

"Ashland Grows While Litcha Flows"
City of Sunshine and Flowers

ASHLAND TIDINGS

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Lady Aberdeen.



Lord Aberdeen.

The Aberdeens at Elks Tonight

Under the auspices of the Ashland Civic Improvement Club, Countess Aberdeen, president of the Women's Congress of the World, and Lord Aberdeen, former lord lieutenant of Ireland and governor general of Canada, will speak at the Elks Temple tonight. An admission charge will be made and every cent taken in will go to the Belgian relief fund, in the interests of which the titled Britishers are touring the United States. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are giving all of their time and paying their own expenses for the work. Ashland is the only small city between Portland and San Francisco which will be honored by a visit and have a chance to hear the most interesting talks given. Following the addresses there will be a public reception in the Elks hall. Light refreshments will be served.

Admission 25 and 50 cents.

Moth and Flame at Vining Tuesday

The picturization of the tense and emotional drama, "The Moth and the Flame," by Clyde Fitch, presents with all the realism of life itself the dominant elements of that great stage success. The poor little moth is blinded by the flame, until she can not see the fatal perils threatening her. Just on the verge of her great error, her vision returns, and with the resultant extinguishment of the flame, the moth sees her danger, and is saved—terribly scorched in heart, but with her soul rescued from the devouring fire.

This picture with a Famous Players cast will be shown at the Vining Theatre Tuesday night only.

Grammar School Team Wins 63-0

There is hope for the football seasons of the future. The Ashland high-schoolers lost to Medford, but the grammar school team demonstrated that the rising generation of players will be amply able to uphold the red and white in years to come by defeating the Medford grammar school team last Friday by the overwhelming score of 63-0. The Ashland lads outclassed the visitors in every department. Jimmy Blair, a seventh grade boy who is destined to make his mark in football, was the star of the game. A return game will be played next Saturday at Medford.

Why is it a girl who cuts a man selects the fellow who cares the most?

A SPLENDID DESTINY.

Citizen, you hold the destiny of Ashland in your hand. Nature has provided sufficient resources about Ashland to make her a great city if intelligently and intensely utilized. Do not leave the matter entirely to the springs water commission. The job is too big to warrant splendid success through the efforts of the few. Ashland has over six thousand population and it will take the earnest and combined effort of all to accomplish what nature has intended. Put your shoulder to the wheel and push—aggressively and continuously—and glory, reputation, prosperity and solid development will come to us; the results will be so profitable that we will forget high taxes, and hard times will be things of the past.

Look about you and view the wonderful scenic aspect around you. What a wonderful asset! Compare the twelve-months-in-the-year climate at Ashland with the same of other health and recreation sections—sections that have been developed to splendid proportions with little else but climate and human ingenuity—and at once the consciousness of this great building force will break upon you. Wonderful asset, this climate of ours. Compare the waters of Ashland with those of the most famed American and European resorts—world resorts, where great centers of activity have been raised by the proper application of the drawing power of mineral waters—and you will discover that our waters carry as great healing contents as they. Compare topography, geography, accessibility, combination of beauty and fertility and other successful resorts suffer more from the comparison than does Ashland.

Let your mind run back for thirty years and view the barren aspect of Los Angeles valley at that time—mountains parched and brown, rivers without water, sand dunes without fertility, producing but sparsely, cactus and greasewood—pinched vegetation of a desert waste. Look now at the wonderful transformation there wrought by the properly directed efforts of man—a valley of wondrous beauty—a vast empire raised, Phoenix like, from the desert sands, crowned with a magnificent city comprising a greater population than the whole of Southern California had when the transformation began. No wonder the people of Los Angeles are such boosters! No wonder that never do you hear a pessimistic note from one of her citizens! No wonder that everybody rests secure there in the confidence that they will live to see Los Angeles' population pass the million mark, and are happy, though not surprised, to see this year their city pass in population long-vaunted San Francisco, "the metropolis of the Pacific Coast." They have the right to feel and talk as they do, for already the possibility of making much out of little has been demonstrated beyond cavil and the voice of the croaker is drowned in the noise of the mart. Prosperity has seized the pessimist and forced him into the optimistic view. It is easy enough now for the people of Los Angeles to believe in the future of Los Angeles, notwithstanding they have naught but climate to sell. Time has demonstrated to practical certainty that climate is a greater asset than fertility—that the tourist crop is more valuable than the vast wheat crops of the middle west. Anybody could be a booster in Los Angeles now.

