

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers

Elbert Bede

Editor

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1922

From Oregon to Minnesota

By Elbert Bede, Editor The Sentinel

We are home and glad to be here. We have seen many great states. We have seen great industrial centers, great agricultural centers and great cities. They all have their attractions. We are happy to know that so many people like to live there, but for us there is no other place like Oregon, and in Oregon there is no other place like Cottage Grove.

Arrival in Oregon Made Pleasant.

One of the pleasantest experiences of our entire trip was to be entertained at Ontario, Ore., upon the first night of our arrival in the good old home state. It is at Ontario that our good friend George Aiken runs one of the liveliest country weeklies in Oregon. He and the editor of The Sentinel were associated in business back in Sandstone, Minn., more years ago than either cares to admit. To one who has been entertained in the Aiken home it is easy to understand why George gets out such a good paper. With the influence he has at home he has got to do something good and the only thing he works at is getting out a paper. The P. J. Gallagher home also assisted in the entertainment of the returning editorial family. The inimitable Pat has been for several years one of the floor leaders of the house of representatives and one of the quickest members at repartees who ever has held a seat in that august body. We do not know whether he thinks his home surroundings have had anything to do with the development of that trait.

An odd thing happened in connection with our visit to Ontario. In order that the fatted calf might be properly prepared I had telegraphed ahead that we were about to arrive. A postscript was added to the telegram, "Don't bother much for us." The telegrapher—how could he misread my beautiful Spenserian hand—changed it to read, "Don't bother about lunch for us." And here we had been planning for several days upon the feed that we expected. The hostess evidently took the change in the wording to mean that a lunch would not be sufficient.

Treated to a Sandstorm.

Hardly had we been joyfully received at Ontario before we heard a roaring sound, evidently that of a heavy wind. We noted with interest the alacrity with which doors and windows were tightly closed. "That's a sandstorm coming," we were informed. We never had experienced anything of the sort before. We certainly were grateful that we did not meet it on the road, as we would have done had we been a little later. A sandstorm is something like a Minnesota blizzard, with sand taking the place of the snow. It seems to go through plate glass. At any rate it works its around window and door frames where water can not find its entrance. The folks in the tourist camp at Ontario were nearly blown away that night. This was the only night of the entire return trip that we did not put up camp out doors.

The eastern Oregon people seem to enjoy their sandstorms just as the people of the Willamette valley enjoy their rains. This was one of the worst.

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or

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The Rexall Store

that had ever been known in that section, just as a heavy rain in the Willamette valley is always one of the worst known to old settlers. The eastern Oregonians also are like the web-footed of the Willamette in that they feel that they have many other climatic advantages which overcome any minor thing like a sandstorm. Handicapped as they have been and still are, they are among the best and most energetic people of our great state. Their broad outdoors makes them broad people and hospitable to a fault. The fight they have had to maintain to get what they are entitled to has made them energetic and always on the alert. Shut off as they have been from the more densely populated part of the state by poor roads and great distances they have nevertheless continued the development of their section of the state, have irrigated the soil and made farms and feeding tracts for their herds, built cities, have boosted every progressive movement for the entire state and have by little secured a few of the many things to which they are entitled. One of their greatest achievements is the securing of an all-Oregon macadam highway north along the eastern boundary a short distance and then northwest along the old Oregon trail to Pendleton, where it joins Columbia highway. It is possible that this highway may be completed this fall but at present there is much detouring to do and four hours is required, a large part of it in low and intermediate, for the distance of 25 miles between LaGrande and Pendleton.

These macadam roads are, I presume, only the forerunners of hard surface highways for this more than important part of our great state. Before this new highway was constructed, a trip north from Ontario meant crossing into Idaho at Weiser and ferrying back across the Snake to get to Huntington. In the House of the Mormons. Salt Lake City always is a point of interest for tourists. It is, as people know, the home of the head of the Mormon church, and the buildings of the Mormon church are of greater interest even than the great salt body of water from which the city takes its name. We attended a service in the church tabernacle built a half century ago under the direction of Brigham Young, who also was the moving spirit in the direction of the erection of the great Mormon temple, the erection of which took 40 years. He also laid out the beautiful wide streets of the city and was pretty much the whole works around Salt Lake during the time he was head of the church. With some 17 families on his hands he probably had to have much to do to keep him from thinking too much about his troubles. Plural marriages are no longer sanctioned by the church.

