

Cottage Grove Sentinel

Published Every Thursday at  
Cottage Grove, Oregon  
Established August 15, 1889  
W. C. MARTIN Editor, Publisher

Subscription Rates, Cash in Advance  
In Lane-Douglas Counties 1 year \$2.00  
In Lane-Douglas Counties 6 months \$1.25  
In Lane-Douglas Counties 3 months \$.75  
Outside This District 1 year \$2.25  
Outside This District 6 months \$1.50  
Outside This District 3 months \$.90  
Exceptions to men and women in armed forces:  
In U. S. A: 1 year \$2.00; 6 months \$1.50; 3 months \$1.00.  
Overseas: 1 year \$1.50; 6 months \$1.00.

Foreign rates on application. No subscription accepted for less than 3 months. Important: In changing address notify us immediately and give former as well as present address.  
Entered at Cottage Grove, Oregon, as second class matter.

Member  
OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION  
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION  
Active Member

GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM

Press dispatches the past week tell us that lend lease aid will be granted Turkey. So Turkey will soon be on the gravy payroll. Nobody knows what percentage of the lend lease will eventually be collected. It is also noted that in a good many cases where lend lease has been granted, Uncle Sam has been spending more money in the nation than the nation is spending on itself, particularly in South America and now we hear the argument that this aid should be continued even after the war ends to hold the good will of the nation.

Such arguments are just as assinine as the argument we heard about four years ago to the effect that if the scrap iron shipments were stopped to Japan, the Japs would get mad and scrap us. The pay day on all of our generosity is approaching and good old Uncle Sam may find himself holding the bag as in 1918 with one exception and that exception is that it looks like the billions we loaned in 1918 will be chicken feed compared with the money which has been advanced through the lend lease method of the present war.

OUR OWN BACK YARD

"The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land is the work that lies under his nose with the tools that lie under his hand." We may not be a king as he of whom Kipling wrote. We may be only "little" people without influence or power. But the slogan applies to us - wherever we live, whatever we do.

A few of you will remember how Edward Bok started out to beautify America a lifetime ago. He didn't urge extravagant plans, to accomplish the end at the beginning. It wasn't a great campaign. But as a result of his work, roses began to grow where there were weeds and our little towns became garden spots. All he did was to get people to beautify their own back yards.

We all know how one rundown house will depreciate the property value of an entire street. And how fixing up one place is contagious - making all property on the street more valuable.

What has this to do with us today? Well, maybe we are wondering around Robin Hood's barn - but are getting right back to the post-war period - and to personal responsibility.

How your town handles the situation of jobs for returning veterans, post-war unemployment, conversion of factories to peace time production - will have a lot to do with the way the nation and the world handles the same problems.

If you keep friendliness alight; if you keep up the habit of working together; if you, like the pioneers who founded America, solve your problems in a neighborly, cooperative spirit, there is a lot better chance for the nation - and for the world.

This is the duty of the little people in the little towns - of you and me and our friends and neighbors. We must beautify our own back yards and make our community a living proof of what conscientious, cooperative planning can do. We must prove that we are just as intelligent in time of peace as in time of war; that we care just as much about our neighbors as we do about our Allies; that poverty, destitution, want, persecution at home move us to action as these same things stir us when they are thousands of miles away.

Unless we can retain war time unity, unless with our advantages we can demonstrate the four freedoms in America, they can not be made secure any place in the world.

We don't have to do the whole job at once. All we have to do is our part of it - all we have to do is to clean up our own back yard.

A FAIR TEST

Rarely does the public have an opportunity to compare the relative merits of government versus private operation of industry, unclouded by prejudiced arguments and accidents of circumstance which make impartial comparison difficult. But it has such an opportunity in the case of the railroad industry. It is worth repeating that in the first world war the railroads were operated by the government. During the current world war, they have continued as a private enterprise. The periods of respective operation have been under similar circumstances. Therefore, the public can base its judgment upon performance alone. During the first war, operation of the railroads by the government was inefficient and wasteful. A news dispatch of May 25, 1919, says: "To finance the railroads for the balance of the year and to pay the government's operating loss for 16 months up to this month, an appropriation of \$1,200,000,000 was asked of congress yesterday by the Director General of the United States Railroad Administration. The \$1,200,000,000 is in addition to the \$500,000,000 appropriated by the last Congress."

During the present war, the railroads have paid billions in taxes to the government, instead of creating Federal deficits - nearly \$2,000,000,000 in the year 1943 alone. Aside from their tax contribution to victory, they have carried the unprecedented transportation load of mechanized warfare without a hitch.

