

Ron Burr Writes From Italy

Following is a letter Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Burr permit the Sentinel to print. It was written by their son, Ron, somewhere in Italy, last month, and our readers always seem glad to find out what the boys are doing and thinking about "over there," whether it's in Europe or the Pacific ocean:

Sun., January 14, 1945.

Dear Dad and Mom:—I guess it is about time that I'm starting another letter to you so that I will have a letter written when I get your next letter.

We have been having pretty rough weather lately but I have been keeping pretty busy as I've been making a run for transportation once in a while in my spare time. We had another snow storm the other day but it is about all gone now as it has been raining quite a bit.

I got two more copies of the Sentinel the other day; they were pretty old but had a lot of good news and reading in them.

There isn't very much to write about this afternoon so I think I will go over and take a shower and maybe write more later.

Well, I took that shower and feel a lot better as I haven't been taking them very often as it has been so cold. I take a bath in my helmet every night or so and you would be surprised what a good job a fellow can do with a gallon or two of water in a helmet. If a fellow takes one pretty often and doesn't get too dirty you can keep fairly clean. You ought to try it some time.

We had a squadron meeting tonight and the main topic was permanent and temporary rotation. They allow two men to go home on permanent rotation, which means that they won't be sent overseas again and, at that rate, it would take seven years for all of the fellows that have been over two years or longer to get home, but they can send as many as they think they can spare on temporary, which means thirty days at home and then back to the same outfit. Most of the fellows don't want that and are taking a chance on being one of the two or three picked for permanent. I kind of feel sorry for them as a lot of them are going on their thirty-second month. But then, maybe in about nineteen more months I can start feeling sorry for myself.

The boys on the western front seem to be getting on their feet again and the boys in the Pacific are really going to town. I guess they are getting a place cleared for us to move into. And, as you say, they might even have to come over and help us out. I never did think that there would be much time between the fall of Germany and Japan. The way things are going it might be a tie.

I will close for tonight as I have to go on guard pretty soon and this gives me a pretty good start for when I get your next letter.

Sun., January 21, 1945.

It's been a week since I started this letter so I guess I had better add a few more lines this evening.

The picture on the western front is much better now and the Russians are really going to town or maybe I should say to Berlin.

Dode sent me the clipping out of the paper about me having you buy us some more war bonds and I sure hope it induced some more people to buy a few more.

She also sent me the clipping about them officially changing the name of Marshfield, North Bend and the outlying districts to Coos Bay. Does that mean that they went ahead and consolidated after all their jangling?

We have kept pretty busy the last week and I sure hope the Jerries have noticed it.

I can't think of any more to write about at present so will try to add a few more lines later.

Sat. evening, Jan. 27, 1945

Well here's another Saturday night going to the dogs. I just got through taking a bath and put on clean clothes and no place to go.

I got Bobbie's letter with your short note in it so will finish this letter and mail it.

We had swell "chow" this evening, baked ham, baked potatoes, string beans, a salad, bread and butter, chocolate cake and coffee. That was the first ham I've had since I left the states and it sure was good.

You made the statement that Harold Hart and I wanted to change the army. Well at times I think it could stand a little. I will give you an instance here in this outfit. I don't claim to be too d— smart and some times I think I'm pretty dumb but things like this makes a fellow think a little bit.

A couple of months ago we got a new transportation officer and he is really a dilly. Some things don't make any sense at all he will listen to and other things that might amount to something he gives a deaf ear. This is how much he knows about a vehicle. He asked a fellow the other

Riverton Boy In The Philippines

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Holbrook at Riverton were in receipt of a letter recently from their son, Pfc. Oran V. Holbrook, rifleman with MacArthur's 25th Infantry Division, which has been spearheading Manila and other sections of the Philippine invasion.

