

# The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone  
 Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers  
 Elbert Bede, Editor  
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FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1922


## From Oregon to Minnesota

By Elbert Bede, Editor The Sentinel

Gardiner, Mont., Gateway to Yellowstone National Park, Aug. 12.—We have arrived at the outskirts of what is said to be the greatest collection of natural wonders in the world. We are certainly entitled to see something out of the ordinary after the day's drive over what would pass in Oregon for rather poor detour roads. It would seem that the roads into the oldest and most famous of the national parks should be by this time beautiful highways, but they do not compare in any way with the roads to Oregon's Crater lake from the west. The roads into Crater lake from the east compare favorably with the dirt road upon which we arrived here. The dizzy grades compare with those leading to Crater lake.

One almost wonders if the people of Montana, in neglecting to provide a decent road from Gardiner realize what the tourist traffic means to them. They may think that the traffic will come anyway, which is true to a large extent. It is also true that poor roads keep them in the state longer, but it is equally true that the longer they stay the more they think that they won't come back again until the state awakens and builds some highways. They may come the first time anyway, but there is no inducement for a return trip. Also one would think that residents of Montana would like good roads upon which to themselves travel in getting to the natural wonders of Yellowstone and to journey on business pleasure about the state. It is true, of course, that Montana is a large state and only sparsely settled. There are not as many people in the entire state as in the city of Portland alone. Additional population will not come very rapidly upon the roads now provided. Within another couple days I will be able to tell you whether the park lives up to its reputation and whether it is anything out of the ordinary to one who has seen the playgrounds of Oregon.

We have traveled over the plains where the bison once roamed in herds



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of thousands. We imagined that we traveled some of the trails the buffalo made in hunting food and water. Most certainly some of the roads must have been as good then. The ground is the same upon which the cowboy once rode his bucking broncho with wild abandon, but he is now a careful driver of a six, eight or twelve cylinder motor car. By the way, we have noted during our entire trip that almost without exception cars are most carefully driven, especially upon the steep and treacherous grade. We have not seen a real wreck during our entire trip except in the city of Spokane, where a Buick mistook the direction in which a street car was travelling. We have seen two cars which had slipped over grades. One was not injured at all and the other was slightly damaged. A tree was all that saved the latter from dropping into deep water in the river below the grade.

A Ford with five passengers, went over the bank at Mammoth camp last night, turned over several times and landed all occupants safe and sound. The driver lost control of his car while reversing and let it slip over the embankment. This was several miles ahead of us and we didn't see it.

We have seen many grades where it was difficult for two cars to pass—also some where, as Mayor George would say, one car could hardly pass. Such grades are not unusually interesting to those who have travelled the mountain roads of Lane county, but they certainly give the shivers to those from Nebraska, the Dakotas and other prairie states who are traveling them for the first time.

We have come to suspect that some roads which have been designated as hard surface are so designated because the surface is so hard to travel upon, or because the surface is so hard to find below the dust.

We blew out a muffler on one of the grades. I never have been much of a believer in mufflers, but the other occupants of the car insisted on having his one repaired.

We have had one novel and unique experience. On our way into Belgrade, Mont., we were directed onto a detour. Residents of Oregon know what a detour means, but this proved to be one of the best pieces of roads we had found. It was a paved boulevard compared to most of the main roads we had been travelling up to that time. The possible speed was only limited by the speed of the car.

Another novel experience to those who have resided in Oregon for twelve years was getting into a Montana thunderstorm. It was some little time before we could remember that after seeing a flash of lightning it was too late to duck.

There is no speed limit for motor cars in Idaho. None is needed. We do not recollect any road in our trip through that state where a speed of greater than 20 miles would have been a safe one. Most of the entire highway reminded one of a western Oregon detour. We have seen nothing yet to compare with Oregon's main highways.

### Doing Yellowstone.

Lake Camp, Yellowstone National Park, August 12.—If the exhibition which we have seen during the past two days indicates what is going on in the infernal regions from which our may imagine the boiling geysers and mud volcanoes originate, I am inclined to believe that it is time for me to get out of the newspaper business and more carefully direct my future actions. The odor which the earth emits with the boiling water and boiling mud may be the perfume (?) of searing and boiling human flesh. If such is the case, those already consigned to the nether regions are being thoroughly sterilized. The boiling mud probably comes from the cauldron where the bluest sinners are going through the first refining process. If such is the case, to judge by the mud, some filthy sinners have once walked upon this mundane sphere.

