

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

## BELLVIEW NOTES

Mrs. W. G. Tucker  
Phone 2F14



Copyright, 1934, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.  
"TRACKED BY THE POLICE," starring Bob-Tie-Tie, B. B. Sweeney  
From production of this week

### Six Lives For One

Illinois is to have a hanging party unequalled in the criminal history of the United States. Six men, all convicts in the Illinois state penitentiary, are to "swing by the neck" for the killing of a deputy warden, who crossed their path when they made a break for liberty.

While all of the six did not actually commit the crime, all were parties to it. Any one of the sextet would have taken a life if necessary to gain his end. The man who killed the warden was at heart no more guilty than his companions who watched him commit the crime. All had an equal part and all will have equal punishment.

Most of the convicts were long termers. Had the jury recommended a lighter sentence it would have meant, at most, but a few more years in jail, to them it would have meant nothing, because they would have died before their present terms expired. Any other than the death penalty would have been no penalty at all. Hanging was the only punishment the jury could mete out.

This brand of punishment may serve to soften some of the "hard boils" who have looked lightly on the lives of prison guards in the past. It may serve to deter jail breaks.

### The Festival of Tonight

Ashland's first holiday festival opening will take place tonight. Merchants for the past few days have been exerting a united effort to make the affair a success. Special entertainment has been arranged, the band will furnish music, and the public is expected to come out and see a few of the many suggestions local merchants have to offer for the holiday season. In this phase of the affair the Tidings is exceedingly interested. We know of the effort being put forth to bring people out, and also the effort that is being made to present attractive window displays by the various business houses. We also know that the merchandise carried locally is as good, and as varied as can be found any place in Southern Oregon. The people of Ashland then, should show their appreciation, of the spirit being shown by local institutions. There is only one way that this can be done and that is by coming out tonight. The streets of Ashland should be filled with local residents, the spirit of the season should be the guiding one and this event should go down in Ashland history as a successful one.

### The Basketball League

Recently the Tidings suggested that a civic basketball league should be established with various organizations having teams. Secretary Walter of the Y. M. C. A. and Coach Hughes of the Normal school took kindly to the suggestion, and a meeting was called Wednesday night, with representatives from five organizations present. The spirit displayed at this meeting was sufficient evidence to support the prediction that the inter-city basketball league will become a certainty. It is planned to get into action shortly after the holiday season. To our minds this is one of the finest things that can happen in Ashland. The joining together of the various organizations, in a friendly spirit of rivalry, will not only serve to give many some valuable exercise, but it will also increase the splendid co-operative spirit that has done so much for this city.

Still, a love letter that couldn't be read in court wouldn't be a success as a love letter.

An Iowa professor estimates that a person must have a vocabulary of 5000 words to carry on an intelligent conversation, in case an emergency of that kind arises.

Los of sleep, says the scientist, improves the mind. That's good news for the radio bug who sits up to get Los Angeles.

We learned that Princess Astrid baked a cake for her husband-to-be; but we never did find out what became of it.

The day of the "blunt instrument" in crime seems to have given away to machine guns.

The man who said the mouth is more expressive than the eyes should have explained that he meant it is louder.



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

### What Others Say

(Klamath Herald)  
Eugene's high school pupils decided they would out a teacher and acted accordingly. The days of the strap behind the ears should return for a little while, even in the university towns, where most beautiful theories prevail, but not any too much practical knowledge.

(Roseburg News-Review)  
If these bank robbers don't stop getting away with a lot of wealth every day from various banks there will certainly be a big shortage at the end of the year. They seem to me mighty successful manipulators of their chosen profession.

(Medford Mail Tribune)  
What the Galshaviks need is a galosh that will enable them to flounce daintily instead of leaving the impression they are walking across a plowed field.

(Baker Democrat)  
Every time the tax rate is reduced the amount of tax money received by the treasury increases. Can some mathematician let us know just how far below zero this process of rate production can safely continue?



Small citizens sometimes weigh 100 pounds or more.

In some respects a never-wasser has the edge on a has-been.

As the world moves faster than you do, you will run over sure.

The disagreements of doctors are what make Christian Science so inviting.

One of the penalties for making headway is that you simultaneously make enemies.

Every big institution consists of one or two big thinkers and several thousand clerks.

Hex Heck says: "When a farmer and a commission house put heads together, place your bet on the commission house."

### Isn't It Odd?

A New York woman got a divorce from her husband, who is a trombone player, probably he showed too great a tendency to let things slide.

A London newspaper complains that the interest taken by Americans in the rest of the world is very slight. It should read "from".

With Christmas near there are two choices in the matter to shop or fight.

