

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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Elbert Bede, Editor

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Portland, Security Bldg.; San Francisco,
Pacific Bldg.; New York, Security Bldg.;
Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, 911 WesternOF WHICH YE SCRIBES HAVE
DREAMED.

A recent issue of the Breeze at Silverdale, Wash., tells of the presentation by the people of that community to Tom Hays, editor of the Breeze, of a bouquet of flowers and a \$100 bill. It was the editor's 63d anniversary. That seems like a pretty custom that should be encouraged.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Our compliments to the city of Silverdale, Wash., and to the estimable residents thereof. There is, indeed, that very community of which many have dreamed above the type cases, with the lamp burning yellow and the wind coming under the door. It is that community concerning which there has been, since the days of Franklin, a great deal of interested speculation—some holding that it did not and could not exist in an imperfect world, while others maintained, and largely it seemed on sentiment, that they would find it some day and get out a batch of lodgers, advertising the advent, and settle down to contentment. We have heard more grown gray at the case, and squinted and stooped, speak often of the place for which they had no name, and very gently also, while the types clicked in the stick and the office cat chased a mouse out of the typewriter. It seems there is such a town after all, and it is called Silverdale—the town of which so many, many country editors have dreamed.

To be frank with you, we never before had heard of such a thing as this. We had scouted the possibility that such a town might somewhere rear its kindly chimneys. A town—mind you—wherein the residents and merchants not only support their country weekly with unflinching fidelity, come lean year or fat, but actually conspire to make a substantial gift to ye editor, alias ye scribe, on the occasion of his 63d birthday or at any other time. Country editors, as we have observed these rural country editors, that is to say, have not often had opportunity to record any distinction thrust upon them by their fellow townsmen, any affectionate and appreciative remembrance. They have written of the other fellow often enough, of the banquet in Odd Fellows' hall, the goldheaded walking stick, the few well-chosen words of presentation and acceptance—but seldom if ever of themselves in any comparable, remotely estimable role. We doubt the fantastic notion ever really occurred to them. They have been too busy with devising ways and means to lure the patent insides—which is a trade term and a problem, sir—from the custody of an unfeeling express agent.—The Oregonian.

The Oregonian brings back to some of us who ought to be gray or bald-headed, or both, recollections of those good old hand-pug days that we like to talk about but to which we would never return—the days in which we dreamed the dreams the Oregonian brings back to mind—the days in which we fought the patent medicine houses to get three cents an inch for advertising and longed to be as independent as the merchant who didn't need to advertise.

Now Located in Miner Building.

If you can't see—see us—We understand eyes.

Make Appointments Whenever Possible.

Dr. Sherman W. Moody

Optometrist—Eyeglass Specialist

Suite 331 Miner Bldg. Phone 362

East Broadway

EUGENE, ORE.

This job suits me better than being President!

My husband says they don't serve better meat than the Quality market's in the White House.

WE WISH YOU A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

QUALITY MARKET

Fred J. Anderson, Prop.

Free City Delivery

Phone 46

ONE FRIEND TELLS ANOTHER

tise. Mostly that merchant is gone, while a large number of the old-time country editors have passed the goal they dreamed of reaching.

We remember the old-time subscriber who used to pay his year's subscription with a sack of potatoes. Whether the sack of tubers was worth 75 cents or \$2.50 it paid for a \$1 or \$1.50 paper. Of course all didn't pay with potatoes. Squashes, pumpkins and tamarack wood were a recognized medium of exchange in settling with the editor.

The hobo printer (the tourist of his day) seldom was turned away without a meal or a bed in the shop. There was always cleaning up to do in those good old hand-pug days. "Some of them had regular annual circuits and their regular visits came to be looked forward to."

Speaking of tourist printers of the old days, there never has been a better one pulled on the idiosyncrasies of style of the country papers of those days than the one for which a tourist is given credit. Those were the days when the home guard camps took considerable pride in being able to edit up to office style the worst piece of copy that might be submitted. Often the country editor was a person of considerable education and refinement, and whether he was or not the chances were that he had adopted a style for his paper that was the pride of himself and his comps. These also were the days when news often was delayed in publication and it often was necessary to designate in what month an event took place. It was not unusual for an item to state that Mr. So and So was a visitor in town on the thirty-first ult., or the twenty-first inst. A live, up-and-coming paper might say that he would be a visitor on the second prox.

To get back to our story, one of the old-time tourist camps had struck town just in time to help get out the week's issue. He was aware of the pride of each paper in its style, and this was his first job with this paper. He knew that the comp was expected to make necessary corrections in copy. He came to a date in his copy, without any of the several designations having been used. "Say," he inquired of the editor, "what is the style in this shop on dates, inst., ult., or prox?" Cervantes with his "Don Quixote" didn't pull a better one.

