

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

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AND COTTAGE GROVE LEADER

VOLUME XXVIII

COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918

NUMBER 52

Another Plea for Workers for the Red Cross



SINCE MAKING THE APPEAL TO YOU LAST WEEK FOR ASSISTANCE IN RED CROSS WORK, THE COTTAGE GROVE BRANCH HAS BEEN URGENTLY ASKED TO ALMOST DOUBLE THE WORK ALREADY ASSIGNED FOR THIS MONTH. WE MUST HAVE YOUR HELP. A FEW WOMEN OF COTTAGE GROVE ARE WORKING THEMSELVES ALMOST TO A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN IN ORDER TO COMPLETE THE WORK, BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP IT UP MUCH LONGER.

THERE IS A VERY UGLY WORD THAT HAS BEEN FREELY APPLIED TO THE MEN OF OUR COUNTRY WHO HAVE REFUSED OR NEGLECTED TO DO THEIR DUTY AND I AM IN HOPES THAT THE SAME WORD MAY NOT EVER BE APPLIED TO EVEN ONE WOMAN OF THIS CITY OR VICINITY—BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID IT AND THAT WAY IS FOR THE WOMEN TO COME AND WORK—UNLESS THEY HAVE AS GOOD AN EXCUSE AS A MAN EXEMPTED FROM WAR DUTY.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOY RIDES, FOR SOCIAL AFFAIRS OR ANY SUCH NON-ESSENTIAL THINGS. IT IS TIME FOR YOU—YOU INDIVIDUALLY—TO GET IN AND WORK. WON'T YOU HELP NOW?

C. M. SHINN, CHAIRMAN COTTAGE GROVE BRANCH RED CROSS.

LOOK INTO YOUR HEART

WOMEN, mothers, wives and sisters! You who are doing no Red Cross work! Can you look into your heart and say you are fully satisfied that you are doing your part as fully as your son, your husband, your brother, or the son, husband or brother of a neighbor is doing his?

IF your boy was brought home to you some day with a great hole torn in his body and was in danger of dying for lack of care, you wouldn't let your housework or fruit canning, or your berry picking, or any other duty under the sun keep you from rushing to his aid, would you?

If your physician asked you to make a pad with which to stop the flow of blood, you wouldn't say you couldn't do it because some other task would have to be neglected, would you?

If your boy should be brought home just after you had done a hard day's work, you wouldn't tell the physician that you were too tired, that you had to rest, would you?

You would forget about being tired, would drop your work and do everything in your power to help him, wouldn't you?

You would find some way to get your work done and still do your duty by your boy, wouldn't you?

If the physician should say that he wanted you to prepare more bandages and more pads and make him a helpless case shirt for the morrow, you wouldn't say that you had planned an automobile trip, or a week's outing, or a party, and just couldn't do it, would you?

You would drop your work or your pleasure plans and attend to the needs of your boy, wouldn't you?

You'd forget all about the week-end party or the automobile trip, wouldn't you?

If it were your boy, you wouldn't think of letting a neighbor attend to the things that might mean life or death for him while you went about your household duties, or idly held your hands, or went on an auto trip, would you?

If your neighbor called upon you to give up some pleasure to help her wounded boy, you'd never hesitate, would you?

TODAY your boy, or your husband, or your brother, or your neighbor's boy, husband or brother is in France. Tomorrow he may be in a hospital with a gaping wound, or a leg or an arm gone.

Thousands of men are going to die over there. And unless someone prepares the Red Cross supplies, needless thousands more will die of neglect and will be buried in foreign soil.

One of those may be your son, your husband, or your brother.

If you have sent no pads for him, no surgical dressings, and all the other women of America have done likewise, he will die for lack of these things.

You would not let him die at home for the lack of your care, would you?

Are you going to let him die over there because you are too tired from your household work, or because you have something you wish to get done, or because you wish to take an auto ride, or go visiting, or even because you are doing something to earn some extra money with which to buy savings stamps?

When your boy is wounded fighting to save you from violation by the beast of Berlin, when he lies in that white cot in the hospital behind the lines, can he look at his bedsheet, or his bedsocks, or his bandages and say to himself: "I wonder if these may happen to be ones mother helped to make? I wonder if these might be ones wife or sister helped to make? I wonder if these might be ones neighbors back home helped to make?"

Or will the tears come into his eyes as he soliloquizes: "I wonder why mother cares so little about me over here that she doesn't help to make any of these things? I wonder why wife or sister doesn't help in making these things that mean life or death, comfort or neglect to us over here? I wonder whether they really care very much whether I die or not? What was the meaning of all that simulated love when I left home if they do nothing to help me to come back to them again? Is my life not worth as much to them as fruit canning, berry picking, auto rides, social afternoons and other pleasures? Is this my reward for giving up business, home comforts and future, and perhaps my life, to save for them the privilege of doing the very things for which they neglect me? Is it harder for them to do a little Red Cross work than it is for me to fight cooties, to sleep in mud, to offer my breast as a target for German bullets, to drag my weary legs back from a long vigil in the front line trench, to stand guard until I feel ready to drop from exhaustion? Is it so much harder to give a little time to Red Cross work than it is for me to be away over here from all friends, living under conditions I detest, suffering as I have never suffered before?"

