

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

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TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

[To accompany a Christmas comfort bag, Theodora Feek, in the Burlington, Vermont, Free Press.]

This little Christmas bag I send
Across the leagues of stormy sea,
Though I am all unknown to you,
And you are all unknown to me.

And yet, why should we not be friends?
Although your face I ne'er shall see,
I should not be unknown to you,
Nor you be all unknown to me.

You go to save my very all,
Dear soldier brave of liberty;
Then surely you are friend of mine,
And I, henceforth, am friend to thee.

You fight to make my country safe,
You fight to make my country free
From tyranny and bitter hate.
This blessing do I send to thee:

A Merry Christmas, soldier dear,
And many of them may you see,
And all of them but this be spent
In our dear land of liberty.

So fling Old Glory heaven-high
Above the realms of Germany,
And here's a prayer: "God bless you,
lad!"
From your leal friend across the sea.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Varying are the thoughts and reflections that come with the dawn of peace.

We think of the days before we got into the war, when old Kaiser Bill spoke with contempt of the American army, said that it would take the Yanks five or six years to prepare to fight, said that France and England would be on their knees before we could get there to help, and bragged that he would stand no nonsense from us after Europe had been whipped.

In a little over a year after we got into it, hostilities ceased at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, and we are wondering if Kaiser Bill, now a common murderer and a fugitive from justice, has had any eleventh hour regrets of his contempt for the American army.

We think of the many problems that presented themselves, and the many exasperating delays that occurred as we, the great peace-loving nation, became transformed into a great fighting nation.

Then we think of the remarkable efficiency developed by the indomitable Yankee spirit.

This great peace-loving nation, with its so-called contemptible army, taught tricks to those that had been in the war for years—and our trump trick was that the Yanks had not been taught how to retreat. It was this ignorance which proved too much for German kultur.

Then the foolish Yankee boys took the Germans on for a sprinting match. Mighty sociable fellows, those Yanks, and the huns who couldn't outrun the Yanks are now prisoners behind the allied lines.

The Yank is a funny fellow. He is a peace-loving fellow. He likes peace so much that he will lick the whole world, if necessary, to get it.

And he's the best sport on earth. He can fight one minute and forget all about it the next.

Two years ago two factions fought one another as if the future existence of the world depended upon the election of the candidate of each faction to the presidency.

The result is now history. One side was inevitably defeated. Cottage Grove's republican editor rode the democratic mule, and when our president declared that there must be war, all party lines were forgot in our eagerness to back him.

Only a few days ago another similar contest took place, and this time the republicans were victorious.

But when the news of the signing of the armistice came, party lines were again forgot. In the big celebration Monday we were simply Americans, with the same flag, the same president and the same hopes. The members of one party were just as elated as the members of the other over the dawn of peace.

And what is it that is uppermost in our minds now?

Why, that the boys are coming home. If you doubt this, ask any mother who has a boy over there.

Ask the wife who has a husband over there.

Ask the sister who has a brother over there.

Ask the children who have a father over there.

Ask the boys themselves who are over there.

Unwillingly, yet willingly, we bade them good bye and struggled to keep back the tears.

But when they come home there will be no need to confine our feelings.

The husband who imprinted a fond, and what he thought might be a last, farewell upon loving and willing lips as he went away in a soldier's uniform,

will not care how many see the first loving embrace when he steps off the train again at his old home town.

The sister who struggled to keep back the tears when he went away will not try to hide the tears of joy when her veteran brother of France ends his homeward journey.

The mother who smiled bravely when she waved good bye to the boys she had nursed will show by the welcome they get that the smile of a year or more ago was only to cheer the boys and that her heartstrings were tearing loose within.

And the father who kissed good bye the cooing babe, who could not understand why papa was going away and why mama cried, will find a welcome that will make him understand that the mother did her best to let the little tot know that a father fighting in a far-off land for the mothers and babes of the world was coming home to his own hearth some day.

The grizzled old G. A. R. veteran who bade good bye to a son or grandson and thought of the day when he too marched away to fight for his country's glory, will say, "Old man, I couldn't have done it any better myself. The boys of '63 are mighty proud of the boys of '17."