But, what splendid courage must have possessed the sturdy pioneer of thirty years ago—what vision had he—how prophetic that vision and how determined the effort that could meet and overcome the obstacles presented by that original desert aspect! Already you can hear the visionless and distempered pessimist croak: "It can't be done. These wild-eyed enthusiasts are leading us to ruin. The idea of attempting to make anything out of this desert waste but cactus and greasewood. If anything else would grow here it already would be here growing. The soil is without substance, the rivers without water. All those fellows will accomplish is raise the taxes. It will take more money than the world possesses to put water on this land, and you can do nothing without water." What courage it took to brush him aside and smother him in prosperity (there are hundreds of them living in Los Angeles today—made rich by the efforts of those whom they attempted to block and everlastingly calumniated at the critical period of the development—they live there, rich, unheralded and ashamed)—what devotion to the task, what sacrifice, but how magnificent has been the reward!

And all this has been accomplished with one-twentieth the natural advantages that crown Ashland today.

Men with vision said: "Let's herald Los Angeles to the world as the playground of America." And the blind ones answered: "The idea! Who could make a playground out of a sand dune?" Men with vision said: "Let's raise a big public campaign fund and put Los Angeles on the map." And the blind ones answered: "You will utterly ruin us—already taxes are beyond endurance." But, these men of vision were also men of courage—not easily blocked or staggered by the back trail of the crawfish—they stopped their ears to doleful sounds and pursued their steady course with intelligence and resolution. AND THEY WON. When they began Los Angeles was "too dead to skin." Taxes stood at four per cent. There was no employment for the people and business was bad. Now their efforts are crowned with a magnificent city—the largest and busiest in the west—and taxes at Los Angeles are lower than in any city in America.

And all of this was accomplished by a city on a sand dune with nothing to offer save climate, health and recreation, and which had the honesty to offer nothing more. What splendid spirit! What matchless accomplishment!

Think you that Los Angeles "just grew"? No, sir, Mr. Doubtmore, it is the result of far greater effort than will be required to establish Ashland as the greatest watering resort in America.

Blind people grope their weary way in every community—better were they away in the asylum—better for them and for the community—but they are here, and the scales must be lifted from their eyes that the effulgence of a great light may dazzle to consciousness and direct them into the ways of prosperity. With that hope this editorial is written.

Sudden Death of Councilman Biegel

The entire community was shocked last Saturday to learn of the death of A. J. Biegel, member of the city council. While it was quite generally known that Mr. Biegel was in poor health, the sudden death was totally unlooked for.

August J. Biegel, who died November 27, 1915, at his home on Morton street, was born November 6, 1862, at Manitowoc, Wis., and consequently was 53 years and 21 days old. He graduated from the Manitowoc high school and immediately afterwards was apprenticed to the Rand & Romer Hardware Company of the



Councilman A. J. Biegel, Who Died Last Saturday.

same city to learn the plumbing and hardware trade. He worked for said company for several years, until he started for himself at the plumbing business. He was married to Charlotte E. Buerstette on May 31, 1893, who survives him and four children, Calla, Milton, Earl and Elmer. Besides, he is survived by two sisters at Waupun, Wis., and one brother at Elgin, Ill.

He came to Ashland in 1903 and worked for Provost Bros. until 1908, when he established a business for himself.

He affiliated here with the Christian Science church and was one of their readers for a number of years, and under whose auspices the funeral services were held today, when he was laid to rest in Mountain View cemetery. The pallbearers were the city mayor and councilmen.

In the death of August J. Biegel the council has lost a conscientious counselor, the city a good and law-abiding citizen, the church a faithful worker and the family a good husband and father.

Gifted Musician Makes Home Here

Dunsmuir News: Carl Loveland, who has been leader of the Auditorium orchestra for the past couple of years, finished his contract Wednesday evening, and Thursday morning left on No. 14 for Ashland. Carl has many accomplishments and during his stay here made many warm friends, who regret exceedingly his departure.

He was accompanied by Miss Julia Reed and Mrs. Helen Ahl, with whom the former has made her home. Thursday afternoon Carl and Miss Reed were united in marriage in the presence of a few intimate friends. The happy young couple have a legion of friends here who join the News in extending congratulations for a happy, joyous wedded life.

Baby Will Wrestle All Comers at Lyric

Tonight is a night of curiosities at the Lyric Theatre. A six and a half months old baby will meet all comers in a wrestling or boxing match on the Lyric stage. More than this, one of the great curiosities of the present age, a strange bird, half China pheasant, half bantam rooster, will be shown. Several other novel features and Hobart Bosworth in that great film production, "The Little Brother of the Rich."

Prices for the big evening of vaudeville and good pictures will be 5 and 15 cents.

Mrs. Regina Mills spent Thanksgiving week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Haat. Mr. Mills came over for Thanksgiving day.

Better Football Wins for Medford

The team which played the best football won on Thanksgiving day, and for the first time in five years the red and white of Ashland high school are dipped to the red and black of Medford high. The final score of 7-0 was a just comparison of the brand of football put up. Ashland was unable to cope with the line-plunging of a Medford team which has improved 100 per cent over the first game of the series.

