

W. C. MARTIN

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THE OPA JUDGEMENT DAY

The OPA will have a lot to answer for even before the arrival of the judgement day. They usually answer by passing the buck to the next highest official and by the time the problem gets around to the administrator the problem has usually solved itself or the producer, consumer, farmer or who ever is affected has been squeezed to death or suspended business.

Lane county berry growers last week threatened to plow up their berries on account of the unfair ceiling price. The local boys couldn't do anything so the question was thrown at Washington with the usual results. Now a good many of the meat killing and curing plants are closing up over the state, all on account of the ceiling prices, while the farmers and stockmen are wanting to sell their livestock and the local farmers are asking the question as to why the raise in point values on beef when they can't get even an offer for beef on the hoof from the local butchers. Something is wrong, but no body knows the answer, which is characteristic of any government operated enterprise.

WHEN SHALL WE START?

In trying to train the youth for the best citizenship to make the strongest nation to survive as victors in the world conflicts of the future, it seems to us that the youth of today and tomorrow is going to have to go back to our former methods of training when the youth was taught early to accept responsibility. At least then, there was not the problem of rearing the family, nor is delinquency a problem of the farm children today. Of all that has been said of what to do and when to do it, the rural people have the answer and this answer is that every member of the family shall have a part in earning the living. In other words in accepting the responsibility that must be faced by every self supporting adult.

Parenthood today presents a number of problems brought about by improved communication and transportation systems, which was no worry fifty years ago. Formerly we believed that evil might be absorbed by reading the wrong kind of literature or by associating with evil companions, but now in addition to the temptations, the youth of today is faced with the problem of choosing his or her radio programs and some are far from uplifting, he or she can still get fifty to sixty miles per hour out of the family jalopy, even with the present gas restrictions and with all the risks of accidents. In other words the more we progress materially, the greater the choice entertainment and the greater necessity of careful choosing.

DO YOU KNOW IT FOR SURE

"Do you know it for sure? Remember that phrase from your childhood—and how important it was! It differentiated between the things we glibly said or repeated and those things which we knew from actual first hand knowledge.

I wish we needn't have let politeness cause us to drop the phrase as we grew up. I wish it were still possible to say "Do you know it for sure?" to those people who are so prompt and definite about every and all situations.

There are the people who know all about when the war will be over, and what Eisenhower's plans are and where the State Department is wrong and what is going to happen a week from next Tuesday. (The Gestapo smiles on them.)

There are the people who know all the motives back of everyone's actions, who tell you glibly just what self-interest prompts each act, who must have X-ray minds, for they see what goes on before it happens. (Goebbels' friends they are.)

There are the people who know all the bad news, who can and do talk of the cost of battles, the mistakes of commanders, the waste in lives, dollars and supplies, who can tell all the details of the chaos to follow. (Goering finds them useful.)

There are the people who sow dissension by setting group against groups, exaggerating Labor's short comings, pouncing on industry's misdeeds accusing the farmer of selfishness, stirring up racial and religious hatreds by rank generalizations, judging the group by the sins of apostate members, preaching anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism wholesale. (Herr Hitler has a special decoration for these.)

There are the people who talk too freely, who boast of how they "got around" regulations, who try to outwit the censor, who brag of "inside knowledge", who tell of production, troop movements, ship sailings, betraying their own for the chance of appearing smart. (The bells ring in Berlin over the deaths they cause.)

To all of them - to you - to myself - I say, "Do you know it for sure?"

We Hate to... But

The matter of keeping tab on all Sentinel subscribers has developed into quite a task, with all the address changes and other changes being made in the office each week. We are doing our best to get this newspaper to the proper address each week. There are several ways our subscribers can cooperate and the cooperation will be appreciated by notifying us promptly if you no longer desire the Sentinel and by making your remittance as promptly as possible, or if we are in error in notifying you, please tell us. Incidentally we are dropping several names from our mailing list. You can tell when your subscription expires by examining the date opposite your name.

Good Fertilizer

Manure annually produced in the United States contains more than 10 times as much nitrogen and potassium and at least twice as much phosphorus as all the commercial fertilizer used. Manure spread on the soil returns 75 per cent or more of the plant food removed by crops that have been fed. In the case of potassium, the possible return is 90 per cent or more.

