

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers
Elbert Bede Editor

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CARL'S CURLY QUEUE IN DANGER.

The Sportsmen's League of Oregon is after the curly hirsute adornment of the pate of that prince of good fellows, Carl Shoemaker, who demonstrated an angling ability surpassed by none (which must have been patiently developed whipping the turbulent waters of the Rogue for the famous steelheads that have made southern Oregon famous) by performing the almost impossible task of getting a salary increase past the recent legislature.

But Carl didn't come boldly in before the salaries committee and say I want a hundred dollars a month added to my salary—not Carl.

When he goes after the finny denizens of the game streams of the state he doesn't rush up in front of a trout and throw his fly straight at the finny beauty—not Carl.

He used to fish that way when he was a printer's devil on the Roseburg News, or some other country paper.

But with years came knowledge and now when he wants to land a steelhead, a Dolly Varden or a Rainbow, he sneaks quietly up behind a moss-covered rock on the shady side of the stream and flirts the tempting fly over as if it had dropped off an overhanging bush or had got caught in a swirling eddy—and soon the coy, foxy, cunning, agile finny beauty is kicking about in Carl's creel with the lid securely snapped shut.

That's the way Carl got his salary increase. He used the fish and game commission for his moss-covered rock and "the salary of the employees shall be fixed by the commission" was the "McGinty" that floated so naturally down before the legislators that they grabbed the hook—and soon Carl had the salary increase tucked away in his creel. Oh, yes, there was an emergency clause, because it was necessary for the peace, public health and safety that the game code should immediately become effective.

But that is not the particular reason that the sportsmen's league sets forth for wishing to remove Carl's auburn bangs, together with the hide in which they are rooted. Not at all!

The reason they want Carl's scalp is because they claim he is not the right kind of a sport—and they exhibit his expense account, especially that of the most recent campaign year, to show that he is a real sport with the game funds.

That seems inconsistent, but—the commercial interests of the state seem to have been getting more attention of late than the game interests, with the result that creels have not been weighted as of yore upon return from the game streams of the state.

What are our streams for if not for the amusement of the sports who pay the money that keeps up the propagation of our game fish?

What right have the commercial interests of the state to benefit by the money contributed by other people?

What right has the game warden of the state to use game funds for the promotion of the interests of any candidate for office, even though the candidate be the one who put the game warden up to the pie counter?

These are some of the questions that are being asked, and altogether there is quite a pretty mess—and some fish to fry.

We can easily imagine that jumping from the precarious avocation of publishing a daily newspaper in a city the size of Roseburg to a job where the expense money was lying around loose was enough to rob any editor of sane judgment for the time being—and it is no easy job to say just where the line should be drawn between the commercial and sporting interests of the state, with one faction hollering for the building up of payrolls and another hollering for the building up of a sportsman's

paradise to attract the filthy lucre of easterners for a cleaning.

We imagine it must have been easy to find it necessary to make trips about the state in the interests of game protection and game propagation at a time when a hot campaign was in progress. It would seem the natural thing to accommodate the state's business to the political interests of a good friend and a good state official, particularly one with such rare judgment as to select Carl Shoemaker for game warden.

When the whole mess is simmered down to a kind of fish chowder, it appears to us that Carl didn't stay in the newspaper business long enough. He didn't stay long enough to get a post graduate course in the care of the funds that come so hard, and he didn't stay long enough to learn that everything is blamed upon the newspaper man. If he had stayed long enough to learn all these things he would most likely have refused the job that has gotten him into this mess and he would be money ahead at the time of the expiration of his term of office, no matter how much he may be allowed for expenses and no matter how little he might have had over and above expenses at the end of each year in the newspaper business.

We are inclined to believe that there is some ground for some of the complaints that are lodged against the game warden's administration. He would be a mighty odd sort of public official were there no grounds for complaint, but you seldom see a newspaper man who can't get out of any kind of a mess with credit to himself and when the thing is over Carl will, no doubt, have found safe footing and will be engaged rearranging those auburn locks of his which will retain the position given them by an all-wise creator.

Editor Young, of the Coquille Sentinel, is chafing under the restraint of the doctor, who permits him to do but a certain amount of work each day. Editor Young's complaint, with that kind of a remedy, is more of a gift than a disease, but he now has the opportunity of knowing how many must have felt in the past when they had to restrain themselves from trying to come back at the editorial attacks from his trenchant pen.

A DEMAND BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

During the past year or more the people of these good United States of America have been engaged in scrimping and saving their money for the purchase of Liberty bonds and war savings stamps.

