

W. C. MARTIN

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Entered at Cottage Grove, Oregon, as second class matter. Member NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

FUTURE WARS

Most of us would prefer to believe that out of the present conflict, nations may find a way to settle their differences in peace rather than engaging in a war, the cost of which has shown a decided upturn.

Practically all of the military experts now agree that the robot bombs brings the danger of destruction to our back door and though the country may never be invaded in the next fifty years, big cities may be destroyed from robot ramps stationed at distant points.

Facing this prospect, it appears further that the public ought to be interested in precautions to avoid possible destruction and the most sensible solution would be decentralization of the population centers.

THE GALLUP POLL

Those people who accept the Gallup Poll as definite information on how the election will go are showing interest in published explanations of now the plan works.

But the Washington newspaper men agree that the soft-peddling of reports on major States, such as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Oklahoma, Washington, Oregon, California, etc., amounts to holding-out known information.

Top politicians who are best informed concerning the nation know that most of those States in the East, that aren't accounted for in the Gallup Poll, are not very doubtful. They will tell you, on the q. t., that most of these States in New England, New York and Pennsylvania are—almost—safe in the Republican "bag".

HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE?

Your share of the national debt is not arrived at simply by dividing the total debt by the number of people in the country. To discover accurately how much your share is, says Prof. Frank G. Dickinson, economist of the University of Illinois, do this:

First, multiply your 1944 income tax by five. Add \$1,100 of you are under 25; \$874 if 25 to 34; \$622 if 35 to 44; \$375 if 45 to 54, and \$132 if 55 to 64. Dickinson arrives at his figures by allocating half the debt to income tax payers, half to the population at large, on the basis of life expectancy.

The argument that we don't need to worry about the debt because "we owe it to ourselves" obviously doesn't mean anything to you, personally, unless you hold war bonds (the government's promise to pay you) equal to your share of the national debt.

"Quit thinking about which post-war car you should buy with those war bonds; you will probably need them to help meet your post-war tax bill," Dickinson advises.—Farm Journal.

THE VALUE OF SLEEP

By Dr. H. A. Hagen.

SLEEP is more indispensable to man than any other creature, and to violate the physical law demanding repose affects him more than the lower animals. The sleep of humans is a subject of deepest interest. Although we always take sleep for granted, how much do we know about it? Food, pleasure, excitement are always topics—how much do they depend on sleep and how much does the lack of sleep depend on these subjects?

Life's batteries are re-charged during sleep. From where comes this life-giving force? It is received from some source outside him or herself. The human body is a machine, and it is a mechanical impossibility for the organism to perform external work to maintain itself and renew itself. We do not make life, we receive it—from where none can tell.

This life force is stored in the brain during sleep. While asleep destruction activity is reduced to a minimum; at the same time constructive activity is going on, building broken-down tissue and replacing life force. Power is stored in the brain during sleep. Does the human body itself make life? Does food make life? Food certainly helps life to continue, in spite of thousands who daily bring death nearer by poisoning their bodies with excess of food and drink. "What!" many may say in these days of short supply, "How can we get too much to eat?" But even in these times numbers of people eat more than they need. We eat to sleep, but sleep to live, it is the life of life. Sleep starvation is worse than food starvation. We need food to re-build tissue to keep the framework of our batteries; but to keep these batteries fully charged sleep is needed.

Health Practitioner's Journal.



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

CHAPTER IV: En route to New York Scott is stopped by police who mistake him for a bandit. He carries the mail for Uncle Sam in order to gain more flying time, and gets married.

CHAPTER V

By this time, war with certain countries appeared imminent. I had always believed that we would fight Japan, and had always believed that Japan would make the first thrust. And I tried to "figure out" every cadet that came through our school—tried by talking to him to find out whether or not he had the urge for combat, for I knew that the urge was positively necessary. Not only did a man have to have that certain incentive to fly and keep on flying, until flying became second nature, but he had to have the definite urge for combat.

