

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

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From Oregon to Minnesota

By Elbert Bede, Editor The Sentinel

Spokane, Wash., August 3.—Today we are guests of princes and princesses of the inland empire. They are treating us royally, as becomes such hosts, and insist that we remain their guests indefinitely. We expect to take advantage of the unusual hospitality until next Monday morning.

The A. W. Swansons, on their return from Minnesota, left here a few hours before our arrival, going on to Idaho from here.

Our speedometer shows that we have covered nearly 700 miles in reaching here, with driving time of about 30 hours.

Eastern Washington has some very good roads, a large part of them being paved. Those through the mountains are largely macadam built on easy grades, most of which we were able to negotiate on high, despite the way we are loaded with camping equipment. The road patrol system is used, with the result that macadam had two or three years ago is in even better condition than when first laid. The expense of keeping up these roads must be heavy, for which reason I made a contribution which I am quite certain insures continuance of maintenance during the remainder of the season. I found a very affable custodian for the fund—one to whom many others passing through the state had made similar contributions. He assured me that all such contributions were appreciated and were carefully and economically expended for the purpose for which they were given. Knowing the philanthropic disposition of tourists, and wishing to make it as convenient as possible for the charitably inclined to make their contributions, the state maintains official collectors of such funds who station themselves in what

they call "traps," which are unostentatiously placed along smooth straight ways. The purpose of not exposing them too much to view is, I presume, so as not to appear to be too grasping in seeking the contributions already referred to. In case a tourist is in a hurry and does not wish to be delayed in making his contribution to good roads, these official collectors, provided with high speed motorcycles, quickly overtake the charitably inclined. They give official receipts, which state upon their face the speed at which you were traveling when the altruistic impulse overcame you. The Khaki-clad boy told me I had been hitting 36 miles for a distance of five miles and that my contribution should be \$17.50. I saved 50 cents by deciding to take a chance with the court.

Up in this section they put 'em in jail for racing on the highways, and speeders frequently draw jail sentences. A second offense nearly always means serving time.

Tourists quite naturally take notes on the auto camps. We have found nothing yet equal in natural beauty to the camp in Cottage Grove. The 50-cent charge seems to be the popular one. We were impressed with the one in Dayton, Wash., largely because it came nearest to approaching the Cottage Grove camp, and because it gave us an idea to suggest for the camp at home. A large concrete bathing pool is a part of the camp, but its use is not restricted to tourists. The city people—Dayton is about the size of Cottage Grove—are good patrons, the charge to them being 10 cents, this nominal charge paying maintenance and salary of caretaker. The pool takes the place of shower baths, furnished in many camps, which would be of little use to residents of the city, and the upkeep and care of the pool is much less than would be the upkeep of shower baths. The water is changed frequently from the overflow from the city water system. The Cottage Grove camp is so located that the expense would not be large to arrange for supplying a bathing pool with water in the same manner.

Originally the Dayton pool was built through the subscriptions of business men, who pledged \$10 each annually for a period of three years. The charge in the Dayton camp is 50 cents, with bath, wood, water and a pretty clean camp. Many unappreciative complaints of this moderate charge, which is an unwarranted complaint not new to those who have been connected with the conduct of the Cottage Grove camp.

It seems that only honest people travel in motor cars. None of those using auto camps seem to have any fear of having anything stolen by other campers. Foodstuffs, dishes, baggage and many articles of value are carelessly left lying about. We have not yet heard of anything being stolen.

Dayton, which is a prettily located and clean little city, has done away with light poles and has cluster lights. While the appearance of the street is greatly improved, the lighting did not seem to be as good as that in Cottage Grove, which is a point which should be taken into consideration when the liveliest little city in the famous, fertile, fruitful Willamette follows Dayton's example. When lights are placed closer to the sidewalk, it is evident, many more lights, or lights of greater power, are required to give the same amount of light furnished by ones.

A sign welcoming the tourist to Dayton reads: "Auto camp, see the chief of police." My guess is that this sign was erected during the early days of the auto camp, but Dayton should remove this indication that it mistrusts those about to become its guests.

While the roads have been uniformly very good, there are yet many detours, made necessary by the road work that is in progress. At Rosalia, Wash., the highway through the city is being repaired and traffic takes a detour through an alley. Business houses have removed their signs temporarily from the main street and placed them upon the alley to attract the attention of travelers. You are invited, for example, to a cool ice cream parlor through a dirty back yard and a motley collection of barrels and boxes.

THINGS WE THINK
Things Others Think and What We Think of the Things Others Think

Swearing off continually is a bad habit.

