

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MABEY Crater Lake Lodge

Monday, November 29, 1928

The house has been in twilight all day. After it had rained for about an hour last night, it turned to sleet, and with a high wind behind, it drove into every crack and crevice until the windows were covered and all the building was a sheet of ice.

The wind and rain did spoil my frost flowers afloat, but if this keeps up the ice formation on the leaves and branches will be almost beautiful. The snow that is falling tonight is wet and sticky and will stay wherever the wind happens to put it.

Work—Worked on table lamps measuring pole. Weather—Cloudy today; wind south; snowfall since last observation 11.5 in.; precipitation 2.08 in.; depth of snow 58 in.; temp. H. 32, 6 25, R. 4, M 30.

Don't Tell the Wife

WILLIAM B. COURTESY

Copyright 1928 Wm. B. Courtney, Inc. "Don't Tell the Wife" starting track race in a Wagon. Photo illustration of the race.

STROPHIE. Ranny Parke, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Joan, are temperamental messengers. Joan is a divorcee; but Ranny is a divorcee too. Joan, who loves her, he secretly divorces her.

Clay Varick, the referee, alone suspected the truth. Ranny did not care so much about the fact of the game. He was surprised to realize that it occurred to him that he had been more emotionally upset than ever before in his life.

There was an hour of nervousness, the crowd of spectators, the thoughts of vengeance—immediate, violent. His bloodshot eyes roved about the field, seeking the object of his hate.

Always there on the sidelines he saw Joan and a group of friends. Joan had changed their attention from each other, and noticed Joan out of the crowd to an informal chat directly beside the playing field.

Ranny saw position gave Ranny a sudden idea. He remembered the threat he had voiced to Clay Varick on this game had gotten underway—that he would drive a ball through Abner's head.

That promise had been embroidered in Joan's mind. A more vigorous figure of speech. Yet why not take that early threat seriously and make it good? It would not be so difficult for a man of his superior marksmanship.

He knew that he could aim with his hand almost as closely as could a hunter with a rifle. Long, long hours of practice had developed his direction of stroke until he could verify hit the ball into a stable bucket at a hundred feet—and had done so many times.

Of course there would be the necessity of hiding from Joan, from spectators, from the referee, from the referee's assistant, from the referee's assistant's assistant, from the referee's assistant's assistant's assistant.

He would have to be careful. There would be other men, Joan, for instance. And a man.

But he would not tell! The righteous wrath of a deceived husband would be his ally. He would not tell.

Of course he would not hit the ball hard enough to kill Abner. He just wanted to knock the stinky wretch out. But he must be sure to leave in him the memory of "pulling" his strings a little.

From a ball smacked at full strength by an expert poloist would crash like an express ball, heads than Abner Graham's, if heads, indeed, came his harder than that.

There the ball was in play now. All those venal thoughts had tumbled through Ranny's fevered and hot brain in the brief fraction of time that the two teams had been in the field. He anticipated no thought of attempting to score. Abner's head was the only goal he had objectively fixed in his mind.

However, the cautious Argentinean, who had resolved that he would not tell, must not watch that one goal advantage away from them in the very last moments of play, concentrated on an effort to keep the ball out of the playing field.

Surely, if it had been an ordinary goal that Ranny fired upon, he might have succeeded, but he fired the ball for there was no stopping the super-player, whose ability he added to by passion and ambition by shame. The shame of a world!

He had been disgraced as a player, as a husband, and had done so because of the loss of an enormous wage—by Livingston. He would not tell.

Nothing, except the personal satisfaction of inflicting punishment upon Abner Graham, would satisfy Ranny.

The week Ranny had spent at the polo field, during the frantic days of the season, was a week of his real prowess was shown to an expert player. He would not tell.

From Wagon Creek. C. A. Livingston of Wagon Creek was a visitor in this city yesterday looking after business affairs and shopping.



WE CONCEDE A ROOTIN' HOGEHOGE IS MADE FER YEARS O'WEAR, AN TH CORDED TIRES ON ANY'S IS MADE FER MILES O' TEAR. OUR COOK WIN FORGE A FLAP JACK WHUT WEARS MORE TEETH OFF FLATS BUT TH THING HAIN'T YET INVENTED TOUGHER THAN A CONSOY'S WAT.

Isn't It Odd?

BROWNSVILLE, Pa. — George Zoba began an action for divorce when Frank Capuzi became the third man in an "eternal triangle."

Berlin—Destruction of the fortifications and breakwaters of Heligoland in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Versailles, has placed what was once the mightiest fortified island in the world in danger of being washed away by erosion of the chalk cliffs.

