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As a nation, you know, we are hard to beat for overdoing things. I am not upset too much about it, because tomorrow we will be overdoing something else versus whatever it is we are hipped on today.

PEACE IN HANDS OF AMERICAN PEOPLE

With the end of the war in sight, people are beginning to think of the day when readjustment to peace can be made. Part of that readjustment must include a new conception of the United States in relation to the rest of the world.

It is our responsibility to help lay the foundation of enduring peace by seeking to reestablish equal trading opportunity and free markets. Admittedly, this and another world war, in means another world depression and another world war, in the opinion of J. B. Condliffe, Professor of Economics in the University of California, who declares that: "The whole case for expanding international trade is that there is gain, not loss, to the national economies participating in such trade."

THAT'S WHAT WE THINK

It is hard to discover an "logical" reason for railroads hamstringing industry, precluding industrial expansion and failing to take profits a more cooperative attitude would provide, says James Thrasher, Washington commentator, discussing action of the Justice Department in bringing such charges against railroad companies.

We agree thoroughly with Mr. Thrasher that it is hard to discover any "logical" reason for putting a stranglehold on community development, but we well know that it has been done, is being done and will continue to be done unless some drastic action is forthcoming to force a change in attitude.

We are as puzzled as is Mr. Thrasher why a railroad company would thus cut its own throat, but the facts are self-evident. If Mr. Thrasher wants specific evidence, we invite him to ride the milk-cattle-poultry-passenger train out of Roseburg any midnight—a train of which even the railroad company is so ashamed that it operates it after dark.

The Justice Department, says Mr. Thrasher, "talks of 'transportation monopoly' and 'private conspiracies' and 'discriminatory rates.' And while there may be much truth and much righteous anger in what the department says, there certainly isn't much that is new."

And in that too, he is right. It isn't new. It has been going on for years. The railroad company asks us if we don't know there's a war going on, and blames all of its shortcomings on the emergency. But these conditions existed long before the war and will exist after the war if something isn't done about it.

We hope the Justice Department can ferret out the reason and correct the railroad company's illogical action insofar as Southern Oregon is concerned.—Roseburg News Review.

Add Olives Add olives to midwinter salads. Ripe olives combine with chopped celery, grated raw carrot or shredded cabbage. A mustard mayonnaise dressing is a perfect accompaniment.

Sow Thickly Most people sow too thickly, and this not only results in a waste of seed, but it reduces yield. Sow only a little thicker than the stand you want, and if you err either way, it is better to sow too thin than too thick.



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT W.N.U. RELEASE

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XIII

As he aimed, the officer was passing Mr. Tinker. To Mr. Winkle's amazement, one of Mr. Tinker's legs moved out and tripped the man, sending him sprawling. Mr. Tinker's jump at him was more of a crawl, but he made it before the Jap could fire his pistol.

The hairy hands of Mr. Tinker found the officer's throat. They held on while the two rolled on the ground. Gradually the Jap's convulsive movements stopped and he lay still. Mr. Tinker continued to retain his grasp on the other's throat, viselike, even when, in turn, there was no more movement from him.

Mr. Winkle turned back to his main business. He felt no shock when he saw more assault boats coming out of the mist in addition to the two now beaching themselves. He had only the determined desire to kill and must be overpowered.

He didn't hear, above the noise of his gun, the trucks grinding to a stop in back of him with a shriek of brakes. For some time he wasn't aware that other men, live men, were in the fox hole with him and that still more were firing from the sand for some distance on either side.

He didn't know when he left the fox hole and with the others ran upon the beach with a rifle in his hands. He was astounded, once, to note the bayonet on the end of the rifle, and that he had plunged it into a Jap soldier and was having difficulty in getting it out. Twist, he

thought, that was it. He twisted, and the blade came free. It was true what they said.

He felt a sharp sting in his left shoulder. On top of his head there was a blinding clang. His helmet was knocked off. Something crashed on his bare head and after that he was aware of nothing.

Mr. Winkle opened his eyes cautiously. He had been conscious for a few minutes, but he couldn't place where he was.

The first thing he saw was the face of Jack Pettigrew. Jack had only a head, which floated in the air all by itself. The mouth in the head said, "Hello, Pop."

"So you made it, too," observed Mr. Winkle. "Made it?" Jack's head inquired.

"We're dead, aren't we?" asked Mr. Winkle. "You were dead the last time I saw you. This is Heaven, I suppose. Or is it—?" In some panic he demanded, "Which one?"