An immediate question after the war will be whether or not socialized industry in the United States shall displace the enterprise of the private citizen. In the railroad industry, public ownership and private ownership have had a fair test. That test should be a determining factor in the final choice of the road America follows.

OPA LAWYERS

OPA has over 1,350 lawyers on its payroll according to one report. This number of course serves only the OPA and have no connection with the hundreds of other bureaus. Many of these young lawyers connected in a legal capacity with the various bureaus are young college graduates and many of the laymen are beginning to wonder if instead of steering Uncle Sam out of trouble, if they are not getting us in deeper.

FEWER SCHOOL CHILDREN IN EIGHTEEN COUNTIES

Eighteen Oregon counties - exactly one-half - had fewer children attending public schools during the 1943-44 school year than during 1942-43, according to the state school superintendent's recent comparison of "total pupil-day of actual attendance". The counties, most of them in Eastern Oregon, that showed a decline in school attendance, were:

Benton, Coos, Deschutes, Gilliam, Grant, Harney, Hood River, Jackson, Jefferson, Klamath, Lake, Malheur, Morrow, Sherman, Tillamook, Wallowa, Wasco and Wheeler. The decline in pupil-days of school attendance may reflect a shift of population to defense-industry communities.

The percentage of school attendance decline was largest in Deschutes county, 17.3% and smallest in Jackson and Klamath counties, each of which showed a 0.8% shrinkage between the two school years.



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR  
By THEODORE PRATT  
W.N.U. RELEASE

(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER XII

Mr. Winkle pulled his steel helmet more securely on his head and pressed on the accelerator of the car.

The jeep shot off the road and along the sand trail leading to the beach. The command car stood where it had been left, in a partially cleared space enclosed by low palms. Mr. Winkle stopped alongside it.

As they got out, he glanced at the tent, set at one side among the trees. Ordinarily, the off-duty members of the machine-gun crew would be loitering or sleeping there. It was empty. Up on the low ridge, fifty feet away, a helmeted head appeared above the sand. It was the Alphabet. Recognizing them, he waved briefly and then disappeared.

"It ain't like him," Mr. Tinker observed, "not to be hospitable to his friends."  
Mr. Winkle took their tools from the back seat of the jeep. His hands shook a little. He pulled his helmet still more securely over his head and said, "We'd better get to work."

"We can take a minute," Mr. Tinker said, "to see what's going on up there."  
Reluctantly, Mr. Winkle followed him to the ridge.

They didn't receive a very warm welcome. "If you got to come here," Sergeant Czeideskrowski snapped, "get down in."  
They scrambled below ground level, hunching themselves into the fox hole, crowding Freddie, Jack, and the other men who sat listening attentively or knecled to stare out over the ocean.

Freddie, at the machine gun whose snout pointed across the beach, greeted them, "Maybe



The jeep shot off the road and along the sand trail.

you're just in time for the performance."  
"If they try any landing here," Jack threatened, "they'll get blasted back to where they came from."  
He fingered grenades hanging from his belt.

Mr. Winkle looked at the boy, hardly recognizing the tough, reckless youth as the same person he knew at home.

Mr. Winkle peered out over the water. It made him want to return to his own work. At a sharp buzzing noise in the fox hole he jumped.

The Alphabet picked up the field telephone. He identified his post, listened for a moment and then said, "Yes, sir. . . . No, sir, it hasn't lifted yet."

He put the instrument down and told his visitors, "That was your boss. He wanted to know if you got here. Like you heard, I didn't give away you being with us, but you better get back where you belong and beat it as soon as you're through."

They went, Mr. Winkle with alacrity and Mr. Tinker with regret.

Lifting the hood of the command car, they looked for the trouble, Mr. Tinker saying, "This is a good time to follow procedure, Pop. We follow enough of it, we can hang around a long time."

They began to work. Mr. Winkle moving fast, Mr. Tinker taking his time and glancing at the beach ridge.

Mr. Winkle was the first to hear the plane.

From out over the sea there came a sudden roar. Guns began to spit virtually at the same instant. There was the crackle of the Alphabet's machine gun. Added to it was the louder firing of more machine guns and what sounded like a small cannon.

"Duck!" yelled Mr. Winkle. He dropped the wrench he was holding and dived under the command car.

Instead, he heard the quick firing of a Garand. He could see Mr. Tinker's feet and part of his legs, braced to take up the shock from the gun.

The plane came over. It appeared to know exactly where to come. There was a rush and a terrific, staccato banging, several loud explosions that shook the earth, and then it was gone.

