

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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A Doomed Land

Japan is doomed, if the geologists are right. In 10,000 years her islands will have vanished beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

That is the "most rickety part of the earth," says Dr. Levi F. Noble of the U. S. Geological Survey. The Japanese shores are slowly crumbling into the sea. With the washing of the rivers and waves, aided by a slow submergence of the islands as a whole, such a fate is declared to be inevitable.

That has happened to many an island in the Pacific, in times long past. If tradition is true, it has happened also to a great continent. Similar tales are told of the lost continent Atlantis, in the Atlantic Ocean, and they seem to be supported by geological study and ocean soundings.

Our own continent and country are not immune. Geologists say that our southern Atlantic coast is slowly sinking. The rocks reveal that almost every part of this continent has been beneath the sea once or many times. Most of these changes however, take millions of years.

In comparison, Japan's threatened fate seems fairly close. Yet 10,000 years is a long time. No nation ever endured that long.

The Japanese people will doubtless have time enough to adjust themselves to the situation, and move when the times comes. They have a reservation prepared already on the Asiatic mainland, where they probably came from originally.

Those Dreadful Old Dances

Henry Ford succeeded so well with his advocacy of old-fashioned square dances that he got them introduced in the public schools of Dearborn. All seemed well for a time. Youth was to be saved from the corrupting influence of our modern dances. But now there is a sudden obstacle interposed.

More than 200 residents of Dearborn, signing petitions circulated by two of the local churches, demand that the teaching of such dances in the schools be discontinued "in the interest of a higher standard of morality."

They make the same objections to these supposedly innocent old dances that other moralists have been making against the "Charleston". One of the objectors, a physician who has a young daughter in the public school, says:

"Dancing does little to create healthy bodies. My opinion as a medical man is that it may easily prove harmful in the case of young boys and girls dancing together."

Which goes to prove the old truth that you never can tell how anything will work when its success depends on public approval. Most people supposed that Mr. Ford in this case was a public benefactor.

The Fine Arts Building

Ashland bids fair to have her name high on the "Book of Remembrance," to be erected in the new Fine Arts building at the State University at Eugene, when that project is completed as the result of the active work that has been carried on here by local students who are attending the University.

The Fine Arts building will be used primarily for the housing of the precious Murry Warner collection as well as rebuilding a wing of the women's building, in order that there may be a suitable place for recreation. Fifty girls were selected at a student committee meeting, for funds to assist in the completion of the building.

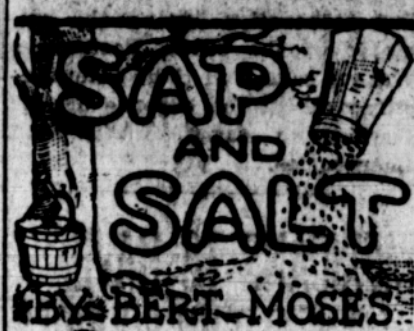
Edith Dodge and Vernon McGee had charge of the campaign in Ashland. A community dance to be staged at the Lithia Springs hotel Wednesday evening was the method adopted to raise their funds.

The goal was \$125.00. Today reports indicate that there will be well over one hundred dollars, to be reported from Ashland. However that is not the goal, they feel assured that with the amount originally set for, they will be able to have Ashland in the lead when the reports from other communities come in. Ashland residents should take an interest in this. They should fully realize that they are not only assisting a worthy cause but are also helping to maintain civic pride. If you have not purchased your tickets yet, do so today and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done something for Ashland as well as for the University.

Being elected to the United States Senate costs so much nowadays that a candidate and his friends must have an awful lot of patriotism to spend the necessary money.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



Estimate: A pile of bones for the lawyers to growl over.

Popularity: Staying out with the boys more than you stay at home.

Duty: A thing you recognize in others, but overlook in yourself.

Divorce: A luxury that a lot of folks indulge in who can't afford it.

Honesty: A virtue that skids in slippery places if it doesn't come natural.