The entire infernal regions must be located directly under Yellowstone, for in the some 300 miles which may be covered upon sight seeing trips it is almost impossible to get out of sight of steaming pools. In one of them we

hard boiled our eggs for today's lunch.

The beauty of Yellowstone compares quite favorably with Oregon's beauty, but the attraction of the park is the mysterious demonstration of the power, mystery and idiosyncrasies of nature. Underneath the earth, how great the distance from the crust upon which we walk and sleep and enjoy ourselves no one knows, must be a mammoth cauldron, or many mammoth cauldrons, boiling with inconceivable fury. It seems as if millions of terrible demons must be struggling to free themselves from a terrible fate, a fate against which they have struggled and fumed for hundreds, possibly for thousands, of years. Evidently their struggles are spasmodic and when they get into a rage and churn the boiling waters in which they live they cause such a commotion that the water is forced out through the miniature craters. Some sections of the earth, called geysers basins, are mammoth sieves through which the water boils and surges. In some places the mouth of the volcano has given away and a mammoth pool of boiling water is the result. Such pools resemble morning glories, or sapphires, or emeralds, as the imagination may fancy.

Many geysers have become extinct. In such cases the mighty demons which once struggled below probably gave up the struggle of centuries against a power greater than theirs. Where new craters have broken out the demons below probably have become more furious in their struggle against the power which has imprisoned them forever in perpetual darkness in the swirling cauldron.

Today we were at the Dragon's mouth. The imprisoned monster belched forth continuously night and day, year in and year out, a mighty stream of boiling water, which is accompanied by a roaring and growling that makes one believe the monster's struggles must be near at end, but yet they continue with no apparent weakening.

Last night we camped within view of Old Faithful, which has ever belched a 150 foot volume with a regularity that makes it one of the wonders of the world. Years ago, so we are told, it went every 60 minutes on the dot. Now its eruptions have slowed down to every 70 minutes. Evidently with age its strength is waning, but the moment it will go can be forecast almost to a second. Old Faithful is built so that most of the rooms have a view of the geyser and at night the spouting stream is made indescribably beautiful by the use of a searchlight placed on top of the inn. One may stand within a few feet of the 150 foot stream on the side from which the wind is blowing without the least danger of being struck by the water which would bring death within the twinkling of an eye.

One ponders upon the power of the One who regulates these things. Whay hidden force causes this monster to gush with a regularity that is an example many married men would do well to emulate? This is no more wonderful than the regularity of the table, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, but we wonder more at such regularity in things which are brought close to us and we are led to contemplate upon the power great enough to regulate all these manifold things and to frustrate at will the efforts of man, the most powerful of the inhabitants of the earth, but a mere pygmy in comparison with this greater power.

Today we saw a spot where fish may be caught in Yellowstone lake and dropped into a pool a few feet distant for preparation for the table. But a few moments would be required to thoroughly cook them. I did not try the stunt, for two reasons. First, I did not catch a fish and, secondly, the government has prohibited preparation of the fish in this manner. Nothing may be placed or thrown into any of the pools, although there is authentic record that the stunt referred to was many times performed before this interference on the part of Uncle Sam.

We have seen here a demonstration of what kindness on the part of man will do for wild life. We have taken pictures today of wild bear who pay hardly any attention to human beings. They will "sit" within a few feet of the one wishing to take the picture. Often they may be seen along the road. They have plenty to eat and are perfectly willing to let man live his life if he will let them live theirs. They live largely upon the garbage thrown out from the hotels and from the tourist camps.

Frequently they come out onto the roads. They are not afraid of man, for man is forbidden to molest them, and man has no need to fear them, for they have learned to regard him as a friend. Other wild life is almost equally as tame. We nearly ran over a porcupine while driving into the camp at night. Had we not succeeded in missing him we probably would have had some punctures to repair.

The driveways through the park are all of good macadam kept up by the patrol system. They are watered each day to keep down the dust.

A curiosity kept on display at the entrance to the park proper is one of the oldtime stage coaches. This particular coach at times in its career carried General Grant, General Sherman and Arthur, previous to his becoming president.