The firing stopped.

Mr. Winkle opened his eyes without having realized that he had closed them.

Again he saw Mr. Tinker, who was now standing halfway to the ridge. He was reloading his rifle and looking malevolently at the sky.

The plane came back. Once more it spit heavy death from its nose, and lighter, more gentle death from its wings. Mr. Tinker fired right back at it. His mouth was open, he scowled fiercely, and he was yelling some kind of imprecation that couldn't be heard.

It wasn't until a moment after the plane had gone again, out over the ocean, that Mr. Tinker's arms dropped and the rifle slid from his hands.

He reached up, methodically, slowly, and pushed his helmet back on his head as if to get cool.

He looked about. He might have been bewildered. His voice choked and gurgled when he called, "Pop. . . . Hey Pop."

Then he crumpled, like something stiff gone soft, folding up and sinking to the ground.

Mr. Winkle, watching this from beneath the command car, couldn't believe at first that it was actual. It had happened too quickly, too much without warning to be any different from field tactics in which picked men simulated those hit when the planes came over.

Then he realized that the plane hadn't been a friendly one.

He crawled out from beneath the car and got to his feet. His legs seemed to function automatically, without any volition on his part, as he made his way to Mr. Tinker.

The blood spreading over Mr. Tinker's chest made him sick and weak. He bent and touched him, whispering his name. But Mr. Tinker didn't answer.

Mr. Winkle realized something else. When the plane went over the second time the Alphabet's machine gun hadn't fired.

From the fox hole now there came no movement. All about there was silence.

He ran to the ridge. He arrived breathing hard, not from exertion, but from excitement. He gasped at what he saw.

One of the shells from the plane's cannon had exploded in the fox hole. The bodies of the men lay about, some of them half buried. Freddie was sprawled over the gun, as if protecting it. Sergeant Czeideskrowski was on his back, his open eyes staring straight up at the burning sun and not blinking. In a tangled pile, Mr. Winkle caught sight of the side of Jack's stiff face.

A single thought ran through him repeatedly. How will I ever tell the Pettigrews? He asked himself. How will I ever tell the Pettigrews?

The sound of surging water made him turn his head.

Out of the mist had come a flat-nosed Japanese assault boat.

Behind it, but somewhat off to either side, were two more.

Mr. Winkle sank to his knees, both to get out of sight and because his legs wouldn't hold him up any more.

After a moment, he knew that he must do something. He realized that the whole position on Talizo might be lost if the men in those assault boats ever landed and infiltrated through the jungle.

He found himself scrambling about in the sand of the fox hole for the field phone. It wasn't in sight.

He saw the Signal Corps wire leading up out of the hole. He grabbed it, and started pulling on it.

A broken piece of the shattered phone came into his hands. He dropped it from nervous fingers.

Helplessly, Mr. Winkle watched the leading assault boat come on. Now it was less than a hundred yards from the beach.

Also, he saw Mr. Tinker lying sprawled out there on the ground. He remembered how he had ducked under the command car while Mr. Tinker fired his rifle. The recollection made him feel craven, especially when now Mr. Tinker would never get his Jap.

He decided that he must get him for Mr. Tinker.

There were the Alphabet, Freddie, Jack, and the other men to think about, too. It infuriated him that Sergeant Czeideskrowski lay dead. It made him see red to think that after Freddie had been made into a decent person, he had been killed. His brain seared with a hot flame at the thought of Jack.

It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to pull Freddie's body from the gun. Swiftly, he examined it. The gun was intact. It needed only a new belt of ammunition.

He clawed about in the sand and among the bodies for an ammunition box. He stepped on soft flesh and didn't mind it.

Digging furiously, he found what he wanted. He stripped the nearly spent belt from the gun, and inserted a fresh one.

As he worked he knew how good and wise it was that he had been trained to operate a machine gun. He wished that he was better at it. But a rising surge of confidence made him sure he would be good enough.

The first boat was nearly at the shore. Mr. Winkle sighted the gun for the spot he figured the men would be when they stepped out. That was what he had been taught.

He still had a moment. He employed it by coolly taking off his glasses and wiping them dry with his handkerchief. He wiped his face and neck, both of which streamed with sweat.

He glanced about. This was where he would die. He had often wondered in what circumstances and in what locality it would occur. Now he knew. It wasn't such a bad place. He saw it almost for the first time, the waving palm trees, the flowering hibiscus.

He liked it. It was romantic. Amy, he thought, would be glad to know it was such an attractive place.

