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THIS TERRIBLE WAR

Political plans for peace after the wars from the White House at Washington and the republican Convention at Chicago contain all the weak points of Versailles and the League of Nations.

Great military strength must be maintained by the powers that are crushing the Axis, and those powers must be ready to wipe out any criminal nation before another future war can be started.

Millions of Americans in military and civil life are already committed to policies that will keep Germany in "occupied territory" for another generation—by which time a better tribe may be raised.

Geneva was the headquarters of the World's greatest debating society. It must not be reconstructed and revived as an agency to maintain the peace.

This terrible war will end with enough surplus war machinery and material that can be kept polished until time and progress does not need it any more.

NO RATIONING FREEDOM

There are so many definitions for freedom. It is what you call an alluring word - because it means all things to all people.

Ask the small boy on a spring day and he'll answer you promptly. "No school and the fish biting." Ask the speculator, he'll say, "No restrictions - and a quick market."

Ask the pioneer and he will say, "Uncluttered horizons and a chance to make my own way." Ask the idealist and he will say, "A new world where all may share of the bounties of earth."

Why are there so many definitions? Because freedom is not a static thing. It is not a rule but a way of life. It is an obligation. It is determined by our relationship to other people.

Freedom does not include the right to carry poison, to talk against our neighbor, to judge him by his ancestors or his kindred. Only by his companions, may we ever condemn him.

Freedom is justice and we must remember that in a court of justice a man is honest until proven otherwise. Judgment is not passed on what others have done. Judge not thy neighbors by others.

One man's freedom is another man's freedom - whether it be in America, in China, in Norway or in darkest Africa. No man is really free unless all men are free.

Payments Ready For More Forage Seed Production

Oregon grass, clover and alfalfa seed growers are now offered an additional financial incentive to harvest every pound of seed possible this year, in view of a prospective critical shortage in the 1944 crop of forage seeds.

Congress has appropriated an additional \$12,500,000 for use this season in increasing practice payments and providing a new pound payment in an effort to get every acre possible harvested for seed.

The previous 25-acre limitation on the seed harvest practice payment of \$3.50 per acre has now been removed so that it will be made on an unlimited acreage.

As now changed, practice C-1 will also provide payments at pound rates to producers of red clover, alfalfa and alfalfa seed for all of their production that meets specifications.

The pound rate will be 3 1/2 cents, clean basis, for red clover, and 2 1/2 cents, clean basis, for alfalfa and alfalfa. These payments will be over and above the

regular market price for the seed. Detailed rates by grades will be announced soon.

Unfavorable weather and the increased war demands for forage and food crops have resulted in decreased legume and grass seed harvests for the last two years.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

A husband likes to throw newspapers and ashes on the floor. He likes to invite friends for dinner unexpectedly. He likes a lot of paint on other women but doesn't care for much on her.

Ships Named for Women Two more Liberty ships have been named for women, according to the Maritime Commission. The latest of these is the Marie M. Meloney, named for the well-known woman journalist and editor.



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT W.N.U. RELEASE

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III: Telephone calls of commiseration pour in. The Pettigrews drop in that evening. Mrs. Pettigrew weeps over her son, Jack, who is being called.

CHAPTER IV

"They will," said Mrs. Winkle, "when they find out how you catch cold right away if you get your feet wet."

He glanced up. He didn't understand at first what she wanted, but was prepared for it when he did. By this time he was getting accustomed to almost any surprise.

Shyly, she slipped onto his lap, and sat there. It was a long time since she had done this, and she had put on her plumpness since the last time.

She rested her head on his shoulder, snuggling her face against his neck, and he put one of his arms around her waist.

Mr. Winkle sensed that something was on Amy's mind in addition to the simple, but awful, fact of his being drafted.

Now it was Mr. Winkle who held her, and patted her, and assured her. This made him feel strong and manly, and almost good about going to war.

In the morning, before they drove downtown, taking Penelope with them because they felt she, too, should see him off.

"You've got your pills?" she asked. "The big bottle we had made up for you?"

Mr. Winkle patted his pocket and the pills, in their bottle, rattled. "You haven't taken out your rubbers again?"

Mr. Winkle shook his head. Mrs. Winkle contemplated, her brow furrowed for a moment, but she could think of nothing else.

"Maybe I'll be back tomorrow." "Oh, Wilbert, I know it isn't the thing to say, but I hope you will be." Anxiously, she asked, "If you aren't, are you sure you're going to be all right?"