The head laughed. "We're in an Army hospital just outside of Los Angeles."

The rest of Jack came into focus. Clad in pajamas and a bathrobe, he was sitting on the edge of a white bed. There were lines of white beds.

Mr. Winkle looked down at himself. He seemed to be all there. He wriggled his toes to make sure. His left shoulder felt a little peculiar and he had a slight headache, but otherwise he was intact.

"I don't understand," he said. "We're supposed to be on Talizo. You—and the Japs..." He looked around, as if to see the Japs swarming up the beach.

"The Japs," Jack grinned, "didn't get anywhere. We've taken the whole island since then. You saved it. You're a hero. You're going to get a medal. The President told about you in one of his speeches."

"The President..." Mr. Winkle faltered. This was the second time the President had paid some attention to him.

"And look at these papers," Jack

ruminated in a daze between the beds and then held the front pages of newspapers so Mr. Winkle could read them. One of them was The Evening Standard. Mr. Winkle took it and saw big black letters which said:

WINKLE, HERO OF TALIZO He dropped the paper. He was dizzy. "You'd better start at the beginning," he begged Jack.

"I'm supposed to call the nurse if you wake up," Jack said. "You've been out for five weeks. You're not supposed to talk."

"You do the talking," Mr. Winkle ordered. "And lots of it."

Jack himself had merely been knocked out and wounded by the explosion of the lucky shell in the fox hole. Mr. Winkle had been found on the beach with a bullet hole through his shoulder and a bad concussion. At first it was thought he wouldn't live. The doctors did a job on his head in the infirmary at Talizo. Another and more thorough piece of work was done after they were shipped back to the States on a transport. Jack assured Mr. Winkle that he was all right now.

"You don't have to worry," Jack said. "Mrs. Winkle knows. I went home to see my folks. I'm here now only for a check-up before I join my new company. We're headed for the Philippines this time."

"You left out something," Mr. Winkle said. "The most important part. The Alphabet, Freddie, and the others..."

In a low voice, Jack said, "I was the only one."

you," Mr. Winkle told his wife, putting his arm around her. The crowd roared its approval, while Amy, blushing, whispered to him, "Wilbert, you're changed more than ever."

The Mayor stepped up and gave him the keys to the city, in the form of a large wooden key painted gold and festooned with gay ribbons.

Then came the most important part of the ceremony, the part that made Mr. Winkle most appreciative and brought a lump to his throat.

His own commanding officer being some distance away, it had been arranged for the Colonel who commanded the camp where Mr. Winkle was inducted into the Army to present him with the Distinguished Service Cross.

The Colonel read the citation from a scroll... awarded to Wilbert George Winkle... distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy... beyond and above his duty...

The Colonel pinned the medal on his tunic, stepped back and saluted him. Mr. Winkle was so surprised at being saluted first by an officer, and especially one of such rank as a Colonel, that he forgot to salute back. Instead, he found himself shaking hands with the Colonel.

In the Mayor's car, with the Mayor in front and Mr. Winkle and a weepy Amy alone in the back seat, they paraded through the town to the blaring accompaniment of the band and cheering people who threw a great many bits of paper from the buildings. Mr. Winkle waved and waved his good arm, and it was borne in upon him that it was most men's dream come true, notably because this time no one called out derisively.

Finally they were deposited in front of their house, where a number of people were gathered. Among them was Mr. Wescott, who had evidently come out to see for himself. And having seen, he didn't find any reason to laugh now. He couldn't say anything at all when he opened his mouth in that endeavor, but simply stood there with his lips parted, gaping.

Mr. Winkle greeted him warmly and shook hands before going on with Amy up their walk.

Mr. Onward, the reporter, whom Mr. Winkle had seen at the station taking pictures, followed them up the walk. "Listen," Mr. Onward asked rather humbly, "how about an interview?"

"No," said Mr. Winkle, "no interview."

"But—" Mr. Onward began to plead.

"Use the same one you printed before," Mr. Winkle suggested. "That was a good one."

Alone together in their house, Mrs. Winkle dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief, touched his medal with one finger, dabbed some more, and asked, "Whenever would have thought—?"

"Not me," said Mr. Winkle. "Not I," she corrected. She spoke a little sharply, as if trying to hide her emotions or expressing a desire to bring him down a peg in case his popularity might have gone to his head.

