after leaving Eugene. That night we camped at Roberts Hill, a few miles north of Myrtle creek where a few houses and a flour mill stood. We were traveling through Umpqua valley which possessed a varying beauty differing from all other sections we had seen. This valley, like the Willamette was rapidly filling up, and even then gave evidence of the importance it has since achieved. We left the Umpqua at Canyonville, a village even then of some importance. We were now following the old stage line and met the stages each day. From Canyonville our course was up the "Canyon" to the crossing between the Umpqua and Cow creek, the same route now traveled by the Pacific highway. We found no one between Canyonville and Cow creek and but few houses there. Then over the Wolf creek hills and the Grave creek hills, camping wherever night overtook us until we reached Grants Pass. Here was a stage station about a mile east of where the city of Grants Pass now is, but there was not a house where the present city is. Home Again Leaving Grants Pass we travel-

ed up Rogue River on the north side to Rock Point where there was an eating station on the road and a bridge over the river. There were no houses where Gold Hill now is and the stage road skirted the foot of the mountains to Willow Springs an important mining camp, and thence to Jack-

sonville, a town, then of extreme importance to Southern Oregon. Philipps and Cardwell lived at Jacksonville and were now at "HOME." Walrad, Myer and I lived at Ashland, but remained over night at Jacksonville, and were welcomed by our Ashland friends the next day. It was now the middle of Sep-

tember and on the 29th of November following, the first overt act in the Modoc war was committed, and for many months all of Southern Oregon seethed with excitement, which if my readers desire it I will presently tell them about. Ashland, Ore., August 2, 1924. C. B. WATSON.



Mute Messengers of a Nation

IN AN underground telephone cable scarcely thicker than a man's wrist there are 2400 threadlike copper wires, each pair providing a path for instant speech.

These highways of the spoken word, buried beneath many an American city, are carrying thousands of voices simultaneously from office to factory and some from coast to coast.

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