

The REGISTER'S EDITORIAL and FEATURE Page

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A GOOD LESSON

The basketball tournament recently brought to a close, was a huge success, judging from all the standards of measurement proper to apply to such an affair. There was only one note of discord in the whole procedure, and that, in our estimation was entirely uncalled for. One of the teams leading in the tournament was defeated after making a strong showing. One of their reasons for defeat was because two of their star men were put out on personal fouls. This team did not take their defeat gracefully, some of the members going so far as to say that they felt they had not received proper treatment.

In our estimation, this team has failed to grasp one of the fundamentals of basketball or any other athletic contest. They have not learned to accept defeat as cheerfully as they do victory. The statement that they got a raw deal is in itself preposterous. There are certain things you can do on a basketball floor, and there are many things that cannot be done. This team did so many of the things that called for fouls that they lost two of their star men. That certainly is not the referees fault. It is not the merit in charge of the tournaments fault. It is not the city of Ashland's fault. They simply went up against a better team, one that later won the tournament, and were defeated. The fact that they lost two men on fouls is a part of the game. Boys playing basketball or any other game should be made to realize that they do not deserve to win until they can take defeat gracefully.

That lesson learned while they are still boys will go far towards smoothing the path of life in years to come, for life itself is a series of defeats and victories, and the man who can not accept defeat and still go ahead, gains few victories.

OUR MAYOR

Too often we are prone to criticize our city officials placing special emphasis upon the things they do not do rather than giving them the proper credit for the things that they do. In this connection the Register would like to call special attention to the work that has been done the past few days on the air port.

A raw field of ninety some acres, has been transformed into a landing field as yet not complete but suitable for planes to land upon. This field was converted in less than five days, and how, the question arises was it done? Simply by the whole-hearted cooperation of the city departments working under the direct supervision of Major C. A. Malone. And how you may well ask, did this come about?

Simply because Ashland has a mayor who has sufficient vision and foresight to realize that the town in the future without an air port will be occupying the same relative position that a town of today occupies without a depot.

There was no questioning or quibbling about the matter in any way. Mayor Thornton, when told of the conditions that existed, he gave instructions for all city departments to unite in placing the field in the best possible shape in the shortest length of time. The results are apparent. It is such action on the part of city officials that will go far towards developing Ashland.

HE WANTS TO HELP

If other people in southern Oregon had the same consideration for the Normal school as Billy Briggs, who served this territory so well in the last session of the legislature and whom we understand will be a candidate for the same office at the coming primaries, then some of the troubles that beset President Churchill in the conduct of a school that in two years has completely outgrown its present facilities would be made considerably smoother.

Recently Jackson counties local representative was asked if he expected to be a candidate for the office. He did not know at that time that the remarks were going to be published, and in publishing them we are accepting all responsibility for so doing. But this was his reply: "I really don't see how I can afford to give it the time necessary, but I feel that it is my duty to go back if the electors see fit to send me because of the Normal school. I feel that my experience in the last session will be valuable in assisting to secure some of the things that are absolutely

Getting Out of Patience



vital to the continued growth of the Normal school. Yes—I think I will file shortly now, because I believe that I can do the school some good, and for that reason I am willing to make the necessary sacrifice of time and money."

That was a splendid statement in our estimation. This man realizes the benefit to southern Oregon of a Normal school, so equipped with finances and other things that it can keep pace with a marvelous growth. There is only one place those things can come from and that is the legislature, and in our opinion "Billy" Briggs is the man to see that they get what they need.

The JUDGE'S JOSH

A carpenter went forth one day
To get his saw made keen;
He hunted high and low, but not
A blacksmith could be seen.

He gave up in despair with thoughts
Of losing many dollars,
Until he found a laundry where
They put saw teeth in collars.

Tourist: "Is the London fog really so awfully heavy?"
Londoner: "Terrible."
Tourists: "How do the vehicles get along?"

Londoner: "Well, the first one makes a tunnel which all the following ones pass through."

A curator of a certain zoological gardens was on holiday. He received a note from his assistant: "The chimpanzee is sick. He appears to pine for a companion. We don't know what to do pending your return."

"Whither away, stranger? What wouldst?" chattered St. Peter, as he leaned over the pearly gates.

"Gosh, let me in," muttered the wandering soul of convict No. 999 just released, "I just had the shock of my life."