It occurred to him that for the first time in his life he wasn't afraid to die. He even exulted in it. He heard his voice. He was laughing. He felt released from hard, painful bonds. He knew that, at last, Wilbert George Winkle, in the flesh and in a newspaper headline, was proud to fight.

He turned back to the gun. It was nearly time.

The assault boat beached in shallow water. Men started jumping out and splashing through the water. He could see their faces, brown, slant-eyed, expressionless. Mr. Winkle let them all get out. Then, carefully sighting, he squeezed the trigger.

There was a snap and a jerk. The gun jammed without firing. Frantically, he worked at the gun. One finger caught in the mechanism. He tore it away. Blood spurted, but he paid no attention. He kept picking at the jammed cartridge. Finally he got it out, and a new one in the firing chamber, the gun prepared properly.

Five men had run ahead, off to one side. Mr. Winkle swung his gun around, concentrating on them first. This time the gun fired. He was astonished to see the men fall. He wasn't sure if one of them got away.

He swung the gun back, spitting vengeance at the larger group. As the bullets spat out from under his hands, a still new and greater world opened before him.

This was what he had lived for. Life had a meaning and a purpose of which he had never dreamed.

He sprayed the milling men down there.

He had a mad, blind desire to annihilate and destroy the enemy. It seemed like a torrent pent up in him for years and spilling out in one overwhelming rush.

He sprayed it on the milling men down there. That burst was for Jack. That one was for Freddie.

This long one for Mr. Tinker. Now one for the Alphabet. Still more for the other men. Wilbert Winkle, who operates The Fixit Shop, first married selectee in the 36 to 45 draft-age group to be called, is killing these enemies of his country. He is anxious to defend the four freedoms.

He had a mad, blind desire to annihilate and destroy the enemy. It seemed like a torrent pent up in him for years and spilling out in one overwhelming rush.

He sprayed it on the milling men down there. That burst was for Jack. That one was for Freddie.

This long one for Mr. Tinker. Now one for the Alphabet. Still more for the other men. Wilbert Winkle, who operates The Fixit Shop, first married selectee in the 36 to 45 draft-age group to be called, is killing these enemies of his country. He is anxious to defend the four freedoms.

He had a mad, blind desire to annihilate and destroy the enemy. It seemed like a torrent pent up in him for years and spilling out in one overwhelming rush.

He sprayed it on the milling men down there. That burst was for Jack. That one was for Freddie.

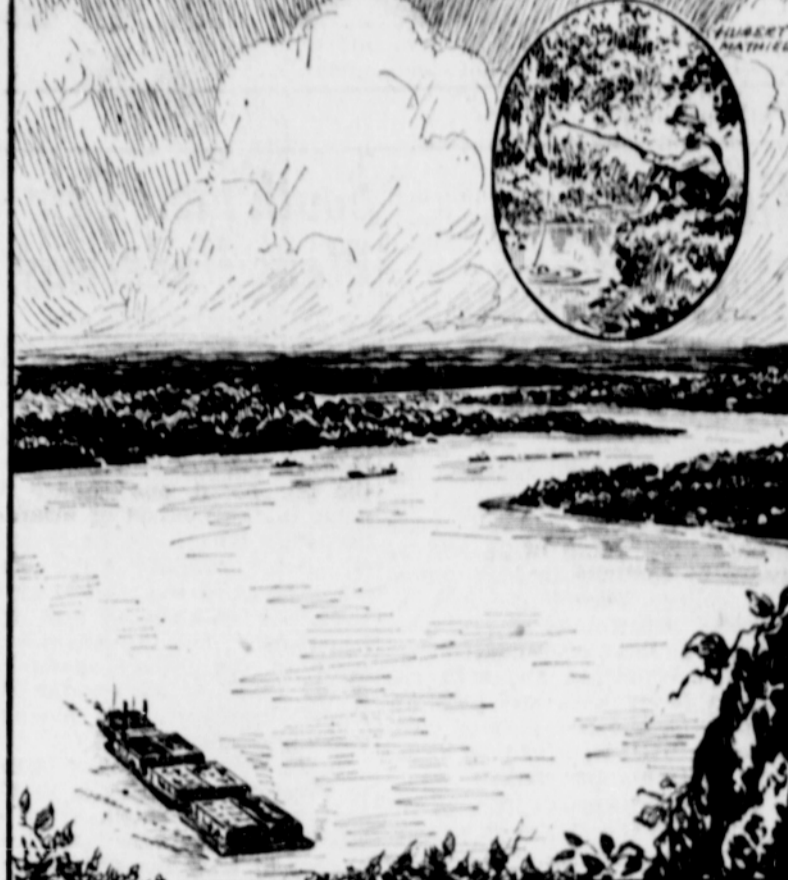
This long one for Mr. Tinker. Now one for the Alphabet. Still more for the other men. Wilbert Winkle, who operates The Fixit Shop, first married selectee in the 36 to 45 draft-age group to be called, is killing these enemies of his country. He is anxious to defend the four freedoms.