If it is true that silence is golden, how much would W. J. Bryan get for keeping still, when he gets \$200 for an hour's talk?

While living we may never know how it seems to go to heaven, but we should imagine some are dead enough to tell us how it seems to die.

When we get wireless politics we may be able to do away with the polls.

Figures won't lie, but women will pad.

If in heaven we can know everything that is going on down here, a lot of us are going to be made unhappy to notice how little we are missed.

The only way to do is to be so good to your wife that she will love you so much she won't have any for foreign consumption.

A woman who has had every opportunity to learn that marriage is a failure seems to take fiendish delight in arranging a match for someone else.

A professor who claims to know says that our race is to die out in 300 years. We're tired of keeping up this pace anyway.

If the necessary luxuries increase during the next century at the same rate they have during the past 25 years, who can predict what our grand

children will consider the bare necessities of life?

If money talks there are a lot of people making too much noise.

If it were a crime to make mistakes, there would be no one to watch the jails.

If folks only knew it they would make a hit quicker by pretending to ask for information instead of trying to give the same person pointers for his business.

If farmers didn't know more about farming than some folks who try to tell them how, we'd be sending to desolate Europe right now for our food supplies.

The man who minds his P's and Q's and knows the three R's will get along fairly well in this old world.

If parents only knew as much as they think their children do, there would be a whole lot of highly educated people in this old world.

If marriages are made in heaven, there are some people who will be content to go to the other place.

If a man wants to do just as he darn pleases, he should lead his wife to believe he is as easy to manage as a Maltese kitten.

When a man makes too much of a fool of himself over a girl he usually lands in the clerk of court's office to be examined for a marriage license.

A Chicago professor argues that we should teach our young ladies and girls jiu jitsu so that they may be able to defend themselves from evil-minded men. Young ladies who spend their spare time with associates morally their equals will find jiu jitsu of little practical use.

If congress would pass a law compelling subscribers to pay up promptly, newspaper men wouldn't care whether there was a duty on wood pulp or not.

BUTCHERS AND GROCERS ENTER TAIN MORE THAN 8000 GUESTS

(Continued from first page)

R. H. Moore, Sam Walkenshaw and Bert Smith acted as judges. The results follow:

Salesmen's race—H. E. Elensohn, Eugene, first; C. D. McChattie, Eugene, second; J. K. Standifer, Eugene, third. Retail clerks' race—Ivan E. Warner, Cottage Grove, first; W. Ayres, Eugene, second; R. J. Buell, Eugene, third.

Free-for-all men's race—J. L. Furrow, Eugene, first; Hersey Raap, Cottage Grove, second.

Ladies' race—Mrs. Ruby Benston, Saginaw, first; Mrs. Molly Christensen, Eugene, second; Mrs. B. M. Princehouse, Cottage Grove, third.

Boys' race—Max Rubenstein, Eugene, first; Claud Carter, Eugene, second; Elmer Swaggart, Eugene, third. Girls' race—Bertrine Tucker, Eugene, first; Elsie Bruens, Eugene, second; Vivian Larson, Eugene, third.

Grocers' and butchers' race—Ivan E. Warner, Cottage Grove, first; Ivan Draper, Veneta, second; O. H. Bray, Eugene, third.

Three-legged race—Arthur Trapp, Eugene, and Hersey Raap, Cottage Grove, first; Kenneth Sears, Cottage Grove, and Gene Eberhart, Eugene, second; George Maxwell and Leo Schnefers, Eugene, third.

Girls' 50-yard race—Ruth Johnson, Eugene, first; Frances Keene, Saginaw, second; Veneta Hawley, Brownsville, third.

Pat men's race—William Thum, Cottage Grove, first; N. J. Nelson Jr., Cottage Grove, second; A. Kahanquin, Eugene, third.

Boys' race (12 to 18)—Hersey Raap, Cottage Grove, first; Vernon Granger, Eugene, second; Ralph Chase, Springfield, third.

Boys' and girls' race (under 6)—Dean Knight, Eugene, first; Lillian Drenkhahn, Eugene, second; Bernard Knight, Eugene, third.

Following the racing program the grocers' and butchers' by the generous score of 13 to 7. It was a good game, although the counter jumpers took a good lead on the meat hackers from the start.

The line-up:
Grocers—Bert Rogers, captain; Jim Biddle, p; Clifton Price, 2b; Pierce Deavours, 1b; Otto Vitus, cf; Frank Smith, rf; Ernest Everson, ss; H. Thorp, c; Tennis Sherman, lf; W. G. Doty, 3b; Lloyd Schmidt, Lee Bonney and Ed Geoghegan on the bench.