He wondered how much he fooled her. Certainly he didn't fool himself. Mr. Winkle had been trying to look on the bright side of it.

Now that the moment of leaving was here, all he could think was: Will I ever return? Will I ever see Maple Avenue and home again?

As he drove away he looked back to catch a last glimpse of the house. Still craning his neck when he reached the corner, he nearly collided with a truck which wasn't saving its tires, eliciting a shriek from Mrs. Winkle and a protesting yelp from Penelope.

In front of the post office he got out and Mrs. Winkle took over the wheel. She would meet him with his bag at the bus station, to which Mr. Winkle understood he was to march in a parade.

Mr. Winkle negotiated the stairs to the second floor of the post office feeling a little as if he were mounting a scaffold to his doom.

Three members of the board, including the clerk and the chairman, who was clad in a blue American Legion uniform and made a very official appearance, sat before a table at the front of the room.

The draftees themselves sat on collapsible chairs and with uneasy expressions alternated between regarding each other and the men at the table.

Mr. Winkle was placed at their head out in front by himself. band burst into sound outside on the street. The clerk had to raise his voice to make the rest of the warrant heard.

They all trooped down to the street. Quite a crowd had gathered. The band, which had completed its first rendition, took up another at the sight of the group of

gave him brief smiles of nods, tentative invitations to being comrades in arms. Or recognition that he was in the same boat with them.

More men came in and seated themselves. Jack Pettigrew arrived and sat gingerly on the edge of a chair; he didn't look around. Mr. Winkle counted, to keep his mind busy, and saw that seventeen were present. All were here except one.

All heads turned as the last of the draftees appeared. Mr. Winkle knew Freddie Tindall from having seen him decorating the main street of the town. He was a fixture there, like one of the lamp posts or a traffic sign.

Freddie was a prominent member of the depression generation. He had come to maturity when there were no jobs to be had. Once having formed the habit of not working, he made it a career at which he excelled.

Freddie eyed the gathering with a superior air. When he agreed to come in and join the group, his eye lighted on Mr. Winkle. He slammed his suitcase on the floor, eased his frame gracefully to a chair in the rear row and greeted Mr. Winkle, "Hello, Pop."

One man tittered nervously. A few smiled without conviction. Jack Pettigrew, who just then looked around, stared. The others paid no attention.

Mr. Winkle was indignant. He had been bad enough to have certain people laugh at him. But he hadn't expected one of his fellow draftees to make fun of him.

He decided that Freddie Tindall didn't know any better and wasn't worth bothering about. But Freddie was the instrument of something else that really touched him.

The chairman of the draft board looked at his watch and then rose. He made a little talk, while the men all listened attentively, except for Freddie Tindall, who gazed indolently out the window.

The chairman explained that they had all been chosen fairly, strictly according to the Selective Service regulations. They were being asked to do a serious thing at a serious time. He knew each would do it to the best of his ability.

"A leader," he concluded, "is being appointed for you, and you are required to obey him on the way to your induction Center. The senior member among you, Mr. Wilbert Winkle, will be your leader."

Mr. Winkle was flattered. He was glad for the responsibility. It would help take his mind off himself.

Freddie Tindall leaned toward him and inquired, "How do you like being a big shot, Pop?"

Mr. Winkle saw that he was going to have trouble with Freddie. The men began to go up. Mr. Winkle's was the last name called.

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We Have Received a Car of Woven Wire Fence Graber-Gettys Dependable Hardware

Dry Moisture If soft rot becomes severe at any time during the storage period, the storage house should be heated until the potatoes are dried out and the moisture disappears.

Mild Climate In far-north Italy, the southern slopes of the Alps have a surprisingly mild climate. Their narrow valleys, sheltered from the north winds, face such warming influences of the south and the sun that olive and lemon groves flourish.

Sacred Colors Green was a sacred color to both the Mayans and Mexicans and some of their best carvings are found in jade and greenstone.

Films Developed and Printed 25c and 8 Exposures REPRINTS 3c EACH. Guaranteed Work. Thrift-Wise Cottage Grove, Ore.

FARMERS TOO HAVE POST WAR DREAMS All Electric Future In Store for Them Mountain States Power Co. A Self-Supporting, Tax-Paying, Private Enterprise



Mrs. Winkle fussed and fretted over him.



Mr. Winkle was placed at their head out in front by himself.