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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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September 24, 1927 ALL GOOD GIFTS:—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is re- PRAYER: O satisfy us, Lord, early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

When Chicago Went Movieless

Chicago movie patrons, deprived of their daily film fare by a recent theater strike, turned to books, news dispatches inform us. Photographs of long lines of people storming bookstores and libraries while the theaters stand empty are given as additional proof. All this probably should prove something, and behind it may lie some great moral; but what is it? That the movies are harming the book industry? More books are printed, circulated and read than ever before. That the movies, being on a lower intellectual level, should be discouraged while book-reading is encouraged? Much piffle is put in Hollywood cans, to be sure, and unreel before the world; but likewise much balderdash is put between covers and sent broadcast as literature. And those at whom the moronic influence of the movies is directed are quite apt to be attracted by the moronic influence in certain types of books.

It is difficult to get a fair perspective of the movies. Supporters can hear, see and think no evil of them: they are recreational manna, uplifting, inspiring, devotional, given to a weary world to brighten old age. Their opponents, on the other hand, see them only as immoral, unclean and degrading, fit solely for suppression and that right quickly. Neither, of course, is an accurate picture; the true one lies somewhere between. But where? Of a late movie magazine it was written that he replaced thousands of saloons with hundreds of pleasant picture palaces. The first part of the statement is doubtful. No one man, and surely no film producer, banished the saloon from America: that was done by the American people. But the second phrase contains a germ for thought. The main defense of the old saloon was that it was the poor man's club. A new club has arisen. Even the chiefest censorer of the movie would scarcely say it contains the same destructive forces as the saloon.

Greater Love Hath No Man Than This

Not somewhere only, but everywhere in France, the visit of their wartime comrades from America has stirred the hearts of the French people to a new sympathy and understanding.

In formal public address and intimate private conversation has been rehearsed the 10-year-old tale of shared experiences — the epochal events that go to make up history and the little incidents that go to make up life.

It is a happy trick of human memory that the stark agony of tragedy and pain is soon forgotten. Laughter wakes a longer echo than a sob, but when the American Legionnaires gather at Verdun, at St. Mihiel and Chateau Thierry; when they stand at salute beside low crosses over sunken mounds, they must remember once again the bitter realities of the toll of war.

Death is a debt which knows no reparation and the long lines of the living among the long lines of the dead, American and French together, are still to a realization of truer values than be counted by the money changers.

All the world has paid a cruel price for the tragic folly that is called the Great War. It cost so much that it must not now be cheapened and robbed of the thing that made it great—the self-forgetful heroism evoked by the unhappy time.

Call it wartime hysteria if you will, but the fact remains that everywhere men and women were lifted out of themselves into a passion of devotion that lent dignity and honor to the least one who played his part, at home or abroad.

Of all America's investments in France, the greatest is represented today by those long rows of poppy-covered graves, and the silent tribute of their returning comrades. This is a rich reality that the French can not repay and will not soon forget.—Portland Telegram.

Lots of handsome Lotharios lost interest in the flight of Ruth Elder's proposed trans-Atlantic flight when they learned she was the better half of a real estate man from Florida.

It's more fun going to school now than it used to be and to be honest about it, that's saying a great deal, at that.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. When a man knows a little, he tells it quickly. The mind should be porous, so it can soak up something new each day. How lucky it is to be ignorant of those things that are not worth knowing! Before becoming a thief, a man must first lose all respect for ownership. Goodness is one of the things that seem to lack the element of popularity. When a new law hits the rich hard, it's only a question of days until its constitutionality is tested. Her Heck says: "Fashion surely does seem to favor the mosquitoes."

This Day In Fistiana

Sept. 24th, 1923 SIKI vs. CARPENTIER By Doc Reid Five years ago today, the entire fistie firmament was rocked to its foundation when word was flashed around the world that Georges Carpentier, light heavyweight champion of the world and heavyweight champion of Europe, had been ignominiously defeated by a knockout in six rounds at Paris, France, and simultaneously relieved of both titles in a bitter battle with Battling Siki, a hitherto unheard of Senegalese Negro fighter. Description of the fray testifies that the famous French Adonis received the worst beating of his long and brilliant career in the ring. Siki, who a little more than one year prior to his spectacular flight to the fifty heights of a world's champion fighter, was a bottle washer in a Toulouse barroom, held his titles but six months when he was dethroned by Mike McPique in Ireland. He came to this country shortly after losing his title and one early morning in 1925 was found murdered in a side street in New York City. Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star" is out-of-date these days. The modern young man wants to hitch his wagon to a comet.—Eugene Register.