I talked with the cadets many times, and I was surprised to find that a lot of them still thought it was wrong to want to get in the air against any enemy and fight. Sometimes I was disappointed to find that men lacked fighting instinct for the coming war. Youngsters seemed to think that combat was unnecessary. Many of them, it seemed to me, were learning to fly merely for the high-paying airline jobs of the future. But as time went on, I changed my mind. There would always be a few who didn't want to fight, there would be some who were uncertain, but from their attitude as the war tension increased I knew that when war came, as it inevitably would, these youngsters in the fighting ships of America would do their part.

From Ontario I went to Lemoore, in the San Joaquin Valley of California, and there I went through one of the low periods of my life. It was not that Lemoore was bad, for the people were wonderful—but war was getting closer and closer, and I was getting farther from combat duty. Finally, after war had opened on December 7, I began to write Generals all over the country in an effort to get out of the Training Center. After all, I had been an instructor for nearly four years and it was pretty monotonous. I knew that instructors were necessary, but I wanted to fight, and I thought that if I could get out to fight with my experience, I could come back later on and be even more valuable as an instructor of fighter pilots.

At last things began to happen. On December 10, I was hurriedly ordered to report to March Field. When these secret orders came, I thought the day for my active entry into the real war was near. Hardly taking time to get my toothbrush—the radiogram said, "immediately"—I jumped into a car and drove madly through the Valley and over the pass of Tejon through the snow at the summit at nearly ninety miles an hour, to March Field. I arrived there in a blackout, and though I was to see plenty of combat later on, I'll take an oath that the nearest I've been to death in this war was when I rode into March Field with my lights out, trying to follow the line in the highway that was not there. Army trucks went by with dim, pin-point blue lights, and as I looked out of my car the trucks would almost hit me.

When I finally got on the post with my radiogram for admission, I tore up to the headquarters and operations office, expecting any minute to be told to jump in a P-38 or a P-49 and go up to protect Los Angeles. There were many other pilots with pursuit experience had been assembled.

No one knew what we were to do. No one knew we were supposed to be there. We could get no flying time, and some of the old pursuit pilots hadn't been in a single-seater for years. We waited and waited while rumors increased. Some said we were going to the Philippines by carrier; some ventured that our destination was Java or Australia. Since then, I have seen some of the men in India and China. Their ways to war must have been as circuitous as mine.

Squadrons of pursuit planes would come through daily on the way up the coast and we all grew envious watching them. The only cheering thing was the radio broadcast which told of Capt. Colin P. Kelly and his crew sinking the Jap battleship Haruna. In this engagement Kelly became the first hero of the war, and I was very proud. For Captain Kelly had been under my instruction at Randolph Field. I could well remember that fine student's excellent attitude for a combat pilot. He had broken his collarbone in a football scrimmage at Randolph and had told no one on the flying line. Looking in the rear-view mirror, I saw him flying with his left hand on the stick; when I corrected him, I learned of the accident. Fighter Kelly had been so anxious to get on with the course of instruction that he was completely

ignoring broken bones. Of such material are heroes made.

As the days went on we noticed that pilots whom we had trained were doing the things in this war, in every theater, with the few airplanes we had. It was some consolation to know that we had trained the youngsters who were sinking the Jap ships and shooting down the enemy planes. But it was not enough.

"I still wanted to fight myself. I could well remember the years and years I had trained in Panama with the 7th Pursuit Squadron; I had always been too young to lead an element, a flight, a squadron, or anything. Then suddenly I was told here that I was not only too old—imagine that, at age 34!—to lead a squadron, but also too old to lead even a group. In fact I was too old to fly a fighter plane into combat. I used to tell the Generals that from being too young, I had suddenly jumped to being too old. There had never been a correct age."

But all the argument was to no avail, and after waiting around March Field for ten days we were ordered back to our home stations. I returned to Lemoore in the San Joaquin. I know there was no man on Bataan any sadder that night than I. Then came orders to report to Victorville—at least here was a change, and I welcomed it. I found myself director of training in a twin-engine school—I was still getting farther and farther from the war.