Romance: Something that refuses to have anything to do with people who weigh over 200.

Hex Heck says: "Just why so many good people should be unpopular, I ain't able to figger out, but they are."

What Others Say

Devotees of skiing have enjoyed that sport here for several years. Now the skaters are coming forward. If only we could now get a good toboggan slide and a milk chocolate factory, Switzerland would have nothing on us.—Bend Bulletin.

Representative Andy Collier of Klamath Falls would pass a law that no one could vote unless he registered in time to get his name on the poll books. That is practiced in some states, but a better plan might be to do away with the hub-bub caused by registration at polling places and have a central registration point, those wishing to register and vote to pay a fee of 10 cents or 25 cents, just enough to cover the cost and remunerate the registration official.

The sweetest bird singers have dull-hued plumage.

The effect of noise on health is being studied at Colgate university.

An ancient Roman coin has been found that weighs half a pound.



As for the barber in Wisconsin who also is coroner we can only suggest the sign: "Inquests for the Bald."

When it snows in New York you can hire a sleigh for \$25 an hour. Pretty smooth?

Gertrude Ederle had a stiff neck after a plunge into the Pacific. We can hardly wait to hear what relieved her.

Far-fetched, perhaps, but a good picture: A Scotchman in front of a nickel phone while his neighbor's house is burning.

Well, well, here comes the Christmas next. Last year did you notice how popular bears became right after the holidays?

"Stop and shop" is the word before Christmas. Afterward it becomes just "Stop."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

A dozen men, working under the supervision of Street Commissioner Fraley, are leveling Granite street, and when finished will have completed a smooth drive from the end of the pavement to the intersection of Glenview Drive.

Mrs. Don Spencer and daughter Altadena leave soon for Corvallis for a month's visit with relatives. Earoste they will visit at Eugene and Albany.

T. H. Simpson and E. E. Phipps are on a business trip to Marshfield and other points over on the coast.

E. D. Briggs returned home Monday from an extended trip through the middle west on business, during which he visited a number of relatives at various points.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

A. R. Mowat, wife and little daughter, who have been visiting the family of W. H. Mowat, started home, Saturday to British Columbia.

Delf Thomas of this city was operated upon at one of the Portland hospitals for appendicitis a few days ago and word from his bedside is that he is making a good recovery.

R. L. Burdick took today's train for Cottage Grove and other northern points, looking up the lumber business.

R. S. Radcliff made a trip to Roseburg the last of the week looking after his business interests.

Portland — Tenants moving into new \$400,000 Terminal office building.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

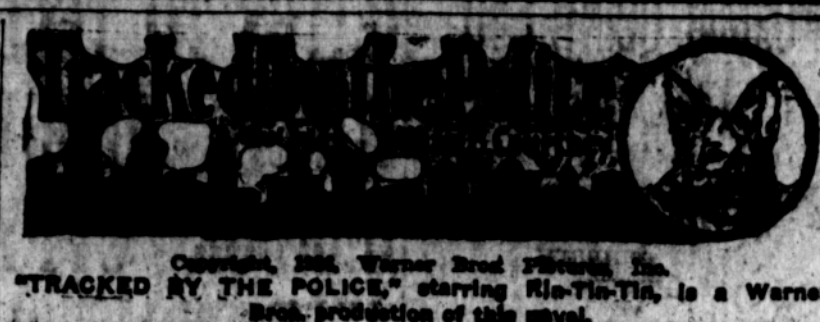
State Printer and Mrs. W. H. Leeds, Miss Ruth Leeds and Master Howard, who have been spending the past month visiting relatives in Ashland, returned to Salem on Friday evening.

Rev. T. B. Ford, the M. E. presiding elder of this district, has gone to Lake county on an official visit.

F. H. Carter started Friday evening for Portland and the Willamette Valley to be gone about one week on a business trip.

J. R. Casey has been down the valley as far as Grants Pass during the past week.

Astoria — Clam crop in Clatsop County is the largest in years. St. Helens — \$2,500,000 pulp and paper mill opened December 18. Clifton — All night phone service to be established at once.



