

ESTABLISHED IN 1976

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

SEASON FIRE RECORDED GOOD

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

August 30, 1927
THE HOLY HOUSE:—Thy testimonies are very sure: Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever. Psalm 33:5.

Crater Lake

The summer sun has finally broken down the last frozen barrier on the rim road about Crater lake and this magnificent miracle of still waters may now be seen from every part of its vast circumference.

Think what it means to those unfortunates of the East who have never seen summer snows on the mountains, to read of snow-blocked roads in August. How much more it means to them, to stand on the precipitous bank of the lake and breathe the ozoned coolness of the air, while they look out upon the sea of silence.

To try to write about Crater lake is as futile as to write about Niagara. Each is overwhelming in its effect upon the visitor. Niagara awes one by the extravagant uproar of its hurrying water. It is power at its utmost of thunderous activity. Crater lake holds us breathless by the stillness of its perfect repose. It is power so confident that it needs no bluster of motion to prove its strength.

The one is Valhalla, the heaven of shouting warriors of the Norsemen; the other is Nirvana, the infinite oblivion that brings peace to the Oriental spirit.

Crater lake is a vast pool of the blue heaven, somehow forgotten by the gods and left in its huge hemlock-trimmed cup, to make men wonder. It cannot be told, since there is nothing like it anywhere for measure or comparison.

The season nears its end, but there is yet time for the visitor to go and see it for himself. —Portland Telegram.



TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

Kenneth Williams of Grants Pass, well known in this city as a ball player, now with the Cincinnati National League, closed his first week in the big brush with a batting average of .341.

Paul Williams motorcycled out to the Medford Country Club Saturday and was an interested spectator of the opening round of the southern Oregon tennis championship.

Robert Goodyear, a former Ashland boy now located at Berkeley, Calif., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jennie Goodyear and other relatives in the city.

W. A. Beebe was called to Albany Friday by the serious illness of his mother.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Carl Murphy was a visitor in Medford yesterday.

C. C. Walker came in Saturday from his summer retreat in the Hiatt prairie region.

Mrs. S. J. Rhodes visited a couple of days at the home of Isaac Rhodes at Talent last week.

D. A. Applegate, the local Wells Fargo express agent, will leave tomorrow on a vacation of three or four weeks, and will visit relatives and friends at Drain, and will also spend some time at Postland.

Normal Notes—Miss L. E. Nicholson sang a solo in chapel Wednesday morning.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

C. E. Donnelly biked to Medford and returned yesterday.

Mrs. Helen Ralph, who has been spending several weeks on the Siskiyou mountains, returned to the city Thursday.

Ed Farlow and Joe Kinney, who have been out in the Klamath Lake county for the past two weeks, returned a few days since. Mr. Kinney had quite a painful accident while out there, fracturing two ribs in falling off a log. W. A. Kropke, who started out with the party, remained behind at Pelican Bay Lodge, where he will tarry until the snow begins to fly.

Some Day This

Arresting the offender may be something, but it seldom affords restitution to the injured person. Society, of course, benefits when the wrong doer is punished; the offended may go hence, as legal phraseology might say it, and not even recover his costs.

A motor accident north of the city this week leaves a suggestion of need for some new provision—at least within the motor or highway laws—that would enable persons who suffer loss by reason of unlawful acts of others to recover damages without resorting to civil lawsuit.

One man lost his automobile, completely wrecked, and his family barely escaped alive. The other man, the officers say, was intoxicated. They found a bottle of liquor upon his car. He is under arrest. He may not be able to restore the lost property to the other man in case it is eventually proved that he was criminally at fault.

There's money aplenty in the state highway fund by reason of the gasoline tax and other taxes levied upon motorists. Maybe one of these days a state legislature will provide that a small portion of this money be set aside as a "motorists' compensation fund" for the reimbursement of auto owners in cases where it is shown the damage was done on a state highway by another person's act in violation of the traffic code.