In trying to determine which it was, Mr. Winkle saw the answer to his speculation on whether or not Amy would continue in her new role.

"I won't get one," said Mr. Winkle. He spoke almost snappishly at the Captain. He could read in his face the message he brought. "I'll keep out of the way. The other time was just an accident."

"Quite an accident," the doctor said dryly. He shook his head. "And your arm..."

Mr. Winkle knew about his arm. Because of the bullet that had gone through his shoulder, he would never lift his left arm above his head again. It was perfectly good below that for ordinary use, but as far as the Army was concerned he was regarded as incapacitated.

"Listen," he said to the Captain, pleading with him this time, "mostly I reach down working on a motor. I can still..."

"You've done your duty," the Captain told him. "More than your duty. I'm sorry. I know how you feel."

Mr. Winkle was amazed at the extent that a mouse could be changed into a lion. At the same time he knew that he was not all lion. He was both creatures. He smiled to himself wisely. Before, he had been taken too much for a mouse. Now he would be taken too much for a lion. He knew that each existed in all men, no matter what they had done, or for that matter, hadn't done.

A year ago he quailed at the prospect of being drafted. If anyone had told him then that he would be depressed at being discharged from the Army, and that he wanted to go back to war again, he would have thought him crazy.

Mr. Winkle enjoyed, instead of shying from, every moment of his reception when he arrived in Springfield. He beamed at the huge crowd waiting at the station. With satisfaction, he saw and heard the American Legion band which had turned out for him alone this time. He read the banners and posters people carried. He admired the decorations, one of which read unashamedly: "Our Hero."

There was Amy embracing him and murmuring brokenly, "Wilbert... Wilbert..."

"Look," he said. Right there before all the people he lifted his arm to shoulder height, telling Amy, "That's as far as it will go."

Amy stared at him, embarrassed and stricken. The crowd hushed. "It's good enough for holding

gird for him, or revert to the old. He found a number of things to support his belief that war had changed her as permanently as it had him.

She would not find it comfortable to henpeck a national hero.

Finally, there was Amy's own, in nate goodness, which she had deserted only temporarily, and which was great enough for her to embrace for the rest of their lives.

Selective Service Health Exams Show Large Number of Rejects

In the beginning of conscription, fifty percent of the draftees, were rejected for medical reasons. Owing to lowered standards, only forty-two percent are now discarded. Col. Leonard G. Rowntree, M. D., Medical Chief of the Selective Service System, declares at the age of twenty-one, seventy percent qualified for service; at the age of thirty-six, less than thirty percent; and at the age of forty-five, only forty percent met the requirements. These figures indicate to what extent American men neglect their health. Certainly at thirty-six or even forty five men should not have shown so marked a decline from the aging process alone. Many athletes are still performing well in their late thirties and early forties. It is likely that a large proportion of those rejected in their forties would have been physically fit with proper health cultivation beginning in school days.—From Good Health.

The orthodox healing profession can take a large share of the blame for the large number of rejects. It has shown but little interest in health cultivation. Practically its entire attention is devoted to the alleviation of disease and symptoms as they develop. Their only interest in prevention has been in the simple expedient of vaccination and immunization, giving little consideration to the building of strong bodies through natural diet, exercise and good body mechanics.—Dr. H. A. Hagen.

When motorists outside the east coast area renew their basic "A" gasoline rations to replace the present "A" rations that expire September 21, they'll get a mileage rationing record that will replace the tire inspection record as a record of all gasoline rations issued for use with the basic "A" ration, the OPA has announced. Dates for renewal applications and manner of filling will be announced locally. The tire inspection record must serve until the new form is issued. With every application for a special or supplemental ration, except fleet or official ration, the motorist must present his mileage record form to the local board. While the new "A" book will give the same monthly ration as the old, eight gallons a month, the new coupons will be worth four gallons instead of three. In 17 East Coast States and the District of Columbia, present "A" rations do not expire until February 8, 1945.

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Consumer Currency Chocolate was still common currency in isolated communities of Middle America as late as 1930.

You may attribute your fatigue to overwork, but often this is not the answer. Look about you and you will see many who work just as hard as you do, yet do not suffer from chronic fatigue.

The answer most often lies within your own body. Your body machine is not producing enough useful energy for your daily activities. You should check on your body machine in a number of different ways.

