

MANY SEE LUMBERING OPERATIONS FOR FIRST TIME

Chamber of Commerce Members Visit the Woodard Company Plants. Their Snug Arrangement and Efficiency Open Eyes of Visitors.

Although Cottage Grove depends to a large extent upon the lumbering industry, the surprise feature of the junket of 30 business men on Friday to the operations of the W. A. Woodard Lumber company was the few who were in any way familiar with such operations.

This was the second get-acquainted-with-our-own-industries junket of the chamber of commerce. The lack of familiarity with our basic industry on the part of the great majority of residents brought home the value and need of these junkets.

The tour of inspection began at the manufacturing plant, where operations end, instead of at the logging camp where operations start.

The plant is on the London road two miles south of the city and just off the Pacific highway. Shipments of the finished product start over a spur track of the Southern Pacific which runs alongside of the loading dock. The first impression the visitor gets is that nothing in the planning of the plant was done by guesswork.

The lumber and timbers come to the remanufacturing plant in a flume which starts at mill A, which is to resume operations within 30 days, after being shutdown for several months. A mile and a half down the flume the product of mill B is picked up.

From the time it comes down the flume in the rough until it has passed one or two inspections for grade and has gone through the resaw or trimmers and planer and has been placed on the dock it is handled entirely by machinery—rolls and chains until it is ready for the planer and by gasoline carriers from that point until it is set on the dock as the finished product.

Showing the system that is used today in a successful sawmilling operation, when several of the junketers, who had guessed as to the quantity of lumber in a pile, appealed to Woodard to settle the question, he replied, "Just wait until I look, the quantity is marked on the pile."

There are three or four acres of docks at this plant and more are being built. Their efficient arrangement was commented upon by the visitors.

From here the junketers motored three miles up the flume to the camp of mill B, which is a mile and a half below the mill. The camp and flume are connected with the mill by railway. "Pat," a small locomotive with four drivers and the ability to get away as quickly as a Ford bug, snorts its way up and down the grade to and from the mill. Five per cent is the steepest pitch. One carload at a time is the way Pat brings the lumber and timbers down, but the little locomotive makes a round trip every 45 minutes.

The mill is not a large one, but it is snugly built for efficiency, and it gets the stuff out. It sets almost at the head of a canyon and is so high in the air that the upper portion of the building has been anchored to a concrete block set in the wall of the canyon. This is to prevent vibration of the building. Vibration might or might not cause the building to slide around in the canyon, but no chances are being taken. Above the mill a dam provides a natural log pond. As the depth is as much as 40 feet, clearing the pond will never be necessary. Building the dam was something of a feat in engineering, the trick be-

Farming Business Big As Steel

Should Same Business Methods Be Applied as Are Used by Big Commercial Organizations.

By P. F. Babson. Babson Park, Mass.—Professor Edward M. East has likened the production of farm products to the production of steel. But he goes even further than that. He says he believes that to make farming successful a great organization such as the United States Steel corporation is needed. We grant that farming—as a whole—is a whopping business, even more so than the production of steel. We admit that farming can stand more business methods; that it ought to apply a greater amount of scientific knowledge and sound business principles—as a whole. Perhaps, too, as he says, the farm should be more of a medium for provision of food and shelter. Yet if it were to simply be hurled body and soul into such a seething cauldron of commercialism as that of the mighty steel organization mentioned above, few of us could help shuddering. Living mixes with labor in farming as in no other industry. Possibly from a cold business reasoning viewpoint farming would gain huge profits in this way as in no other. Extreme remedies may be very appropriate for extreme diseases, but—is the farm suffering yet to that extent? Has it come to the point where big profits are the only consideration?

