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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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November 5, 1937

OUR DELIGHT:—Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon the earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed. Psalm 112:1, 2.

PRAYER: May our delight ever be in the law of the Lord and in it, may we meditate day and night.

Industry and the Younger Generation

Where industry is to get its skilled labor when the present generation has passed is one of the questions asked by the Department of Manufacture of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in a bulletin on industrial efficiency and trained men.

"At a recent dinner honoring industrial veterans," it says, "one concern marshaled more than 500 men who had been in its employ from 25 to over 60 years—actors, passing off life's stage. How are they, with their skill and experience, to be replaced?"

"We can no longer depend upon trained immigrants or upon neighboring plants as sources of supply. Moreover, in securing volume production from expensive labor-saving machinery, commensurate with its cost, it must be placed in trained and careful hands—again suggesting systematic training.

"Unfortunately there are still those who say, 'We can go out and hire what skill we need.' Perhaps some can do this in certain localities where others have been doing the training. But it is obvious that were this policy universally adopted, surely there must soon come to an end this supply of skill. If we face the facts, many sections have already seen the handwriting on the wall."

Answering the question, the Department of Manufacture says: Industrial success and prosperity are turning the eyes of the younger generation to industry's opportunities and away from the overcrowded professions and so-called white collar jobs. The sons of employees in industry are being interested by far-seeing employers. What industry is doing to provide adequate training facilities and how trade associations and communities are contributing to the same end are some of the questions the Department stands ready to answer.

Then and Now

Filling the family woodbox was a regular chore for the boy of twenty-five years ago who lived in the small country town or on the farm. After the first snowfall his troubles began. The snow had to be shaken off each stick and the wood piled neatly in the box. Not only the kitchen woodbox but the big round forerunner of the baseburner in the 'parlor' had to be kept supplied with a prodigious amount of fuel. The housewife of that early day cooked and worked about a hot kitchen stove and then rushed out into the open to hang up clothes. Sudden changes in temperature brought on colds and suffering. The oven required constant watching. There was little time for social visits.

Things are different now. Power comes into the home on wires or through pipes. By a press of a button a genie is released who washes, dries and presses clothing, sweeps the floor, cooks food, heats and lights the home and does a score of other things. The temperature of the home is more constant and even, making for healthfulness. But we wonder if, with the modern improvements, the new housewife can make mince pies with that golden, crispy crust and delicious filling that was possible with the old cook stove. Yes, ours is no doubt the better age. But many things of the past are worth remembering.—Dearborn Independent.

Although charges of disorderly conduct were dismissed against University of Oregon students, we don't believe regulated serenading is going to be much fun.

Henry Ford is said to be considering a fanciful new marketing plan. He ought to have a new marketing plan to harmonize with his "dream" flivvers.

The Portland bigmist who had two wives living but six blocks apart was evidently a fatalist. He couldn't have had the courage to keep trying such a stunt if he had not been.

There was no lacking of enthusiasm in the demonstration which the Southern Oregon Normal student body made last night in their initial-school rally.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams The Things



SAP AND SALT

THE GOOD RUNNER RARELY GETS A BLACK EYE.

Common sense puts more money in the bank than genius.

You can help a man up a ladder, but he has to do the climbing himself.

Those who go into the glue business naturally run a big risk of getting stuck.

There are said to be 426,138 traffic laws, 426,138 of which nobody pays any attention to.

If fashion really wants to start something, she might introduce hoops to go with the short skirt.

See Heck: "Legs is gittin' so common now that men is beginnin' to notice the color o' the girls' hair."

YOUR BOY AND YOUR GIRL

by ARTHUR DEAN, Sc., D.
(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

How can we spend Sunday afternoons to make it interesting for our children? We have no car.

Large Family.

ANSWER: The automobile solves the problem for many on pleasant days, as long walks in the country solve the problem on those same days for families who have no car. But the indoor Sundays!

Why not have a "Sunday cupboard" stocked for emergencies, the key of which is given to the youngsters after dinner and which is locked again for the week at bedtime? There might be a slate and sharp pencils; box of water colors; library paste; pictures suitable for coloring; favorite books with attractive illustrations; a post card album; printed paper dolls from current magazines, together with pasteboard on which to mount them; bits of colored glass; and perhaps an especially attractive toy or some toy surprises which are kept over until Sunday.

READ CLASSIFIED ADS

TOM SKAYS SKAYS

King Alfonso of Spain was thrown from his horse during a polo game. Stealing some of the Prince of Wales' publicity ideas?

A young man needn't look forward to being heavyweight champion or president any more. Any young fellow stands a chance of being chosen the average man.

One of these days we can look for the headline: POOR BOY BECOMES AVERAGE MAN.

We've hardly tagged the World War and put it away on the shelf when along comes Big Bill Thompson and wants to know who won the Revolution.

The Kansas correspondent who wrote that Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-or-other were driving a new sedge fergot to mention which one had the wheel.

