

Bob Kline Tells Of Aviation Cadet Life

Following are extracts from a letter recently received by C. W. Kline, from his son A/C Robert F. Kline, who is stationed with the Army Air Force at Santa Ana, Calif.:

"Well, here I am dead tired again. I started this letter but had to go on a late K. P. shift, and will try again. "I got my first pass over the week-end and went over to Long Beach to look up Wally (Wally Moore who was in the same C.H.S. class as Bob). Just about didn't get out. Had applied for a pass and when they were handed out there was none for me. I got mad and went to see the C. O., who said that I was on the list for fire guard Sunday and for K. P. and as I was listed for Monday he had moved me up a day. Finally I found a fellow who was not scheduled for either of those duties so I paid him \$2 to take fire guard duty for me.

"I got down to where we catch the buses off the field and there were only about 200 cadets in line there. Earlier in the evening there must have been 10,000 in the line 'cause it was clear up past our barracks, which is about 500 yards from the buses. There must have been 200 newspapers that these boys were reading lying all over the place and it really looked like hell when I got there and about that time the O. D. came along and stopped the buses and said no one leaves till the place is cleaned up, so everyone stands around and crabs for about ten minutes and then we finally pitch in and clean the place up and I caught a bus into Santa Ana."

Bob then goes on to tell what a time he had finding his way to Wally's station, what with green bus drivers and other troubles, but he finally found him and, after talking half the night, he crawled into a bunk in Wally's quarters. And in the morning, while Wally was on duty, Bob sat in the office and had more chinning with him.

Bob said it took him three hours and 40 minutes to get back to his camp after missing the last bus from Long Beach to Santa Ana by ten minutes. Finally by a round-about way he was able to make it back, by street cars and buses. His letter continues:

"When I got back I happened to remember that I had forgotten to sign out the night before in the big rush to get out of here. So I signed out and signed back in when I got here. This trip was more of an orientation session anyway, kind of gave me the lay of the land, etc.

"A feller sure doesn't have much time of week ends here. You get off on Saturday as soon as your last class is over, which for Saturday and the next two week-ends will be at 9:30, and have to be back at 11:00 on Sunday for the big parade at 6 in the afternoon. But yesterday we had to be back at 4:00 to go on K. P. at 5:00 p. m."

"Wally is going with a Wave that works in the same office he does and he says he is going to have next week-end all planned for me. I guess he is going to get me a blind date. I sure hope this one doesn't live up to the standards of my blind date experiences in Bozeman. Bull from what I've seen of California

women I shouldn't be too disappointed."

Resuming his letter on Tuesday he he says:

"As I said I was fireguard last night and had to stay dressed and awake until lights out, well when I hit the rack last night I had had eight hours of sleep in the previous 65 hours. Then I found out last night that, being as I was scheduled for fire guard today, I was on again today, which means no extra sleep tonight either and I also miss classes, which doesn't suit me so well either.

In code class the instructor asked if any of the fellows have had any previous experience in it and he put me to taking six words per minute right off the bat. That's all we have to take to pass the course so I guess I won't have trouble in that subject. The one I believe I'll have to work like — in is Naval Recognition. I never did know the difference in the looks of the different battleships or different classes of battleships (BB), let alone being able to tell a cruiser from a BB. We learned the features of our four oldest battleships on Saturday and I guess we are having four more today. In gunnery we will learn to strip and assemble the 30 and 50 cal. aircraft machine guns and the 45 cal. Thompson Sub-machine.

"This just goes to show you how much time I have now that we have started Pre-Flight. Here I am the third day on this G.I. bulletin and it isn't finished yet. To go on with the gunnery course: We do the same with the 45 cal. Automatic Pistol (side arm for all Com. Off.), the 30 cal. M1 Carbine and a familiarization with the 30 Cal. Springfield and R.A.R. (Browning Automatic Rifle).

"Now that we are taking Pre-Flight we have to roll out at 4:15 and that sure is early. Our first class is at 8:20.

"Boy the P. I. we are getting now really is rough. Today we ran cross country for about a mile and a quarter to the P. I. field, took a half hour of Judo, ran the obstacle course which is half a mile itself and then ran back. If I ever get out of this Army I am not going to lift a hand to do anything but sleep and eat.

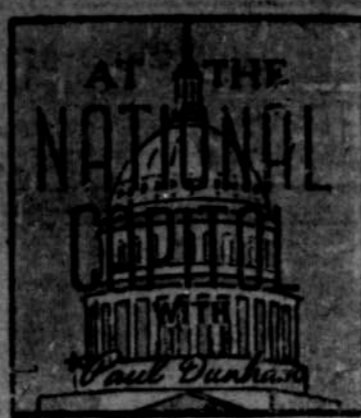
"I guess we'll be going through the High Altitude test next week. We are going to get a lecture on it this week.

"Well, I have some tests in Naval Recognition and in Gunnery in the morning so I had better get on the ball and do a little cramming. Everything I am taking is really interesting and nothing at all like the dry stuff we had at Bozeman. I was taking eight words per minute today in my second hour of code."

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Washington, D. C., June 22—Like so many other things in this war, the B-29 superfortress which bombed Japan was a secret withheld from the American people until the spectacular raid on the steel mills at Yawata. (More than a million tons of scrap was shipped to those mills from the Pacific northwest prior to the war, valued at many millions of dollars). It is true that scores of newspaper reporters knew all about the B-29s but they were pledged to secrecy and could not write a line until the raid had been made. However, there were inklings in publications which gave a hint—but nothing more.