Apropos to the foregoing is the recent opinion of Dr. Taylor (of the department of agriculture) to the effect that it is as proper for the farmers to organize as it is for miners, plumbers, and business men. Presumably he refers to how the farmer may gain a greater share of the national wealth. The question to us seems to be more whether or not an "open shop" in the farming industry is a better business policy for that particular business. And the idea which prompts us to ask the question has already been mentioned in the preceding discussion. Once again—can we as a nation afford to pitch our farming industry headlong into the business methods of all kinds—or, if you will, all sorts of business methods into our farming business? Is not our agricultural industry, besides being the backbone of our nation, possessed of certain qualities—peculiarities—which ordinary, sordid commercialism and industry within the country neither has nor ever expects to have? If not, then let "big business" and labor unions come along into it and try their hands.

ing to make it substantial and not too costly for operations that can continue for but a few years. Lumber is leaving the saws at the rate of about 80,000 feet in an eight-hour day. It is started on its way to the remanufacturing plant just the way it leaves the saws. It drops down the canyon on an inclined railway to a loading station. The incline is so steep that the rolls are operated by machinery to keep them from moving too rapidly. The lumber and timbers are at once placed on a flat car and within a few moments from the time the log is put onto the saw carriage Pat is easing it down the grade to the flume.

The high lead logging operations illustrated the part the brute power of the steam-driven donkey engines plays in the lumbering industry. With their lines which extend out hundred of yards to the timbers they yank the goliaths of the forest down to the runways as though they were toothpicks. As the big sticks nose their way along up grade and down, tumbling along over debris of every description, crushing their way through small timber, pushing rocks, timbers and dirt ahead.

THE FEATHERHEADS
LIKE MOST YOUNG ENGAGED COUPLES, FLOSSIE FEATHERHEAD AND CONRAD BRAGGERT, HAVE THEIR LITTLE SPATS TOO.
ONE OF THOSE ANGRY SILENCES WHICH SAYS SO LITTLE & SAYS SO MUCH
"YOU'RE A FINE FIANCEE! WHAT ARE YOU SO DARN GROUCHY ABOUT?"
"FLOSSIE DEAR, WHAT'S CONRAD SO SULKY ABOUT?"
"OH, HE'S BEEN MAD AT ME ALL DAY."
"JUST BECAUSE HE DREAMED LAST NIGHT I FLIRTED WITH SOMEONE ELSE."

BOOK LIST FOR GRADE SCHOOLS HAS BEEN GIVEN

A list of books required in all grade schools except in districts of the first class has been furnished by County Superintendent Moore and is as follows:

First grade—New Beacon primer, Beacon first reader, Elson primer, Elson reader book I, Palmer's writing lessons for primary grades.

Second grade—Beacon second reader, Elson second reader, New World speller, first book; Palmer's writing lessons for primary grades.

Third grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book I; Shepherd geography for beginners, Beacon third reader, Elson reader, book II; New World speller, first book; the Palmer method of business writing.

Fourth grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book I; Brigham and McFarlane essentials of geography, book I; Potter, Jeschke and Gillet, oral and written English, book I; Bolenius fourth reader, New World speller, second book, the Palmer method of business writing.

Fifth grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book II; Brigham and McFarlane essentials of geography, book I; Winslow, Healthy Living, book I; Gordy, stories of American history, Potter, J. & G. oral and written English, book I; Bolenius fifth reader, New World speller, second book; the Palmer method of business writing.

Sixth grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book II; Brigham and McFarlane's essentials of geography, book II; Winslow, Healthy Living, book II; Clark, Down and Blue, school history of Oregon; Gordy, history of the United States; Potter J. & G. oral and written English, book I; Bolenius sixth reader, New World speller, second book; the Palmer method of business writing.

Seventh grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book II; Brigham and McFarlane, essentials of geography, book II; Gordy, history of the United States, Potter J. & G. oral and written English, book II; Hill and Lyman, Reading and Living, book I; New World speller, third book; the Palmer method of business writing.

Eighth grade—Hamilton's essentials of arithmetic, book II; Davis, productive farming, Davis and McClure, Our Government; Gordy, history of the United States; Potter J. & G. oral and written English, book II; Hill and Lyman, Reading and Living, book II; New World speller, third book; the Palmer method of business writing.

