

ANDSUO'ENDEATH

This Dreadful Death-by-Auto Accident Article Is Not for the Squeamish

(Continued from Page One)

car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion — the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids — and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover, or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing

change of direction — and, since the occupant — meaning you — continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you — inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you — and one of the rarer things — is to be thrown out — as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same — he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood — no horribly twisted bones — just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death — but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers — it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic — like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one

summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fenders, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident — five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to — the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-life sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers — seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman and child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life — broken spine resulting from sheer side-wise twist — the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over the swirl of an insane roller coaster — and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass — safety glass is by no means universal yet — contributes more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut — the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a silver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head — the shoulders stick — the glass holds — and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end — not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, smashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire — which will immortalize you as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring — thrown clear — but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a

nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all this is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back — you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tell the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

THE WORK OF CREDIT

Bank Shows How It Gives Need-aid to All Classes of Prudent Borrowers

How a bank loan portfolio presents a graphic cross section picture of the business of its community is disclosed by the description which a midwestern bank recently gave of its loans to customers. It revealed also how closely interwoven with the neighbors' varied lives are the threads of the bank's financial helplessness.

This description showed that the bank had made a loan of \$100,000 to a local shoe manufacturer to purchase materials, discount bills and meet current requirements.

To a wholesale grocer \$95,000 had been advanced for the purchase of inventory, the loan to be repaid over a period in accordance with specified terms set forth in the loan agreement.

Assistance in Personal Matters

Another loan had been made to a home owner to the amount of \$200 for painting and repairing. This was made in cooperation with the Federal Housing Administration and was being repaid in twenty-four monthly installments of \$8.33 each.

A dentist had been loaned \$300 to purchase new equipment. He was paying off the debt out of his professional earnings as they came in.

To a large domestic refrigerator distributor \$30,000 had been granted on warehouse receipts to finance dealer shipments.

A home owner had been granted a \$3,000 mortgage loan to be repaid in three years.

One thousand dollars had been advanced to an office worker on the cash surrender value of his insurance policy to aid him in meeting an emergency.

The National Trust

If each of these various examples were multiplied many times the result would represent the total volume of credit cooperation which the bank was extending to its neighbors in its community, for aggregate loans to all its customers amounted to more than twelve million dollars.

If the typical examples here given were multiplied by many millions of times the result would represent the total economic cooperation which the banking system of the country as a whole is extending to aid the innumerable personal, professional, industrial and commercial activities which make up the whole business life of the nation. The nationwide total of such loans is in excess of 20 billion dollars.

Breaks All Records in August

Chevrolet delivered to retail consumers 99,018 cars and trucks in August, eclipsing its July sales by 24,979 units and setting an all-time August record. August sales were 33,623 greater than in the same month last year, and an increase of over 51 per cent and exceeded every other August in the history of the company including August, 1928.

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

Maud Skaggs Woodyard

Bachelor of Music
Accredited teacher of Voice and Piano. Beginners to Advanced.
Prices reasonable

Phone 238L. 550 N. Henry St.

POWERS

The Thursday Bridge Club met at the home of Mrs. Clarence Moe. Three tables of cards were in play with Mrs. Eddie Aubin holding high score and Mrs. Chas. Stallard, Jr., holding low.

Don Thomas has returned from a two weeks' trip to Alaska.

Howard Varney was a Marshfield visitor on Saturday.

Mrs. Francis Hicks and daughter, Barbara, visited the past week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle McCulloch.

Miss Lillian Wicks, of Cottage Grove, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Ray Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Powers returned Sunday from Salem, where they attended the state fair.

Mrs. R. Olsen has left for her home in Marshfield. She has been living in Powers the last two months.

Tuesday afternoon twenty-five of the members of the Royal Neighbors met at the home of Mrs. Ray Stewart and surprised Mrs. Bob Bushnell with a handkerchief shower. Mrs. Bushnell and sons, Jackie and Bob, left Wednesday for Sweet Home.