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MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT W.N.U. RELEASE

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV: Mrs. Winkle confides her worries. She fears Wilbert might get interested in other women. He promises to send her a post card if he does. Amy and Mr. Winkle drive to the draft board. A fellow draftee calls him "Pop." The draft board members shake his hand. Mr. Winkle takes his place at the head of the draft parade, and marches off behind the band.

CHAPTER V

Mr. Winkle wasn't sure if this was said in the right spirit. He was glad Amy didn't appear in time to hear it. He had been watching for her, and during the last of the six blocks, he saw her, hurrying along to keep up. Her face was flushed. She waved to him, and Mr. Winkle, wondering if it was the correct thing to do, waved back.

After they arrived at the open-air bus station, there was a quarter of an hour of confusion whose details Mr. Winkle never remembered very well. The selectees left their formation and searched out their respective families. Mr. Winkle found his wife and dog. Penelope was enraptured by the excitement to yelp several times. Mrs. Winkle said, "You looked very military."

"I'm the leader," he told her. "I wouldn't be surprised," Mrs. Winkle said, "if you didn't come back a Colonel, or a Major, or anyway, a Captain. There's no reason you can't."

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I don't know about that."

The horn of the bus honked. Tears welled in Mrs. Winkle's eyes. "I'm not going to cry," she

announced. And the tears didn't spill over but remained in her eyes when she blinked them back, fast. Mr. Winkle had an empty feeling. He stood looking helplessly at his family. He stared about wildly for the Pettigrews, but couldn't see them in the milling crowd. He reached down and patted Penelope's head and came up with a choked feeling in his throat.

He and Amy looked at each other solemnly. They embraced. They held each other very close. They kissed, and kissed again, while the band played, women wept, and handkerchiefs and flags waved.

The next thing Mr. Winkle knew was that he found himself seated in the bus and the vehicle was getting under way. Looking back, he saw Mrs. Winkle holding up Penelope so that she could see him go to war. Penelope wasn't interested, but looked the other way.

Not all of the bus was occupied by the draft contingent. There hadn't been enough of them to charter a vehicle for their sole use. There were a dozen people Mr. Winkle thought of as civilians and perhaps another dozen empty seats.

He sat alone, not because he thought himself, as the leader, any better than the others. Nor did he care to be aloof; he would have welcomed somebody to talk with, but none of his charges joined him. Jack Pettigrew sat up beside the driver. The boy was silent, staring at the road ahead.

The rest of the men didn't say much at first; they sat quietly, too. They were thinking of what they had left behind and where they were going. These things seemed to sober even Freddie Tindall for the moment.

After a little while, as the bus rolled along, the men began opening their kits to see what was in them. Opening his own, Mr. Winkle found a package of cigarettes, a package of gum, and a small housewife containing needles, thread, buttons, and a thimble.

Mr. Winkle didn't smoke and he disliked gum, but he reflected it was nice of the Women Volunteers anyway. He stared at the housewife. The thought of the new Army engulfed him. Now he had these sewing materials instead of her. They would have been hardly a substitute for the old Army.

The bus stopped and several more people got on. One of them was a young, blowy blonde. Mr. Winkle watched, fascinated, as Freddie maneuvered the selectee beside him out of his seat and grinned winningly at the blonde. She sat beside Freddie at once, and they began an animated conversation.

This broke the tension the draftees brought with them from their send-off. They laughed, and began to talk and joke, and discuss their voyage in voices just a little too loud to be natural. Only Jack Pettigrew sat without comment.

At noon the bus stopped at a scheduled station for lunch. Mr. Winkle herded his charges to the counter inside the glass-front roadside restaurant, where he produced the proper paper to obtain meals for them as guests of the Government. Freddie Tindall remained outside, talking to the blonde. She was catching another bus here.

He let Freddie alone until he had ordered his own meal. Then he went out and told Freddie, "If you want to get something to eat, you'd better come in."

"Be right with you, Pop," Mr. Winkle went back to the counter. Freddie took his time. He waited until the blonde's new bus pulled in. He put her on it and then joined the others. Some of the men looked at him in admiration and envy.

"What would you have done," Freddie inquired of Mr. Winkle, "if I'd gotten on the bus with her and gone away?"

Mr. Winkle regarded him severely. "I wouldn't have done a thing. That would be for others. You wouldn't get very far."

"You mean with the blonde?" Freddie inquired, and received his laugh.