It seemed to me now that all was lost. I had tried desperately for the last six months to get out of the Training Center, and now that war had come it seemed that the powers at the top had decided that all of us, whether we had been trained as fighter pilots or as combat pilots, bomber pilots, or transport pilots, were nevertheless to stay there in the Training Center. December, January, and February went by, and in these months I wrote from Victorville to General after General. I remember saying to one of them:

"Dear General, if you will excuse me for writing a personal letter to you on a mere or less official subject in time of war, I will certainly submit to you for court martial after the war. But if you can just listen to me I don't care whether that court martial comes or not. I have been trained as a fighter pilot for nine years. I have flown thousands of hours in all types of planes. I've been brought here as an instructor and I think I've done my job. Please let me get out to fight. I want to go to Java, I want to go to Australia, I want to go to China, India, and anywhere there's fighting going



Capt. Colin Kelly, who sank the Jap battleship Haruna.

on—just so you get me out of the monotony of the Training Center."

An answer came back from this General: He would do all he could, he would even forget the court martial, but men were necessary in the training centers. Even with these kind words, it appeared that my cause was lost. Then, when the future looked worse than at any time in my life, a telephone call came from Washington, from a Colonel.

"Have you ever flown a four-engine ship?"

I answered immediately: "Yes, Sir." I had flown one for a very few minutes, at least I'd flown it in spirit while standing behind the pilot and co-pilot—but that was the only time I'd been in the nose or in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress. His next question was, "How many hours have you flown it?" I told him eleven hundred; there was no need to tell a story unless it was a good one, and after all, I considered this a white kind of lie—a white lie that was absolutely necessary if I was to get to war.

After giving this information I went back to waiting with my hopes way up. One night in early March, 1942, they came true—and to me they read like a fairy tale, too good to be true. I was to comply with them immediately, reporting to a field in the Central States. There I would receive combat instructions from the leader of our mission.

As I drove over from Victorville to my home in Ontario that evening, it seemed as though I was already in the air—adventure had come at

last. Even then the fear tugged at my heart that the orders would be changed before I could start. I told my wife that I was going to combat, but the nature of the orders forbade my telling her where, or what type of mission. Not even at the look of pain that crossed her face did I lose my feeling of victory. She was trying to act happy, but I knew it was only because she remembered that I wanted duty in combat.

That night I began to pack hastily, resolving at the same time to take my wife and little one-year-old daughter back towards Georgia, where they could be among relatives. As I packed and arranged for the furniture to be shipped I still had my exalted feeling of victory. When I got into bed, very late, I thought I would drop right off to sleep. But as my mind relaxed for the first time after the orders had been received, I felt myself come to complete wakefulness. I even sat up in bed, for I had realized for the first time what I had done.

Here was my home, with the two people whom I loved more than any others in all the world—my wife and my little girl. Here, in this wonderful place, I could possibly have lived out the war, behind a good safe desk at Victorville or some other training field. By my love of adventure, by my stubborn nature, I had talked myself out of this soft and wonderful job of staying home with my family. I was about to leave that girl I had driven all those thousands of miles to see—for even ten minutes. Tears came to my eyes—I knew I had been a fool.

For hours I lay awake. And then, in the darkness, I think I saw the other side. Suppose I called that officer who had telephoned me from Washington. Suppose I called and told him that I had lied—that I had never flown a Flying Fortress. I could easily get out of this mission—but the thought was one that I couldn't entertain even for a second. For now the seriousness of war had gradually come to me. Unless men like myself—thousands and millions of them—left these wonderful luxuries in this great land of America we could lose it all forever. I loved these two with all my heart, but the only way in all the world to keep them living in the clean world they were accustomed to was to steel myself to the pain of parting with them for months or years—or even forever. The actuality of war, grim war, had come. I knew then that the theoretical word "Democracy" was not what we were to fight for. I knew it was for no party, no race, creed, or color. We were going to fight, and many of us were to die, for just what I had here—my wife and family. To me, they were all that was real, they were all that I could understand. To me, they were America.

Next day we got the household goods packed. We piled on an east-bound train and left California. That ride for me was the saddest thing that has ever happened. I would look at these two and see that my wife was thinking my own thought, even the little girl seemed to sense that all was not well. At Memphis, I almost casually hid their goodbyes, and we parted. But as I watched their train disappear down the track I knew that part of my life was gone. My world was grim.

