

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

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FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1921.

THIS MAY HIT YOU!

Perhaps you are one of those who has asked what a chamber of commerce can do in a city the size of Cottage Grove.

It is hardly fair to make any reference to the size of the city, for an organization in a small city can do just as much in proportion as a similar organization in a larger city. That much should be apparent to any one, but since the question has been frequently asked, we will undertake, in a few words, to answer the question.

Is there one single thing that you would like to see done in Cottage Grove? Think of some little thing like getting the auto park, which has come through the old commercial club, dead as some think it has been. Think of some little thing like the spot of green at the depot, which also came through the old commercial club. Think of some little thing like the iron foundry, which came through the old commercial club, handicapped as it always has been.

Think of some little thing like a rest room for country visitors and for our own citizens.

Each one of us can think of some little thing which we would like to see in our city. Now that you have thought of the little thing that you think you want, do you have the least doubt that 250 organized citizens of your city could get all of those little things that each of us would like to have?

Getting big things is almost as easy as getting the little ones. Your efforts, combined with those of 249 other citizens, could get for Cottage Grove any one big thing upon which that number of people set their hearts and their energies. When one big thing was put over another could be started.

Less than 250 citizens of this community are going to put over the chamber of commerce reorganization campaign. They will put it over with out the help of at least 150 citizens who should be just as actively engaged in the work. One hundred men and women, or less, are right now putting over the biggest single thing ever put over in Cottage Grove. They are putting it over against the protest of a large number of others who should be pulling in the harness. They are putting it over in the face of many discouragements. If they can put this over under such conditions, what is there that Cottage Grove could ask that could not be put over with the active cooperation of the other 150 who are going to wish before many

weeks that they had had just a week little part in this great undertaking.

The reason that these 100 workers are putting over this big thing is because they have real leadership, a leadership that will stay with the reorganized chamber, under contract, for three years. What this leadership has done for the reorganization of the chamber of commerce, as the leader of the community, properly manned and supported, can do for the community.

The workers feel that you, if one of those who has not yet lined up on the side of this great progressive movement, are honest in your convictions, and that you would like to do what this old world would come to if all of us were afraid of taking a chance with \$20, the price of a membership in the chamber of commerce. You would not hesitate, would you, to spend \$20 on a trip to Portland, or in taking some other pleasure trip which you would forget within a few days. Why then do you hesitate about the investment of \$20 when the prospects are about three to one that it will be the one biggest investment of your life?

Think it over and sign the card. You could just as well have been one of the first, but some have got to come in late in the campaign and you are just as welcome now as you would have been before. The water's fine.

Foster Parentage Is Myth

Opal Whiteley's Fantastic Allegation of Relation to French Nobility Vanishes in Very Thin Air

By ELBERT BEDE.

I have already presented facts which seem to me more than sufficient to prove that Opal Whiteley's diary was written in the author's own hand. I have shown how the diary, by a fantastic acrobatic points the way to what Opal wishes considered her real parentage and have related whatever incidents I have learned which may point to such a parentage. In this concluding chapter I present what seems to me conclusive, positive and incontrovertible proof that anything except the Whiteley parentage (always accepted here) is nothing but the fantastic production of imagination running wild.

It probably occurred to those who perused the acrobatic published in the second chapter of my story that no child of 6 or 7 worked out any such method of pointing directly to what she wished believed as her parentage. It might not have occurred to such readers, however, to ask how one who professed to know nothing of her real parentage worked out a key in which relatives as distant as an uncle and an aunt were named. Incidentally the discovery of this key led to an examination of the published works of the distinguished angel father of the diary and to the discovery of plagiarism. Incidentally also the key led to the discovery that articles referred to in the diary were once property of the Bourbon family and led to the further discovery that in the library in Boston is a curious book containing the wills of some of the Bourbons in which some of these articles are referred to, which leads naturally to the query whether or not the diary may not have been somewhat elaborated in Boston during the time the shreds were being put together and copied.

During the time the discussion of Opal and her diary were at fever heat I went into detail as to the unusual physical resemblance to other members of the family, particularly the resemblance to the one I firmly believe to have been her mother, so that it is not necessary to deal with this feature of the case at this time, although such resemblance is the strongest point in establishing the Whiteley parentage.

I have talked with many members of the family on both sides of the house and in no case has the slightest evidence been found to indicate that anyone was attempting to hide a great mystery of any kind. Never have any wires become crossed. Seen separately none have ever told any story that was in the slightest detail at divergence with that told by others.

It is impossible to believe that a whole family, some member of which (considering their treatment in the diary) might not be expected to veer and crave upon relationship, has woven a fabric of deception so perfect as to defy all efforts to find a weak spot. Opal herself left behind a trail to disprove any claim of foster parentage.