It is reported that women are giving up smoking. It looks so effeminate.

Today's definition: monologue—a conversation between a man and his wife.

Famous last lines: "Why, I thought I just put that pie on the window sill."

A student committee in Boston has decided that public riots are wrong. Hereafter the classroom will have to be content with mayhem on their own premises.

## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

### ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

L. J. Orres is moving his tailor shop from the Allen block on North Main street to the old Fuller stand on Oak street. H. LaBelle of St. Paul, Ore., will put a bakery in the room he vacates. Mr. LaBelle is the father of Mrs. Geo. Cyster, employed by the Southern Pacific company.

Mrs. Robert Clay and two children leave today for Eagle Ridge Tavern on Upper Klamath lake, one of the prettiest resorts on the lake. They have been visiting for a few days with Mrs. Clay's sister, Mrs. Henry Enders, Jr., after spending the winter on the ranch of Mrs. Clay's mother, Mrs. Wing.

Benton Bowers was up from San Francisco over Sunday and went back Monday. He was called to the city on federal business.

### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

R. J. Edwards and brother, H. W. Huntzinger, left today for San Francisco, Cal., for a few days visit.

Mrs. E. R. Reames and Mrs. A. R. Davis, returned from Klamath Falls last Thursday.

Mrs. G. E. James and children, who have been making their home in Ashland, for the past few years, left Saturday for Juneau, Alaska, to remain for some time with Mr. James, who is in business there. Ray James will remain in Ashland for the present.

Miss Cordelia Grant and Miss Mary Munday, returned to their home in Ashland Friday, after visiting for some time in Cottage Grove.

### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

At the annual meeting of the Ashland Building & Loan Association last Monday evening the following directors were elected: Robert Taylor, J. R. Norris, F. D. Wagner, G. S. Butler, Mrs. Alice Butler, B. Beach, G. G. Eubanks, S. O. Corbett, H. S. Evans, who re-elected the following officers: Robert Taylor, president; J. R. Norris, secretary; F. D. Wagner, treasurer.

Chas. Lindsey and Michael Adams will try their luck for awhile in the Roseland mining region in British Columbia, and expect to leave for the north this evening.

B. F. Reesor departed yesterday on a business trip to San Francisco. His daughter, Miss Maggie, accompanied him and will make a visit to her sister in San Jose, California.

Practice has begun on the vaudeville to be staged at the new community house in Bellview on Dec. 17. All are enthusiastic and those in charge believe it will be a huge success from the start to finish.

The rest of the lumber for finishing of the club will be on the job any minute it is called for and the final wind up is well in sight.

Last week the president of the Community Club appointed five members to act as trustees of the new building, to draw up rules for the governing of its use. This woman's perhaps a bit premature, but already different organizations and groups of young people have asked on what terms it could be rented, so it is necessary that it have a governing body to see that it be kept clean in every detail, and who will be directly responsible for it.

Besides the executive committee of the Community Club, who are members of this committee also Jesse Nell, Mrs. Mark True and W. G. Tucker are appointed.

The Building Committee wish to thank Mrs. W. S. Howard and Davey Howard, for a liberal cash donation to the building fund. This makes gratuitous contributions in cash to the cause in the last few weeks amount to \$60. Why shouldn't we smile with joy?

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Huxley, left for the north Thursday where they will visit for some time with Mr. Huxley's brother. Later they will go into California for an indefinite stay.

We are prompted to make this remark: "We wanted, we wished and wished for rain, and now we have it. How do we like it? And what are we thinking about?"

A fine boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Newby the last of the week. The mother is doing very nicely, and owing to the fact that the rains are making outside employment practically out of the question, Mr. Newby is proving himself an AI nurse.

### CONCERT MONDAY NIGHT

The very idea of any organization in Ashland asking for the moral but not financial support of the people should be unique enough to cause a flurry. The earnest group known as the Ashland Music Study Club is doing just that. We don't want to build a club house, fund a conservatory or send a talented protégé to Europe. All we ask is that you back us up by showing a real interest in a few free concerts we have planned for the winter season, by which I mean, honor them with your presence. The first of these is to take place next Monday evening at eight o'clock in the Auditorium of the Presbyterian church. It is to be given just because we are so fostered in music we can't get enough of it in our regular monthly meetings; also because it will give you outsiders a chance to know us and hear a little extra music. The performers at this first concert will be mostly students and it will include the first public appearance of this year's high school orchestra and chorus. You fathers and mothers will have to come out, of course—bring your friends with you. Encourage us by your interest and give yourselves a musical treat next Monday night at the Presbyterian church.