Many have gone without many things they would have liked to have had—for weren't the people of our allies suffering for the food which that money would buy, weren't the soldier boys in need of the food and ammunition which the money would buy, weren't the lives of many soldier boys to be saved by the prosecution of the war in the manner which would be possible by the liberal subscriptions of people in every walk of life to the government's securities.

Didn't the success of the war, didn't the saving of the world for democracy depend upon how we subscribed to bonds and stamps?

Didn't the overthrow of monarchy, anarchy and hohenzollernism depend upon the liberality with which we provided the sinews of war?

Wasn't it a crime to squander money that could be used for these noble purposes?

And yet we learn that there were some who didn't take the same view of it that the great majority of us did.

We are learning that millions were wasted unnecessarily in many ways. We are learning that millions were spent at the Hog Island navy yard that produced one ship which had no part in winning the war.

We are learning that while we scrimped and saved to buy bonds and stamps and while our boys served in the trenches at a niggardly salary, there were thousands at home who were satisfied to fill positions for which they were not fitted and in which they could render very little service and to draw down fat salaries, the money for which came from the sale of the same Liberty bonds which we scrimped and saved in order to buy.

We are learning that there was graft here and there.

We expected some of these things—the wonder is that there was not more, but—

If it was our duty to scrimp and save—

If it was a crime to hoard money that could be used to buy bonds and stamps—

What about those who not only did not scrimp and save but who squandered the money which others had furnished by denying themselves the luxuries and necessities of life?

We expected some graft and corruption, but we also expected that the malfactors should be punished.

Now we are watching to see whether or not those who were so particular that we should dig up every penny, and who dubbed us slackers did we not do so, are going to be equally as persistent, equally as insistent that those who squandered that money are brought to justice.

And if they are not, and that speedily, there is going to be a real stirring

up of dry bones during the political campaign of next year, when the whole people will act as a jury to judge as to the performances of the administration that has been in power.

As predicted in The Sentinel some time ago, the wet forces are going to try to refer the resolution whereby the recent legislature ratified the prohibition amendment. A writ of mandamus to compel the attorney general to furnish a ballot title for the referring of the resolution is returnable today. The attorney general holds, as did The Sentinel, that the referendum law of Oregon does not provide for the referring of resolutions adopted by the legislature and that for this reason no action can be taken for again referring the prohibition question to the people by this method of procedure. It is just as well, for about all the wet interests could accomplish would be to spend a lot of their money for newspaper advertising space.

By the time these German post-war authors get through writing, they'll have the ex-kaiser kidded into thinking that he wrote "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."—Eugene Register.

If we can only keep out of war during the time that the peace conference is in session, we can safely look forward to a long era of peace and prosperity.

THINGS WE THINK

There are too many good intentions in connection with the good roads movement.

A person who makes one thought of love grow where two thoughts of hate grew before is a benefactor of mankind.

A man and wife should keep secrets—but not from one another.

One reason that a great many things are left undone is because we waste too much time hating one another.

A woman can love you with all the ardor of a burning passion—and still have cold feet.

Very few women plan on whom they would marry if free again because one experience is usually enough.

If the man who tells a lot of things he doesn't know and the man who knows a lot of things he doesn't tell, could strike a happy medium, it might help some.

Women like the good-looking man—but they settle down with the other kind. That's how some of us come to be settled down.

One way to manufacture prosperity is to start up a lot of new factories.

This is the golden age of the go-get-ter.

Hell seems to have the most terrors for the person who pretends to believe he is going to heaven.

Work is the greatest cure there is for sin.

For two imaginary beings, Cupid and the stork make an awful bunch of trouble.

A man pays a poor compliment to the rest of the girls when he shoots himself because can't have the one he wants.

A man never can see how in the name of common sense a woman keeps busy all day long.

A sucker is born every second—and most of 'em are twins.

The self-made man can't kick on the material used in his make-up.

The man with music in his soul seldom worries about the staff of life.

After winning a girl's whole heart a man shouldn't make half-hearted love.

Putting doesn't make any girl look pretty, but it sometimes gets her things that good looks won't.

Some congressmen have revised their tariff views.

If everyone stopped to think before speaking there wouldn't be much said.

The things you do for nothing more than over-balance the things you get for nothing.

Carrie Chapman Catt is no kitten when it comes to clawing the men folks.

Some one tells us that Eve was 23 feet tall. So had the advantage of being able to overlook Adam's faults—but it's no wonder our prehistoric dad was tardy in taking her to a dressmaker.

A swelled head is a hard case to treat as there is usually nothing inside to work on.

Love letters are generally filled with silly nothings, but they have a cash value in court.

If food prices keep rising, the bone of contention may be used as an article of diet.