Pfc. Holbrook is a former high school student from Riverton and also Coquille. He enlisted in the armed forces on Sept. 16, 1942, and joined MacArthur on New Caledonia in the spring of 1943. He has never had a furlough home since his entrance into the army. His 25th Infantry Division has been spearheading for MacArthur since his landing on New Caledonia.

They went from there to Guadalcanal, then to Vella la Vella in the New Georgia Island group, where young Holbrook distinguished himself for great bravery and gallantry in action, when he attacked and wiped out a Jap machine nest crew single-handed. He crawled forward on his hands and knees from his fox hole, which was not more than 15 yards from this Jap nest in dense underbrush and swamp, and got every one of the nine "yellow" creatures with his own rifle fire. For this gallant action, he was given an official citation and awarded the bronze star.

He has been in three major campaigns with MacArthur, including this later one at Manila, for which he has been given a Campaign Badge upon which are three gold stars. Besides this and his Bronze Star pin, he had a Good Conduct pin, and a beautiful Silver and Gold Infantry Combat pin. He is a splendid young man, of which all his friends are justly proud. He has been wounded several times, the last time recently on Manila. His last letter to his parents follows:

Sunday, Feb. 4, 1945

Dearest Mother: Just a few lines to let you know how I am. I am in combat now and won't be able to write very often to you. I got wounded yesterday by shrapnel but it was only a small nick and it isn't anything to hold me back.

I am moving up to the front again. I have a squad now and will be first in command. I guess I will get a purple heart out of this injury. I was certainly lucky. I caught a full blast of mortar fire almost in my face. But all it did was hit my helmet and knock me out. We got a tank yesterday. Boy, was it hot! And we are giving those Japs H—, Ronnie, [his brother, who is a Marine and last heard from on the Russell Islands] should be here if he wants action!

I saw Joe Strickly several times. He is in his old home again—the good old Philippine Island. [This Joe Strickly, whose "home" was formerly on the Philippines, entered the service with young Holbrook, and they have been together ever since.]

I had to borrow this envelope and paper from the medic, so I can't write Ruth now. You tell her to keep smiling. Don't you folks worry. Everything will be all right and I shall come through this safely. And when this is over, I shall be able to come home to you. This is all for now, dear. Keep your chin up and laugh at the whole world. Your loving son, always, Oran.

day what a ring and pinion gear was and where it was located. It wouldn't be so bad but with what little knowledge he has he wants to give all the orders and listen to d— little.

Things like that really help keep my morale up and prove to me that it isn't altogether my fault that I haven't done better in my army career, although it does make a fellow wonder if that is what he's buying bonds for. But then this Army is such a big thing that there are bound to be things like that going on.

I could go one with a lot more but what the hell's the use? A fellow will just work himself up. A fellow might just as well do his best and hope that it doesn't last too d— long.

I am fit as a fiddle and just as happy as though I had good sense, as the old saying goes, and will make it or have it made. As ever, Ron.



Franklin Uterine Capsules. A valuable aid in removing retained afterbirth and preventing septic infection. Three capsules \$1.00.

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Fuhrman's Pharmacy

A Wild Hog For A Bed Mate

In his last letter to his mother, Sgt. Ellis L. (Hap) Rackleff of the Marine Corps, stationed somewhere in the Pacific, tells of one night's experience he recently had which passed the censor O. K. Here are extracts from that letter:

I think you will be interested in the trouble I have just had with a wild hog. Would you appreciate sharing your bed with a wild hog who suffers from an acute case of B. O.? Perhaps he doesn't suffer—he may delight in his aroma. Anyway I, as usual, always looking for an easy spot in which to locate my bed for the night, found a trail just wide enough to accommodate a bed. One can only see about ten feet through the jungle so you may readily see that I saved a lot of brush cutting. After about thirty minutes' work I had spread my blanket on leaves and erected a mosquito net over me. The mosquito net closely resembles Grandmother's hairnet and is large enough to completely cover the bed, leaving about three feet of space to kick about in.