Copyright, 1938, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "TRACKED BY THE POLICE," starring Rin-Tin-Tin, is a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

STORY
In France Jimmy Ford adopts a police pup, names it Rin-Tin-Tin and attempts to become a detective. He is thwarted, but his dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, is a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

CHAPTER IX
Not without reason was the girl who lived alone and innocently in a suite in the best hotel that Chicago could boast, known as "New York Nell." She was as typical of New York as the Battery, as little old New "Yorker" as the east side and west side pavements that had become sentimentally and sonnetally associated with the name of Governor Al; she was as Gothamque as Times Square and as Manhattanish as the gas tanks of Avenue A—and equally at home in either neighborhood.

The Chelsea waterfront underworld knew full well it was Dan the Dude's money that maintained her in such high living style, especially in these days when her nimble fingers, sharpened to sensitiveness by

a cunning hypocrisis by behind that suave mask—he would have pulverized it with his own bare hands, which were none the less sturdy and aggressive because they were holy!

But he did not know. Nobody did. Murtagh was all the more safe in his dual life, because those on the sunny side of it were free of guilt, while those on the shady side were too deeply involved in crime, too hopelessly enmeshed in his power, to hound and persecute and reveal should they turn on him, to ever dream of accusing. The audacity and cocksureness of the thing was his protection!

Therefore he raised his suburban kingdom without fear; and on this morning when he and the gang awaited the return of Old Bill with New York Nell Murtagh was in especially keen attitude. He felt, and with good cause, that the plot he was about to spring would dispose of Jimmy Ford and Rin-Tin-Tin forever as factors who obstructed the path of his covert progress toward affluence—toward the day when he could take his way to some far place of idleness and sensual ease. Already in his thoughts Murtagh had fallen on Sicilian days! For, after Jimmy and Rin-Tin, who was there to possibly thwart him? No one, Dan had felt. And surely not the "on him" in any way whatsoever. Dan had felt that Lieutenant Ford, Jimmy's father, knew him for what he was; he also felt that the son inherited his father's slep-ness. But he knew also that the boy had no proof. And surely not a single one of the gang had as yet of evidence against him which could be borne out in trial, except the fact that he had directed the gang's run running operations.

The murder of Police Lieutenant James Ford, Sr., had been a mystery to the Hudson Busters as it had been to the world at large. For once the individual members of the gang had told the truth when questioned by the police, they had denied knowledge of it. And for all anyone knew, for all any shade of his expression or thoughts indicated, it was just as much of a mystery to Dan the Dude Murtagh, too.

So, to repeat, Murtagh was in good fettle; felt that he was sitting on top of a rising world; for the twentieth time he was indulgently explaining to the gangsters, who looked up to him as many gutters, how he had come to a Park Avenue apartment house covered sarge can:

"Brains always win out over brawn. Brains are the thing to get you out of tight corners and put it over guys who have too much guts to be scared by strong arm rackets. And that's what I've got the most of—brains!"

"Is it brains, Dan, or brass that you mean?"

"Is it brains, Dan, or brass that you mean?" said a voice from the doorway. The voice of a newsmonger. A strange sort of voice for such a world hardened face. A voice dripping with the sweet and subtle poison of sarcasm. The voice of New York Nell, who quietly had been able to enter into the room from the outer passageway, into which she had been admitted with Old Bill by the sentinel, quite unnoticed by Dan, who was lost in admiration of himself, and the bulk of the gang, who were lost in envy.

She calmly claimed distinction. Her greetings fell as a rather moist blanket upon the spirit of the moment. The gangsters naturally snickered at her droll boldness, first upon her entrance and then upon her claim to distinction. "Oh, you needn't look so busted up about it, Dan," she went on coolly, defiantly. "But I sure think it's a sign of more brass than brains when a guy ditches his assets for months while he goes chasing after stuck up little society who ain't got no more use for him than she'd have for a wart on her nose, and then when he wants something done he sends for No. 1. That's poor little me."