As the superfortresses were coming off the assembly lines, hundreds of thousands of Chinese coolies, men and women, were building airfields in China for the special use of this flying battleship. These airfields were required as a base from which the B-29s could fly from China to Japan. Pictures of the Chinese at work were printed in many publications, but the significance of these fields was not comprehended by the American reading public. What they saw was an army of coolies carrying loads of rock in baskets balanced on a pole over their shoulders, the way the Chinese vegetable gardeners used to vend their ware to housewives in Seattle, Portland and Tacoma. The airfields were built with hand-power, nothing else.

One day a B-29 in a test flight crashed into a meat plucking plant in Seattle, killing several people and wrecking part of the building. The public knew it was a new plane but made no inquiries, for testing new planes in the past three years has become routine. Later the B-29 went into mass production. The Boeing company, in its several factories, was doing a magnificent job. The big planes were taken to India and thence flown to China and the Japanese agents knew all about them—the time of their arrival, their size and speed and the airfields in China. The Japs knew the B-29 was intended to find its targets in the land of the mikado, and knowing this, they began decentralizing their war industries and surrounded the Yawata plant with anti-aircraft weapons.

So far as the enemy was concerned, they were well advised as to the nature of this new bomber and realized that they were to be on the receiving end. But, when between the photographs of the coolies pounding out an immense airfield with their bare hands and the loss of life and property when a bomber fell in Seattle, the American public could see no connection. B-29, no longer a hush-hush, is a monument to the Boeing engineers.

Shipped out of the ports of the north Pacific have been many tons of medical supplies and food intended for the American soldiers who are held as prisoners of war by the Japanese. These consignments have been taken ashore at Vladivostok, along with boots, butter, farm machinery, etc., which the Russians will use. The supplies for the prisoners of war have been warehoused in the cold Siberian port for months instead of being rushed to their destination. The hitch in the program lies at the door of Joe Stalin, the gallant ally of Uncle Sam.

Stalin refuses to permit the Japanese ships to enter the port of Vladivostok and remove the food and medicine. Why he has taken this stand is not explained, for the Japanese are familiar with that port and they know everything that is being unloaded there, transported from Puget sound and the Columbia river by ships of the Russian marine. All Russian vessels going from the United States to Vladivostok must pass through waters constantly patrolled by Japanese warships. So delay in delivering the supplies to Americans held in prison camps is not entirely the fault of the Japanese.

Having refused to make an appropriation of \$500,000 for the fair employment practices committee (set up by presidential directive) the house finally recanted and that agency will now be able to function. Primarily, the purpose of the committee is to see that colored people are not discriminated against in securing jobs. The house eliminated the appropriation when Rep. John Rankin, a southern Democrat, read a list of active members of the committee and then showed, from the Dies committee re-

port on un-American activities, that it was heavily loaded with men who have been affiliated with the communist party in recent years. Rankin called the alleged communists and fellow travelers by name. Later there was pressure from high official sources that caused a sufficient number of congressmen to change their votes and restore the half million dollar appropriation.

Work Started On Curry County Airport

Work of clearing ground for the northern Curry county airport was started last week by Leonard & Slate, Portland contractors. They have received authorization from Washington, D. C., to proceed with the grading project. It is estimated that the grading will cost \$225,000 and that three to four months will be required for the job. The grading contract is exclusive of the paving work.

The area to be cleared is opposite the state cedar park and extends to Blacklock. Following completion of the grading project, runways will be constructed.

About 50 men will be employed and hiring will be done entirely through the United States employment service.

The final plans call for north and south runways only, as the naval authorities considered that east and west runways are unnecessary, since the prevailing winds on this part of the coast are almost entirely from a northerly or southerly direction. As a result of these changes it has been necessary to make new plans and re-advertise the contract two or three times, hence the delay in initiation of the work.—Curry County Reporter

If it is insurance, see me.—F. R. Bull.

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I have had Arthritis for over six years. Used all kinds of treatments and walked with a cane until five weeks ago. Casey's Compound is the only treatment that helped me. A. H. MATTHEW, 351 N. E. 75th Ave. Phone SU. 9513. Portland, Oregon.

Sept. 8, 1942

Dr. Mr. Casey: After suffering three years with Arthritis, I am now feeling fine since using your Casey's Compound. No more pain. Now able to do my own work in my apartment house. I cannot recommend the Compound too highly. MRS. CATHERN KNOX, 1247 S. E. Powell, Portland, Oregon. LA. 2626

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Mr. J. H. Casey: Jan. 9, 1943

Dear Sir: For fourteen years I suffered from Arthritis. I took treatments and medicines of all kinds, but they did not relieve my case in the least. At last the druggist recommended Casey's Compound. I still had hopes of some day finding something that would cure me. After eight bottles, I was completely well. Sincerely, MRS. A. A. CURTIS, 133 N. E. 72nd Ave., Portland, Oregon.

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Mr. Casey:

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"My rheumatism has left me and I can truthfully recommend Casey's Compound, for it did the work." L. A. KRUGER, 4844 S. E. 29th St., Portland, Ore. SU. 5503.

Dear Mr. Casey:

I was down five months with Neuritis and Rheumatism. Was given up to die. Found Casey's Compound a life saver. I cannot praise your Compound enough. Since my recovery, W. T. FORD, Baptist Minister, 3726 S. E. Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Casey: Oct. 18, 1939.

I suffered with Neuritis and Rheumatism several months, with severe pain in my shoulder, neck and left arm. After all other treatments had failed a friend recommended Casey's Compound. After using 6 bottles I have no more pain whatever and my general health is much better and now can enjoy a good night's rest. I cannot recommend your Compound too highly. GRACE O'BRIEN, 1220 N. E. Everett St., Portland, Ore. LA. 1229.

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