Invaluable Statistics.
The best vegetable soup is usually made with vegetables.
It is still possible to secure whiskey in the United States.
Michelangelo was not the inventor of golf knickers.

If a piece of burning wood three inches long be dropped into a fifty pound box of dynamite, there will be an explosion.

It is two hundred and twenty miles from Peru, Indiana, to a point two hundred and twenty miles away from Peru, Indian.

Saint Peter never mastered the art of shaving himself with a safety razor.

It has been estimated that 9,712 toothpicks are lost every year.

A man diving from the Rock of Gibraltar will drown if he is unable to swim.

To be a good housewife it is necessary to be a woman.
The Spanish language is spoken in Spain.

Bald headed men should not part their hair in the middle.
George Washington did not enlist in the last war.

Impassioned youth (throwing himself to his knees): Light of my life! Light of my existence! Light of—
The Lady: "Aw, douse the glimmer kid, and while you're down there will you buckle my galoshes."

Lamm Lumber company at Klamath Falls starts mill and

Dr. Frank Crane Says



THE COMIC STRIP

A recent article on "The Compensatory Function of the Sunday 'Funny Paper'", by Harvey C. Lehman and Paul A. Witty is at hand.

It gives a very ingenious explanation for the popularity of the comic strip. It gives as a trait of character in almost every one the desire to "escape."

"In the word of 'actuality,'" it continues, the child is obliged to conform to certain conventions, to treat other persons with a reasonable amount of decorum, to abide by the consequences of his acts when he defies natural law or human authority. In the 'funnies' he will defy every law and he will do so with immunity.

"Thus the child who looks at the Sunday 'funnies' is enabled to identify himself with the most intrepid adventurer or the most resolute law-defying citizen or the capturer or such a criminal. On the other hand, he may identify himself with the serial-motion-picture type of hero who wins out over apparently insuperable odds."

All of us are aware of constant limitations in our ordinary life. We are unable to thwart these constrictions, so we seek numerous and varied forms of gratification of our impulses.

Certainly the comic strip does not excel in showing actual life conditions nor in its artistic quality. It only suggests human characteristics in exaggerated form, but they are naively and crudely presented and so direct and unmistakable that even the most obtuse cannot fail to recognize them.

The pamphlet says that in the Sunday funny section the child often takes many risks which in real life he would not think of taking.

"In some cases he succeeds by resort to magic. At other times he is pictured as falling squarely upon the face or being severely burned with fire or scalding water. He falls at a great distance or he is closely pursued by dangerous wild animals. He knows no decorum. He puts his cigar ashes into an upturned silk hat, or into the goldfish bowl. He rests his feet on his neighbor's lap.

"He endures no suppression. He has complete freedom of self-expression."

This is at least an ingenious explanation of the popularity of the comic strip, as the value of any entertainment, theatrical or otherwise, is its escape value.

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA

By STANLEY R. OSBORN
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(Continued from last Friday)

"But, lady," he explained earnestly, "don't mistake. I sure meant t'play fair and square with Uncle Sam. I planned both t'make a piece o'side money and do my plumb duty as a citizen by tipping off the contraband."

His countenance beamed with enjoyment of the intended coup; innocent of any slighted perception of the shame of bad faith.

As he went on, however, his features turned ugly with disgust. Uncle Sam had proved an unbelievable tightwad, and the Orientals had discovered Burke's attempt. They had set gatten after him. And "for a reason"—which the man did not explain—he was conspicuous.

"I could of laid up ashore," he concluded, "but some uvavale devil Shanghai's my bankroll and leaves me just plain on the beach. So I stows away here."

Palmyra thought it safe to believe he might really have been robbed: "So, then," she inquired in a tone of regret, "you're not, after all, a pirate? I felt you might have heard the Rainbow was seeking buried treasure."

Ponape Burke shot a look of interest in her direction. Then, apparently annoyed that, for even a moment, he could have taken her seriously, he voiced a protest.

Presently: "Miss, why did y'lay below here?" She had lain below mischievously to consult a buccanier. So, "I'm sorry you don't smack more of the Spanish Main," was what she said.

Then he asked: "But what did y'have in mind? Maybe we could do better'n y'think."

