

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

GEORGE MADDEN GREEN, Managing Editor

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Price — Ashland Daily Tidings
By Carrier — 1 mo. 50c; 1 yr. \$7.50; By Mail — 1 mo. 60c; 1 yr. \$8.50

The Unpublished Story

A two-cornered fight has again started on the question of routing tourists to Crater Lake via Medford or Gold Hill from Grants Pass, with The Medford News and The Grants Pass Courier as the champions growling at each other in the ring.

Right on top of the editorial which The Daily Tidings had Wednesday, advocating the union of southern Oregon and possibly northern California counties into an effective organization such as those which have created such a constant stream of tourists into other sections of California, The News published an editorial attempting to take Grants Pass to task for supposedly having directed Congressman Lea and his party of California to Crater Lake over Gold Hill. How a Medford enthusiast had rescued the party and brought them to Medford was the inspiration of the editorial, which The News called an "Unpublished Story."

The Courier replied with many comments on the "wailing and weeping" of the Medford newspaper and ended their editorial with this:

"When Congressman Lea and his party were here, they were guests of the business men of Grants Pass. At this time, President H. D. Norton, of the Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce, advised Mr. Lea to take the route over Medford. And Mr. Lea took his advice! That's the unpublished story."

The Tidings believes that the Grants Pass Courier is giving the true version of this story and publishes this editorial merely to illustrate how trivial, how unimportant and how harmful and unnecessary are the bickerings back and forth between communities in Southern Oregon when this vast region has so much to offer which is constructive instead of destructive to each other.

And just incidentally we are reminded of the local source of that remarkable "unpublished story" which the Daily Tidings had already published last week following the reception here for the members of the California Highway committee.

"Pop" Gates, staunch old booster for Medford mentioned the affair, told of the visit of Congressman Lea to southern Oregon and how he had been directed to "pass up" Medford, but how "Pop" had gallantly rescued him from this terrible fate.

Now as a citizen of Medford it is commendable of "Pop" Gates to boost for that community, but he is a member of the state highway commission, and that covers a lot of territory. It is to be regretted that the incident occurred but we do think state officials might be a trifle more diplomatic in their tales of heroism. Sometimes they are misunderstood.

The Community Band

Again this evening an attempt is to be made to organize the Ashland Community band.

There is an old adage that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" and it would seem it might be applied to this community institution.

At the recent Recreation Night program in Lithia Park we overheard a number of folks remark how they were missing the open-air park band concerts this summer and how they had enjoyed them in the past. Maybe there was a lack of spoken appreciation for the work of the musicians, but there was never a lack of attendance at the delightful affairs.

Organization of the band was attempted once this year and was unsuccessful. Now it is to be tried again and every musician, every community booster, should get back of the organization and boost and work for its life. There is still plenty of time for some mighty enjoyable concerts in the park this summer.

Ashland wants a band. Ashland needs a band. And with the proper spirit of cooperation back of those who compose the band the needed and wanted institution will become a material fact and institution of enjoyment.

KMED Apology

"Bill" Virgin, manager of KMED radio station of Medford, expresses regret that the station was used on a recent evening to broadcast some antiquated jokes, of which a sister city was the butt. Like the newspaper editor, Bill permitted one program to get by uncensored. He was not present at the time, and even though those who cracked the jokes, meant no ill will, some exception was taken. Bill does the fair thing: He apologizes frankly, and pledges that it will not occur again. That is the spirit which those who listen in on KMED will applaud. It was excusable and will be quickly forgotten.—Medford News.

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

DEATH PUZZLE SAYS SPEAKER

Nick Longworth, friend of Maurice Crumpacker, writes widow

PORTLAND, Ore., July 23.—(UP)—Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the house of representatives, reiterated his statement that there was nothing visibly wrong with Maurice E. Crumpacker, Oregon Congressman, who ended his life by jumping in San Francisco bay last Sunday, when the speaker left him Friday evening, in a letter received from him Thursday by Mrs. Crumpacker.

The letter, written Monday in San Francisco, was the first word Mrs. Crumpacker had received from Longworth, who was the house guest of the late congressman here the week before.

Personal friends of Crumpacker believe that the letter adds mystery to the late congressman's temporary aberration, rather than clarifies it because Longworth could see nothing wrong with Crumpacker.

The letter said in part:

"I am still dazed. Can't account for it at all. Our trip from Portland was uneventful. It was a pretty hot."

"On the day that we arrived in San Francisco Maurice said he had hardly slept at all, but he seemed perfectly and entirely cheerful."

"We went to our room at the St. Francis, at about 11 o'clock. At 2 Jim Phelan came in. We arranged to go down in Henry's (Spencer) car that night to Salinas for the rodeo, thence by motor to Jim Phelan's country place. He asked us to finish with him but Henry had a business engagement and Maurice said he was going to lunch with a friend and probably play golf."

"I got back to the hotel about 5. Shortly after Maurice came in. We talked together for about a half hour. He seemed perfectly normal and cheerful, but complained again of loss of sleep and said he felt rather seedy. I suggested he take a Turkish bath, there being an excellent one at the hotel, and meet Henry and me at 7:30, dine and go to the theatre."

"He said that would be fine and went out. That must have been about a quarter before six and I never saw him again. A little later Henry came in. We took a walk and came back to the rooms about 7. We waited until 8. Having no word we dined, went to the theatre, came back to get our bags."