Athletic Fund Is Raised. In order that athletics may start off with a bang at the opening of school, Superintendent Hays has circulated a subscription paper among the business men of the city and has secured contribution totaling \$135. He expects to add \$30. The greater part of the fund will be used for the purchase of baseball uniforms and equipment.

Women Help Paint. Two women helping paint the Union Oil company's plant several days ago attracted considerable attention. They were dressed in coveralls and seemed to be doing their share of the work. Two men were also on the job and the women were their wives. The latter, it was learned, were merely killing time while their husbands worked.

sometimes seeming to move half a forest, it is easy to picture them as some prehistoric dragon sneaking up on its prey. In the semi-permanent runways, which are of simple log construction, the timbers are sent to the mill pond tandem fashion, usually three or four at a time, a donkey engine and cable again providing the motive power.

Footprints of Pioneer Days

INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO LAID STUDY FOUNDATION FOR THE PRESENT GENERATION

IT JUST HAPPENED SO. By Jay Ber.

(Continued from Thursday.) But I am supposed to be telling a story of earlier days and "I'd better get down to my knitting or someone will be saying that I'm in the employ of the Cottage Grove chamber of commerce."

Yes, there was the usual run of loggers, lumberjacks, cruisers, prospectors and miners who went to make up a large part of the population of Cottage Grove in its earlier days, and they were all a rough lot, and some of them were tough characters, as I happened to know quite well.

One of these came to my notice before I had been in town 30 minutes that morning when it happened that daylight drove me off that passenger train. Six or seven hours riding the blind, in rain most of the time, is calculated to make a fellow want to hunt shelter and chow as soon as he hits the grit. That's what steered me into the first lunch stand that I found. It was too early for business to be rushing—in fact, there was just one other customer in the place when I blew in. He had already ordered and the combination cook and waiter was just serving this customer when I climbed upon a stool beside him.

"That should hold you for awhile," grinned the waiter, as he finished arranging a big platter containing a liberal slice of ham and four fried eggs, a double stack of hot cakes, fried potatoes, a cup of coffee, butter, syrup, etc. "Maybe so, maybe so," replied the customer. I glanced at the mountain of food piled up in front of him, then I took a more careful look at the man himself. He had nodded a "good morning" as I came in at the door, to which I nodded in return, but I had merely glanced at the fellow. Now I sized him up thoroughly and found him worthy of a second look.

Later I knew big Mel Metson for just about what I pegged him to be that morning. Tugged out in the regulation logger costume—woolen cap, heavy dark brown top shirt, plaid mackinaw, cheap, ill-fitting pants, high topped shoes and a two-weeks-old beard; shaggy, light hair that needed cutting; six feet tall, well proportioned from the ground up, he could easily pass for just what he appeared to be, "and he might be all of that," I said to myself, "but he is also something else."

Just what else, I could make no guess, but when I looked into his clear blue eyes and detected that his manner of speech and general actions were assumed, I felt that he was something besides a logger.

When I started eating my breakfast he opened a conversation with "Just get in, partner!" "Yes," I replied, "rode the blind from Medford, and I'm feeling punk." "Bad night on the outside," he rejoined. "Going to stop here?" "Until night, anyhow," I returned, "which gives me all day to look around a bit." "Looking for work?" my new acquaintance asked.

"Not very hard," I came back, "but got to go to work somewhere and won't run away from a job," and I smiled to myself as I suddenly remembered that I had just left a job hurriedly the night before.

The food finished, we continued our conversation and I learned his name, together with the fact that he was born and raised near Roseburg. I guessed him to be about 25 years old. He seemed intelligent and good-natured, ever

ready to laugh heartily at any little pleasantry. Emerging from the restaurant, Metson crossed the street and I strolled farther up the walk to where I could see a sign which read "Cottage Grove Leader," which I took to mean a newspaper office. It was rather early in the morning to expect to find anyone in, but I tried the door on a chance that it would open.

