

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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MUSIC ON A TRIANGLE.

(Oregon City Enterprise)

This is the season of political

canards, when candidates, like

mushrooms, spring up over night,

barring their heads in the dew of

the elect. One day it is Mr. Bon-

nett. Another day it is Mr. Cooper.

The latter is coy, feeling the timid

pulse of the populace. The former

is warlike and goes about as a

defting fury. In this touching

picture comes one Lawrence N. Blowers, once a member of the legis-

lature and a resident of Hood River, but lately a citizen of Lane county.

The good Mr. Blowers is thinking

of being a candidate for governor, which is his privilege, but it

appears that he has unearthed a

dark conspiracy because of the

reflections of a Cottage Grove editor, who has a wide reputation for

intimate knowledge of things po-

litical. This well known scribe,

Elbert Bede, has written of Blowers, who has not been pleased.

Whereupon and wherefore he pens

a communication to the Astoria

Budget, pressing his complaint on

a newspaper far removed from the

origin of his discontent. Listen to

this:

Some time ago the Cottage Grove

Sentinel, a reactionary paper, of which

Elbert Bede is editor, printed an

article relative to my possible candidacy for

governor at the election next year, which

I felt was being "damned with false

praise" and the reason is apparent to

anyone who is observing. It appears to

me that Patterson, Blowers and Bede

have formed another "eternal triangle,"

the object of which is to "damned with

false praise" and very reprehensible from

a machine stand point.

We call that delicious! Reaction

ary is the word and a glowing com-

pliment it is. We know something

of Editor Bede, who has sufficient

conscience that he has refused to

dip his ink-stained hand in the

public treasury when opportunity

came his way. He has declined,

session after session, to be included

in a select committee to revise

legislative journals, and this year

was sought out to prepare copy for

the state printer as the best man

for a particular task. So Mr. Blowers

has a slim case and will have a

very difficult job to convince

the people of the truth of a color-

ful program.

It is a far cry to 1934 and Hal

E. Hoes for governor and Elbert

Bede for secretary of state. Let

us first get through with the peo-

ple's business of 1930 and not

worry about the brilliant future.

We are under the impression that

Mr. Blowers is equally good at

grasping at straws or chasing rain

bows, and he has built up a flimsy

structure. Bede would make a

good public official, but there is

no indication of a test, despite the

gloomy predictions of Mr. Blowers.

There is nothing so true of politi-

cians as uncertainty, and these long

drawn out forecasts are as depend-

able as the weather bureau re-

ports. It seems that friend Law-

rence takes himself very seriously,

which is always bad for the dig-

ression. The state would be in a

devil of a pickle if it should have

to go to Lane for two members of

the board of control, leaving only

one from Clackamas and not even

a bone for Multnomah, but if we

should be called upon to select the

victim for the sacrifice, his name

would have to begin with a B!

THE SCHOOL BOND ISSUE.

In view of the fact that only 26

votes were cast in the school bond

election held Monday, it may

be well to remind taxpayers of the

school district that another election

will be held next Monday to

vote on a proposed issue of \$10,000

in bonds to be used to finance the

construction of a four-room addi-

tion to the central grade building.

Although all felt at the time that

the erection of the present central

grade building and the gymnasium

would relieve congestion in the dis-

trict for many years to come, the

growth of the schools and of their

activities has been such that further

space is now necessary. One of

the most pressing needs of the dis-

trict is the home-making depart-

ment of the high school under the

Smith Hughes act may be properly

housed.

This writer has always believed

that a large portion of education

is wasted because of thoughtless

selection by pupils than through

any fault of the schools, but the

home-making department has al-

ways appealed to him as something

worth while, as one department

which gives something that the

student will never lose and will be

able to put to use during every

day of her life.

Unless new quarters are provided

and this department moved out of

the gymnasium building the district

will lose federal and state support

for this department, and such sup-

port is so per.

Of course if only 26 votes are

cast, and 24 are favorable, as was

the case with the budget, the re-

sult will be as good as if several

hundred went to the polls, but the

chances are that if only 26 go to

the polls the issue will be lost.

Those with the interests of the

city and our schools at heart should

make a note of next Monday and

be at the polls on time. Two to 7 are

the hours.

FARM RELIEF.