TOM SKIS SAYS

We heard some of the Seattle people had cancelled their reservations for the Dempsey-Tunney spectacle in Illinois. That's the advantage of having Mt. Rainier. The French government decorated Mayor Walker of New York. And him so able to decorate himself. TUNNEY SET BACK BY HIS LET-DOWN, says a headline. We supposed Dempsey came back by his speed-up. Deah has recommended an in-Washington theater must be that there in the tariff on onions. Again the west demonstrates its climatic superiority with cool, invigorating weather, while heat prostrations are being reported in the mid-west country.—Bend Bulletin. How does this government expect those Central American revolutionists to make a living if it keeps shutting off their supply of munitions? First thing anybody knows some of them will have to go to the poorhouse.—Banks Herald.

Society

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The inside story of Gene Tunney's valiant defense of his heavyweight title, including the story of that dramatic seventh round which found the champion phone and glass-eyed, beaten to the blood-spattered canvas beneath the blows of Jack Dempsey, has been told exclusively to the United Press by the one man who could tell it—Dave Barry, third man in the ring during this most spectacular of ring battles. It is a story to silence the claims of Dempsey's disappointed supporters that the champion was favored by too lengthy a count at the climactic moment of the fight. Only the stocky, blonde, alert referee who peered into Gene Tunney's glassed eyes and shouldered the responsibility of delaying the count until Dempsey had gone to the neutral corner knows just how close the heavyweight championship of the world came to changing hands. "Tunney could have gotten up before the count of ten even if he had started immediately after he hit the floor," said Barry. "Gene was hurt, badly hurt by a left hook flush to his jaw, but he knew what was going on every second. The few extra seconds helped him, but Dempsey lost any chance that he might have had to finish the champion when he failed to live up to the rules. The last thing I told the men before they went to their corners to strip for action, was the rule which requires a referee to see that a boxer has retired to the farthest neutral corner before starting a count over the man who has been felled." According to Barry, the grim determined Dempsey actually was trying to take a position directly behind the fallen champion from which to attack if Gene struggled to his feet. "Jack tried to circle around me and get into his own corner, where he would be behind Tunney and within a few feet of him," Dave said. "I held him off with my arm and told him: 'Go to a neutral corner, Jack, a neutral corner.'" The time keeper had counted up to four before Dempsey realized that he would have to obey and started for the proper corner. Then I turned and picked up the count, signaling with my fingers that I was starting the one, two, three, four, five, for which Gene was listening. Barry said emphatically that Tunney was ready and able to get up when the official count reached "five." This moment came three seconds after he went slumping down along the ropes from the effects of a terrific left hook to the jaw. So it seems that despite the frantic shouts of that famous old shooter, Leo P. Flynn, the champion of the world was not knocked out in that smashing seventh round, after all. The Illinois Boxing Commission took little notice of the attempts of Jack Dempsey's manager to claim that the count had been unduly long. "I went before the commission today," Barry said. "They declared that everything had been done properly and congratulated me." The referee told how wisely, in his opinion, Gene Tunney acted after he had been knocked down. "I looked into his eyes, and for a moment they were glassy," said Dave. "Then his eyes cleared, and he sat there, his left hand clutching the rope with which he planned to swing himself to his feet, calmly watching the time-keeper. Gene could hear me counting, but he was looking across the ring to where the time-keeper's arm was sweeping back and forth. He did not waste a second. At nine, and not a second too soon, Gene swung to his feet. Then, and not until then, did he turn to face Dempsey when Jack came charging over."