The tabernacle, designed to accommodate some 7000 people, is, as all know who have visited it, a wonderful piece of architecture. It would be so even had it been erected under the most favorable conditions. Erected as it was at a time when materials had to be hewn out by hand and put together with wooden nails, it is a most remarkable structure. Its acoustic properties are so remarkable that architects from over the world come to visit it and to examine the manner in which those properties have been secured. The building stands today almost exactly as it was the day it was completed. What is true of the building also is true of the wonderful pipe organ, erected under the same conditions with the materials at hand, which were the most crude, yet the instrument is recognized as one of the most perfect in the world. It is even today one of the largest.

The acoustic properties are something of an inconvenience sometimes. The sound of a pin dropped in one end of the building can be plainly heard in the other end of the building some 200 feet away. The same result is obtained if a woman makes some comment to her neighbor about the acoustics, but some other woman in the audience is hearing.

The only adverse criticism we found of the building was that the seats are not designed for comfort. Certainly no member of the audience could go to sleep in them. Old Brigham built wisely and well.

We are informed that one of the beliefs of the Mormon faith is that marriage is for the life hereafter, as well as for this one. This belief may not be entirely satisfactory to many and may deprive the church of the membership of some who have gotten some satisfaction out of the belief that unsatisfactory marital ties are ended at death. By this arrangement all wives and all husbands of this earth will be wives and husbands in the next, even though the afterworld has been held up to us as a place where joy is not confined. What would be the result if one partner to the ceremony got into the hot place while the other went to heaven? was not explained. Also it makes the next world seem like a lone some place for bachelors and old maids.

No Traffic Regulations in Salt Lake.

Streets in Salt Lake are of remarkable width and the blocks are at least twice as long as those of the ordinary city. This probably is the reason that there seem to be no traffic regulations. Cars turn anywhere that strikes their fancy and pedestrians jayhawk across the streets from any point of vantage. This method often results in a congestion of automobiles, street cars and other vehicles, but those who drive there seem to have become so accustomed to the procedure that they are able to avoid accidents. It is my opinion that time would be saved by requiring turning at certain points.

Lack of Signs Irritates.

A source of considerable annoyance to strangers on a road is a lack of signs to direct traffic at crossroads. This annoyance has been overcome to a large extent upon trunk roads which have been designated as state highways and which usually are plainly "blazed" with road numbers or road signs conspicuously displayed. Even then sometimes the chauffeur finds no directing signs until he has picked what he thinks is the right road and has gone some distance past the crossroad. Signs are particularly inadequate upon detour roads. Nowhere on our entire trip did we find detour roads as plainly marked as they are in Oregon. In many states roads upon which work is being done are closed and traffic is diverted to

take a crossroad. Traffic has its choice of taking the crossroad in either direction and of choosing any one of dozens of roads reached by the crossroad and which may or may not take traffic where it wishes to go. Inquiry at a house along a road selected at random usually leads to the information that you should have taken one of a half dozen other roads any one of which may still be reached if you are able to follow the intricate directions given for reaching them.

This same lack of signs applies in directing tourists to the auto camps. Great signs outside the city limits advertise the conveniences to be found at the camp being approached but after the city is reached it is more often than otherwise necessary to ask to be directed to the camp. This is particularly true after dark when small signs badly placed are easily overlooked.

Some Queer Shaped Days.

We ran across some oddities in time. On our going trip we found two days which had only 23 hours but on the return trip found two days with 25 hours, so that the score was even by the time we reached home.

Warning to Engineers.

Here is a good one which I picked up from the Toledo Blade on the way home, the truth of which I can vouch for: "Some drivers seem to think that the sign at the road crossing, 'Stop, Look and Listen,' was put there to warn the engineer."

Idaho Road Hogs.

The worst road hogs we found on the entire trip were Idaho cars after they crossed into Oregon. Usually they were driven by people who lived on the edge of Idaho and were coming into Oregon to patronize Oregon merchants. They seemed to feel that this fact entitled them to take their half of the road out of the center or on the wrong side. Oregon merchants admitted that they were slow to complain of traffic violations by their customers from Idaho and that this probably was the reason that Idaho cars acted as if immune from regulation by Oregon laws.

All Should Travel the Desert.