First, Check on your "gasoline and oil," namely, your food. Eat a well balanced diet of fruits, vegetables, eggs, cheese, milk, meat, and whole wheat products. The large proportion of your diet intake should consist of fruits, fruit juices, salads and vegetables, because these foods are high in vitamins and minerals which require replenishing from day to day.

Second, The restorative power of sleep is most important to your body health. The normal period of sleep can range from 6 to 8 hours depending upon the individual.

Third, Relax your nerves! In

war time, soldiers and civilians alike suffer from a constant subconscious strain.

Why! said Mrs. Winkle. Why! She looked startled. The commentary on human affairs didn't strike Mr. Winkle as being grim. He had been through enough to appreciate its overtones in quite equitable fashion.

Some day the cannibals on Talizo would be left alone again to go about eating each other in peace. At this thought he began to laugh. Mrs. Winkle believed he had gone crazy because of the operations on his head, but between his bursts of laughter Mr. Winkle informed her that this wasn't so.

The sounds coming from him brought Penelope, who trotted in to take a single sniff at him and then began to lick and jump and bark in joyous welcome. She, too, noticed the difference in a man who had been to the wars and proved himself a warrior and who at last had found what meaning there was to it all.

(THE END)

HOW TO GET RID OF THAT TIRED FEELING Dr. H. A. Hagen

A tired feeling is not pleasant. It interferes with one's daily work and happiness and, with the nation at war, this is harmful not only to you but even to the war effort.

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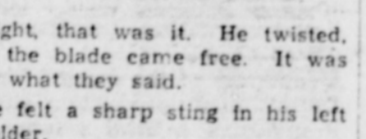
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OUR DEMOCRACY by Mat LABOR DAY-1944. "No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will and blessed are the horny hands of toil." JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

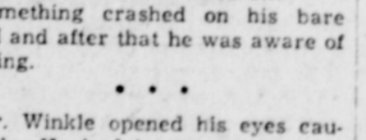
WHETHER WE WORK WITH OUR HANDS, OUR HEADS OR THE COURAGE OF OUR HEARTS, EVERY AMERICAN EXPECTS TO WORK - EARNS RESPECT IN PROPORTION AS HE MEETS HIS NEEDS AND THOSE OF HIS COUNTRY.



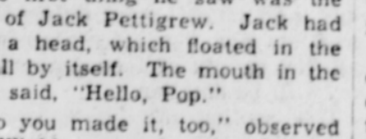
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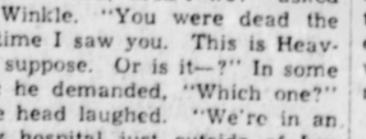
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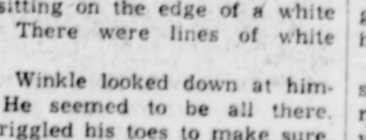
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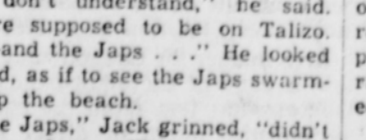
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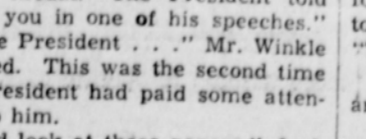
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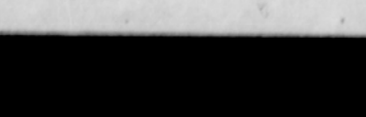
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"So you made it, too," observed Mr. Winkle. "Made it?" Jack's head inquired.



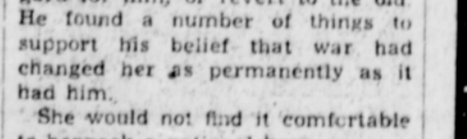
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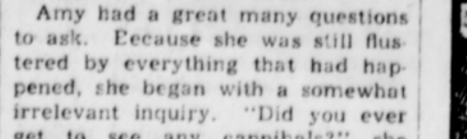
The head laughed. "We're in an Army hospital just outside of Los Angeles."



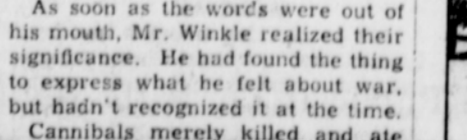
The Colonel pinned the medal on his tunic.



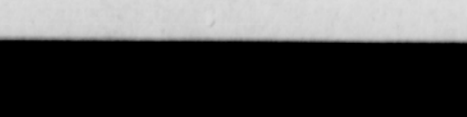
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