Even those who doubt the wis-

dom of federal farm relief, and in

that number are included many

who should benefit if any benefit is

to result, must feel relief that

farm relief is now an accomplished

fact and that it will have a fair

and complete trial backed by hun-

dreds of millions of federal money.

The Examiner, official publica-

tion of the Pacific Cooperative

Poultry Producers, recently said:

"The great federal government,

with all its wealth, influence and

power, frankly admits that it can

do nothing for agriculture unless

agriculture will first do something

for itself by organizing to sell its

products cooperatively in the inter-

est of its producers."

When President Hoover redeclared

a campaign promise by signing the

farm relief bill he described it as

"a constructive start at agricul-

tural relief" and as "the most im-

portant measure ever passed by

congress in aid of a single indus-

try."

There are few not ready to ad-

mit that agriculture hasn't had as

fair a deal as other industries and

all should be happy that at last

the agricultural producer can say

that the greatest relief measure

ever passed for a single industry

has passed on his behalf.

It is the sincere wish of the

Sentinel that farm relief may be in

every way the panacea for the pro-

ducer's ills that it has been rep-

resented it should be.

CLAUDE EUGENE.

From "Oregon's Who's Who"

we learn that the correct name of

the person we have frequently re-

ferred to as Claudius Elair Ingalls

is in reality Claude Eugene

Ingalls. Now, wasn't that a queer

twist of fate that gave that name

to the future editor in the home

of the agricultural college, where

quizzical epics make life a pleas-

ure and a joy for such as Claude

Eugene.

Claude Corvallis Ingalls would

sound just as well and would so

neatly place him in the state's af-

fairs.

We haven't checked them in

"Who's Who" but possibly the

full name of Frank Jenkins, Eu-

gene editor, is Frank Corvallis Jen-

kins, or perhaps Alton Baker's full

name is Alton Farmcollege Baker.

That would even the score.

PROBLEMS OF LONG AGO.

"One of the strong arguments

against the playhouses was that

plays were presented on Sundays.

Many a clergyman, humiliated by

the vacant seats before them, know-

ing the crowds that were throng-

ing in the direction of the theater,

expressed sentiments similar to

this: 'Will not a filthy play with

the blast of a trumpet sooner call

to the attention of a hell bringer to

sermon a hundred?'"

This sounds like the railing of

some old-fashioned person who

lived half or a quarter of a cen-

tury ago, when a Sunday show

would have been a scandal, ex-

pressing disgust with the present

jazz days when pleasure seekers

would think it a crime not to have

Sunday shows, but as a matter of

fact the quoted railing was uttered

on the twenty-fourth day of Aug-

ust, 1578, which was some time be-

fore any of the present old-fash-

ioned persons were able to remem-

ber Sunday shows.

We presume that if we had the

patience to search history we should

find that centuries ago old-fash-

ioned persons railed against hob-

bly-skirts and the freedom of the

sexes that spelled ruin to the

world.

Truly the world moves in cycles

and it should not astonish any of

us of middle age if we should live

to see the day when the feminine

will again be a thing of

mystery, and religion will have

such a hold that the common Sun-

day amusements of today will be

ruled from the face of the earth.

Possibly several centuries from now

the writings and utterances of

publicists of today will be quoted

to prove that in this age things

were just as bad as it will be said

at that time that they then are.

Old things happened in metro-

politan journalism last week. An

evening issue of the Oregon Journal

said that at the session of Masonic

grand lodge that day Past Grand

Master J. C. Fullerton had de-

livered an eulogy on Past Grand

Master Philip S. Malcolm. The

fact was that memorial services

were held for the two men, both

of them having died during the

year. The oddest thing was that

in the following morning's issue

of the Oregonian the same state-

ment was made as had been made

in the evening paper. Can it be

that the same reporter works for

both papers?

Dog Finds Way Home

Over Waterless Desert

This is the strangest dog story

ever told, and it's true, every word

of it. The story's hero was a big

Collie dog named "Bud," and he

was nine years old at the time,

which is about as old for a dog as

the age of 50 would be for a man.

Bud lived in Fort Scott, Kans., and

belonged to a Miss Hight, who was

an official in the gas company

there. Miss Hight's brother-in-law

was going to Albuquerque, New

Mexico, and he took Bud with him.

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