About two in the morning this hog decided to go out on patrol via his trail in which I had camped. In his charge he didn't trouble to detour around me; as a result we were both inside my net. To me, still half asleep, he could have been many things less desirable than a hog, such as an alligator.

In the violent activity that followed we both became entangled in my blanket and neither of us seemed to be able to find an exit. Finally, it was more than the net would hold and we both left in opposite directions. If I had known it was only a hog, I would still be hanging on for a pork chop. Needless to say, I had to have another issue of mosquito net.

Ernest Benham To Receive Army Air Force Training

Pvt. Ernest E. Benham, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Benham, McKinley Rt., Coquille, has reported to Keesler Field in Mississippi, to take the Army Air Forces Training Command examinations to determine his qualifications as a pre-aviation cadet.

As an applicant for training that will make him a flying officer, he will be given a series of medical and psychological tests at Keesler Field, which will indicate the type of air crew training for which he is best suited by aptitude and personal characteristics. He will also take other classification tests to measure his technical skills and aptitudes, and he will receive a number of phases of military training there. Upon successful completion of this processing, he will be sent to the proper Army Air Forces Training Command station to begin his training as pilot, bombardier or navigator, depending upon the position for which he has been found best qualified.

Major Lloyd E. Haynes To Receive Army Medical Discharge

Word has just been received that Major Lloyd E. Haynes has been given a special official citation and awarded a Bronze Star medal for exceptional meritorious service in action in the forest of Cerisy, France, on November 28, 1944.

Since then, his wife wrote her sister, Mrs. Stanley Clausen, the major had been very ill with a heart ailment but had recovered sufficiently to be sent to a Los Angeles hospital for further treatment. He is to be given a medical discharge from the Army later.

Major Haynes was a graduate of the Coquille High School several years ago and his brother, Wilbur Haynes, is very well and favorably known in Coquille. The major's wife is the former Rita Clark, whose home was in the Lee section at the time of her marriage to Major Haynes.

Arago Dairy Club To Operate Again This Year

On Friday last week, Feb. 23, the Arago 4-H Dairy club was organized for another year's work by Herbert Carl, their club leader. Mr. Geiss, assistant club leader, was expected to be present but he was unable to attend.

The club elected officers with Allen Halter, as president; vice president, Glendon Zeller; secretary, John Ed Leeper, and club reporters are Ronny Halter and Kerwin Roe. The enrollment was of eleven members who hope to stay through the year. The majority of them were members in their first year of dairy club work. Most of them are starting with new stock but some of those who have been in for several years are using their last year's stock. The club discussed matters pertaining to the care of stock and gave the new members a few pointers. Their next meeting will be March 9, at the Arago school house.

Value Of Museums

One of the greatest aids to clear the mists of ages, to the seeker of antiquity, is the museums of the yesterday. It appears that mankind has been, and is still, lax in the things that would place him in the histories of the future ages, of which we have a right to be known to far distant posterity. The collecting and preserving of the things that we have to do with today, really belong to those that are to follow in our stead, and unless we do turn to these things, future men will know nothing of us.

While spading in my garden, in Myrtle Point, some years ago I unearthed a stone ax that was beautifully formed from obsidian, or volcanic glass, that had been brought from some far-away field. At the very first sight of this rare relic, my mind went back to the time when primitive man trod this same land and of what great tragedy this simple instrument could tell, if it could only speak. Mankind has always been interested in antiquities, and has gained much knowledge by studying the same. They have been the means, in many instances, by which ancient races have been identified.

The Coos and Curry Counties Pioneer Historical Assn. has had for its purpose, the collection of the relics of the early days, in this region, not that it is only their own concern, but it is for the benefit of the entire country and, if and when the present personnel of the Association has passed on, the interest in such affairs will be bound to wane and, in a few decades, all that has been done up to this time, would have been in vain. With these possibilities confronting us, it would be well to spur up the old "hoss" and plow a few more furrows toward the goal.