"Oh, God, HAVE THE WOMEN-FOLK TURNED US DOWN AT HOME WHILE WE FIGHT FOR THEM OVER HERE?"

"When I am ordered to go over the top I can't make the excuse that I am tired; I can't say I've got something else I want to do; I can't say I've planned a little outing or a social affair. Why should those who have none of the fighting, who are safe at home because of the very fact that we are here, get away with such excuses?"

These are some of the thoughts that some of the boys over there must think when they learn that only a handful of women are doing the Red Cross work here, when they read the list of the names of the Red Cross workers which the local branch purposes to publish.

Some day they may come home. We hope they all may. Those who do come back will know that those who did Red Cross work were the ones who wanted them to come back. Then they'll be anxious to know what mother, wife or sister did. What are they going to think if they find that the folks at home neglected them? What are they going to think of the mother, wife or sister who didn't make any sacrifice of comforts to furnish them the things that were necessary in the saving of their lives? Are the excuses that satisfy you now going to satisfy them then? Will they seem good excuses to you when you learn what the boys who come back think?

When they tell you of what the women of France and Belgium suffered; when they tell you of the mothers who prayed daily that their daughters known to be in the hands of the huns might die; when they tell you of the daughters of France and Belgium who can't come home because they have been forced to become mothers of German babes; when they tell you of the indignities from which you have been saved because of the deeds of the boys who have fought so bravely overseas; when they tell you of the line behind the trenches formed by the women of France who thought no sacrifice too great if physically possible; when they tell you how the women of France and Belgium took the place of the horse at the plow; when they tell you of these and a thousand other things just like them, are you going to be able to look into your heart and honestly say that you gave up all the time you could spare, that you did your duty just as fully as any other American woman, or are you going to wish that the boys would stop reminding you of the things you could have done but did not do.

WE know of one woman who has had but two Sundays off during the entire summer because of the amount of time she has given to Red Cross work. We have heard the husband of this woman say she has to do her fruit canning on Sundays, and we know the good Lord will forgive her for that. She has had no chance to pick blackberries to earn money with which to buy savings stamps, yet she will be expected to do her duty in that respect just as well as others. She has had no time to pick even the berries on her own bush. We know of a number of others who have given almost as liberally of their time. So some women are doing their duty nobly.

Yet the appeal printed above and signed by the president of the local branch of the Red Cross indicates that the women of Cottage Grove as a whole are not doing what is expected of them. This appeal indicates that mothers, wives and sisters are leaving the care of their sons, their husbands and their brothers to others. It indicates that a few women are working until they are haggard and pale making Red Cross supplies that will save the lives of sons, brothers and husbands of others. It indicates that the few have neglected their household work, their families, their fruit canning and other household duties and have given up all pleasures in order that those who should be dear to others should not be left to die neglected on the battlefields and in the hospitals of France.

Do you want your husband, your son or your brother to come home?

Do you want the Cottage Grove boys, the sons, husbands and brothers of your neighbors to come home?

If so, what are you doing to bring them back?

Are you showing by your actions that you want them back?

Do you think that your actions would convince them that you want them back?

IF you have no one over there who is near and dear to you, you have a still smaller excuse for not doing Red Cross work, for in that case you have given nothing, while others have given of their own flesh and blood to fight your fight against an enemy who would despoil you in a manner that would bring the tinge of shame to the cheek of an uncivilized barbarian.

Those who have not given one held near and dear have a double duty to perform in doing Red Cross work. If it is in any way possible for them to do such work and yet they do not feel such a duty, why should the sons of other mothers, why should the husbands of other wives, why should the brothers of other sisters shed their blood to save such slackers from ravishment by the blood-thirsty, licentious hun? As Dr. Lovejoy said in her address here, "Such are no good to themselves or to anyone else. Why fight for them? Why not let the huns have 'em?"

THE SENTINEL honestly believes that the reason there is a shortage of workers is because the women do not realize how urgent is the need for such workers.

The Sentinel has been informed that if 100 more women would give one afternoon a week to Red Cross work that all present quotas could be gotten out without overworking anyone.

The Sentinel believes there are 100 more women in Cottage Grove who care enough about their sons, husbands and brothers

over there, or the sons, husbands and brothers of others, so that they will hurry forward to volunteer the time that will help in bringing these boys back again. We do not believe that the mothers, wives and sisters of Cottage Grove boys are going to let our boys die over there because of neglect at home. We believe that the women of Cottage Grove are going to find that they can give up this little in time when it may mean life or death to those over there who are so dear to all of them. We do not believe that they are going to leave an opportunity for the boys over there to think that the folks at home do not care whether they die or not.

The women folk at home are not going to turn them down!

HERE are the boys who are doing their duty in the service at home and abroad. No one knows when any one of them may be in need of the things which the Red Cross provides.

Isn't there one or more of these for whom you want to do a loving act?