Self Service

Many good folks are lamenting the passing of the era when men and women consecrated their lives to unselfish service and prepared themselves to become ministers, missionaries, teachers, or county doctors, that they might administer to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of humanity, without thought of large worldly gain. They are not in error when they charge that modern men and women are choosing vocations today in which they can do the greatest service to themselves.

People today are coming to the belief that the best way to help others is to produce much that their profit shall be large and that they shall never become dependent upon society. The old idea of service was direct. The new service is indirect. Twenty years ago it was still thought that only ministers, doctors and teachers served humanity. Today every workman who carries his whole day's wage home is known to have earned that wage in service to society.

Elbert Hubbard's version of the Golden Rule was: "Do unto others as though you were the others," but an even more up-to-date version is "Do yourself much good and no bad to others." Getting something for yourself is reprehensible only when it is gotten at the expense of another.

Her Hack says: "You kin send invitations to 'emous people, but you can't make 'em come."



All wide-open spaces are now occupied by fire plugs.

Neither man nor things should be judged by the abuses heaped upon them.

Hitting a man is mighty risky business unless you do a good job the first blow.

If you want to get all the fine points about kissing, consult a chambermaid.

Perhaps the best way to crawl out of a tight hole is to quote the Scriptures.

To get what you haven't and to rid yourself of what you have, that's about all there is to life.

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Show Folks Go Swimming

High-class vaudeville will be presented at the Vining theater this evening in connection with Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice."

The "Navigator of Art and Nonsense" in a riotous act of fun and merriment promise vaudeville lovers a real treat at the local theater.

Members of the Vanderville troop have been in Ashland for five days, and all accomplished swimmers, have spent much time at the Jackson pool. They are regular ducks and you can't keep them away from swimming pools.

W. C. T. U. OPENS NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN MINNEAPOLIS

DIRECT PILOTS BY ROOF SIGNS

Suggestion is made City Paint Name on High Buildings

Advertising Ashland from the rooftops to passengers in a transport plane, is suggested directly by Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, through a communication to Governor I. L. Peterson.

Painting of a city's name on the highest buildings of respective towns in the state is a distinct advantage and assistance to military and commercial air pilots, according to Mr. Hoover.

Suggestion is made that the name of Ashland be painted in large, bold letters on such buildings as the Lithia Springs Hotel and Chautauque building.

WENATCHEE FORESTS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—(AP)—It was reported to the district forest office today that 54 lightning fires have been started since August 17 in the Wenatchee forest where 80 men have been sent to fight the blaze. Thirty acres of yellow pine, some mature timber was burned in the Oriental park in eastern Oregon. In the Whitman forest and much fine timber was threatened. Weather conditions are better with higher humidity.

Nighty Three Blazes in Oregon National Forest This Year

Sixty-three of the 88 fires in Crater National Park this season have been caused by lightning, according to Forest Superintendent Rankin. Nine blazes were attributed to careless smokers who dropped lighted materials on inflammable ground and three were caused by camp fires. One was caused by a car which caught fire along the roadway and the blaze spread to surrounding territory.

Two fires, according to Rankin, were believed to have been of incendiary origin, and one of these in the Elk creek district was the largest of the season covering 578 acres. Ninety men were engaged in fighting the blaze before it was caught under control.

TO CONSTRUCT NEW "BY-PASS"

Danger of Sand Gathering in Lower Reservoir to Be Avoided

Construction of a "by-pass" or large culvert which is to pass around the lower reservoir of Ashland's domestic water supply is to be started next week according to City Engineer F. H. Walker. The by-pass will be a large culvert constructed of cement, passing around the reservoir, and during high waters and other times when much sand and other foreign materials are washed into the reservoir, a large gate will be closed and the water will be forced around the reservoir. Cost of construction, the work to be done by employees of the city water department, will be approximately \$3,500 Mr. Walker stated.

Says Woman Will Occupy White House

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 25.—(AP)—A woman president will occupy the White House within 30 years, according to Mrs. Elizabeth C. T. Miller, head of the Republican women of Ohio, now visiting here.

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LONDON TRAGEDY

LONDON, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Nine persons were killed and more than a score were injured today when a high-speed train, loaded with vacationists, ran off the rails 30 miles from London on its way to Deal, on the east coast.