He kept up a horseplay of saying that this was as far as he wanted to go, that he'd had a nice ride, but would now go back home. When this wore thin, he introduced a new subject. "Still proud to fight, Pop?" he inquired.

Mr. Winkle kept his temper. "We all ought to be."

"Well, I'm not," Freddie declared. "I'm not going because I want to, and I don't care who knows it. I don't want to be any darned soldier. Lugs, that's all they are. They're going to make me into a lug."

Mr. Winkle looked around. No one except the contingent from Springville seemed to have heard these remarks. The men listened with interest. Some of them looked startled.

"I don't think you ought to say such things," Mr. Winkle advised. "Who says that, Pop? Who says I can't say what I want?"

"Well," began Mr. Winkle. "Isn't this a free country, Pop? Can't a man say what he wants? Tell me that, Pop."

When Mr. Winkle didn't reply, Freddie was infuriated, taking out his resentment on him as if holding Mr. Winkle personally responsible for his being drafted. "Tell me that, you old coot, and don't act like we're in the Army already."

Before Mr. Winkle could gather his outraged senses, Jack Pettigrew pushed through the group of men and came up to Freddie. His thin face was white with anger. "Don't talk like that to Mr. Winkle," he ordered.

Freddie turned on the revolving stool to Mr. Winkle, ignoring Jack. "How about that, Pop? Should I talk like that to you?"

Jack made a lunge at Freddie, who whirled, placed his hand on the boy's chest, and shoved him back. Jack, crying imprecations, returned to the fray with clenched fists.

Freddie jumped up to meet him. Mr. Winkle was gripped with dismay. Things were fast getting out of hand. In fact, they were already well out of hand. The proprietor of the place was yelling, a waitress shrieked, and customers called out.

Mr. Winkle heard his own voice crying, "Now look here! Look here! Save that for the Germans! Or the Japs!"

The men laughed. Jack subsided, glaring. Freddie made ironic grimaces. An armistice had been declared in the premature war. Mr. Winkle breathed with relief. He wasn't certain that he liked the responsibilities of leadership.

From the highway, three miles out of town, the entrance to the camp was no more than a dirt side road where two armed guards stood and a sign declared this to be a military reservation and that no admittance was allowed.

Having been invited, they were admitted. After passing through a quarter of a mile of thick woods, they came to a great cleared space in which stood a hidden city. There were many wooden buildings, some of them of one story, others of two stories. Dust rose from the passing of their own and other vehicles, and from marching feet.

The bus stopped before a building which had a sign on it saying, "Induction Checking Station." Standing up or sitting on the ground before this were perhaps fifty more selectees. They stared at the newcomers who descended from the bus. No one spoke in the atmosphere of patient waiting and weary anxiety.

Mr. Winkle looked about, somewhat at a loss. He didn't know what to do next. A tall, thickest Sergeant, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand, came out of the building. He looked at the new arrivals and asked huskily, "Who's the leader?"

Mr. Winkle went forward. The Sergeant gazed down at him. Mr. Winkle saw the mouse-recognition-look come into the man's face, the same way it showed in Amy's. Then the Sergeant took on an expression as if to say he didn't mean to be surprised at anything sent to him.

He inquired, "Got 'em all, John?" Mr. Winkle said he had and turned over the group papers. This relieved him of his command. He was a leader no longer, but just a selectee like any other. Because of this, and because of the mouse-look he had been given, he felt deflated and not in the least like a lion.

The Sergeant went inside. Mr. Winkle waited with the others. Their eyes went frequently to the door. What smiles there were on any faces were nervous ones.

The Sergeant came out again. In a foghorn voice he began calling names. It was nearly an hour, during which other buses arrived, before the Springville men were reached.

Mr. Winkle found himself in a small room passing down a line of soldier clerks sitting at desks. In place of his own papers, an information card was given to him, which he was instructed to hang around his neck by the cord attached to this ticketed, he took his place in line down the hall, and finally into an enormous room where many men were in the process of being examined.

Here, Mr. Winkle saw, was where his fate would be decided. He was told to drop his bag by the wall under a clothing hook, and strip.

Shivering, he stood in line clad only in his socks and shoes and information card. It was humiliating when he compared his shabby physique with the more robust bodies about him. Several men glanced at him as if to say he didn't amount to much.