Signed, Marie Abbott Beebe

You can call a lady a kitten and get away with it, but don't call a man a pup.

Oh, how handsome it is for the paragraphs now that Marie's on her way home.

### DAILY NEWS PARADE

Pure religion and morality before God and the Father, is this, to visit the bathhouse and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Jan. 1:27.

We need more of this type of religion; not only visiting and remembering those who are afflicted, but to keep ourselves unspotted from the world and its vice and sin. This is a real challenge to the Christian in this day and age.

It is a rainy night in the war-time trenches in France; the thoughts of young Jimmie Jimmy Ford of a Southern New York regiment are as low as the slush. Among the things that have sustained him through the horror of war are the letters from his sweet heart, Ruth Allen. One of these letters is the cause of his misery, because it tells of the interest Dennis Murrigh, a politician, is paying to her in Jimmy's absence. Beside himself with worry, Jimmy thoughtlessly exposes himself to Boeke sharpshooters, who are positioned at him.

CHAPTER I—Continued.  
The impersonal homicide of that was—or attempted, as the horrible editorial grand throwers of the Park Row sector called it—held no furor comparable to the murder smothering behind jealous Jimmy Ford's coote front. He was the belted down essence of all wars and warriors since Tours and Charles Martel.

Personal rages await political little, however, in the face of two things—bullets in any shape or manner and Top Sergeants. You can't deflect a bullet by scowling. Nor "Tops."

Jimmy, who Jimmy found himself thinking to free his mind of mentally acquired cobwebs, the while he enjoyed a clammy stin bath in a munitioner's pocket at the bottom of the trench. Never having heard of German ammunition that spoke English, he concluded that the second of the two military men was responsible for the sudden interruption to his private hymn of hate. The taste and smell of that burly hand tightening over his mouth, too—even in the unmaneuvered trenches the hand of no one but a Top Sergeant could

stand to, here, Hans. You Ford, get to hell down there—An hard shot sent Jimmy reeling toward the dugout. Scouring creatures. Dim and ghastly light. The odor of damp tobacco. The odor of unwashed men. Tangible weariness and irritability. Sweet. Lousy underwear. Jimmy's surprised face leering questioningly in the fog, as Jimmy stumbled down in the van of the trait Captain.

Jimmy miserably counted the pressure of effects against his. These fellow fugitives from Mad-Germany death, from official public decency on open hillocks, were supposed to be his own kind, yet they battered him because they were too dumb, too hardened, to understand how he felt because of Ruth's letter, even if he had seen it to tell them about it. They were all dead Murrighs—all commissioned officers, and Tops were no different than ward politicians in the smudged air the white, airy faces of the Top and the Captain were changing to Murrigh's complacent features—back and



Soon Jimmy Ford was crawling through mud

small like that. An insistent voice in the dark corroborated the murrigh's theory.

"You with no real solititude, only irritation—have you gone cuckoo? Another second and there'd have been nothing to stop water and air from running through your fat head like any other sieve."

"Hell," murrigh Jimmy regretfully, "those Heistlers are rotten shots!"

"This ain't no private war. We all got a right to enjoy it, so keep your head down and your kettle on or fill—fill!"

Boeke, although raised a racket close at hand up the stenchy ditch. Overhead, like wasps shaken out of a tree nest, a cover of German raiding planes hummed their characteristic motor song—whistle-and-miss, whistle-and-miss. Above the dusky rifle and machine gun rattle and the sizzle-booming of pedantic sleep artillery across the barbing of suddenly awakened anti-aircraft batteries. Cranky fox turrets popping out of their coops to bark at crows. A three-ring circus in metal.

Soft mud rained siltily over Jimmy and the Top. Jimmy remembered and plus he used to make and throw at Ruthie Allen in the postage stamp backyard on Twenty-second Street. Long, long ago.

Jimmy resumed his increasing post. Backlighted fingers of light when the gloom fattened out even as they sought to plumb its secrets. "Hearted of murrighs—this ruffian business in beforegun weather and the sizzle-booming of pedantic sleep artillery across the barbing of suddenly awakened anti-aircraft batteries. Cranky fox turrets popping out of their coops to bark at crows. A three-ring circus in metal."

Jimmy, so angry he was thinking of everything else but the war, continued to study a cigarette under the protection of his helmet. He stood at his post, sucking with great, furious pulls that flamed the end of his fat into a fiery eye— a testicle glow in the darkness that was E. J. Murrigh's violation of O-

Nearly every family in America owned its own car, it seemed to Queen Marie. The queen does not have the half of it.

Poker has been outlawed in Denmark. The game is being promoted in various other ways too.