

Cottage Grove Sentinel

Published Every Thursday at
Cottage Grove, Oregon
Established August 15, 1889

W. C. MARTIN

Editor, Publisher

Subscription Rates, Cash in Advance

In Lane-Douglas Counties	1 year \$2.00
In Lane-Douglas Counties	6 months \$1.25
In Lane-Douglas Counties	3 months \$.75
Outside This District	1 year \$2.25
Outside This District	6 months \$1.50
Outside This District	3 months \$.90
Exceptions to men and women in armed forces:	
In U. S. A.	1 year \$2.00; 6 months \$1.50; 3 months \$1.00.
Overseas:	1 year \$1.50; 6 months \$1.00.

Foreign rates on application. No subscription accepted for less than 3 months. Important: In changing address notify us immediately and give former as well as present address.

Entered at Cottage Grove, Oregon, as second class matter.

Member
OREGON NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION
Active Member

MAYBE TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

In 1940 we all heard a good deal about being there with too little, too late and it looks from here that this particular section may be facing the same situation if and when the war ends and we face the post war period. A number of places are making plans for observing V day. Perhaps in view of what the boys across have gone through with a boisterous celebration would be out of order as was suggested by an article from a subscriber in the last issue of the Sentinel. Personally we just as soon work that much harder to wash up the whole war mess, but knowing human nature as we do, we doubt if the work plan on victory day will be followed rather we think the same thing will happen as in 1918 and if so each community ought to have some sort of suggested plan, be it church services, store closing or what not. Likely we will let nature take its course here.

Of prime importance to us is the fact that little or nothing has been done by most of us toward post war plans and toward making plans for readjustments necessary following the war. As has been said before, we shall either put forth a little initiative in trying to solve our own problems or be forced to accept the government's blue print.

Letting nature take its course won't win any battles as far as such battles affect our welfare are concerned any more than the same philosophy will win political battles.

FARM BUYERS WARNED

The U. S. Department of Agriculture, alarmed over rising land prices and the prospect that inexperienced buyers will rush into losing purchases, is reported to be planning a "Don't Buy-a-Farm Campaign." as reported in the September issue of FARM JOURNAL. The USDA denies it, but does admit it is wheeling out its publicity artillery to discourage inflation and uninformed or speculative land buying.

From three different USDA agencies have come pamphlets, designed for wide circulation, all telling the same story: Make a careful choice; pay only what the land is worth on the basis of long-time earnings; keep debts in line with repayment capacity in poor years.

KICKED WHILE DOWN

During the early stages of the campaign, the president sticks his neck out, leaves himself wide open for criticism. Then the columnists and the republican party leaders start in on him. He becomes the downtrodden guy, kicked in the rear while he is down. His move then is to come to life and chat over the good old radio. He lets the domineering guys have it—and the masses go for it. If the republicans and Dewey fall for this, they are courting defeat.—Newberg Graphic.

INCREASED DEBTS

Farm and home mortgages are not as large as they once were, neither are the personal debts. It isn't much comfort to those that are debt free to reflect on the fact that the national per capita debt is now about \$2,000 for each man, woman and child within the United States. Multiply this figure by the population of your district and it gives an idea of the present national debt.

MARITAL STRATEGY

(Pathfinder Magazine)
Urging many more counseling centers and courses in marriage relationships, the Federal Council of Churches says returning soldiers will often find marriage comparable to war in that "it requires sound strategy, effective tactics, and coordination of effort" to attain success.

"Families which have a religious faith and a vital church life have a higher average of marital happiness," the Council's Commission on Marriage and Home said. In its message entitled "Marriage Happiness After Wartime Separation," the Commission says more churches and other organizations are needed to adequately aid these young married couples.

HARVEY ROAD STILL SAFE

Dear Editor:
According to the papers Harvey Road seems to be the standard by which all products are judged, thus if it is as good as Harvey Road it is worthy of being put in the paper.