He began to run a gamut of doctors and medical assistants. Each doctor had one part of the body to examine. Mr. Winkle was accustomed to having his family physician make something of a fuss over him, enjoying him, and treating him like a living, breathing, human being instead of a skeleton within and around which was gathered a certain amount of flesh and certain organs. Now he felt like an automobile being put together on an assembly line in a factory.

His card was taken away from him and in its place there was daubed in iodine a number on his chest. That, he was sure, was the final indignity. He was questioned, weighed, measured, poked, tapped, and the inner workings of his structure listened to.

He was asked to read a chart without his glasses and with them. He regretted each letter he made out, but he couldn't, as he had half

planned, bring himself to cheat. His eyes were good enough to fight a war. Even his pulse was found sufficiently calm after he had been set running in one place for a minute without going anywhere.

Well, he reflected, he hadn't really counted on any of these things to save him. It was his dyspepsia he was banking on.

He was laid on a paper-covered table. His stomach was covered

and he was asked, "What's this on your record about dyspepsia?"

Mr. Winkle detailed and even boasted about his acute intestinal difficulties and the need he had for his pills. He was kneaded some more, as if he were an automobile no longer, but a piece of dough.

The doctor gave a skeptical grunt, a deprecating snort, and wrote something on Mr. Winkle's record sheet. Mr. Winkle, to his horror, gathered that his dyspepsia had made little impression, that it had let him down completely.

At this, as he was passed on to the next doctor, his heart beat so fast that the doctor, who applied a stethoscope to it, took it away and actually looked at him, saying patiently, "I expect it from the kids, but not from you."

Mr. Winkle was abashed. He accused himself of behaving like a child, like Jack Pettigrew whom he saw standing tensely, on guard, with a strained, taut expression on his boy's face.

DEPRESSING EFFECTS OF CERTAIN SULFA DRUGS ON THYROID GLAND

"What's one man's poison may be another man's medicine." This paraphrase of an old adage is suggested by a report on successful use of a thyroid-depressing drug, thiouracil, in treatment of nine cases of thyrotoxicosis by Dr. Robert H. Williams and Dr. Grosvenor W. Bissell of the Harvard Medical school. The two physicians present their results in a recent issue of Science.

The hint that ultimately led to the new treatment was hidden in the effects exerted upon some patients by certain of the sulfa drugs, and also by related compounds in the thiazurea group. There was strong evidence that these chemicals interfered with the normal activity of the thyroid gland, cutting down its necessary secretions.

The idea suggested itself that this thyroid-depressing group of compounds might contain at least one member that would be useful in cases where depressive action was to be sought rather than avoided, that is, where the patient was suffering from too much activity on the part of this thyroid gland.—From Pacific Medical News Flashes.

D. H. A. Hagen.

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And then Mr. Winkle went through an experience he never expected to have.

All during the days leading up to this, and during the first of the examining process, he hoped fervently that he would be rejected. He had even prayed for it. But now he found himself hoping he would be accepted.

SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting of the Neighbors of Woodcraft, lodge was held Tuesday evening at the Odd Fellows hall for initiation when Mildred Reich received degrees. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Newton of Marshfield, Mrs. Newton being district guardian neighbor of district 12. She was honored and presented with a gift. Eleanor Wolfard was installed as senior guardian. The quarterly report was read by the clerk, Horace Hatch, and accepted.

The next social meeting will be with Mrs. J. P. Graham Tuesday afternoon, July 25, at 1:30 o'clock.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Martha Cooley and Mrs. Graham, the committee in charge. Red carnations formed attractive decorations for the meeting.

Hospitalized Vets

Louis XIV was the first to attempt adequate care of war veterans through his establishment of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, an institution where invalid veterans were cared for at state expense.

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Attention! All Home Canners!

Before you begin your 1944 canning, Good Housekeeping Magazine advises you: use the boiling-water bath method for tomatoes and fruits, only. Can all vegetables except tomatoes by the correct use of a pressure cooker to be sure of killing botulinus germs. In the last few years, cases of botulinus food poisoning have cropped up in widely different parts of the country. Buy, borrow, share a pressure cooker—but don't can low-acid vegetables any other way. If you want further information, write Good Housekeeping Magazine, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

EARLY NEWS BY LOWELL THOMAS 7:15 P. M. DON LEE-MUTUAL

Standard of California

Something to remember these war-busy days—and nights

When your Long Distance call is going where lines are crowded with war, you may hear the operator say — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

That helps more hurry calls get through quicker.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE

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