

THE DAILY TRIBUNE EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TRIBUNE OUT OUR WAY

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History Repeats Itself

At a peace conference in York, England, the other day a delegate named Sir Hugh Trenchard told his colleagues that he was in favor of entirely obliterating all aviation both civil and military, because of the harm that might be done by flying.

History repeats itself.

Old John Gutenberg should have been there to put his cards on the table and explain that 500 years ago he listened to a similar argument. Old John might point out if he could that today there are hundreds of thousands of printing presses in daily operation, newsboys with heavy armloads of newspapers crying their wares on thousands of street corners, that since his time and because of the idea born of his brain thousands of tremendous printed libraries have been built up, and hundreds of thousands of books, pamphlets and magazines are printed every hour.

This Britisher's argument for the abolishment of aviation would have been a twice-told tale indeed to sturdy old John. It would have carried him back in amusing memory to that day when he had finished his first printing press after years of labor, and when the "good voices" spoke to him and argued him into smashing it with a hammer "because of the harm that might be done by printing," by so widely disseminating to everybody both the truths and the falsehoods of the falsehoods of the world.

John would remember, however, that although he did smash his printing press with his hammer, his idea was more malleable, and could not be broken. The printing press was born in his mind and his imagination, and of his efforts, and once born would live forever in spite of hammers, however destructively directed.

John could tell this English pacifist a good many things. He could tell him that men's ideas are immortal and cannot die, and he could assure him that men will be flying 500 years from now, or 5000 years from now, just as there is and will be printing in spite of the "good voices."

Aviation, like printing, is here to stay, for good or evil. Either one may be good or bad, or both, as they are directed. Printing has been sometimes bad, perhaps, because it proved wings for falsehood, but it also proved wings for truth, and truth surely needed wings when John Gutenberg made his first printing press.

The program with aviation is not whether to keep it, but how to use it well.

Tell The World About It!

Twenty-three dead, many more injured, great property loss — that is the story of the Arkansas tornado. The northern part of the state was swept by a devastating storm. A path of death and destruction was leveled by the twister.

There is nothing particularly new about this. Tornadoes and cyclones are frequent through that section of the United States. To the inhabitants one cyclone, more or less, is but a passing event in their lives. They know they have them and therefore they are expected.

It has always been difficult to understand why people prefer to live in the shadow of constant danger. For centuries Vesuvius has been a live and active volcano and during all of those centuries, up to the present time, people have lived on its sides.

Probably it is because they do not know there are other sections of the country where cyclones and tornadoes are unknown, and if they knew that such sections existed, they might decide to move out of the danger zone in which they live.

While Arkansas was experiencing a tornado, Oregon was enjoying mild fall weather, rain falling at intervals in the valleys and snow in the mountains, storing away moisture for use during another year when bounteous crops will be grown and harvested.

There are no cyclones or tornadoes in Oregon, but nobody will ever know about it unless we find some way of telling them.

Southern Oregon's climatic news should be persistently broadcasted.