The Jewel Club met at the home of Mrs. Ida Mathews on Tuesday afternoon. The club members are making up a "hope chest" to be given away some time during the winter.

Powers residents visiting in Marshfield on Tuesday were Carl Stevens, Thomas Erickson, Mrs. Al Erickson, Mrs. Lyman Rolfe, Mrs. Bruce Munro and Mrs. Lyle McCulloch.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wiper and family motored to Roseburg.

Mrs. Chas. Stallard, Sr., Mrs. Elvin Hull and Mrs. Chas. Stallard, Jr., were Myrtle Point visitors on Tuesday.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Wayne Carver and Mrs. Clare Lehmanowsky entertained with a card party in honor of Mrs. George Dwyer, at the home of Mrs. Carver. Four tables of bridge were in play with Mrs. Dan Thomas, Mrs. Wm. Clark and Mrs. Harold Carver receiving the prizes. Mrs. Dwyer and children left later in the week for their home in Everett, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, former Powers residents, now living in Marshfield were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Powers and son, George, are visiting in Portland.

Albert Powers made a trip to Myrtle Point on Tuesday.

Elmer Keller, of Eugene, was a visitor in Powers on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Wednesday afternoon the Fellowship Club held its regular meeting with Mrs. Jack Griener and Mrs. George Dwyer as hostesses. Four tables of cards were in play, with Mrs. Clare Lehmanowsky and Mrs. Ralph Milne holding high scores.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wiper motored to Marshfield Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Rutcosky and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Stevens and Dave Chase were Marshfield visitors on Wednesday.

Mrs. Raleigh Green, of Myrtle Point, visited at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Milne on Tuesday.

Dr. D. Baird was a Myrtle Point visitor on Monday.

Powers Townsend Club held a very interesting business meeting September 7th, with Mrs. Wm. Richards as chairman.

It was decided to serve coffee and cake as a special feature of the Sept. 14th meeting, in addition to the program. We are in hopes we can have a special for each meeting in the future.

There are some booklets and membership cards to hand out.

Come help us sing our Townsend songs. Those wishing to join are welcome.

C. Mae Langston, Secy.

BANKS PLAN ADVERTISING

Substantial funds have been set aside from reserves of the American Bankers Association to finance the development by its Advertising Department of a service of informative newspaper advertisements setting forth in brief, popular language the methods and policies under which banks operate; their effective practices for protecting their depositors' funds, the services they render and the various ways in which they cooperate with business in their own communities in fostering sound recovery and progress.

Some 350 banks are now using this material and it is available at a moderate price for all of the members in the association who care to use it in bringing about better public understanding in their own communities regarding banking and its services. It has materially stimulated the use of newspaper advertising among banks.

Many favorable comments have been expressed regarding the informative and constructive character of its messages. It is issued in two sizes: the larger size is 3 columns wide by 10 inches deep, but in some instances subscribing banks have expanded this to occupy full pages in their local papers in order to obtain a more emphatic effect. Four pieces of advertising copy are supplied each month in this service.

Old Papers, good-sized package at The Sentinel for five cents.

Coquille Assembly of God

Mrs. Hazel MacLeod, pastor
Sunday, 9:45 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
Evangelist Walter H. Smith will bring the message.
3:00 p. m. Fellowship meeting and baptismal service.
6:45 p. m. Young People's meeting.
7:30 p. m. Evangelistic Service.
Closing service of the revival campaign.

Church of Christ

Fourth and Coulter Sts.
Bible school, 9:45 a. m.
Morning service 10:45 a. m. A new communion table has been given to the church. This will be dedicated Sunday morning. Sermon topic, "The Table of the Lord."
Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.
Evening service 7:30 p. m. Sermon topic, "A Good Man Who Went to Hell and a Bad Man Who Went to Heaven."
Midweek service Wed., 7:30 p. m.
Earl F. Downing, minister
264 E. Fourth St.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

Second and Collier Streets
Sabbath School (Saturday) 9:45 a. m.
Preaching service 11:00 a. m.

