

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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Under the Big Dome

By ELBERT BEDE

whom I have overlooked to make up for deductions from the list given.

A patron of the brass rail in the rotunda was greeted by an up-state friend. "Do you work here?" the up-state friend inquired. "No, I merely have a job."

Alta King, district attorney of Lane, was a visitor here today. He said he had no business here, which probably was the reason he took half an hour with each member of the Lane delegation.

The Steiner biennial banquet to newspaper men, who are members of the legislature or reporting the sessions, was held Tuesday night. Elbert Bede was present and president of the newspaper group since its first banquet a dozen years ago and by virtue of his position took master at the banquet. Steve Stone of Salem has been secretary the same length of time. There are no dues and the only thing required of members is that they shall do double duty at the banquet board once every two years. It is a popular organization.

RECOGNITION OF A PRINT-ER'S FIRST LOVE.

(By BEN HUB LAMPMAN in The Oregonian.)

In discussing an article appearing in this newspaper and touching upon the county printing office of old days, the Cottage Grove Sentinel observed that surely someone on The Oregonian staff must remember the process of "pulling the devil's tail"—in other words, operating a Washington hand press. And that is true. Up on the ninth floor, where the machines are, and down in the basement, where the modern presses rumble, are some who remember the Washington hand press. And in the editorial rooms, too. The first issues of this newspaper were printed on a Ramage press, which was of the Washington type. But that was over and over so long ago, though men are living who must have seen the first issue that came from the creaking Ramage. The Oregonian's last "first reader" of record, however, the venerable Penumbra Kelly, has gone to his fathers.

Time was, as elderly printers and many country editors will recall, when it was said that all that was needed for the establishment of a country paper was a Washington hand press and a handful of type. The statement approximated the truth. The Washington hand presses, or presses of kindred principle, were in all truth the indispensable of early American journalism. And a most tender mockery it is that it raised against them where real printers foregather. For does one malign his first sweetheart, or ever quite forget the time when lilacs bloomed? In the hands of a good workman, attended by a competent roller boy, such a press produced excellent, clean and comely impressions. The work which issued from them, under these circumstances, was truly hand-crafted of the finest.

I have no recollections of the Washington hand press, but I have memories of a Smith, which embodied the same principles and was nearly coeval with the more celebrated mechanism. The impression on the Washington, so I believe, was derived from the descent of the platen upon the type, whereas the impression on the Smith was derived from the ascent of the press bed to the platen. The eccentricities mentioned by the Cottage Grove Sentinel were inherent in either. As with a Washington, the sturdiest yeoman could not pull the lever and create a single impression of type against paper, unless he was of the initiate. On the contrary, a boy in his early teens could—and often did—manipulate the press for an entire issue of several hundred papers, when he had acquired the knack of it. To print three or four papers a minute was a fair average of speed. To print five or six was phenomenal, nor could any pressman, however skilled, maintain this astounding pace for more than a few minutes.

Let us consider the motions, the separate duties, required for the creation of one impression. The pressman rolled the bed backward. He lifted the fly. He procured and placed thereon a sheet of print paper. Meanwhile the roller boy ground industriously at his rollers, that the ink might be evenly distributed. Good roller boys were jewels of purest ray serene. Then the boy inked the type with three or four sweeping but expert passages of the roller. Thereupon the pressman flopped down the fly, spun the crank which sped the bed back again into the body of the press, reached for the great lever with his right hand, pulled it smartly but easily to contact with his chest, released it to its full return ere he loosened his grip, cranked the bed forth again, lifted the fly and removed the sheet. That was all there was to the production of a printed page. Absolutely all.

The countenance of the pressman would grow florid. Beads of moisture would form upon his honest brow. The roller boy would be smitten from finger tips to elbows, and his fair young face would be smeared and smirched with the gootly ink. The smell of it in their nostrils. The feel of it in their hearts. And the pressman bellowing a song, quite frequently a hymn, but fully as often some ribald classic of the fraternity. With people coming in, and standing around, and getting in the

way, for to admire them as they got the paper out.

When the village strong man had quite exhausted himself in violent effort to move by hand strength the task that was an art, we used to wave him aside and craftily pull the great lever forward till it rested at what may be styled dead center. "Now try it," we would urge. In this guide-way we would urge him—and stand clear. For at his lightest and first touch the lever would strike him amidships as a mule kicks, and toss him sprawling. The press, of course, would in a manner of speaking go all to pieces, and various rods and shafts and doodads would fall clanking into the pit. But these were little or no trouble to reassemble, and the guffaw was well worth the trouble.