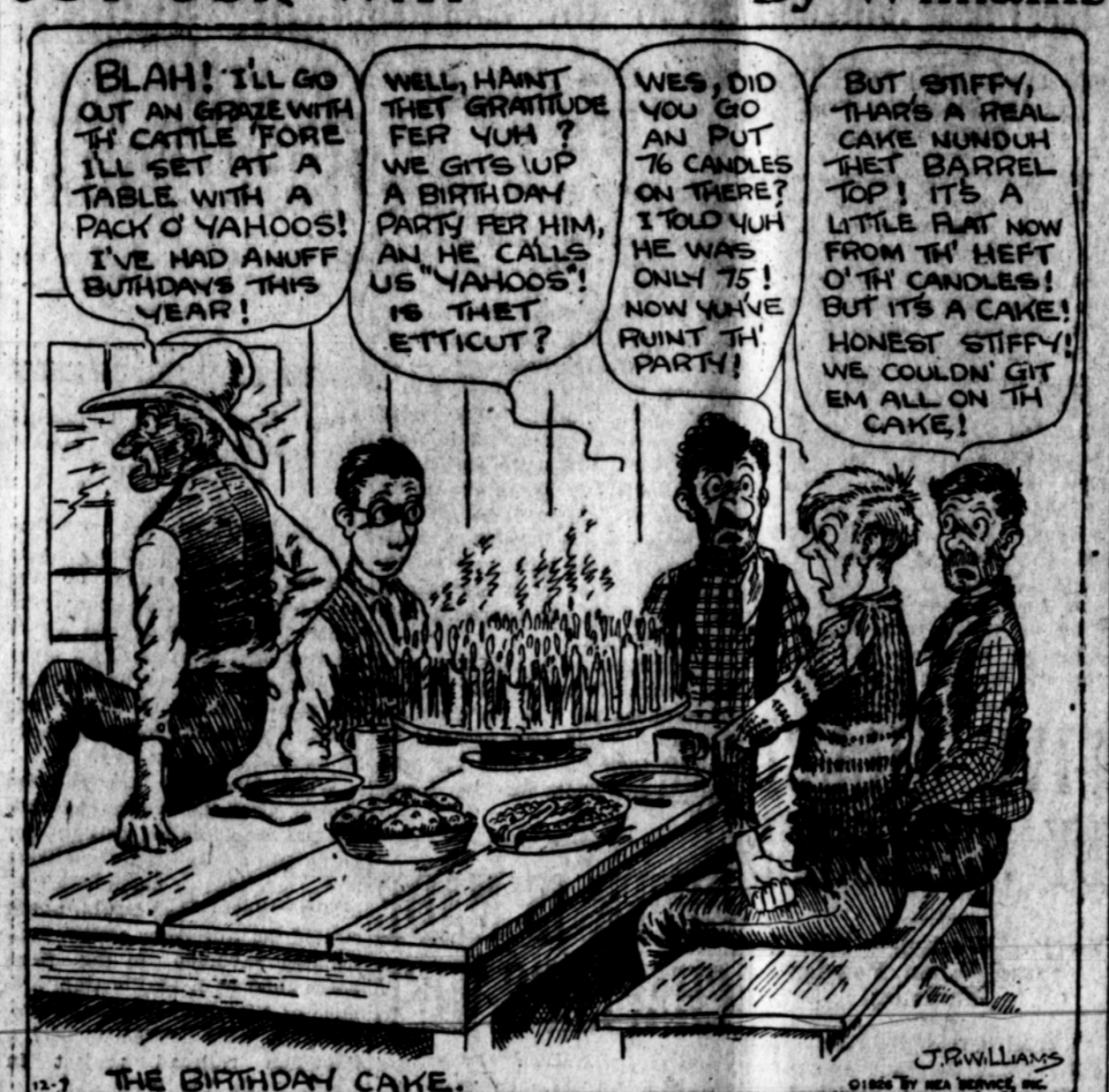
Bill the bailiff says these divorce suits always show the scary side.

What this country needs is a well-defined foul line for Charleston dancers.

A professional says a good elbow is needed for golf. Especially at the 19th hole.

Wells wrote "The World of William Clissold." Now some American might write one about "The World Court of William Borah."

By Williams



THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

SAP AND SALT
BY BERTRAM MOSES

Honesty grows mouldy if it isn't exercised.

All the world seems to admire the thief who gets away.

Study to a college boy is mere realization from his athletic work.

Doctors make much of their money on people who have nothing the matter with them.

The man who thinks as much of his job as he does of himself is in direct line for more pay.

What the artist sees, the merchant misses; what the merchant sees, the artist misses. Fifty-fifty is life's ratio.

Hes Heck says: "Most fellows would rather hold a 150-pound gal on their laps than a 15-pound baby."

Salem — Farmers asked to raise 1,000 acres beets this year, with prospect of Utah-Idaho sugar factory if crop and community attitude warrants.

What Others Say

(The Dalles Chronicle)
While Prineville would like to have the school eastern Oregon normal) and is showing its enterprise and interest by making a bid for it, it is generally conceded that a larger city will receive first consideration. And some of the Prineville citizens know this. They say that if Prineville or Bend cannot have the normal, then The Dalles will have their support. In fact some of the prominent citizens of Central Oregon have endorsed The Dalles as first in their hearts for the normal school.

This expression is prevalent throughout central Oregon, in Bend, Canyon City, Madras, Redmond; in fact every community in central Oregon wants the normal in The Dalles, if they can't have it themselves.

Such a desire is natural because the students that may come from central Oregon would rather come to The Dalles than to travel far into the eastern part of the state.

Marion County has had 47 cars of products, this year.

Oregon valuations increase \$80,000,000 above last year.