"Lay off that line, Nell. You know nobody has a look in with me but you. I'm just playing with that little Allen fool to get inside info on Jimmy Ford."

"Applauded! You ain't been around to see me in God knows how long, though you drove her to the hospital every day to see Ford and rushed her to death every night so she wouldn't be home when Ford wasn't home. The same thing you did all through the war. It didn't do you no good then. It won't do you no good now."

Dan, fearful of the heat that crackled behind Nell's manner, chary of the brewing fit of temper, motioned to the gangsters to withdraw and let him and Nell settle their differences in private as a lady and a gentleman should.

"Can it, Nell, please—I've got something important—"

"Sure, you've got something important for old Bill, Nell, to do," she mocked, "and Sunday School. But ain't much use to you where there's liable to be shootin'! Hush her, but not me! Now you just listen while I speak my piece, Dan Murtagh—"

(To be continued)

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABIN
Caretaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Tuesday, November 9, 1938

Last night I heard the boards and tin cans rattling and thought it was the wind. Couldn't be the bears for they have left. When I went to Ft. Klamath I saw one of them almost to the south entrance, looking for something to eat, poor devil. When I went out this morning sure enough there was their tracks, a great big one and one not quite so big. They had tramped from one window to the other all night. Well I began to rustle. I took a box and went all over the house and picked up everything that I thought that they would eat. I became so interested in what I was doing I forgot that I expected to eat lunch. Now my cook will not bake bread for me in the middle of the day. Well, I ate crackers for lunch. Just between you and me and the typewriter that cook isn't such a hot bread maker anyway. But, this evening about 4:30 here they are, Old Fritz in the lead and Young Fritz tagging along behind. They weren't quite as good friends when they reached the food. They quarreled over the pie, they fought over the rotten fruit, and when they both found the bacon rind at the same time I thought that there was going to be a battle royal. Each had a hold of an end and were tugging and pulling like two pups. Old Fritz had the advantage of weight and a down hill pull. At the time that young Fritz let go they were at the brink of the rim. Poor old Fritz curled up in a ball as he went over backwards, and over the rim he went. Kind providence had placed a group of little trees down the hill about fifty feet. He hit those center with a crash that sounded like a dozen cliffs falling. That bear went up in the air and lit on all fours, headed up hill. He let out the most ungodly bawl, shoved the gas to the bottom and took that hill in the overdrive.

Young Fritz heard him coming and grabbed the biggest piece of anything that he could see, which was half a loaf of bread. The one that I didn't have for lunch, jumped her into high and gave her the monkey wrench and a screw driver down across that flat he went. Did he run? Boy, that bear didn't have engine or wings but he flew just the same. It was a heavy handicap but it was a close race for the bark of the tree that Young Fritz had climbed, hadn't quit falling when Old Fritz had reached the foot of it. I don't know how they made out, but they must have made up for they are outside rattling cans again tonight.

Six cars at the rim today.

I made a heavy work bench today.

The day has been cloudy. Wind, light SW. temp. H. 50; L. 45; R. 5 M. 47.5.

Now it's your turn.

Four Arrested For Robbery

SAN JOSE, Cal., Dec. 27.—(U. N.)—Four men have been arrested by San Jose police in a widespread drive to capture the robbers who today looted the Campbell branch bank of the Mercantile Trust company of \$5,000.

Don Murphy, 25, was shot and wounded during the holdup and scores of citizens joined in pursuing the bandits. He was not fatally hurt.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"But if ye will not do so, woe be to you, ye have sinned against the Lord, and be sure your sin will find you out." Num. 32:30.

Our sins are unfailing. No matter what they are, they will in time find us out, and we suffer for them. Some one has termed them, "The Unfailing Detective," ever on our trail and ready to show us up.

Lake Superior reached a lower stage last year than at any other time in official record.

A meter has been devised to measure the force of a swimmer's stroke.