Levine, returning from Europe, declined movie offers, refusing "to make a show of himself." What he probably meant to say, was "refusing to continue to make a show of himself."

WASHINGTON LETTER

By Rodney Datcher
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—Anyone who reads his Washington news will recall that the Federal Radio Commission recently revoked for 30 days the amateur operating license of Eric H. Palmer, Jr., of Brooklyn, on his father's representations that the youth had one foot in the grave as a result of deterioration of his health caused by his fanatical devotion to his radio station.

The fact that the commission actually wrote a lengthy letter to Eric, advising him to go to bed early and eat regular meals, was surprising. So was the thought that here was a father who could not control his admittedly weak and undernourished son and had to appeal to the government for help.

But, the really significant fact that seems to be that Mr. Eric H. Palmer, Sr., is a radio publicity man, with offices in the Times bldg. of New York.

And one will find on the business stationery of Palmer, bere the brief advertisement:

"NEWS—GREATEST CHRONICLED AND INTERPRETED."

Some news, it is to be remembered, just happens. Other news is "created."

An enjoyable time was had by all when the delegates to the international radiotelegraph conference went to New York on a special train for a week and junket. Many of the delegates encountered new experiences.

There was, for instance, the experience of the German delegate who had never encountered a steaks glass down. In the Savoy Plaza hotel he attempted to walk right through one of them under the impression that there was no door there at all. Fortunately, no blood was shed.

When time came to return, it was found that a New York newspaper thoughtfully had deposited a copy of its Sunday issue in each seat on the Pullman reserved for the delegates. This open-handedness was new business for the delegates with the result that, after they had piled into their cars many of them came piling out, insisting that they had their seats as evidenced by the newspapers there. The Americans quickly explained their mistake.

A thrill came to a score or more delegates when the dining car became unlighted on the trip at one point on the return trip and the excited gesticulations and exclamations in foreign tongues did not subside until it was explained that the engineer and conductor would realize their legs and come right back to pick up the diner.

That was the story of the delegates, whose nationality need not be revealed, who arrived at the station here as the party was about to leave for New York and was asked where his luggage was.

"We're only going to be gone two days, aren't we?" he demanded.

"SHANGHAIED"

Illustrated by EPO Pictures Corp. 1936-1937
From the FBO photoplay starring Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller

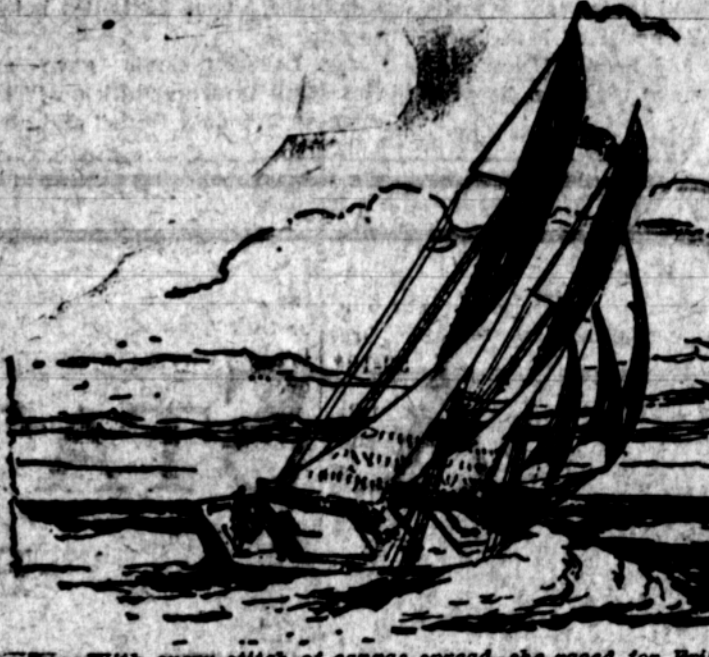
BYNOPSIS
Hurricane Haley kidnaps Polly, a dancer from "The Riverside," because he thinks that she was behind a plot which robbed him of all his money. He boards his schooner, the "Sea Sprite," he treats her very roughly, but Polly soon learns to forgive him, and comes to love the sea. The crew, led by the mate, Brady, meeting through a series of chances Polly and though Haley manages to escape them he falls to the deck of the schooner. During the struggle a steamer, from the ship and though the schooner is not much damaged, Brady and another sailor are killed. A mate from the steamer comes aboard and Hurricane sends Polly back to Frisco on the departing boat.

All the sunlight had gone, and he was back in the cold arctic seas which he hated so much. And before him were all the hardships of another cruise.

Later, when Bronson came to him, he agreed listlessly and allowed himself to be taken below.

Ten days later Hurricane Haley came on deck for the first time. Never, not in from an irritation of the wind in his eyes, had there been the sparkle from his eye, and for the first time in his life he felt the need of a friend. Bronson had come back into his own. Born to something far different, he was coming into his own again through the responsibility of command.