DIARY OF THE 65TH

Interesting Record of What Happened to the Fighting Boys From Old C. O., Both Going and Coming

(Continued from first page)

so they just came right back at us again.

Our next and last big battle was the second Argonne, which was started October 31, but didn't last long, as the huns were retreating so fast that our men couldn't keep up with them even in trains. Preparing to move up to Sedan, on the German border, when armistice was signed.

Went back to La Roehel for about two weeks, when some French families came in and ran us out of here. Left our guns at Dombasle but found out later we had to keep them with us until we got to a port of embarkation. We went from here to Souilly, where we parked our guns while we were billeted at Senonecourt, only about five miles from Souilly. Inspections were right in style here, as we had one almost every day.

From Souilly we went to Gudmont, where we stayed until Christmas eve, when we were loaded into box cars and headed for some seaport. We finally came to a port that is called Brest. This is supposed to be a rest camp, but about all the rest one gets is just for his stomach. Worked night and day and sometimes they wanted us to work more than that. We landed here December 29 and left January 15, 1919. Went aboard the H. M. S. Haverford January 15 and set sail for the United States January 16.

We were 15 days coming across. First combat troops to land at Philly, and my, what a warm welcome we did get! Going up the Delaware river all one could see was a solid mass of people. When we finally landed at the pier in Philly the Red Cross was there to meet us and the Marine band with lots of music. While coming up the river we were entertained by two bands which kept playing familiar airs.

We docked at about 11 o'clock in the morning of January 31 and started off the boat at 1. The Red Cross gave us ice cream, cakes, doughnuts and hot coffee, which were very much appreciated by all. Just after getting out into the street the Knights of Columbus began distributing packages and by the time we were ready to start for the train nearly every boy was loaded down. Great as was the temptation to kiss the soldiers the girls refrained from so doing as it was against orders issued by the town. We boarded the train and pulled into Camp Dix, N. J., at about 6 o'clock the evening of January 31. We were de-coitized here and given passes. After about ten days in this camp we were started toward the western coast. Stopped at Chicago for about three hours and then went on to Kansas City, Mo., where a big welcome was awaiting us. We were taken off the train here and paraded around the city, after which a big banquet was served us in one of the biggest hotels in town. Nothing was too good for us and all the shows were free.

We left K. C. early the next morning and every place we stopped the Red Cross was always on hand to greet us with large baskets of apples, pie, cake, cigarettes, gum and matches. At Pocatello, Idaho, we laid over for three hours waiting for our second section and we had a fairly good time there. We pulled into Huntington, Ore., about midnight one night and people came through the cars waking the men up so that they might go outside and partake of the big feed they had fixed up for us.

We steamed into Portland a day late but at that much behind we had a very enjoyable time just the same. Our next stop was Seattle, where we paraded and afterwards were given a big feed, and then we were taken about the city by members of the auto club. In the evening all the show houses threw open their doors to the returned soldier boys. Our next stop was at Tacoma, where we paraded and then left in the afternoon of February 18 for Camp Lewis. We remained in Camp Lewis about 10 days before we got our discharges and examinations.

Three men were killed in action; 99 wounded or gassed. First shell fired at 1 a. m., September 12, 1918. Guns fired 290-pound projectiles; effective radius 800 yards. Fired 15,000 tons of explosives into enemy territory; fired 3334 rounds.

Guns alone weigh 20,000 pounds each. Train 3½ miles long; 24 cannon; 24 entrenching engines; 34 passenger cars; 32 motorcycles and 161 three-ton trucks for hauling men, shells, supplies, etc.

We were in no division and were classed as army or "circus" artillery. Insignia of the 65th: black "A" with red and white underneath with white bear.

Nine men died of disease while at Brest. We had all the way from two to three hundred answering sick call every day. Left several men in the hospital. Some of men laid in the wet tents for several days at a time with a fever of 102 and no one to look after them. One of the boys even went out and worked with a fever of 102. The doctor would come in and ask one what was the matter and why one didn't answer sick call. One would call for the doctor but it would be luck if he came at all.

Yanks to Keep Trappings.

Washington, April 5.—Every enlisted man on discharge, the war department announced today, will be allowed to retain as his personal property the following articles of uniform equipment: Overseas cap for men with overseas service (hat for others), olive drab shirt, woolen coat and ornaments, woolen breeches, one pair of shoes, one pair leggings, one waist belt, one slicker and overcoat, two suits underwear, four pairs stockings, one pair gloves, one toilet set, one barracks bag, gas mask and helmet (for overseas men only).

ATTENTION

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There will be a meeting of all the loggers and mill men, both operators and employes, from every camp and mill in or near the Grove

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