Palmyra shook her head indignantly. "Oh, no," she said "you're not at all the sort." But she explained. When she had found there was someone aboard, she recalled a popular comedy: a burglar entrapped all unknown to the others, with a house party under guard in quarantine; no end of mystery, excitement, before he'd been discovered. "And I hoped," she concluded, "we could get up a little plot. Some thing piratical, thrilly. But," she added resignedly, "not a one would be scared at you."

From the dark there came a prolonged chuckle. "Well," hesitated Burke a t length, "if y'insist on pirates . . . But why not some stunt a little more genteel? A concert say? Know a lot o' native songs."

In sample he gave her a phrase; a chanting fragment, rhythm without music; low-voiced words, mellifluous, polysyllabic.

"There," he concluded with a touch of pride. "Something like that."

But the girl scorned minstrelsy. He relapsed into the laugh—to her irritation. "Pirates it is," he assented. "And even if yer bunch ain't scart o' me, maybe we could frame 'em up a startle. Wouldn't be a bit surprised. Not a bit." He was amused.

She remained unconvinced and he laughed again. There was silence for an interval. Then, "D'ye know where the gangway is y'came in at?" he asked unexpectedly.

The girl looked puzzled, toward him: turned her gaze in the direction of the door. "Yes," she said wonderingly, "I know exactly where it is."

"Then," said Ponape Burke, "just give it one flash with yer torch."

The girl was, suddenly again, a little afraid. Hark? Was that a sound of Burke, moving?

Her thumb touched the torch. As a lightning flash, its ray shot forward, landed full upon the pump vest, the chubby infantile

face, Burke still sat on the trunk. Again darkness; impenetrable, intimidating.

Before Burke could have moved, she whirled toward the entry, switched on the light.

The shaft leaped across, and then in its circle, vivid against the door, there sprang into being a savage face. Wild, copper-hued, it held rigid as jungle iron caught by photo-flashlight. Under a great mat of hair, fierce staring eyes, grinning lips drawn back from two rows of square teeth that clamped upon the blade of a ten-inch knife.

It was not the face of Burke. It was not the face of a white man.

CHAPTER II

Next morning Mrs. Crawford and her guests were gathered in lee of the deckhouse, bundled in their rugs.

The sun only at intervals, had been blinking through, bringing a touch of warmth to the surface of the sea, charming the spreading canvas into life. As, presently, Palmyra roused from her preoccupation to join the others in a laugh, the luminary glanced down again and printed on the deck, black and sharp-edged, the lifting shadows of the sails.

Such a shade lay across the girl's face. When the Rainbow rose to a surge, the shadow moved, as a curtain up, and the sunbeam caught in turn and illumined perfect teeth, dimples, eyes that danced with fun; set a flame the crown of bright hair, her most noticeable endowment.

But soon she was somber again. She had been shaken by that fierce visage leaping at her from the dark.

She should have suspected a second presence. One glance at Burke's hand, gloved though it was, should have sufficed. It was small, pudgy, never the thick sinewy paw that had fastened upon the cabin port. Her wits about her, she should have mistrusted Burke's song; not have waited to be told afterwards that he was chanting: "Silent, go, stand against the door, knife in teeth, and look terrific."

At this point the shadow of the sail came swooping down again across Palmyra's eyes and she awoke to find that Mrs. Durley, the stewardess, was regarding her with an amused and curious expression. The girl flushed guiltily. Mrs. Durley stepped forward, hesitated, held out a card tray. "A gentleman to see you Miss Tree," she announced.

"A gentleman to see Miss Tree?" inquired Mrs. Crawford in amused acceptance of the play. "Why how unexpected."

"Airplane or sea horse?" questioned Van. At this moment she caught sight of the man himself, standing in the alley between the house and the rail.

"Mrs. Crawford," she introduced, "this is Mr. Burke, the well-known pirate. Will be pleased, yo ho ho, to demonstrate walking the plank. I am sure if you could see him scuttle a ship, you'd feel we'd been greatly distinguished."

By daylight the pirate's face had lost its cherubic aspect. Still singularly undeveloped as to line and feature, there was now more visibly upon it a maturity of significance that could only have been stamped by dissipation, hardship and danger, or some more violent temperamental urge than, at first view, could have been suspected.

But if Burke's face had gained in significance, his figure had not.

(Continued on page 7)