"No word had been left for us, but we went to the train thinking he might join us there. We arrived at Jim Phelan's the next evening, at about 6:30 and Jim told us he had just heard that Maurice had been found on the street in a dazed condition and taken by police to the emergency hospital."

"We at once telephoned and were assured by a physician whom Jim knew personally that Maurice was resting well, that there appeared to be nothing serious and that he would be given close attention and kept under careful observation."

"It was not until late yesterday afternoon that I heard of the tragedy and almost immediately Mrs. Kahn telephoned that all necessary arrangements had been made."

"This morning I came into San Francisco to see whether there was anything I could do, but found that every detail had been arranged for. I then telegraphed to the sergeant-at-arms in Washington my appointment of the funeral committee. I wish I could come myself, but every minute of my time for the next week has been engaged."

"I have searched my mind inside and out and gone over every minute of the day since I saw him to see whether I should have had an inkling that all was not right with Maurice. I don't see how, by any possibility I could."

"Outside of a little restlessness which I attributed to lack of sleep he was absolutely normal."

"No man ever had more to live for, and the future had no cloud."

Sam Koser prefers to sit tight in the office he already has with-out trying any experiments. He has made a good secretary of state and that is quite sufficient.

—Bayer Democrat.

Those who pay no income taxes at least make the money for those who do.

Ugly folks have little use for the looking glass.

The army is going to walk on rubber heels, according to a Washington dispatch. That's a tramp, tramp, tramp song now can be changed to "Shush, Shush, Shush."

In Wichita, Kan., the women held a gasoline day to protest gas rates. One of these days there's going to be a big news break when the dressmakers raise their prices.

Hez Heck says: "All men is good—good for something or good for nothin'."

The oath of allegiance to King George.

The Duke of York.

The Boer War.

The Immigration Exclusion Act.

Ontario.

Canberra.

Premier Stanley Baldwin.

Premier Hertzog.

Canada.

The Imperial Conference.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

(Copyright 1937 by P.M.O. Pictures Corporation)

STORY

The many mail robberies throughout the United States stirred up so much public feeling that the National Mail Guard was organized to guard the mails during transit. Lieutenant MacReady of San Diego is assigned the command of the Yellow Canyon, a mail train which carries the country's mail and is overhauled at the command for he is finding some life monotonous after the thrills of St. Michael. He takes Sergeant Bill Smith along with him, but the sergeant is compelled to travel incognito and "cover" the trip to the Canyon the usual friends with Mrs. Davis, who lives there. On arrival he sees Sergeant Bill climbing from the train cars.

Sergeant Bill Smith, bearded, grimacing and sporting a pool and children, emerged momentarily from under the rails.

Sergeant Bill, if original in his ways, at least got there. He was ready to report for duty any time.

At the very moment that MacReady was about to pop out a brakeman made his appearance at the rear of the train. Sergeant Bill was in imminent danger and MacReady was ready to run some risk to warn him, but at that moment Mrs. Davis' voice called him gently on.

"Won't you come over and meet the Captain, Mr. MacReady?"

To have refused would have courted inquiry and the probable discovery of Sergeant Bill's identity. Reluctantly MacReady turned his back to the advancing brakeman, still twenty yards away.

Mrs. Davis took him in the opposite direction and he dared not turn back.

Benevolently Captain Davis rose to meet them. His stooping figure belied his height. He stood six feet

tall, and even in his sloping years there was a trace of the military erectness when he had worn the uniform.

He kissed his wife gently, stooping almost double to do it, and waited for her to speak.

"Dear," she said, "this is Lieutenant MacReady, who will be in charge of the soldiers here."

"It irritated MacReady that she couldn't distinguish between soldiers and marines; but she was too sweet a soul to take offense at, and he laid it to her obvious ignorance."

Capt. Davis extended a huge, gnarled paw.

"Glad to meet you, sir. It's about time the government put a stop to this outburst. Anything we can do to help you at any time, we'll do it."

He gave the extent of what he wanted to offer in a sweeping wave of his arm.

"Perhaps you can tell me," MacReady suggested, "where the marines are billeted and where I can find the officer in command?"

Capt. Davis took him by the hand and brushed a scrawny hand over his bald spot.

"I ain't so sure, not being posted on the social doings of Yellow Canyon. I understand as they've moved quarters once or twice, but the man can tell you if anyone can."

He pointed to a huge skeleton of a man bolstered up against the side of the station. "A character, if there ever was one. He had huge fangs, side whiskers as tough as straw, squinted tobacco juice nearly over the station platform, and one hand on his chaps just above the belt line, where a huge old bloodstain glinted menacingly, and the other inside an open buckskin vest to wave the flaming red shirt over his head."

"Lem Spofford, old sheriff," Capt. Davis explained as he assisted his wife into the front seat. "The most valuable citizen in our community."

He had passed around the front of the Ford and was up in the driver's seat, foot on the starter, the releasing of the brake and he was ready to be off.

"Don't give you all the information you want," he said. "Let us know if you want to call on us."

He drove off in a grumbled way, the flaming red shirt over his head, and Mrs. MacReady watched him disappear and then approached the figure loitering against a station corner.

"Sheriff Spofford?" he asked.

"Yes."

There was no welcome in the greeting, merely a stare, with Sheriff Spofford, who had eyed the proceeding with a distinctly partisan eye, was now advancing to take a hand.

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