Referee Tells Story Of Dramatic Seventh Round; Count Was Proper

BY FRANK GETTY United Press Staff Correspondent Copyright 1927 by United Press. CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The inside story of Gene Tunney's valiant defense of his heavyweight title, including the story of that dramatic seventh round which found the champion phone and glass-eyed, beaten to the blood-spattered canvas beneath the blows of Jack Dempsey, has been told exclusively to the United Press by the one man who could tell it—Dave Barry, third man in the ring during this most spectacular of ring battles. It is a story to silence the claims of Dempsey's disappointed supporters that the champion was favored by too lengthy a count at the climactic moment of the fight. Only the stocky, blonde, alert referee who peered into Gene Tunney's glassed eyes and shouldered the responsibility of delaying the count until Dempsey had gone to the neutral corner knows just how close the heavyweight championship of the world came to changing hands. "Tunney could have gotten up before the count of ten even if he had started immediately after he hit the floor," said Barry. "Gene was hurt, badly hurt by a left hook flush to his jaw, but he knew what was going on every second. The few extra seconds helped him, but Dempsey lost any chance that he might have had to finish the champion when he failed to live up to the rules. The last thing I told the men before they went to their corners to strip for action, was the rule which requires a referee to see that a boxer has retired to the farthest neutral corner before starting a count over the man who has been felled." According to Barry, the grim determined Dempsey actually was trying to take a position directly behind the fallen champion from which to attack if Gene struggled to his feet. "Jack tried to circle around me and get into his own corner, where he would be behind Tunney and within a few feet of him," Dave said. "I held him off with my arm and told him: 'Go to a neutral corner, Jack, a neutral corner.'" The time keeper had counted up to four before Dempsey realized that he would have to obey and started for the proper corner. Then I turned and picked up the count, signaling with my fingers that I was starting the one, two, three, four, five, for which Gene was listening. Barry said emphatically that Tunney was ready and able to get up when the official count reached "five." This moment came three seconds after he went slumping down along the ropes from the effects of a terrific left hook to the jaw. So it seems that despite the frantic shouts of that famous old shooter, Leo P. Flynn, the champion of the world was not knocked out in that smashing seventh round, after all. The Illinois Boxing Commission took little notice of the attempts of Jack Dempsey's manager to claim that the count had been unduly long. "I went before the commission today," Barry said. "They declared that everything had been done properly and congratulated me." The referee told how wisely, in his opinion, Gene Tunney acted after he had been knocked down. "I looked into his eyes, and for a moment they were glassy," said Dave. "Then his eyes cleared, and he sat there, his left hand clutching the rope with which he planned to swing himself to his feet, calmly watching the time-keeper. Gene could hear me counting, but he was looking across the ring to where the time-keeper's arm was sweeping back and forth. He did not waste a second. At nine, and not a second too soon, Gene swung to his feet. Then, and not until then, did he turn to face Dempsey when Jack came charging over."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago D. M. Lowe shipped a carload of the finest produce that has ever come out of Jackson county, Friday, to the state fair at Salem, where it will be arranged into a display. Mr. Lowe's personal collection is included in the exhibit. His wife and son Donnie will accompany him and aid in the arrangement. Mr. Lowe's display is backed to "bring back the best." Jackson county owes a great deal to Mr. Lowe. H. G. Eastman has received his official appointment as assistant postmaster for the Ashland office. While he has been performing the duties of the assistant for some time, the Washington officials were considering doing away with the position here and the appointment comes as an agreeable surprise to Mr. Eastman and the other office members. D. D. Good made a business trip to Jacksonville yesterday. Mrs. H. L. Whited visited at Medford a couple of days this week. T. H. Short and wife leave today for the Balaklava mine, at Kimberly, Cal., to remain for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gussiere left today for Los Angeles. They will spend the winter visiting in that vicinity. Dr. J. G. ... wife of Portland ... Prof. and Mrs. ... people of days this week ... left yesterday to visit California.

CONVENTION CITY NAMED

California Federation of Labor 1928 Convention At Sacramento SAN BERNARDINO, Calif., Sept. 24.—(AP)—Sacramento will entertain the State Federation of Labor convention in 1928. The capital city was selected shortly before adjournment, which closed the five-day convention Friday, after Marysville and Astoria had waged a spirited battle for the honor. Friday's session was given to the selection of a convention city and considerable routine business was handled by the delegates before they prepared to return to their homes. ... WASHINGTON ... DEATH ... WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—(AP)—Four persons, including sleeping children, were burned to death early today when fire destroyed the family home of O. W. Huxch, a farmer near Roseburg, Ore. The dead are William and Frederick Huxch who lost their lives attempting to save their younger brother and sister.