TOM SIMS SAYS

A Boston trawler caught a 15-pound sea-eel. This ought to be a boon to the cross-words.

An eastern professor says the scientific discovery of the child is the greatest ever made. But, professor, how about the time mother found William behind the barn smoking?

The Army-Navy game drew such a big crowd at Chicago, it can be revealed now, because the people saw the cadet's guns and thought it was going to be another shooting party.

NEW YORK, Cranson C. Seimell tore two posters down in a street car and demanded that he be arrested. He wanted a test case. He got 30 days—suspended as long as he quits "active reforming."

Isn't It Odd?

A Most Beautiful Fairy Appeared.

"For the Fairy Queen knew how to make wishes come true. 'And you may be sure all the little elves and brownies were the happiest creatures in existence as they crawled into their flowery beds very, very early that New Year's morning.'"

(St. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Fairy Queen

"There was once," commenced Daddy, "a grand ball given on New Year's eve by all the elves and brownies."

"It was held in a beautiful park, which was lighted with Japanese lanterns, and there were a number of little flower booths in the corners of the park, where the elves and brownies would drink pink lemonade when they felt hot and thirsty from dancing."

"The elves looked very far prettier than the brownies, for they were graceful and dainty, and the way they could twirl on their toes and spin around filled the brownies with envy."

"The brownies looked very cunning in their little brown suits and quiet brown hats, but they were much too fat to be good dancers."

"Often they would topple over in dancing, and how mad it made the brownies feel!"

"Toward the latter part of the evening they forgot all previous feelings and joined together in doing square dances and Virginia reels."

"When they were almost ready to drop from dancing so much and playing so hard they decided it was about time to stop."

"So they all sat down on the grass for the most marvelous supper you can ever possibly imagine."

"First they had broiled gilly tongues on toast (a fairy dish), then some dried ferns with mushroom sauce, delicious grass mud, and for dessert pink bread to match the pink lemonade, for they voted on pink as their favorite color."

"Of course they had nuts and raisins and bonbons of all colors to pull with each other."

"In the bonbons were all sorts of little toys, whistles, paper caps and nozzles, wooden soldiers and toy animals."

"Suddenly a most beautiful fairy appeared, dressed all in white, with a silver crown on her head, a silver wand and silver stars glittering on her dress."

"The Queen of the Fairies" said they all breathlessly.

"And at this moment a far distance were heard the sounds of bells ringing in a new year."

"Happy New Year to all the elves and brownies!" said the Queen.

"Happy New Year, beautiful fairy!" said all in reply.

"The Fairy Queen waved her wand and in the loveliest, most musical voice said:

"I wish you all good luck!"

"Then she vanished, and in the lap of each elf and brownie lay a glittering round gold piece with 'Good luck from the Fairy Queen' engraved upon it."

"Never had the elves and brownies had such a fine visit from the Fairy Queen—to have actually had her visit them on New Year's eve oh, it was wonderful!"

"And they knew how lucky they were, for the Fairy Queen wished them good luck. It would be sure to follow them all their lives."

"For the Fairy Queen knew how to make wishes come true. 'And you may be sure all the little elves and brownies were the happiest creatures in existence as they crawled into their flowery beds very, very early that New Year's morning.'"

(St. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)



TRACKED BY THE POLICE, starring Rio-Tia-Tia, is a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

STYOPHIS

It is a funny night in the town of Styophis, the thoughts of Prince Jimmy Ford are as low as the weather. Among the things that have sustained him through the horror of war are letters from his sweetheart, Ruth. One of these letters is the cause of his distress, because it tells of the latest Daniel Murtagh, a politician, is paying to her in Jimmy's absence. Anxious to get killed, Jimmy volunteers for a dangerous job, abandoned because she had a puppy, gives her life to save Jimmy's. In gratitude, he adopts the puppy and sends it back to the American base.

CHAPTER 1—Continued.
Presently Jimmy was once more seeing the Top and the C. G. in their platoon dogout, while dawn broke in clearing skies over the wet trench above.

"Get the swell little puppy I found," mumbled Jimmy through mud-stained lips. "Real police dog. Worth a lot of money, I'll bet."

"Where," growled the C. G., transfixing Jimmy with a nasty glare. "Is the information I need you to get—divisional insignia, or a prisoner or something."

"Gee," said Jimmy indifferently, "I clean forgot that. But say, ain't this a swell puppy?"