Reaching my assembly point for instructions, I found that I was reporting to Col. Caleb V. Haynes, one of the greatest of big-ship pilots—the pilot in our Air Force who had devoted much of his life to making the four-engine bomber the weapon that it is today. The entire group of officers and men made quite a gathering. I learned that they were all picked men, and that they had volunteered and almost fought for places on the crews of the Fortresses. And as I heard the explanation of the flight from Colonel Haynes I saw the reason for their excitement.

This was a "dream mission"—one that was a million kinds of adventure rolled into one. We were to fly thirteen four-engine bombers—one B-24 and twelve B-17's—to Asia. There we were to "bomb up" the snips after we had gone as far East as we possibly could, and then were to bomb objectives in Japan. Our orders read that we were to co-ordinate our attack from the West with another attack that was coming from the East.

The sadness that had been with me since leaving my family vanished. Once again I saw the war in a spirit of adventure. Here was what any soldier might have prayed for—here was what the American public had been clamoring for during the months since Pearl Harbor, I was fortunate to be one of the pilots; it almost made up for my failure to finally get into single-seater fighter ships again—almost, but not quite.

That night we talked things over and met each other, and next morning we left for Washington, with our newly drawn equipment. Our planes were in Florida, being made ready for combat, but we were obliged to go by way of Washington for the purpose, astounding in war, of securing diplomatic passports. I remember that even in the joy of the mission, I couldn't help wondering what kind of a war this one could be. We were having to secure passports in order to be able to fight. Visas were obtained for all countries we were to fly over and through—Brazil, Liberia, Nigeria, Egypt, Arabia, India—and China, especially! Visas—to go to war!

Properly inoculated against fourteen diseases, with visas for everywhere, with trinkets for trade with natives in Africa, Arabia, and Burma, we went on down to Florida.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

The following observation is made by Dr. M. Forrester-Brown of England, in the Journal of the Royal Sanitary Institute:

"We spend all our energy in designing and improving machines of inorganic material, till some of them seem almost alive; but the living mechanism, which is entrusted to each of us, we abuse, just because it is a wonderful self-regulating one. Yet, as with other machines its working capacity and length of life are increased by care and elimination of unnecessary strain. People recognize this in their motor cars; and horse breeders are most careful not to load a colt's back unduly until its bones are set; while blacksmiths take care to shoe a horse so as to correct any faulty tilt of the foot. With our children we take no such precautions.

"That it is no mere theory which attributes chronic digestive troubles and various tiresome aches to a faulty mechanical use of the body is proved by the ease with which such symptoms are gotten rid of, when the mechanical error is corrected, whereas they resist treatment by drugs, etc., for years." —Dr. H. A. Hagen.

MARTIN MOTORS Pontiac Sales and Service

The instant I landed I hunted out my ship—B-17E—Air Corps number 41 9031. I soon painted on its nose the red map of Japan, centered by the cross-hairs of a modern bomb-sight, with the cross right over Tokyo. In my poor Latin was inscribed "Hades ab Altar"—or roughly, "Hell from on High."

I climbed into the control room of my ship and met my crew. Each man was a character, each man wanted badly to get started.

The co-pilot was Doug Sharp, another dark-haired Southerner, a first Lieutenant who was destined to get shot down in another Flying Fortress over Rangoon. He coolly got most of his crew out of the burning ship; then, with those who were unable to parachute to safety, he landed the flaming ship in the rice paddies of central Burma. From this point he led his men—those whom he did not have to bury beside the ship—out through the Japanese lines to safety in India. He was made a Major after this gallant act.

PRESBYTERIAN EXPERIENCE SOCIETY

The annual experience social of the Presbyterian Aid was held Wednesday afternoon in the church parlors with 45 members and guests present. The group reported \$276.15 taken in at this time with Mrs. George Jacobsen's side winning, \$139.75 being turned in by her side. Mrs. A. W. Helliwell was her assistant. Mrs. Chas. Beidler, captain on the other side, and her assistant, Mrs. Georg Bjorset, reported \$136.40.

The devotional service was conducted by Mrs. A. J. Kamman. At the tea hour, refreshments were served in the dining room by Mrs. Vinal Randall, Mrs. Roy Short, Mrs. Eva Holderman, Mrs. Lila Veatch and Mrs. Mabel Merzlyman. At the November meeting, the losing side will be hosts to the winners at a 1:00 o'clock covered fish luncheon.

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