The alleged substitute would have been the most tragic event in Opal's life. Why then is it not told in the diary itself? The most reasonable answer is because it never happened.

The free use of French throughout the diary is part of the proof of

French parentage, but one having such a use of that language as the diary indicates, it is difficult to believe that in a few years forget that she ever knew that language and not remember a word of the language with which she had been so familiar in her early years. It is the claim Opal makes.

In an interview Opal spoke of one of her earliest recollections being that of pulling up wild flowers when a year or two old and planting them in a garden. Her mother had prepared for her flowers. Evidently, if Opal were before deciding to become such, can be just as mischievous as ordinary persons. In the introduction to her published diary Opal speaks of many things which took place before the alleged adoption. She remembers instructions given her by her mother. She remembers a little cabinet of drawers and two copy books given her by her angel parents. She remembers walking in the fields with her mother and minute details of many incidents which would have had to take place before her fifth birthday.

Her diary tells us that Opal remembers her angel father's Opal stories for a pig, a mouse, a baby deer, a duck, a turkey, a fish, a colt and a blackbird. She says she was right off hand at the teacher. She remembered French so perfectly at 6 or 7 that she composed her own songs for the baby.

She remembered that angel father placed 76 candles for somebody's birthday, but she would have us believe that a few years later she had forgotten her own name while remembering incidents which took place a year or two before that name was taken from it.

In the second chapter of my story I spoke of the little angel Opal claimed to have in her possession at one time which was conclusive proof of foster parentage. Why have these never been brought to light? Her story is that they were stolen from her while in California in about the same manner her introduction to the diary says the notebooks given her by her angel parents were caused to disappear. She knew not who got them but it is hinted that they must have been taken by those contacts who had been kept from her knowledge of her real parentage. The natural conclusion is that no such letters ever existed.

The diary refers to pictures of angel parents and grandmothers and of aunts and uncles. Where have they gone? If they never existed it is not much wonder that they cannot be produced now.

It is peculiar, to say the least, that all pictures of foster parentage mysteriously disappears in thin air.

Opal said her foster parents never received that which was due them for caring for her, although it seems there were sufficient funds to maintain a guard over her wherever she might go. The Bourbons have not been accused of beating their creditors and the fact that no money ever was paid naturally leads to the conclusion that none ever was due.

In one of my early stories I referred to an interview with the grand mother, Mrs. Scott, often referred to in the diary, which she and a daughter remembered that the Opal which arrived from Colton, Wash., on the trip when the substitution is alleged to have taken place, asked for a dog, "Ginger," left behind at Colton. The name of the dog, which she had bought with her own money for her sister. Also the grandmother and her children remembered that Opal often spoke of "Doug Mustard," who lived at Colton, which actually was the real name of a man who actually lived there and not the fantastic production of a precocious mind. I have fortunately found proof in Opal's own handwriting of the truth of these statements by the relatives. In one of the notebooks, to which I referred in a previous chapter, in a list of names of pets appeared the name of "Ginger," that of the dog left at Colton and which arrived with the father who came later.

In numerous letters written by Opal in her teens and previous to the publication of the diary, in which "the" is prefixed to all references to the relatives she wished to cast aside, she speaks of a name which she used in the use of the prefix and often in an affectionate manner. "Mother and father have given me a room nicely called for my nature study" is offered as evidence of her affection for her by those she afterwards chose for foster parents only.

In those telltale notebooks to which I have heretofore referred appeared this: "Dear old Dad. We have a great many good things together. The Opal Papa don't mind my being old fashioned." This indicates that father and daughter were real chums, which my investigations have led me to believe really was the case.

The first reference to the alleged Bourbon parentage came upon the discovery that Opal was listed with the Library of Congress as "Opal de Vere de Bourbon de La Tremble Stanley Whiteley." Evidently she had not at that time decided which portion of that many jointed name would be used in the acrobatic of the diary. This ravishing name was made of record, as a matter of course, by the author of "The Fairyland Around Us." The book itself gives her name merely as Opal Stanley Whiteley. Preceding the index to this book is found a formidable list of books to follow by the same author, but nowhere a mention made of the diary. I do find, however, upon my first careful reading of this book, that it contains many things which later were published in the diary and here she works out a number of aggeries of pets with classical names, although not quite so classical as those of the 6-year-old diary, with the exception of those which are the same, and here also is the cathedral of the diary world of names, references made to "the first paper makers" of the diary.

I have referred to the elaborate foundation which Opal laid for the plausibility of her story. Her claim of foster parentage has been true, she had had in her possession at the time, as she said she had, proof of her foster parentage, there would have been no need for laying such a foundation.

During the past several months, it seems, Opal has been under the care and protection of those of considerable wealth and under such circumstances and with her own ideas of parentage indicated she should have been amply able to prove her foster parent story had there been any basis for such a claim, but I have not heard of any such effort being made.