Left For Coast—Mrs. W. D. Gill, daughter Nancy Lou and son Lawrence, who reside on Scotts Drive in this city, left Friday morning to spend several days' vacation on the coast.

The United States Marines have a long record of training in the use of machine guns. They are in an almost impregnable position. Philip Howard had visited his life in the use of the machine gun. He was a marine, instead of a bandit, as she thought.

The start the planes had concentrated their drives on specific points. First the north end, then the center and finally the south entrance had been subjected to the downpour of bombs. With the lightning of the enemy fire, indicating the partial success of their first attempt, the planes grew bolder. Following closely upon each other they made a thorough assault. They started at the south end of the runway, aware of the fact that resistance had been rendered almost impotent. At a height of barely a hundred feet they proceeded slowly to the north end, drenching the arroyo at every hundred feet with their gas.



He was coughing and spluttering, running wildly in an effort to escape. "By God, tear bombs," Davis shouted, hitting on the truth. The fall of the bombs, which left the fate in store for them, unless they could avert it, moved Davis to action. He swung Gray Eye by the arm. "Come on," he shouted. "This is no place for us. We can leave the girl here. She won't be able to get through the canyon alone. But if we're going to save our skins we've got to get those planes." He ran out into the open, recklessly contemptful of the hail of bullets pouring both ways. His hand he took his stand in the middle of the uneven arroyo. A plane was swooping down overhead. Davis knew that in another moment a charge of tear gas would be loosed upon them. He took aim deliberately. He could have sworn his bullet pierced the wing of the aeroplane, and awoke because he had missed the gas tank. The pilot swerved upward immediately but before he raised the machine three assessors of his "Cover your face," Davis howled. "Beat it!" He rushed back to his cave, smothering his face with a handkerchief that he held first over his nostrils and then kept in place by his teeth. Slightly frightened he made the hiding place and threw himself to the ground before Laura. The explosion hit; Davis could feel the flames spreading around him. He saw Laura stagger, he could have damned her to hell willingly at the moment as the cause of all disaster. The thought came to him to expose her as a pledge for immunity from further attack from the air. Before he could translate the thought into action the gas hit him. It stung his eyes, it fought the weakening effect on his system. He sought to be a man. In spite of himself he gave way. Huge tears rolled down his cheeks. He wanted to cry from sheer weakness, but the tears that rolled down his cheeks came in spite of himself. The attack had shifted to the south end of the arroyo. The aviators had gotten the location of the hidden gas now and were sending their bombs with reckless abandon. Six, ten at a time were the ration dealt out to the helpless bandits. Partially recovered, Davis had opportunity to survey the scene and realize the devastating effect of the attack. His men were hisp. One of them crawled on the ground in a semi-conscious state. A bandit was out of the question. They were fit for death anyway, if captured, and he was willing to fight it out. "Get these planes," he barked to Gray Eye and then looked up. Davis was talking into space. The outlaws was stretched across a huge boulder spluttering and coughing in abject helplessness. He would have been an easy mark for a bullet from the air except for the fact that the pilot had abandoned the machine guns for a more wholesale method of reducing their bases into submission. At the start the planes had concentrated their drives on specific points. First the north end, then the center and finally the south entrance had been subjected to the downpour of bombs. With the lightning of the enemy fire, indicating the partial success of their first attempt, the planes grew bolder. Following closely upon each other they made a thorough assault. They started at the south end of the runway, aware of the fact that resistance had been rendered almost impotent. At a height of barely a hundred feet they proceeded slowly to the north end, drenching the arroyo at every hundred feet with their gas. The effect was instantaneous. As the fumes penetrated, the bandits weakened and cajoled. Men with tears running down their cheeks throw away their rifles and rushed out into the open holding up their hands in sign of surrender. Davis saw the debacle coming and would have fought to prevent it; but he was helpless. Like Gray Eye he was on his back facing the sky, trying to ward off the coughing and spluttering that shook his body. Laura had escaped more fortu-

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