

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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The Lithia Water

During the last few days the Tidings has been approached repeatedly as to our attitude on the controversy that is going on over the proposed location of the Lithia water in the Plaza.

We do feel however, that a lot of energy, arguments and time is being spent upon a proposition, that is not deserving of this interest.

We are referring particularly to the poultry industry when we say there are problems that mean prosperity to every one. Here at our door step we have what is acknowledged to be the best natural climate on the coast for the raising of poultry.

Why not get together and settle the Lithia water controversy without the feeling that is liable to become a part of this scrap, then forget about it until the proper time comes to properly exploit the Lithia water.

The Normal School Athletics

It is with increasing interest that we note the success being attained by the Normal school basketball team. Regardless of what might be our personal feelings regarding athletics as a part of a school system, there can be no doubt as to its value in attracting students.

The support that the team is receiving however is a disappointment. Not to the school authorities, for we are not in a position to comment upon their feeling in the matter, but with a team that is a consistent winner, that is able to adapt themselves to any competition, and above all composed largely of local boys, it's hard to understand why there are not more local people attending the games.

Local people would do well to attend these games, they will be making a double investment, for first there will be the entertainment provided, and second, by the proper support of athletics, this phase of the Normal school's activities can be enlarged upon, and there will result a larger and stronger institution.

The secretary of the chamber of commerce in Orange, N. J., urges that a publicity man be appointed to herald the needs of the firemen whose deeds "are not sufficiently appreciated."

Moan not your lot today. There's an eight-family flat in Jersey City with eight radios, eight pianos and eight phonographs.

Senator or no, Frank L. Smith ran a ball team in Illinois for years and years, and I guess you can't overlook that.

If the radio keeps growing in popularity as it has, pretty soon we'll have to have a constitutional amendment against it, we fear.

A strange bird attacked a timberman up in Quebec. Maybe it was the first robin, enraged at being spotted so early.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



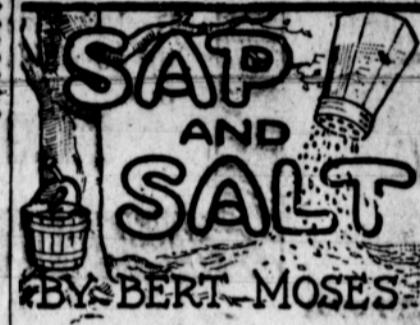
Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK—Because his parents separated him from his bride, the former Mildred Gander of Cambridge, Ohio, William Gardner, 23, who says his father is a wealthy Cleveland, came to New York and started making the rounds of the gay night clubs.

He will be given a hearing in court tomorrow on a charge of grand larceny, preferred by fellow patrons of several of the clubs, who accuse him of stealing their jewels. Gardner said he quit his classes at the University of Michigan to come to New York and drown his sorrows in the night life of Broadway.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mary Campbell, 13 months, talked to her uncle, Joseph Harkness, in England over the trans-Atlantic telephone today. Joseph told Mary's mother that he could hear her distinctly, and that he could almost make out what she was trying to say.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Formulas for whiskey and brandy have been restored to the United States pharmacopoeia after being dropped in 1915 out of deference to prohibition.



To double your troubles, take them to a lawyer.

Some people have rheumatism, but usually the rheumatism has them.

Rumor will travel fifty furlongs while a fact is traveling a foot.

The less a man knows about the science of government, the crazier he is to go to Congress.

Many respectable folks are not good, and just as many good folks are not considered respectable.

It would seem, from the number of boys who smoke that smoking was taught in college and made compulsory.

Hot Heck says "The quickest thing to turn sour is love picked up on the bargain counter."

What Others Say

So much interest has been awakened by the Tule Lake homesteading plans we are greatly surprised at the craze for land. The News has maintained all along that more people would get back to farming and freedom if they knew how, but somehow they seem to have lost their bright light.

(Salem Capitol Journal) It is proposed to repeal the nine foot bed sheet law for hotels, which is a slam on that great statesman, Dan Kellisher, whose great claim to fame is its authorship.

After I had examined them five or six times they seemed to be cool enough to try out. I knew that the snow was like so much mush, but that hadn't ought to bother a ski, with Blue Streak for a name, perhaps slow it up some but that was all the better for me as I hadn't been on skis but very little this winter.

I got them out of the door on the west end of the Lodge, and headed them up the hill. I had just adjusted the straps inside and all I had to do was to get on. They kept slipping around quite a bit, kinda nervous like, then there was their name, you could expect as much. After a while I got both feet in the stirrups, and leaned forward just a trifle and spoke to them kinda easy like, but they didn't make a move. I wondered if I had forgotten to turn on the switch or something. Perhaps they weren't self starters and you had to give them a shove. I leaned forward a little more and started to raise the right one. Right there things began to happen. The left one was balky and began to back up, the right ski got frightened and began to slide away from its mate, for a while I was going south and west at the same time, about the instant that I had reached the extent of my elasticity there was an earthquake, when I opened my eyes a moment later I was hanging onto the snow and ice with my teeth. Very much of that, letting them think for a moment that they had piled me, would spoil both of them. Then it occurred to me what was wrong, for two months they had been standing in the Lodge and naturally didn't want to leave it. So I got off and lead them up on the drift away from the building.

I changed sides with them putting the off ski on the nie side, perhaps I had them hooked up wrong the first time. I was up on a drift about twelve feet high, but I never thought about them headed down hill and the gate open. Well I got everything fastened and started to raise up and they started both the same way this time and how they did go.

Crater Lake In Winter Time

BY JOHN MARIN Carptaker at Crater Lake Lodge

Thursday, December 8, 1938.

I tried out my new skis today. They proved to be a great disappointment. You know that I expected a great deal of those bent boards, they were so nicely striped and the name on them, Blue Streak, in fancy blue and gold letters. You know when I first looked at them and read that name I could picture myself slipping across the country in long graceful strides, as smooth and as easy as if I had wings; I even wondered if I wouldn't have to use my ski-pole as a break going up hill. Today I fixed them up, I put on a new rubber foot and tacked it down with shiny brass tacks. I was very careful to get the tacks spaced evenly and in line so that I wouldn't spoil their looks. I next looked to dressing the sliding surface. The bottoms were smooth, but there were places where the grain looked high, so I sandpapered them until they were as smooth as glass. I then went over them with hot linseed oil, and drove the oil in with a hot flat iron. I kept the iron going over them until all of the oil had gone into the wood. Then I gave them another sandpapering and then put on the paraffine, taking pains that all lumps were toward the back. When it was all done the bottoms had a slick glossy look. Blue Streak, well I guess I could hardly wait until the paraffine was cold to try them out. I kept wondering just how far I should go; around the lake, it being only 3:30. No, I wanted to save that trip for some other time, besides it wouldn't do to strain or over work them their first trip; no it would have to be a short jaunt, say over to Liao Rock, that was only nine miles and then nine miles back. Well if they were too hot when I got over there I could let them cool before I started back.

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Copyright 1938 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "DON'T TELL THE WIFE," starring Irene Rich, in a Warner Bros. production of this novel.

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