CHAPTER 2
On the morning day that Jimmy and his dog arrived home from the war the latter had reached his tenth month and the downy bottom of his cream-gray belly was that many inches and five to boot from the floor. Four great legs held his sagging body up there—like a baby, eyes closed, paws out. Four legs as thick as fence pickets and as clumsy. For Jimmy's dog was at that ungraceful period which in girls is known as the "awkward age" and in boys the time when their voices change. Both these things had happened to

the dog.

"That's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy went outside. 'Jimmy's eyes—' such more old-time lingo as the big gas tank at Coney had fallen behind the outgoing transport's stern many, many months before—caught sight of a banner on a small excursion steamer, 'DAN B. MURTAGH ASSOCIATION Welcomes New York's Own Division and Chicago's Own Boys,' Jimmy scowled. He pictured the 'boys' a fortnight hence, pounding the hot pavements of Chicago.

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Police Lieutenant James Ford, Sr., by virtue of his position, managed to get a pass to be inside the lock lines at Hoboken. Jimmy's mother was with him. And Rutledge Allen.

"I thought you were on that Murtagh boat," said Jimmy tersely to Ruth after he had kissed all around.

"And why should I be out there joyriding when I can be in here with you, Jimmy boy?" she wondered.

He did not answer that, but in a matter of fact way he said, "It's a good thing you all came." He addressed the three as one. His Holy Trinity. Father, mother, sweetheart. Convent. "How I can't help the dog to you. We were worried how we could get him through Camp Dix, but you can take him now."

After all there was some convenience in being met at the pier by relatives. Perhaps in a day or two, when he was adjusted—got regretfully accustomed again to a country that had no mademoiselles and talked only English—the world experience some feeling of affection in the matter. Just for the present.

"What dog? What are you talking about, Jimmy? You don't act as though you're glad to see his. You're more interested in some old dog!"

With admirable delicacy and slight-of-hand the shaggy canine was produced from the depths of E. Company's baggage and turned over surreptitiously to Police Lieutenant Ford. On his hand was on the leash—O. K. The pup was admitted!

"The darling!" cried Ruth throwing her arms around the big shaggy dog. "What's his name—where did you get him—how did you get him—when did you get him—has he a real police dog—has he a pedigree written in German—what are you going to do with him—can I have him—what's his name?"

"Ruth!" calmly.

"It's short for Rio-Tia-Tia! You know what a Rio-Tia-Tia is? Them funny little giraffes that made molasses treacle!"

(To be continued.)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

- | ASHLAND 10 Years Ago | ASHLAND 20 Years Ago | ASHLAND 30 Years Ago |
|--|---|--|
| stray bullet while working in his garden is able to be out and was up town last Tuesday, his head swathed in bandages. | Mrs. Walter Frulan left Sunday for Roseburg where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Churchman for awhile. | Mrs. A. Madelliff and two little grandchildren, the daughter of John R. Stearns, are spending their holidays with relatives in Lima county. |
| Attorney G. C. McAllister attended to business in Medford yesterday. | C. W. Fraley, of Grafton creek, will remove to Ashland to give his children the benefit of the school privileges here. | J. John C. Praytor went down to Jacksonville Friday night to submit final proof on his homestead above Ashland on the canyon road. He was accompanied by Samuel Watson and Homer Geo as witnesses. |
| Nell Shins and Kenneth McWilliams left Monday for Klamath Falls where they will seek employment in the lumber mills which are opening up for the summer run. | R. T. Blackwood and Walter Stancliffe returned Friday from their trip to the Dead Indian country. | Geo. Gillette is running as an extra Wells-Fargo messenger on the overland train between Ashland and Roseburg during the rush of holiday express business. |
| M. D. Briggs and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Briggs and Mr. and Mrs. Jim McNeil motored up to Butte creek and spent the day yesterday. | (Aug.) A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Boyd, J. N. McCune and family, E. J. Stacey and family and H. L. Palmer and daughter Nellie, left yesterday on a trip to Pelican Bay. | Edw. Spencer, a student at the state university at Eugene, came home to spend the holidays with his parents. |
| A professional says a good elbow is needed for golf. Especially at the 19th hole. | Mrs. H. H. Mosler has been visiting Medford relatives for a few days. | |

Oregon fishing and hunting licenses for 1926 will pay more than \$350,000.

Hood River — Apple shipments to date this year, reach 3,345 cars.