There was a frog that dwelt in the pit beneath the hand press—a portly, grass-green, grandfather frog. It was his home and his sanctuary, and apparently he cared not a whit for the thunders of press day. When in repose he secreted himself beneath the concrete floor, but when in festal mood, or somehow happy, he would stride forth—for frogs do stride—into the pit itself. And there he would squat and sing interminable croaking songs about bullfrogs and the eyes of one beloved, about crickets and such gootly provender, of marshes under the moon and shallows sweet with sun. The type would be clicking in the stick, and that was a pleasing sound in a quiet, drowsy print-shop—as all country print shops used to be—while the frog sang of romance batrachian. Wee to him who would have harmed that frog. He was a good, all-around, serviceable and well-behaved frog, and he dwelt there for years upon years. And what became of him I cannot say. Isn't it often like that with friends?

Yes, the Cottage Grove Sentinel is right about it. The Washington hand press was the grandmother—say rather the fairy godmother—of the printer. And very kindly and generous and true she was if treated as an old-fashioned lady should be. Wherever there are printers you will hear no evil report of the Washington, or of any of her kind. They may smile when they speak of her, they may even jest, yet one invariably detects the name of affection in their smiles or speech. For she was the first love, the peerless one, the unforgettable and unforgettable.

The state has several model farms which a special committee of the legislature is studying. The committee will take off the state's hands. They have not been such model farms as it was intended they should be, with the result that appropriations for their support have not been adequate.

It is a puzzle how farmers work mortgages off their places when the state can not make farms pay when the land is free of debt and operators are given a neat sum to cover contingent and unexpected expenses. Anyone wanting two or three model farms should apply at once to the big appropriations committee, which will endeavor to find ways and means for the purchase. This is not paid advertising.

Representative Potter of Lane probably will handle the drafting of legislation for the interim telephone investigating committee which recently severely scolded the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company. Its report and recommendations have not been made to the legislature, but are due at any time. The claim will be made that the Pacific coast company is but a segment of one of the wealthiest corporations of the country, probably the wealthiest, which has gotten rich through talk which has been widely advertised as about the cheapest thing there is. Potter will draw a joint memorial to congress asking that the interstate commerce commission be authorized and directed to give telephone company profits a thorough investigation. It is not believed that reverting to the old method of having a telephone company deal directly with a city or county on rates would prove practicable. Small cities would be left at the mercy of the telephone company.

It takes a newspaper man who has had experience collecting delinquent subscriptions to get in the money. Exhibit A in proof of this statement is Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state. Within the first two weeks of this year his office collected a million dollars more for licenses than was collected two years ago and all plates were delivered within two weeks after date of receipt of application. Hal got that way from having to handle late lead stories ten minutes after the paper was supposed to go to press. This is the first year that all cars using the highways have been equipped with two plates by the middle of January. Large crews hereafter employed up to the middle of February have been dispensed with. If a few more newspaper men were given state jobs the state deficit soon would be disposed of.

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Singer has declared himself as opposed to pork barrel legislation on religious grounds.

One of the house rules requires that each bill carry with it an explanation of its purposes, its effects and portions of the state affected. In the senate there is no such requirement, not that the senators can see through a piece of legislation quickly but probably because they don't see why any member wants to know what a bill is about.

There is very little in a name. Chinowek didn't get to be chairman of the fisheries committee and Representative Childs is a veteran legislator.

Talk about so-called high salaries being paid state officials, or being asked for them, and their comparison with salaries of 25 years ago, reminds veterans of things that happened in those good old days when the state printer, secretary of state and state treasurer got niggardly salaries. Several such officers became capitalists when they retired from office. Their salaries didn't pay their contingent expenses, but their fees were good for \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. The treasurer collected interest on a million dollars of state money. Several private fortunes that are yet in existence started when their founders got one of these jobs. And in those days \$20,000 to \$30,000 was \$20,000 to \$30,000. It is difficult to vision the kind of howl that would go up in these jazy days if any legislator suggested a salary commensurate with the emoluments of these offices in the good old days. For one of the officers would have to have a salary ten times as great as it now is.

Captain McKean was here yesterday, watched the progress of legislation for an hour or two, got some brand new and effective ideas for end tackles, forward passes and end bucks and learned several stellar stunts that should be effective on the gridiron but have not been named.

Budget Director Koser is as busy as a setting hen with three broods of chickens. Between trying to satisfy those who want expenses cut to the core and those who want all the cuts to be made in some other department, he doesn't have much time for social functions.