Butchers—Fred Broders, 1b; Jess Lewis, p; Joe Wright, ss; Bill Bartels, 3b; Butch Hopkins, 2b; W. E. Gibbons, cf; Butch Crook, rf; Carl Michelson, lf; Will Green, c; Chas. Smith, Steve Stiver and Henry Brauer on the bench.

The champion horseshoe pitchers were J. E. and L. H. Liles, Monroe; G. W. Heathorn and his son Lloyd, Eugene, won second place. The tourney did not get under way until late in the afternoon but hundreds of players used the courts throughout the day to settle personal rivalries in the old-time sport. Nine teams entered for the official competition and the event, which was closely contested throughout, was declared a grand success.

The wrestling match in the evening drew a large crowd of men and women. Ralph Hand, local favorite, won from George Barnes, of Omaha, in the main event. Barnes won the first fall with a head scissors after one hour and 25 minutes of fast work. Hand took the second fall in 35 minutes with a flying Merial, in which Barnes sustained a badly wrenched neck. After a half hour interim Barnes came back but was so weakened and slow that he was no match for the speedy local man and 15 seconds after the call of time his shoulders were on the mat.

The Fox twins, 12-year-old boxers from Independence, put on a classy four-round curtain raiser and Tom Ray, of Omaha, won from an unknown heavyweight grappler who had agreed

to throw Ray in 20 minutes. Though weighing 40 pounds or more than Ray, the unknown could make no headway against the speed and strategy of the middle-west mat artist.

John Berg, eastern coast middleweight, refereed the main event.

That Cottage Grove citizens appreciated having this city selected as the site for the picnic was evident from the manner in which they lent their enthusiastic cooperation to the efficient management to make the affair successful. The natural beauty of the grounds, the many conveniences and comforts installed for the guests, the splendid dinner served, the attractive entertainment program and the immense crowd made it the most successful and largest event of the kind ever staged in the state and there is every likelihood that the affair will be repeated next year on the same site.

PICNIC PARAGRAPHS

Senator Cusick, of Albany, was one of the distinguished visitors.

There was a considerable sprinkling of politicians in the picnic crowd.

The committee evidently had a pull with the weather man. It was an ideal picnic day.

The Fordson power exposition was a big feature and doubtless attracted a good many farmers away from their harvest fields for the day.

There seem to be a lot of good horseshoe pitchers in the county. The courts were busy from early morning until late in the afternoon. Many unofficial matches were pulled off and some fine scores were hung up.

Ray Glass, catcher for the traveling men's baseball team, had the misfortune to break a finger and had to retire to the first aid tent. But then, people with glass fingers must expect to have them broken occasionally.

The Fox twins, from Independence, entertained the crowd with a couple of lively boxing bouts. They boxed at the dancing pavilion in the afternoon and furnished the curtain raiser at the big wrestling bout in the evening. They are fast and clever.

It will be a surprise to those who do not know him to learn that G. W. Cruse, Lebanon, who won the prize for being the homeliest man on the grounds, is the father of C. C. Cruse, of Cottage Grove, captain of company D, who is conceded to be one of the handsomest men on the coast.

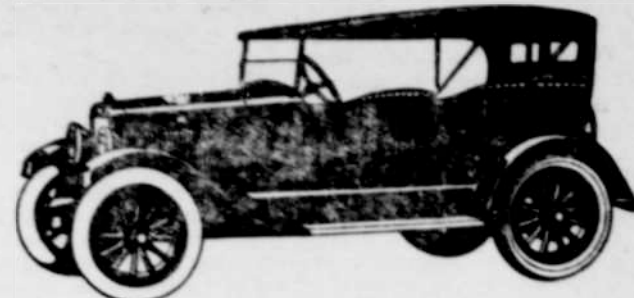
No accidents marred the day's picnic. Three people fainted in the crush, a little girl cut her finger while attempting to perform a major operation on a watermelon and a boy ran his motorcycle into a fence and scratched one of his shins. They were promptly cared for as the first aid tent.

The demonstrator in charge of the Lincoln car was approached by a farmer who wanted to know if the machine was Ford's new two-ton truck. The demonstrator thought he was being spoofed and replied that it was and offered to sell it to the farmer for \$1200 but the farmer declined to buy. The lowest priced Lincoln on the market is \$4250.

A Eugene merchant was overheard to remark to a companion: "Come on, Lufe, let's go down the road a ways." "What for?" queried the other. "Aw," replied the merchant, "this park's shopped up altogether too fancy for me; I'm going over into Douglas county to spit."

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