The Holy Name Catholic Church

Mass on first and third Sundays at 8 a. m.; second Sunday at 10 a. m. and when there are five Sundays, Mass on fourth Sunday at 10 a. m. Last Sunday of each month Mass at Myrtle Point at 8 a. m. and at Powers at 10 a. m.
Father M. G. Hart, Bandon

First Church of Christ, Scientist

Coquille, Oregon
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service at 11 a. m.
Subject for next Sunday, "Substance."
Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.
Free public Reading Room open in Church Building every Tuesday and Friday afternoons except holidays from two to five o'clock.
The public is cordially invited to attend our services and to visit the Reading Room.

Methodist Episcopal Church

Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
Scriptural, spiritual preaching. Everyone welcome.
G. A. Gray, Pastor.
107 E. 2nd St., Coquille, Ore.

Church of God

Sunday School at 10 o'clock with classes for everyone.
Morning service at 11 a. m.
Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.
Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.
Prayer meeting 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening.
The public is cordially invited to all these services.

Edward E. Watkins, Pastor.

St. James Church

(Episcopal)
Holy Communion, first and third Sundays each month at 11 o'clock.
Evening prayer and sermon every second and fourth Sundays at 8 p. m.
Rev. Hale B. Eubanks in charge.

Baths for Coal Miners
Baths for 3,000 workers are provided at a coal mine near West Hartlepool, England.

Body and Fender repair work done by experienced mechanics. Our body painter is an expert. Let us prove we have the best of repair service.
Southwestern Motor Co. 1117

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NEW LOW FOOD PRICES!

We've brand new food service for California-bound travelers. An attendant serves you fresh, tasty food at your seat in the coach or in Tourist Pullman. Never before such low prices. For example: coffee 5c, milk 5c, sandwiches 10c, 3 do-nuts 10c, etc. Next time try the train for economy — plus comfort, safety.

Southern Pacific

See your local S.P. agent or write J. A. Ormandy, Gen. Pass. Agent, 705 Pacific Bldg., Portland, Ore.

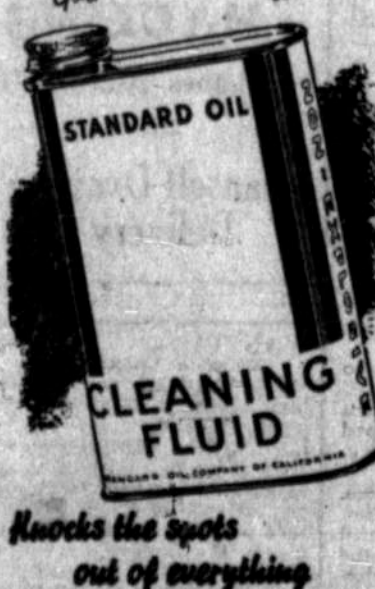
Spots on Frocks are never spiffy. I clean 'em out in just a jiffy!

Hurry-up cleaning! — that's my theme! Chasing spots from everything.

Suits and dresses, gloves and hats; Hubby's necktie, vest or spats.

Drapes and rugs and davenport and other fabrics of that sort.

I'm the handiest thing you've seen To keep your wardrobe fresh and clean.



OTHER STANDARD OIL HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

STANDARD OIL FLY SPRAY

Standard Oil Fly Spray. Kills mosquitoes, flies, fleas, gnats, roaches and moths — and kills 'em quick.

STANDARD OIL SELF-POLISHING WAX

Easy, quick, effective on hardwood and other floors. If you prefer to use a polisher, choose Standard Oil Paste Wax or Standard Oil Liquid Wax for lasting lustre.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Always One Standard... THE BEST!

You can depend on the experienced staff of this organization to carry out your every wish. Regardless of the price you pay, there is no sacrifice of dignity... no variations from our high standards of service.

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Bandon Myrtle Point Coquille