CHANUTE, Kan. — A Rhode Island red hen's staccato tendencies have proven expensive for her owner, Mrs. A. H. Turner. The hen lays her eggs on the limb of a tree and each day's effort is a total loss when the egg strikes the ground.

BIKESTON, Mo. — Cutting down a tree to capture a raccoon which his dogs had trapped, proved fatal to Leslie Merrick, 20, the tree struck him as it fell, killing him almost instantly.

In our humble opinion what is sauce for the wealthy bourgeois goose ought to be sauce for the equally aristocratic gander. But there are a surprising lot of people who can't see it that way.

Would you catch the real meaning were one to declare that the most perfect love sonnets the world has ever known would never have been sung had Mrs. Robert Browning remained Miss Elizabeth Barrett?

George Young says he was able to swim the Catalina channel because he lived cleanly. But he did admit taking flappers to the movies a couple of times.

There is some comfort in knowing that the ten-inch gun is still too heavy for handy use by bootleggers and hijackers.

It is too bad. Just when Aimee decided she would go out and give a couple of lectures, along came the Chaplin case!

A man may own a palace—he may own a hotel—and then have no home.



The quiet man is the best workman.

School teachers generally come from other towns.

When a fellow hasn't got much, a little is a whole lot to him.

What I like about advice is that it takes up so little room.

One of the things that should be kept below par is your temperature.

Ten per cent education and 90 per cent experience is an ideal combination.

Hex Heck says: "Eph Swope says all the money he has saved so far came from saying 'No' oftener than he said 'Yes.'"

Since May 21, 1915, federal hunters in Oregon have destroyed 39,083 predatory animals.

What Others Say

(Oregon Journal)

The up-state Oregon cities were conspicuous in the Pacific northwest last year. They made gains in building of more than \$1,000,000 each. They are Eugene, Klamath Falls and Salem.

Eugene is at one terminus of new railroad extension and Klamath Falls at the other. When Oregon argues for railroad construction commensurate with that of California or Washington it is pleading for the development of other communities similar to that which has come to Klamath Falls and Eugene.

Salem's story is slightly different. Salem has discovered an industrial reason for existence besides its status as state capital. Salem's contribution to the Port of Portland, and to the ships loaded there, in the form of manufactured articles and tons of fruit, is becoming a factor of first importance.

There are more than local ambitions and noisy boasting in the efforts of Oregon towns to grow. There are loads for freight cars and cargoes for ships. There are the materials out of which business is built and commercial activity is quickened.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

Table with 3 columns: ASHLAND 10 Years Ago, ASHLAND 20 Years Ago, ASHLAND 30 Years Ago. Contains various news snippets from different years.

THE FORUM

Articles of timely interest are welcomed under this head. Communications must bear the signature of the author.

To the Editor:

Many people have read about the city basketball league organized by the Y. M. C. A. Much space has been devoted in the Tidings for the purpose of advertising and boosting this league.

Three games are played every Thursday night in the new Junior high school gym, each team participating in the competition. In these games the students, the teachers, the business men and the youths of the city entertain in friendly competition, associating with each other as a common unit.

This alone is enough to make the league a success, but more than this is accomplished: Friendships are formed and rivalry is forgotten. Rivals in business play side by side for the same cause. Young people associate with each other with a true spirit of brotherhood.

About 75 people of the city are actually participating in tournament. When the people pay the small admission fee to see these games, they see more than three ordinary games of basketball. They see men and boys play who have once been college and high school stars; they see college men in action; they see many different styles of basketball played; they see without a doubt some of the best individual work that can be shown in the city.

When people go into these sports like some of the players have done, there is no doubt but what a great deal of good is being derived. Nerves are loosened, nervousness begins to disappear, and above all, competition teaches them that they must go to good sports and take punishment without a complaint.

The people of Ashland who have attended these games are now backing the league to the limit. It is your league and it is an Ashland institution. Let's back this as we have our other athletic activities.

ROLAND E. PARKS

At the Lithia Springs Hotel. W. H. Horn and wife of Seattle, Wash., L. W. Lowrey of Eugene, Ore., and Wayne Williams of Portland, Ore., are among the people who registered at the Lithia Springs hotel yesterday.

From Wagon Creek. C. A. Livingston of Wagon Creek was a visitor in this city yesterday looking after business affairs and shopping.

Talent Visitor. Mrs. C. E. Kuper of Talent, was a visitor in Ashland this morning, shopping and visiting with friends.