There is the location question, the building question, along with a few more minor things to be threshed out and settled, as well as a lot of publicity, which much come from the heart of the membership in the form of unity of purpose. Let's Go!

—R. M. Harrison, Press Cor. C. & C. P. H. A.

One Traffic Accident For Each 13 Cars In Oregon In 1944

There was one traffic accident for every 13 motor vehicles registered in the state of Oregon during the year 1944, Secretary of State Robert S. Farrell said today, in announcing a total of 30,953 traffic accidents reported in Oregon last year.

The ratio of 13 vehicles per accident was the same in 1943 when there were 31,376 reportable accidents in Oregon, Farrell said. In 1941, the peak year for motor vehicle operation in Oregon, the ratio was one accident for every eight vehicles registered in the state, compared to the one for every 13 during the past two years. In 1941 there were 49,674 accidents, with 435,970 vehicles registered.

Farrell said accident reports during the latter part of 1944 indicated the need for greater attention to mechanical condition of automotive equipment. Insufficient braking power, poorly adjusted lights or no lights at all, inadequate windshield wipers and such mechanical failures as steering knuckles and tie rods were reported as accident causes.

With many cars ten years old or older, there is need for careful attention to mechanical equipment, the secretary of state said. He emphasized, however, that the human element still is the most important factor in accidents.

"Despite the fact we are driving older cars, we still could avoid most of the reportable accidents in Oregon by observing common sense rules in traffic," Farrell said. "The greater proportion of the accidents in 1944 could have been prevented had the drivers been alert, observed traffic rules and regulations, considered the rights of others and avoided unnecessary risks."

Lulu Belle and Scotty Starring in Musical Comedy, "Sing Neighbor Sing"



Invariably a surprise to fans who see them, for the first time are Lulu Belle and Scotty currently featured in Republic's gay musical comedy, "Sing, Neighbor, Sing," on the screen at the Liberty Theatre Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

There is always a first gasp of surprise when the glamorous Lulu Belle makes her appearance looking as she really does. Her trim figure, her red-gold hair, her large eyes, and her smart but simple clothes never fail to draw admiring sighs from her fans. Scotty is tall, slim, blonde and good-

looking. One of the few times that they appear sans overalls, bandanas, high shoes and slipping petticoats, is in the new picture in which Lulu Belle is, of all things, a phrenologist student. Scotty remains in character, however, as a mountain boy who can make the kind of music that has placed the couple at the top of radio popularity polls.

Roy Acuff, and his band are featured in the tuneful film which has Ruth Terry and Brad Taylor in the romantic leading roles.

LOOK UP before you plant young trees. When you dig holes for the seedlings, please look up and make certain they are ten feet or more away from the telephone lines. It takes but a few years for the top branches of healthy trees to grow high enough to rub wires and wear off insulation, thereby causing service to be cut-off. Telephone linemen have no desire to cut away the limbs of beautiful shade trees, but if vital telephone wires are being damaged, unfortunately this job must be done to assure you uninterrupted service. Protect your trees... look up before planting! West Coast Telephone Company

Having sold Our Lease on the Coquille Hotel Coffee Shop. We wish to express our appreciation to the Public for their patronage during the past year and to bespeak for our successor in the business, Mr. Al Jones, who comes here from Los Angeles, a continuation of that patronage and support. Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Pressnall

From where I sit... by Joe Marsh. America Has its Portrait Painted. Dan Mascon's cousin, an honest-goodness artist, came to our town. And when he heard we were having a weenie roast, he asked could he come and bring his paints. After he got through working on his canvas... he had as nice a picture of us enjoying ourselves as you could ask for... complete to the last little detail... from Molly Bartle's dimples to the foam on Ed Carey's glass of beer. "I'm calling it a portrait of America," Dan's cousin says. Joe Marsh. No. 107 of a Series Copyright, 1945, United States Brewers Foundation

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