We leave the park tomorrow and expect to reach Cody by night. We should reach Minnesota not later than Thursday.

Sunday, August 13.—We were awakened last night by the camper next door reconstituting with someone or something. A few moments later a black bear went skedaddling across the camp ground with a package in its mouth. In the morning a partially destroyed package of butter was found where the bear had stopped for refreshments. Early this morning the entire camp was aroused by the presence of a bear and two cubs, who were looking for a cafeteria breakfast. They ate milk and sugar from the hands of campers. Upon leaving they dug up a cache which proved to be a partially eaten ham stolen from one of the campers. This they took home with them. The former owner of the bacon did not reconstitute. One camper scared the big bear out of his car, where it was nosing about in search of delights.

The whole camp of some 100 or more people joined in entertaining the visitors this morning. Many of the

# AUGUST BLANKET SALE

This is a genuine "reduction-in-price" sale of cotton and wool blankets. In other words a special reduction in the buying price as an inducement to you to buy blankets in August instead of October and thereby make a better "turnover" of heavy stocks at this time of year for us and making you a considerable saving for early purchase. Look the blankets over today and make your selection.

## Nashua Woolnap Plaid Blankets

Beautiful plaid combinations are here for your selection in these genuine Woolnap brand blankets—full standard double bed widths—specially priced during August only at each.....\$3.69



## 11-4 Size Cotton Blankets

A splendid quality are these gray and tan cotton blankets—full double bed size—just the right firm weight, good size and dependable quality sheet-blanket which you want for real service. Here is a real reduction for August purchase only, at a pair.....\$2.05

## ALL WOOL PLAID BLANKETS

Pink, blue, lavender, yellow, tan, and brown plaid combinations that you wish desire at once on sight are these beautiful all wool blankets, double bed size. Special reduced price for August, a pair.....\$9.45

## ARMY BLANKETS

Genuine army service blankets shipped to us in original bales. Perfect blankets. Wooden and warm. Ample size. Weight 5 to 5½ pounds. And note the price—for August only, each pair.....\$3.05

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## SMITH BAILEYS CELEBRATE 67th ANNIVERSARY

Residents Here in 1875 Have Long Life of Wedded Happiness; Two Children Living.

Celebrating the 67th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Bailey, pioneer residents of Cottage Grove, friends and relatives gathered at the Bailey home last Saturday to spend the day and enjoy the splendid dinner most of which was prepared by Mrs. Bailey herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were both born in Ohio, the former in Grassville in 1835 and the latter in Cleveland in 1837. They were married in 1855 in Newark, O., and removed to Oregon in 1875. For a year they made their home in Cottage Grove and then went to Roseburg, where they remained until last year, a period of 40 years. A year ago they returned to this city.

No children were born to the Baileys but they have adopted and raised eight children, only two of whom are now living. They are Mrs. Ray Wright, of Roseburg, and Frank Bailey, of Mabton, Wash.

Those who attended the anniversary celebration on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Mrs. Louise Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. Baughman, all of Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. J.H. McFarland and Mrs. Mary Cardozo, of Cottage Grove.

**Oriental Will Initiate.**  
 Members of the Eugene branch of the Oriental Order of Humility and Perfection, the fun-making branch of the I. O. O. F. lodge, will be in Cottage Grove August 26 to put on degree work for a local class. A booster lunch will come to Cottage Grove Saturday evening at 6:30 to make plans for their visit on the following Saturday night.

**Lorane Delivery Renewed.**  
 Mail delivery over the south road on the Lorane route which was discontinued a short time ago because of poor roads was renewed Saturday until the opening of the rainy season makes the roads impassable.

Watch the label on your paper.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 26, 1922.

Notice is hereby given that Ben C. Greer, of Landax, Oregon, who on August 23, 1919, made homestead entry serial No. 011630 for N½ of NE¼, W½ of SE¼ of NE¼ and SW¼ of NE¼ of section 11, township 20 S., range 1 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Jemel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on the 6th day of September, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: James N. Smithson, of Landax, Oregon; Robert C. Kelsay, of Landax, Oregon; Robert G. Barnes, of Landax, Oregon; Columbus F. May, of Landax, Oregon.

W. H. CANON, Register.

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- Monday, September 18.
- Monday, September 25.

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