It did, and I entered and crossed the small front room that connected with the mechanical department in the rear.

A man with coal black, ruffled hair and a brigandish-looking mustache glanced up from a form that he seemed to be working on, and with a pleasant expression he greeted me with: "I have just been praying that you would blow in this morning."

"Yes, Why me?" I said. "Oh, not you in particular, but any printer. The man I had got on a big toot yesterday and flew the coop last night, and this is press day in this shop. You know what that means?" "Bet I do." And while making the bet I was slipping out of my coat. Finding an extra apron and pulling it on I was soon digging in, and it did not take me long to correctly peg this fellow as being a good guy to work for. That surmise proved to be true many times during the following year. It was a one-man shop and no boss could possibly be a better one than Bill Conner.

At noon time of that first day the boss and I had just stepped out of the office on our way to lunch when our attention was attracted by a racket in a saloon on the opposite side of the street. We stopped and listened, but no voices were heard. It seemed a wrecking crew was at work inside the ginmill. And that about proved to be the case.

The noises moved toward the front of the building and suddenly the front door flew open and we got a view of a number of men all bunched up and struggling. Finally reaching the doorway, the mass of humanity parted and one of the men tumbled out onto the sidewalk. It was the man I had met at breakfast that morning. Regaining his equilibrium he tried the door, but it resisted his efforts. For a moment he seemed at a loss what to do, but he did not remain inactive very long.

The frame building occupied by the saloon stood on a corner, with a vacant lot adjoining. The man stepped to the side of the building, where he discovered a pile of rocks the size of goose eggs and larger. Gathering up an armful of them he returned to the front of the building and started a bombardment that continued as long as the rocks lasted. And he threw them with such force that when one went through a window it continued on its way until it hit something solid within.

People up and down the street were attracted by the commotion and were craning their necks to watch the proceedings, not knowing what the trouble might be, but most of them supposed it to be a drunken logger running wild. My boss, Mr. Conner, seemed stupefied for a time and when he found his speech I heard him mumble "Why, that's Big Mel."

"Well," I said, "he's big all right—Mel or Mellow—he's got 'em cooped up and they are afraid to come out of their hole. Do you know the fellow?" "Yes. He's a gambler, but he seems to be in a disguise. Hey, there, big fellow, better lay off and come over here," speaking the latter to the rock thrower.

As he came slowly over the muddy crossing, looking back every few steps, judging from his facial expression one would have thought

that he had just finished a rollicking snow-ball battle, or had been indulging in some amusing pastime. As he came up to where we were standing, he recognized my companion and his features broke into a broad pleasant grin. He stuck out his hand and greeted Conner with a "Hello there, old scout, what you doing here?"

Mr. Conner pointed up at the sign over the office. "I don't have to ask what you are doing here—your work speaks for itself. Were they too much for you?" "Almost," replied Metson, with a laugh. "I outplayed 'em in draw and they started a rough house—but I like the game, too."

He was a little late but at this point the town constable put in an appearance and invited the big fellow to "come along and let's see the judge."

"You might need a bondsman, Mel, so I'll just go along also," spoke up Conner. But when the thing was explained to his honor he refused to take any action unless the other fellows appeared and filed a complaint, and that was the very last thing they had any intention of doing. (To be Continued.)

Lamb Born in Fall Is Latest Freak

Nature performs many odd things in this favored section of the famous, fertile, fruitful Willamette. A lamb was born last week to an ewe owned by Walter Skidmore. This is the first time Mr. Skidmore ever heard of a lamb being born at any other time than the spring. He has 23 ewes and from these he got 30 spring lambs. He was well satisfied with that number and thought that one had been born to the ewe that has just become a mother. However, only four months between lambs is too contrary to nature to be probable even for a Cottage Grove ewe.