Despite the fact that rain fell steadily all Thursday morning, the biggest crowd which has ever seen an athletic event in southern Oregon was present, and it is hard to see where those who were kept away by the weather would have been put had the day been clear. The field was in fine shape and no rain fell during the game, providing ideal conditions for the best contest which has ever been waged on the local field.

Medford came up 400 strong, bringing a band and a sportsmanlike bunch of rooters. The game was clean and no hint of unsportsmanlike conduct by either players or spectators marred the day.

Ashland received the kickoff and worked the ball well down toward Medford's goal in the first quarter, but finally were forced to kick. Medford immediately turned to line-plunging tactics and brought the ball back to the center of the field by the end of the first period.

In the second period line bucks, which regularly averaged a five-yard gain, soon brought Medford to Ashland's one-yard line, where the red and white line held, giving a super-human demonstration of last-ditch fighting. On an attempted end run Seeley of Medford carried the ball outside within a few feet of the line just as the whistle blew, thus saving Ashland from a score. From the first it was apparent that the end runs and forward passes which made yardage for Medford in the previous game would not work; the Ashland ends and secondary defense nipping every effort for a loss. The Ashland line was unable to cope with the shift plays and line bucks of the visitors, and Cunningham, Delsman, Long and Harrell of the secondary defense stopped nearly every play.

In the third quarter Ashland managed to hold the visitors and kept the ball in the center of the field, but did not make any considerable gains. An interchange of punts featured this period, the Medfordite outkicking Lowe of Ashland, but the advantage being nullified by the speed with which the Ashland ends got down under the punts and the returns made by Fraley.

In the fourth quarter the ball stayed in the center of the field and it began to look like a tie contest. Finally a Medford punt carried to the Ashland five-yard line, and instead of letting the ball go over the line for a safety which counts nothing, the Ashland safety tried to pick up the ball on the bounce, fumbled, and Thomas of Medford fell on the ball. Ashland held for two downs. Coach Klum of Medford sent in a new man, whose name was not obtained, at tackle, and the Medford backs carried the ball over behind him for a score. An easy goal was kicked. Ashland came back strong in the last few minutes and worked the only successful forward pass of the entire game, but the whistle put an end to the contest and gave Medford a well-deserved victory.

Coach Klum has developed a machine-like team at Medford, and the one outstanding feature of Thursday's game was the team work exhibited by the visitors. The Ashlanders seemed to be lacking in the dashing attack which was evident in the early games of the season and the Ashland line was undeniably weak. The secondary defense was brilliant, Little Harrell, Cunningham, Lowe, Delsman and Brower bearing the brunt of the tackling. The home team showed their ability to hold in the second quarter, but were undoubtedly overconfident in the early part of the game. The fierce tackling of the Ashland backs necessitated time being taken out for Medford players on numerous occasions. Harrell was taken out in the last period with a strained tendon in his shoulder.

No allis are offered by the locals and due credit is given Coach Klum for developing the first real football team which Medford has put out in years. Everett May, assistant coach at O. A. C., refereed the game and gave excellent satisfaction.

Local Lightweight Shows Promise

Beryl Eaton, a local lightweight of much promise, added another feather to his hat in an eight-round battle with Joe Vashbinder of Gold Hill at that live little sporting city Thanksgiving night. Although the referee's decision called the contest a draw, the fight clearly should have been awarded to Eaton, who had his opponent at his mercy throughout. Vashbinder weighed in at 142 pounds and really comes within the middleweight division, while Eaton weighed but 128 pounds. The Ashland lad scored two knockdowns in the fourth round, floored his opponent seven times in the sixth, and knocked Vashbinder to the canvas as fast as he could get up in the final period. When the bell tapped the Gold Hill boy was taking the count of nine and would undoubtedly have gone under had the fight continued for another minute. Eaton did practically all of the leading and was in danger at no time. The fight was staged in the Gold Hill opera house before a big crowd, the gate receipts being \$100. The bout was staged by Kid Jessie and W. C. Edmunds of Gold Hill. Tobe Brouse of Gold Hill refereed.

Young Eaton is developing into a wonderful fighter and bids fair to establish a big reputation. Brud Shamrock, a lightweight who at one time was champion of the northwest, is handling Eaton and acted as his second at Gold Hill. He is now trying to arrange a match with Bobby Allen at Klamath Falls for his protegee.

Former Ashland Resident Dead

E. E. Miner, a pioneer of the valley and for many years a resident of Ashland, died at his home on North Front street in Medford last Thursday morning. Mr. Miner platted Miner's addition on the Boulevard in Ashland and was well known here. Heart trouble was the immediate cause of his death. He was 79 years of age.