

A Ditched Ford

A Ford car with a Minnesota license carrying nine people, went into the ditch at Barlow this afternoon. Only one man hurt, a broken shoulder.

Mrs. Carpenter will visit a week in Cottage Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Yergen and little daughter P. tie, were in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Mrs. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Swan, of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Yergen of East Butteville, are spending a few days at the beach.

Funeral

Mr. Michael Blaschke was buried July 4, from the undertaking parlor at Aurora, by the Rev. Wm. Schoeler. The deceased was born in Russia Poland, Feb. 15, 1845. He came to the United States some 40 years ago and lived most of that time in Oregon. About two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis and since that time was compelled to stay at the hospital in Salem. He died last Sunday at 7:15 a. m., attaining the age of 77 yrs, 4 mo. and 19 days. Mr. Blaschke was baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran church. The mourners are two sons, August and Paul.

Aurora Lutheran Church

Next Sunday we shall celebrate our Children's Day at Mr. Brunn's parl. The program begins at 10:30 sharp. Everybody is supposed to bring lunch along. Those who have no way to go out, are asked to congregate at the church at between 9:30 and 10 in the morning. The service in the forenoon will be in English, but the service in the afternoon will be partly in German and the Rev. Mr. Koehler from Salem will speak. A cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of the congregation to spend the day with us. In case of rain the program will be given at the church.

Wm. Schoeler, Pastor.

HORSESHOE PARK

Camping grounds that are real camping grounds; a beautiful, natural grove of shade trees, splendidly located on the paved Pacific Highway about 6 miles south of Aurora, excellent water, plenty of wood, velvety blue grass—that's Horseshoe Park. But that isn't all. Mr. O'Neil has aided Nature in making this place favorably known from California to Seattle. He has graveled roads and paths, a fine big dance pavilion, a half dozen cozy, little kitchens, each 9 x 10 ft., and each containing a range and electric lights; he has table benches, music and is now installing a large radio receiving apparatus with a range to California points and is giving free radio concerts to the public. You can dance at Horseshoe Park to music played in Portland or even San Francisco. The lunch room, confectionery and rest room equals any resort you see on your journey and many through tourist parties say the whole park, lights, stoves, etc., eclipses anything on the long journey.

An auto service station is maintained and absolute order and safety to campers is guaranteed. It is one of the prettiest spots for picnics in the Northwest and new improvements are constantly being added. Through Mr. O'Neil's efforts and work a new side road has been put through to join the St. Paul-Woodburn highway, and homes and farms joining are getting the "clean-up and paint-up" spirit until beauty reigns supreme. You will be delightfully surprised when you visit Horseshoe Park.



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Portland Cloak and Suit Co.
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How many times, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, have you said a kind word to the editor? How often have you stopped him on the street to commend him for an editorial or dropped him a note giving him your support in some fight he was making for the public good?

An editor doesn't seek any words of thanks. Probably if you did stop him and showered some kind words in his ear he would be as embarrassed as a 10-year-old schoolboy speaking his first piece. But at any rate it will sound good to him when he has time to think it over.

Instead of words of praise, here is what you generally hear:

"Why, that paper isn't worth half the price. It never has any news in it and what it does have is mostly all wrong."

Yet when that person wants to advertise a cake sale or a dance he or she sends the items to this same newspaper.

Then you hear that the editor is a crank, that he is biased and doesn't present news fairly, that he doesn't know how to run a paper, and so on and so on.

You have all heard these remarks or similar ones, but are they fair?

An editor, in the first place, is only a human being. He is dealing with human beings and it's sound logic that you can't please all the people all the time. At some time or another he has to print some news that is going to offend someone and make an enemy. The editor can't help that. People who get into trouble never think about the newspaper until they want their names kept out. Then they get mad at the editor because he prints the news.

It is true that an editor makes mistakes, and no one regrets more than he slips of the type, but, again, he is human, and so is every man and woman who works for him.

Did you ever stop to think how many characters there are in a column of type? Well, there are thousands, and that means there are thousands of opportunities to make errors. And newspapers are generally printed amid great rush and confusion. A big story breaks. The facts must be learned and put into type. The mail must be caught. Everything is rush, rush, rush. And yet if a few types get tangled up the paper is criticized.

Take it right home to yourself. Can you sit down and write a letter—even a short one—without sometimes getting a word wrongly placed or misspelled? Be honest, be charitable and overlook a few mistakes when you see them in your home town paper.

No man tries harder to avoid mistakes than the editor. It's common sense that he would much prefer to have a perfect paper and avoid mistakes.

The editor is a pretty good human being. He is always ready to back any movement for the uplift of his community. If you want to start anything right in your home town and get it across to the people you go right up to the editor's door and ask him to help you out. And he never refuses if it is for a good cause. The editor does more and gives away more real dollars in free space than any merchant in town.

You can always count on your editor. In fact, you do count upon him. And what would this town be without him and his newspaper? Have you ever thought of that? What would the world be without newspapers? It would be like going back to the dark ages. Business couldn't function, and everything would be tied up in knots if it weren't for the newspapers. They spread the ray of light that shows the way to progress. Just think if you had to travel all around town to get the news of your neighbor, your village board, about crops and the market. Well, you couldn't do it. Yet the editor does this for you—he is the connecting link between you and the great news centers of the world and the news of your home town. This news he gathers faithfully and as accurately as is humanly possible, puts it on white paper and it is delivered to your home every morning or evening, or every week, as the case may be, for a penny or two a copy. That penny or two often doesn't pay the cost of white paper. A newspaper is the biggest bargain that is offered to the public today, and it has been so for years.

The next time you meet the editor—well, just remember he is a human being just like you are and that the Golden Rule works both ways.