He had a mad, blind desire to annihilate and destroy the enemy. It seemed like a torrent pent up in him for years and spilling out in one overwhelming rush.

He sprayed it on the milling men down there. That burst was for Jack. That one was for Freddie.

OUR DEMOCRACY by Mat

"Large streams from little fountains flow."



THE INDIVIDUAL SAVINGS OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS, PUT INTO WAR BONDS, SAVINGS ACCOUNTS AND LIFE INSURANCE IN THE FIRST TWO WAR YEARS, AMOUNTED TO A TOTAL OF 31 BILLION DOLLARS. WHILE EACH OF US ADDED TO OUR OWN SECURITY - WE ADDED TO THE SECURITY OF THE NATION - OUR INDIVIDUAL SAVINGS FLOWING TOGETHER TO MAKE A MIGHTY FORCE IN OUR FORWARD SURGE TO VICTORY.

Are you serving the same commode or clear soup time and again? Add some thin crescent slices of Calavos just before serving and see what a pleasing effect they have.

**INSURE YOUR HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS**

Do not be without our Household Furnishings Policy that protects so much against loss by fire - yet costs so little. Consult us for the low rates on your home.

**WORTH HARVEY INSURANCE SERVICE**  
Phone 31  
Cottage Grove Hotel Bldg.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT  
January 1, 1944 to June 30th, 1944  
(Both Dates Inclusive)

Total Tax and Interest Collected	\$209,241.66
Special Turnover (12 1/2% Yield Tax)	1,200.40
Special Turnover (2% Gross Earnings)	1,058.99
	\$211,501.05

Total Auto License Fees Collected	\$ 1,239.50
Total Legal Fees Collected	657.06
	\$ 1,896.56
Total Collections	\$213,397.61

DEPOSITED WITH COUNTY TREASURER  
(Tax Department)

January 1st to January 31st, Inclusive, 1944	\$ 33,597.45
February 1st to February 29th, Inclusive, 1944	47,628.94
March 1st to March 31st, Inclusive, 1944	30,765.35
April 1st to April 30th, Inclusive, 1944	36,425.39
May 1st to May 31st, Inclusive, 1944	37,966.22
June 1st to June 30th, Inclusive, 1944	22,858.31
	\$209,241.66

SPECIAL TURNOVER - 12 1/2% YIELD TAX

January 4, 1944	\$ 617.27
February 10, 1944	472.94
April 6, 1944	30.25
June 27, 1944	79.94
	\$ 1,200.40

2% GROSS EARNINGS

April 27, 1944	\$ 1,058.99
----------------	-------------

DEPOSITED WITH COUNTY TREASURER  
(Civil and Criminal Dept.)  
AUTO LICENSE FEES

January 1st to January 31st, Inclusive, 1944	\$ 770.75
February 1st to February 29th, Inclusive, 1944	145.00
March 1st to March 31st, Inclusive, 1944	96.50
April 1st to April 30th, Inclusive, 1944	66.25
May 1st to May 31st, Inclusive, 1944	58.25
June 1st to June 30th, Inclusive, 1944	95.75
	\$1,239.50

LEGAL FEES

January 1st to January 31st, Inclusive, 1944	\$ 83.86
February 1st to February 29th, Inclusive, 1944	160.45
March 1st to March 31st, Inclusive, 1944	133.55
April 1st to April 30th, Inclusive, 1944	100.10
May 1st to May 31st, Inclusive, 1944	94.80
June 1st to June 30th, Inclusive, 1944	84.30
	\$ 657.06

Total Deposited with County Treasurer \$213,397.61  
STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF LANE, ss.

I, O. E. Crowe, as Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct report of the Tax Department, and Civil and Criminal Departments of the Office of Sheriff and Tax Collector for Lane County, Oregon, for the period commencing January 1st, 1944, and ending June 30th, 1944, both dates inclusive.

Dated this 1st day of July, 1944, A. D.  
O. E. CROWE, Sheriff Pro-tem of Lane County, State of Oregon.  
By: A. P. McKinney, Chief Tax Deputy