Not to believe in Opal is not to believe in so many things we would like to believe in, but to believe in Opal we must believe that a mother put her own child out of her life, possibly gave it into other hands, never again saw it or heard from it, had took in its place, for hire, an unknown girl and claimed it as her own. That would

be too unnatural for belief on the part of any mother. We can not remake a mother, we can not reject the maternal instinct, merely to lend plausibility to Opal's diary and foster parent fantasy. No such thing could happen. Particularly in this case it did not happen and the many unkind things said in the alleged foster mother in the diary itself, and elaborated upon in magazine stories of the life of the alleged precocious diarist, have caused resentment here, where the one who can no longer speak for herself is remembered by those who knew her as a kind and indulgent mother, a woman of refinement highly in contrast with some stories which Opal has permitted to be published, and which the diary itself probably suggested to those writing the articles.

Why anyone would prefer the pale and faded blue blood of French nobility to the rich red blood of American parentage I can not explain any more than I can explain some of the other vagaries of Opal's flighty imagination, but there is no doubt in my mind that she is a child of the west, a daughter of those who reared her and of a parentage of which she has more reason to be proud than to disclaim. Opal is the only Opal Whiteley there has been and sufficient for one generation at least.

While such a case of foster parent fantasy as this of Opal's, carried into young womanhood, is most unusual, it is not exclusively unique. Dr. E. S. Conklin, head of the psychology department of the University of Oregon, who has been of great assistance to me in my efforts to solve the mystery of Opal and her diary, believes it more than probable that Opal actually believed her own tale of foster parentage and lives in a make believe world which is real enough to her. It is much more pleasant to think that such may be the case.

Now that we are certain that Opal has deceived us, we naturally ask what was the part of Atlantic Monthly in this plan. It is but fair that I state that I am certain as far as it is humanly possible to be certain that Atlantic Monthly was in no way wittingly a party to any deception. To tell fully why I am certain of this would take a separate chapter.

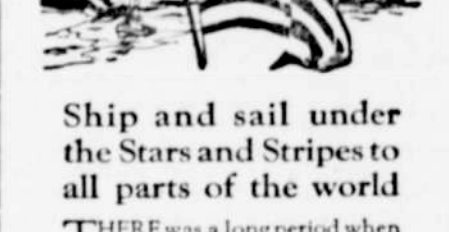
I regret that I have not permission to use considerable information which I have, some which would be even more interesting than that which has been published, but I believe that I have proved that the diary is but deception and plagiarism and that the foster parent fantasy either pure deception or hallucination.

(THE END.)

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Halsey to Get Highway.
Pacific highway will go through Halsey, states R. A. Booth, chairman of the state highway commission.

Under the decision of the state commission, the route will take the highway through Halsey and parallel the railroad tracks of the Southern Pacific from there to Harrisburg. The course through the town will follow Second street.

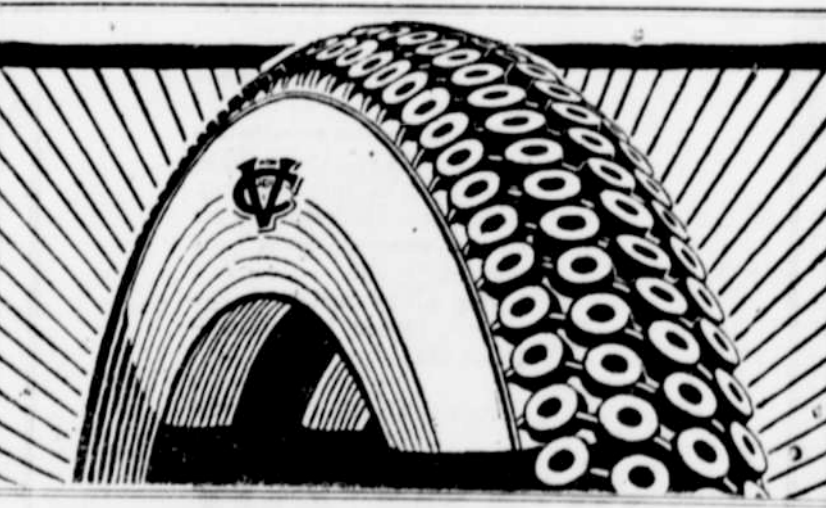
Engineer Wright, of the Albany highway office, announces that the construction work is progressing rapidly and that the tractor crews are now about two miles south of Halsey, while the grading is practically completed from the Calapoosia bottoms to about a mile south of Halsey.

With the weather permitting and the work continuing as it is now, the crews will cover the five miles to Halsey within the next two weeks, the engineer stated.

City Transfer

The boy stood on the burning deck. He chortled loud with glee. And shouted to the crowd ashore: "Boys, join the C. of C."

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