Cottage Grove and probably other Lane county cities are interested in the decision of the supreme court that the city of McMinnville has a right to extend its municipal electric light system to points outside the city. Cottage Grove long has sold water from its municipal water plant to residents outside the city and whether it could legally do so often has been asked.

The liveliest debate of the session came upon a proposal for an enabling act to permit levying taxes for upkeep of cemeteries. The bill was defeated. Evidently legislators believed they weren't dead enough to become beneficiaries.

A bill to do away with Washington's birthday as a school holiday has been introduced by Representative Hazlett. One would naturally expect the introducer of such a bill to be a person long advertised as one of the unmarried members.

COUNTY C. OF C. TALKS PROPOSED LEGISLATION

Chief discussions of the Lane county chamber of commerce at its meeting in Eugene Thursday night were pertaining to a number of proposals for state legislation. One issue receiving much attention was for a closed season on steelhead trout from the latter part of November to March when the steelhead run is on. The sentiment of the chamber was that more protection for fish should be provided. Earl Hill of the Siuslaw chamber was appointed to report at a later meeting on the opinion of the sportsmen and commercial fisher-

men in the county regarding the proposal.

Another matter before the club was pertaining to temporary car licenses issued to tourists coming into the state. The present system grants the tourist a three months' stay in the state. Should he leave before this time expires, returning to Oregon later the same year, he must buy a state license. A suggestion that the permit be good for a full three months' time, even though the traveler should leave the state to return later, met with the approval of the organization.

The chambers represented at the meeting were Cottage Grove, Springfield, Junction City, Siuslaw and Eugene.

Dumb Bliss

First Yoke (as he comes across another walking through wood)—"What are ye walking backward for, Garge?" Garge—"So as I can see if anything is comin' up behind me. They say these woods be 'aunt ed.'"—Passing Show.

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Thos. Burke, Willamina.

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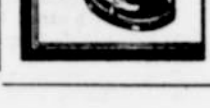
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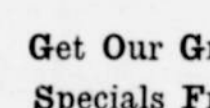
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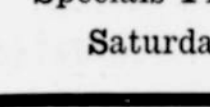
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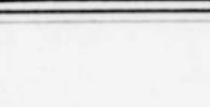
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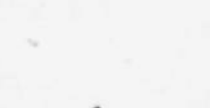
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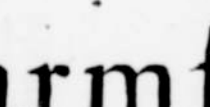
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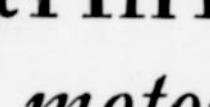
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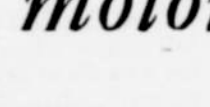
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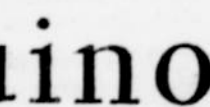
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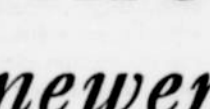
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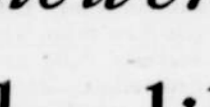
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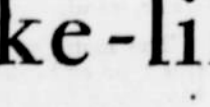
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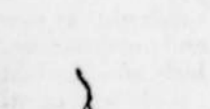
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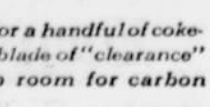
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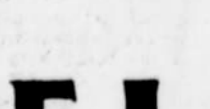
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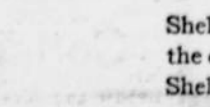
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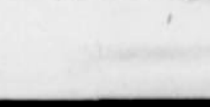
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Harmful..
in any motor
Ruinous..
in the newer ones

.. this coke-like carbon from burned oil



Abrasive! Flint carbon from ordinary oil chips off and grinds through moving parts—wearing away your motor. It will scratch bearing metal under a finger's pressure

A THIN dime on top a piston would bump the cylinder head—in some of the new motors. No clearance, no room for carbon deposits.

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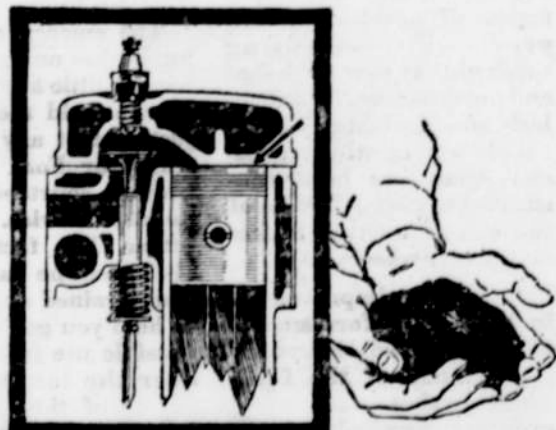
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