In those good old days a good reporter on a daily got \$8 to \$12 a week. And they weren't 8-hour days, especially in the good old winter time when the shop didn't get warm until noon. We remember how proud we were when the star of our town was called to accept the city editorship of a daily at \$12 a week. How proud he was to when he visited the old home town a few weeks later and proved that he was rolling in wealth by treating the bunch to the best 5-cent cigar in town. City editors could always spend a week end in the old home town any time they wanted to because the railways were liberal with their mileage books. Mileage books wouldn't be much good now to city editors who travel in big high priced sedans, much as, at the time it happened, we regretted to have free transportation on the railways taken from us.

Hand-pegging the type wasn't all there was to getting out a newspaper in those good old days. Surely the writer of the Oregonian editorial will remember twisting the devil's tail. For the benefit of the uninitiated that means pulling the impression on an old Washington hand press. We'll wager a life subscription to the best family journal in Oregon that no printer of the present day who hasn't done it would pull the impression first trial. In the olden days we used to wage a "growler" of beer, and we never bought one. Water-moons used to come easy the same way, although we often had to put the rigging back together after some 200-pounder let go of the handle after failing to do with all his strength what he had seen a 125-pounder do with ease. Surely the Oregonian's editorial writer, though a prohibitionist now, has quaffed from the old "growler" without which no country printer shop could claim to be fully equipped. Those were the days when kerosene lamps furnished light and the star hand-pegger made the devil's eye pop by lifting a column of type and distributing it into the cases without spilling a letter.

Yes, in those old hand-peg, kerosene lamp days we dreamed the dreams the Oregonian describes, but we would have been willing to say that all we looked forward to, all we hoped for, would be reached when printers, reporters and editors worked only seven or eight hours a day at wages four, five, six or seven times what they were, which they now do.

Walter Pierce, former governor, and Miss Cornelia Marvin, former state librarian, were married December 31. Wonder whether they didn't wait another day because of uncertainty as to whether that would be starting the new year right?

Confession may be good for the soul, but a number of persons have recently found it hard on the neck.

Another scientist claims to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Some folks live too long now.

There's luck they say in odd numbers—that's probably the reason woman never gets over 25.

Every man thinks that it is he who is helping to keep up the average of the human race.

The Eugene Guard required 20 extra pages for a splendid New Year issue.

Nothing goes without saying with a woman.

One scientist tells us that earth blisters are forming that may change the shape of entire continents. Another tells us that when the ice at the south pole melts it will raise the level of all oceans by 50 feet. When the shape of continents is changed we trust that some of the South American countries will be left out. The extra water we need in washing some of our dirty political linen.

THE KNOCKER AGAIN.

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore., Jan. 1.

(To the Editor.)—May a friend and a citizen say a word about knocking?

I have seen a host of booster cards, etc., but how much good will they do if we keep up our knocking?

I have a friend who sold a splendid little hill ranch, and the purchaser is well pleased with his buy. He thinks it is a bargain, so do I. He said the man from whom he bought, "Had I listened to the knockers I would have backed out and left the country."

While trading with a merchant later he was asked about his residence, etc. He told the merchant of his buy. The merchant, yes, even a merchant of our city, expressed surprise and offered discouragements. Later a neighbor said many untrue and unkind things about the buy.

It takes a tree of great vitality planted in good soil to live when being dug up every day after being planted. AMICUS.

HEAD VS. LEGS.

(Covallis Gazette Times.)

The Cottage Grove Sentinel has come out with a new head dress. We don't like it. If that's the prevailing 1929 model, we are in favor of going back to the 1920 variety. The Sentinel has always been one of the neatest looking papers in Oregon. It was only surpassed in sartorial beauty in Cottage Grove by the glorious legs of the editor. Now—well, the new head looks as though it was made in Russia with a meat axe.

A NEW YEAR WISH.

DORENA, Ore., Dec. 29.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to congratulate The Sentinel and its management on the important and essential strides it has made in the past year. Having followed the content of newspapers a goodly part of my young life and, being proud of The Sentinel, my home town paper, it is very natural that I should cast longing eyes over the columns in the hope that I might find something to howl about—just some one thing—so I could swoop down upon you and tell you how to run a paper. To be very honest with you, the able editorial and news management leaves but one faulty feature worthy of a single "swoop." I would amputate the respective legs of the editor of The Sentinel and the editor who hangs out at Corvallis. The respective editor's legs seem to be "underlaid" just a trifle too much in the columns dedicated to them, making a "bad impression," in the language of the printer, so much so that the effect detracts from the perfectly good and interesting reading matter on the next page opposite column.

Laying jokes aside, I do wish to compliment The Sentinel. I mind two important changes, to my mind at least, in the makeup of the paper, occurring within the past few weeks. With no flourish of trumpet nor blare of bugle out came The Sentinel in eight-column size—the best size—the essential size for a weekly paper. Three issues back a new head graced the front page, the type selected adding dignity to the paper.

I am proud of Cottage Grove, for I lived there a number of years and helped in a small way to start things moving for a higher town, for a better town and for a development of this section's native wealth. Therefore, I am proud of anything that adds dignity to Cottage Grove. The Sentinel is now forging ahead on this very line of conquest. The Sentinel, in proportion to the size of the town in which it is published, the volume of business transacted therein, the magnitude of the territory surrounding, excites today more in constructive reading than any paper in Lane county, and a very fair local news service. Certainly it can be improved. The management of The Sentinel knows that as well as anyone, but it is improving, and it is going to continue to improve for the staff is in you fellows to do it.