Isn't there one or more in this list whose death on a bed of pain would rend your heart?

Isn't there one or more among these whom you earnestly wish to see come home again?

Don't you want to see every one come home? Your actions will speak louder than words.

They are doing their duty.

Are you doing yours? Read the list and ponder well.

L. J. Ardite, Ross Awbrey, Robert Atkinson, Leon C. Arne, Herbert Adams.

Otto Burcham, Inster T. Brumfield, Chas. Billings, Arnold C. Brown, Herbert E. Brown, Hosea C. Brown, Milton Burton, Russell Bemis, Francis Beckstead, Dennis Bowman, L. C. Beebe.

Victor Chambers, Edmund O. Cudney, Kelly H. Cooper, C. C. Cruson, Gray C. Clevenger, Bert Crouch, Sol Coffman, Ernest Chitwood, H. B. Conner, Robert Guy Conner, Howard Cox, Rupert Coffman.

Grove: F. Devine, John C. Devine, Maynor R. Devine, Reese M. Devine, George Duerst, Leston E. Dowens, Donald M. DeLong, George Duncan, Judd E. Doolittle, Lake O. Davolt, Roy DesLarzes, Lester Doolittle, Harold Dugan, Stanley Damewood.

Clay England, William Edwards, Warren Edwards, Herman Edwards, Arthur Elledge, Lemuel Elam, Robert Earle, Charles F. Elliott, Orton England, Roy Ewing.

Kelse Fisher, Dr. C. E. Frost, George D. Foster, Charles Fuhrer, Charles Ferguson.

Albert Griffin, Marion E. Garoutte, George W. Gibson, Paul A. Gibson, Leslie Groat, Abner H. Gilerist, J. J. Gildersleve, Melvin Grubbe, John Garoutte, Harlow Garetson, Irl Groves, Everett Garoutte, Emery Goodridge, Antonio Goseya, Everett C. Groat.

Jesse Hodges, Waldo Hull, Oscar M. Hubbard, Earl Hayes, Ross E. Haynes, Floyd F. Hartzell, Harold R. Hartzell, Willis P. Henderson, Carroll Harlow, Charles Harlow, Robert Lee Hubbard, Ellis Harding, William Haldeman, Glen Hankins, Norman Hawley, Roy Hands, J. H. Hatton, Charles S. Hall, Harley Harms, Roy Hazelrigg, Gilbert Hoge.

Elmer Isaacs.

Oliver James, A. W. Jones, Cleve Jones, Thomas S. Jackson, Floyd Johnson.

Sam Keene, Victor Kem, Ray Kerr, Ben C. King, Carl J. King, Harry W. Kirk, Will A. Kelly.

B. K. Lawson, William Landess, Walter Landwehr, Charles Lackey, Wade LeRoy, William Lunau, George Lammers, James Henry Lancaster, Ira Larson.

W. S. McCaleb, Anson Morgan, Kenneth Mills, Clarence S. Milne, Kelly B. Moody, Elwyn McCargar, Harold McCargar, Wendell McCargar, Ralph Milne, Leonard Morgan, Angelo Martinelli, George Matthews, Dorris Medley, John W. McDaniel, Horatio Mosby, Clay Mosby.

Ray Nelson.

Wiley H. Oleott, Olaf Olson.

Clarence Peterson, Wilber Piteher, W. B. Patten, Dan Parker, Norval H. Powell, Robin Powell, Virgil Powell, Earl D. Pizer, H. R. Phillips, Homer Patten, Thomas Patten.

E. H. Queener, Thomas J. Queener.

Walter H. Rasch, Herman K. Rasch, Marvel Randall, Vinal Randall, Daniel Rentle, James A. Rentle, Raymond Rinard, Reuben Rissue, Bird Rissue, Arthur Rissue, Alby Ritchey, Harley Ross, Luther Rogers, Dugal Rankin, Charles Robison.

Joe T. Smith, Harold Sams, Elmer Spencer, Carlton Spencer, Hollis Slagle, Carl Slagle, Lawson Slagle, La Sells Stewart, Lester Sanford, William Skidmore, Charles Sharon, William Southward, Robert C. Shields, Claud Silkwood, Robt. E. Simpson, Frank Sears, James Sutherland, Andrew Sears, Harold E. Shepherd, John Souci.

Murray Trunnell, Lee C. Tennis, Ralph Teeters, L. E. Tilton, Gusse Turner, Harry Tennis, John Tullo.

Sam Veatch, W. G. Van Riper, William A. Vaughn, Eddie Valentine, Chester VanDenburg.

Charles Warnock, Otis White, Albert Woodard, Lee Roy Woods, Jr., Daniel L. Woods, Hiram W. Wheeler, Hally A. Witherwox, Fred Warbington, Ray Williams, Leslie Wicks, Alvis Wicks, Charles Whipp, Ernest Wyatt, Cecil Woolley, Millard Wallace, Glend B. Williams, Gilbert Wiseman, Dale Wyatt, Frank M. Willis, Wade Watts, Delbert Wills, Nelson Whipp.

William Yancey.