Dogwood Tree Blooms Twice in Year

Trees in this favored section of the famous, fertile, fruitful Willamette are not satisfied with producing one crop a year. A dogwood tree on the Oscar Wheeler place on Silk creek is again in full bloom. It bloomed at the usual time this spring, and its beauty at that time was so admired that it couldn't resist putting on a gay fall dress.

Rebekah President Visits

Mrs. Myrta James, president of the Rebekah assembly of Oregon, was a visitor here the latter part of the week. She attended the district convention of the order held Saturday at Creswell at which the work was exemplified by the local degree staff.

Barred Rocks Are Early Layers

Clifton Shortridge, of the Lorraine road, has eight Barred Rock pullets which started laying at four months and are keeping the lad's egg basket filled. This breed is not usually considered an early layer.

Robbery at Rujada Logging Camp

Thieves operated Wednesday night in the bunk houses at the Anderson & Middleton camp at Rujada. The clothes of the men were rifled and about \$300 in money and a diamond ring were taken.

Highway Contract Is Let

The state highway commission at its meeting Friday awarded a contract for the grading of 6.15 miles of the Sutton lake-Florence section of the Roosevelt highway. The Barker Scharsneuth company of Baker, was the successful bidder.

First with Cottage Grove news—The Sentinel.

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CITY DELIVERY EXTENSIONS UP TO PATRONS

Continuous Sidewalks and House Numbers Required; Directory Day Wednesday.

Extension of the limits of carrier districts in the city, authorized to become effective October 1, is up to the patrons, according to Postmaster Smith. Continuous sidewalks, house numbers and mail receptacles must be provided.

Patrons residing on north Ninth street and on south Fourth and Sixth streets and Taylor avenue, where extensions are contemplated, should make application at once if they wish delivery to begin October 1.

Other extensions of service will be given consideration where sufficient density of population can be shown.

Blank directory forms will be distributed Wednesday throughout the city and on star routes. Patrons should fill out the forms and return them promptly in order that the directories now in use at the postoffice may be revised prior to the establishment of city delivery. Patrons who do not receive one of these forms by carrier or otherwise are requested to call at the postoffice and obtain one from the clerk on duty at the general delivery window. The name of each member of the family or household should be plainly written, also the number of the patron's postoffice box, number of house and name of street, or name of star route.

No postage is required for the return of these forms to the postoffice.

STARVATION IS GIVEN AS CAUSE OF DEATH

Posthumous Messages Found That Tell Fate of Scott Kelly.

Scott Kelly, whose skeleton was recently found in the forests above Oakridge, apparently starved to such a point that he was too weak to make his way back to the railroad camps, reports D. C. Rossman, deputy coroner, who has made an investigation.

The tragedy was first uncovered by Mrs. Elizabeth Lamber Wood of Portland, who, with Kenneth McKenzie, found messages left by the starving man along a mountain stream. They read: "Scott Kelly. On this trail somewhere. Stop stream. Starving, hurry up. Scott Kelly."

Mrs. Wood and son also noted the bones of the victim, found a man's shirt, a black leather card case and an operator's license. She has written a report of the affair, which the coroner will forward to Kelly's wife and mother in Pennsylvania.

Lost Cars Increase.

Lost, strayed or stolen motor cars and cars abandoned or carelessly left on public highways are increasing in number in Lane county, according to A. H. Lister, state traffic officer. Nearly a dozen such cars have been found during August by city, county and state officers. Two were found here, five were found at Junction City and several were found at Eugene. Most of the cars have been claimed by their owners, but at least two are yet the property of the officers finding them.

Fined for Cutting Corner.

James White, a lad from Seattle, was fined \$5 in police court several days ago for cutting the Fifth and Main intersection with a Ford bug in which he and two other boys had made the trip here from Seattle. The lad was also without an operator's license. To pay the fine took almost the entire capital of the trio and they decided to return home.

Salesbooks. The Sentinel.

Once to Every Couple