I see a future for The Sentinel, for I have always seen a future for Cottage Grove. Cottage Grove is being recognized today, not only in Lane county but abroad, and The Sentinel is fast becoming the prime broadcasting messenger; and today she looks the part. I can see a possibility of The Sentinel becoming an important factor in the development of Lane county. The management will be looking into that phase of the business one of these days. When it does it will awaken a few years in the future to discover that in the effort made in the hall of a provincial town, the judicious judgment used, The Sentinel has not only taken a strong place in the affairs of the state in general, but that it has captured the balance of power of influence in Lane county. It will take honest, sincere, hard work and take honest, sincere, hard work and mighty careful editing as well as a news service superior to anything at this time known in local circles, but it can be done, and I venture it will be done. Here's hoping, anyway. Yours for 1929, C. J. HOWARD.

Humiliating

"I understand that Gertrude Gadlotte married a man who made a sudden fortune in oil." "Yes, and he disgraced her while they were on their honeymoon." "How was that?" "Gertrude wanted the other passengers to think an ocean voyage was an old story to them, when her husband right off pointed to a row of life preservers and asked the captain what was the idea of all the extra tires."

Lord Effingham

A good many towns in the United States are called Effingham. There is always a reason. During the Revolutionary war, Lord Effingham resigned his commission in the English army, refusing to fight the Americans after England employed the Hessians mercenaries.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Bookkeeping Systems. Sentinel.

UMPHREY & MACKIN'S
JANUARY
CLEARANCE

Begins Saturday, January 5th in All Departments

Scores of Bargain Values
All Over the Store
Await You at Umphrey & Mackin's

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE

- Yard wide outing flannel, dark or light patterns, yd. 15c
- One lot house dresses, former \$1.95 to \$3.25 values 98c
- 64x76 plaid cotton blankets, good weight, each 79c
- Boys' \$1.00 value caps, 6 1/4 to 7 1/4 sizes, each 79c
- Children's house slippers, 6 to 11 size, a pair 59c
- Regular \$1.25 all-wool felt house slippers, a pair 89c
- One lot yard wide prints, fast colors, a yard 15c
- All former 45c and 49c Soisette print, a yard 33c
- One lot yard wide cretonnes, choice, a yard 14c
- Men's wool union suits, Wright's Health brand \$2.98
- One lot boys' slip-on sweaters, going at HALF PRICE
- All remaining women's satin dresses, choice each \$3.98
- Women's former \$3.95 values in slippers, a pair \$3.19
- Men's \$1.50, \$1.75 values dress shirts with collar \$1.15
- Men's \$35.00 all-wool suits, three piece, going \$27.50
- Men's \$25.00 all-wool suits, three piece, going at \$21.50
- Large lot men's 49c rayon dress socks, going, a pair 39c
- One lot men's 35c dress socks, going a pair 23c
- Genuine Bates rayon bed spreads, \$4.25 value, each \$2.98
- Regular \$1.00 stamped Pepperell pillow cases, pair 79c
- Men's all-wool overcoats, \$18.00 values, now \$13.95
- Men's \$22.50, \$25.00 all-wool overcoats, now \$19.50
- 48-inch wide best table oil cloth, now, a yard 29c
- All luggage reduced in price, 20% off from regular price
- Cotton sewing thread (limit 14 spools) 7 for 25c
- One lot mer's former 50c, 75c, to \$1.00 ties, choice 39c
- One lot 27-inch wrinkle crepe, choice a yard 12c
- One lot girls' winter underwear, two-piece, at Half Price
- One lot women's wool union suits, reduced in price 1-3
- All men's dress trousers, reduced in price (no alterations) 20% Off Regular Price

Men's Chambray Work Shirts
Sizes 14 1/2 to 17
Each 49cUmphrey & Mackin
THE QUALITY STORE—GOOD SERVICEComfort Cotton Batts
81x90 Size
\$1.00 2 1/2-lb. batt, each 89c
75c 1-pound batt, each 63c

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the State of Oregon for Lane county.

J. S. Thresher, Plaintiff, vs. Charles B. Kern and Alpha Kern, his wife, Defendants.

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EIGHTH GRADE EXAMINATION

The regular state eighth grade examinations will be given in districts where there are pupils who can legally qualify, and where questions have been applied for by the teacher, on Thursday and Friday, January 17-18, 1929. This examination is especially for conditioned pupils and in order to take the examinations in Physiology or Geography at this time, pupils must have completed all of the work entered of record directing this notice and passed in all of the other work in the sixth and seventh grades.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed herein his final account as the administrator of the estate of Francis P. White, deceased, with the county clerk of Lane county, State of Oregon, and an order has been made and

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DATED AND FIRST PUBLISHED THIS THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, 1929.

S. W. WHITE, Administrator of the Estate of Francis P. White, Deceased.

HERBERT W. LOMBARD, Attorney for Administrator.

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