The crew always eager to take advantage of anyone who would give them an inch had tried to give him trouble at first. But a left that spoke of training, and a right hook which, if it did not carry the crew, would have finished Hurricane's did, at least had the same results in the end, discour-



With every stitch of canvas spread, she raced for Frisco.

aged them, and when at last Haley was able to come on deck again, he found them as orderly as the crew of an Atlantic liner.

Limey had been Bronson's right hand man, and the little cockney had more than an idea that he was not the only member of the crew who hailed from the British Isles, but wished to forget it.

Favorable winds had carried the Sea Sprite to her cruising grounds off the coast of the Hawaiian Islands. A pile of skins, waiting to be stretched and salted lay near a large boiler and furnace, where the layer of fat from the seals was being melted down for oil. All was ready for work, and even to Haley there was something afloat.

There was a spirit of excitement here. The men laughed and sang about their jobs, and turning away Hurricane knew why. It was Polly. She had given these rough men something to live for. She had brought Bronson back from obscurity and made a man of him. And he had sent her away.

As the months passed by Hurricane grew to admit that he loved Polly and to count the days when he would be able to return. Time after time, as he stood alone on the bridge of the Sea Sprite, he had thought of leaving for home. But the owners, nor would he leave the Arctic till his hold was filled. That's the way Polly would do it, he mused.

Slippery, skin by skin, the Sea Sprite collected her cargo. One day even his usual inspector of the hold Hurricane decided that there was more good catch and he would take her home. He was not filled but almost eighteen months had passed since the schooner left Frisco and few skippers stayed out longer than that.

That day Hurricane had reason to see the Indians that Polly had had on the crew. A herd of seals had been surprised on an ice-ber, however, managed to escape, and Limey and Hurricane started in pursuit. A seal is usually a quiet, unexcited animal but wounded and so he bay a bull seal is a match for anyone. Limey was rowing and Hurricane stood in the bow of the boat with a short harpoon. The seal was swimming slowly and as he overtook it Hurricane threw the harpoon. The seal turned and the harpoon shot harmlessly past. Hurricane was slightly off balance, and when the rope attached to the end of the harpoon tightened, it pulled Haley out of the boat. For

(To be continued.)

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 12 Years Ago

The East Side P. T. A. met Wednesday afternoon. Miss Marie Homes rendered a violin solo and Mrs. Usher gave a report on the convention. Refreshments were served and a social hour followed.

Relatives and friends in Ashland of the groom are in receipt of the announcement of the wedding at Los Angeles, recently, of Jacob Howard Leeds and Miss Mabel Maude Coyell. Mr. Leeds is a native son of Ashland, his father, W. H. Leeds, now of San Diego, Cal., being former editor and publisher of the Tidings and also former state printer of Oregon.

Mrs. Charles Taylor returned last Thursday from a visit at Klamath Falls.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

W. E. Yockey & Co. report the following sales for October: Eighteen acre alfalfa farm of C. Noonan to L. Hilly; Roper lot on Main street to A. D. Helms; house and lot of A. H. Conner, on Third street, to Sherman Morphouse, of Central Point; house and lot belonging to the Lovesee heirs, on E. Main street, to Fannie M. Hardy, of Everett, Wash., mother of Mrs. Doran; Geo. Cavanagh's fourteen acre fruit ranch, half miles east of the Normal on the Boulevard, to Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

C. H. Flores, of the Ashland cannery, desires to encourage the growing of asparagus in commercial quantities in this section, and to that end has raised a large number of plants he is offering at nominal prices to those who will plant them in quantities.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

S. Patterson went to Yreka Monday to close up the deal for the sale of the Patterson Bros. mine on Beaver creek, on the south side of the Siskiyou, to H. A. Espey. The price paid was \$4000.

According to report, the genial D. B. Provost came near furnishing food for a bear over in the mountains in the Elliott creek country, where he went on a business trip last week.

At the last meeting of the city council of Ashland it was decided to take up a city water bond of \$500 which falls due in September, 1938, and it was also ordered that \$300 in outstanding street warrants be called in. Already this year \$1500 in city indebtedness has been paid off, which with this last liquidation will make a total of \$3200 this year, in addition to payment of current expenses.

This Day In History

NOV. 5, 1915. NELSON VS. REAGAN

Twelve years ago today, marked the last ring battle of the famous Battling Nelson, ex-lightweight champion of the world and one of the greatest fighting men in the history of the game. His opponent on this occasion was Johnny Reagan, another veteran of the ring, and the latter was returned winner on a decision at the end of the scheduled ten rounds. The affair was staged at Kansas City, Mo.

Nelson's fight with Reagan terminated a ring career of 19 years in which he met practically every fighter of note in the game at his weight. He then launched out on a vaudeville career and is still at it and going good.

From Fox Farm—
Arthur E. Tucker from the fox farm on the Dead Indian mountain road spent Friday in the city visiting with friends and looking after business affairs.