And the sweethearts who have remained true, and whose love distance has only made the stronger, will hardly hold back the welling stream of affection whose source can never run dry.

Won't we be proud of these men and boys?

And won't there be a lot of us who will regret that all of us could not have been there?

And think of it, as far as we know there has been but one death among the Cottage Grove boys who went overseas and only one death at home.

All but two of those who went away are coming home again.

And amid the happiness of receiving our own again, our hearts will go out to those to whom Jess McDole and Calvin Funk were near and dear. Their golden stars in our service flag will be revered throughout the years and their names and memories will be kept green at the annual reunions of the veterans.

When these men and boys tell of the things they did over there, when they tell of their sufferings, when they tell of what the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army and all the other organizations meant to them—when they tell of what Liberty bond money did for them—won't Cottage Grove be proud of the part it played?

And then will come the slacker's punishment.

Then, too late, will the father think of the Liberty bonds he did not buy to back the boy who faced shot and shell in France.

Then, too late, will some think of the luxuries bought with money that should have gone to the Red Cross.

Then, too late, will some think of the wasted time they might have given to war work.

None who has not done his part will be able to look into the manly eyes of these battle-scarred veterans.

Like old Bill Hohenzollern they will want to hunt a hole and pull the hole in after them.

And let us not forget that our part is not yet done.

Another great drive is in progress now. Other great drives are yet to follow.

The last of the boys may not get back for a year or more, possibly some will not get back until later than that.

They have done their part. We have not completed ours.

If we have any doubts about having done our full duty in the past, there is yet time to repair the deficiency.

There were no slackers among the boys who went across. Let there be no slackers at home who fail to come across.

Explanations are now in order from the national democratic committee and the various state committees which spent oodles of money telling us that Germany was watching our election and that we must send democrats back to congress or there was no telling what would happen in Europe. We would like to know if any improvement would have been made upon events over there if Oregon had sent Ossie West in place of Senator McNary, or was it all just partisan buncombe?

THINGS WE THINK

Things Others Think and What We Think of the Things Others Think

Mr. Carnegie says a man's usefulness just begins at 70. There are too many people in this world who don't get to be 70.

There are some wrongs that can't be adequately punished—one of the most glaring of these is the untruthful gossip that hurts a woman's character.

It's sometimes laughable how a person will study the outside of the envelope to try to guess what's inside.

An exchange says that the best young man in the world lives in Massachusetts and that he has never used tobacco, never touched liquor, never sworn, and never kissed the girls. The paper must have meant to have said that he had just been buried there. He certainly isn't alive.

Every person knows that there are a lot of sins that will never be found out.

Anyway the summer girl scatters a lot of sunshine along her way.

It's hard to warm up to a hot air peddler.

There are only two things the matter with the most of living, and those are that those who have things to sell want more for them and those who have to buy them want to pay less. Easy, isn't it?

It shows superior will power to be able to compel your wife to split and bring in the wood, but it denotes development along wrong lines.

To err is human, and so is criticism.

Working out a plan of taking care of the idle poor would be a good job for the idle rich.

Lawyers probably show the greatest commiseration for the sins of the erring.

A well known author who has had experience says to beware of grass widows. Hey!

If a person could command as quick recognition when grown up as he does

when a squawking babe, what a pleasant old place to hang around in this old world would be.

You may be brilliant by nature, but never brainy.

Glorious Peace Again



THE whole world is rejoicing over the cessation of battle and the beginning of permanent peace. November 11 and the signing of the armistice will remain a momentous day in history—a victory of Democracy for the world.

Right Has Defeated Might



AND the world has once more been freed from the grip of autocracy and imperialism. Our troops and the troops of our allies have been gloriously victorious in battle and their sacrifices have not been in vain. Never has there been a greater occasion for

National Thanksgiving



IN the course of many life times there has not been such a year as this. A year when there has been so much to be thankful for. With the victory of our armies, kaiserism defeated, and the prospect our soldier boys' home-coming.

And over here we have our bit to do, too—for every one of us must stand with the nation to successfully terminate peace, conserve food, spend without waste, keep our soldier boys smiling by subscribing to the United War Work—in fact "carry on" until that time when the boys "over there and here" come triumphantly marching home.

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