It is not only a mistake to make the going and returning trip over the same roads, but no one who makes the trip east should miss traveling through the desert in northern Utah and southern Idaho. I have been told that the one through Utah and Nevada into California is even worse, but the one I have mentioned will do for the purpose I have in mind. The reason that traveling through this desert should not be overlooked is because in no other way can anyone get the thrill of excitement that comes from being unexpectedly catapulted onto a rock highway after plowing through dust two feet deep. A heavy wind was howling at the time we made the trip. It also was blowing in the direction we were traveling, so that all the dirt picked up by the wind and all the dirt kicked up by the car was whirled into the ear, into our faces, into tightly sealed packages, into everything in and around the car. We looked like people who had just been fashioned out of the parent clay and into whom the breath of life was just being injected. To look at each other threw us into paroxysms of laughter. The sight was excrementally funny. Frequently the car had to be stopped because we could not see the road ahead for the dust from our own car. Often we could not see the hood through the windshield. Once the hood of the car got out during one of these necessary stops and inadvertently to excavate herself from several wagons loads of dirt that had been piled onto her. We all again went into paroxysms of laughter when a whisk broom was used to brush dirt from the eyes. No one should miss the trip through the desert. There is nothing else like it anywhere.

Upon one of the highways we saw a sign which read, "Jim Falls cemetery 3 miles." We did not learn whether the sign was put up there for information or as a warning to speeding motorists.

We completed our entire trip without any accidents of any kind to ourselves or the car. Our only mechanical trouble was the plugging of the gasoline feed line and this was overcome without any expense.

Best Roads in Oregon.

We found no stretches of road any way to equal those in the 10 miles between Albany and Corvallis is not paved. This once was the best piece of road on the way to Portland. Now it is the worst. Even the stretch inside the city of Jefferson, which has caused many unkind words to be spoken by motorists, is being paved, and the stretch between Albany and Corvallis remains merely a bunch of chuckholes.

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Take what a convenience is the tourist camp grocery store which is found at so many of the camps. Every camp should have one if at all possible.

(To be concluded next week.)

Neighborhood News

ROW RIVER.

(Special to The Sentinel)
Oct. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Magladry, former residents, but now of Eugene, visited friends here a few days last week. Mrs. Magladry will leave soon for San Francisco to visit her daughter, Mrs. Grace Thompson.

Mrs. Alice Thrash spent Friday and Saturday with Miss Genevieve Poquette at Dorema.

Mrs. Frank Plenard and children and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Queener spent Sunday in the Grove.

Mrs. Frank Stiller, of the Grove, visited several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Trask.

Miss Elsie Plenard visited with friends in Dorema Saturday afternoon.

B. F. McCollum has purchased a new Durant car.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Queener and baby visited at the C. J. Queener home at Seguin several days of last week.

B. F. McCollum and Henry Saunders have both been confined to their homes because of illness, but are now able to be out.

Oscar McCallister, who had been quite ill, is also improved.

Mrs. Harry Lunau and daughter Cleona spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Lunau, who is employed here.

Miss Thelma Bredehoeve, the teacher, spent the week end with relatives in the Grove.

WALDEN.

(Special to The Sentinel)
Oct. 11.—Mrs. R. H. Mosby and Mrs. R. T. Martin visited Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Farn Adams.

Mrs. Fred Frost and son Harry are both on the sick list this week.

George Shields and family, of Deffen, have moved in the Floyd Jones house.

Mrs. and Mrs. E. M. Seward and Mrs. Fleck, of Mareota, visited Sunday at the Harry Castle home. Mrs. Fleck, who has spent the summer with her daughters at Mareota, expects to leave the last of the week for her home in Minnesota.

Mrs. A. Castle spent several days last week at the Fred Frost home.

Harry Mosby and family, of Springfield, visited Wednesday with Mr. Mosby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Mosby.

D. H. Brumbaugh was in the Grove Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. A. Castle and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Castle and children spent Sunday evening at the Fred Frost home.

Harry Frost is home from school this week on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jones were at the D. H. Brumbaugh home Thursday.

Harry Castle and Bonita Patten were in the Grove Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allen spent Sunday at the Robert Allen home in the Grove.

HEBON.

(Special to The Sentinel)
Oct. 10.—Mrs. G. J. Kappau and Mrs. G. M. Kehlebeck motored to Eugene one day of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Fuhrer and daughter motored to Crawfordsville Sunday.

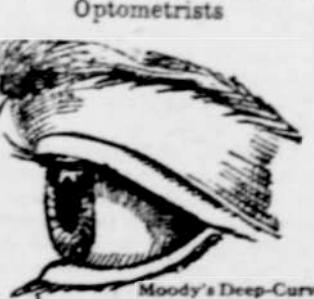
Mr. Master and Lamar Piper, of Salem, spent the week end at the home of Mr. Piper's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Piper.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thackrah, of Roseburg, are spending a vacation at their summer home here.

The John and George Kehlebeck families attended church in the Grove Sunday.

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