Our Experimental farm has been running a series of tests on electricity and have decided that in many ways it is the equal of

kerosene for lights and practical for use in the home. The entire staff are now at work trying to solve the yellow jacket problem. A survey is being made and charts are being drawn up and methods of control are being studied.

No feuds have broken out in the last thirty six hours and it is perfectly safe for people to visit their friends and relatives in this district.

Yours for prosperity,
Cliff Roberts.

Summer Haven

For nearly a century the quiet, cool heights of the White mountains in New Hampshire which sweep in a jumbled mass from the waistline of the state nearly to the Canadian border, have lured summer residents. When eastern cities are sizzling under the torrid July and August sun, White mountain resorts enjoy temperatures that seldom force the mercury above 80 degrees in the shade during the day. A night, comfort usually calls for evening wraps for wearers of hot weather attire.

Face Challenge

Prospects are that competition among fibers will be on an intensified scale in the postwar period. Textile research and aggressive merchandising by the synthetic producers will press the old established textile industries to make adjustments in keeping with the times. While the market for the natural fibers may not be seriously threatened in the immediate future, the rapid scientific developments that may take place are a challenge that must be faced.

Pirate Courageous

The pirate Blackbeard had great personal courage. It took five pistol wounds and 20 sword wounds for Lieutenant Maynard to down him in the historic fight off Ocracoke, N. C.

AT FIRST
SIGN OF A
COLD
USE 666
Cold Preparations as directed



FOREWORD

The author, Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., served under my command from July 1, 1942, to January 9, 1943, as commander of my fighter force. The only criticism of his actions as group commander was that he consistently scheduled himself as a pilot on all possible missions. He led all types of combat missions, both specialized in the most dangerous, such as long-range flights to strike from minimum altitude Jap air-dromes, motor vehicles, and shipping deep in enemy territory. It was often necessary for me to forbid his participation in combat missions in order to enable him to discharge the many other duties of a group commander.

His story is a record of persistence, determination, and courage from early boyhood. Having determined early in life that he had to fly, he overcame all obstacles in the way to the attainment of his ambition. This story alone should be an inspiration to every American boy. Having become a military pilot, his determined struggle to meet the enemy and his glorious record first, as a "One Man Air Force," and later, as a commander of the American Fighters in China, should be an inspiration to all Americans of all ages.

Colonel Scott's group of fighters always operated against greatly superior numbers of the enemy. Often the odds were five to one against them. Their planes and equipment were usually battered by hard usage and supplies were extremely limited. Both Scott and his handful of pilots had one resource in unlimited quantities—courage. They also possessed initiative and a never-failing desire to destroy the enemy. They were themselves out doing the work of ten times their number. They demonstrated time and again that American pilots and planes are superior to the Japs. The results which they achieved prove indisputably that the enemy can be destroyed or driven from China if adequate equipment and supplies are made available. The offensive spirit displayed by Scott and his early pilots lives on in the men who replaced them. They impatiently await the weapons needed to drive on into the heart of Japan and to final victory.

C. L. CHENNAULT,
Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding, 14th Air Force.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

My decision for the title of this book was probably made back there in Kunming one afternoon as the doctor dug those five rivet heads from my back. They had been driven in when a Jap explosive bullet hit the armor plate behind my seat. To keep my mind off the pain the big Cantonese intern of Doctor Manget's kept talking to me. He seemed to find it hard to believe that I flew the little fighter alone—that I dropped the bombs—fired the six machine guns—changed the fuel tanks—navigated and landed the fighter. Finally, with disbelief in his eyes, he looked at me and said, "Colonel, you are up there all alone—even talk over the radio when you shoot the guns?" As I waited for him to go on with another question, I heard the old doctor say, "No, son—you're not up there alone—not with all the things you come through. You have the greatest copilot in the world even if there is just room for one in that fighter ship—no, you're not alone."

I believe when this war is over that we will be closer to God than at any time in the past. I believe this because I have seen instances of real faith on all fronts. Take for instance: Just the other day a song came out, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." That could have been conceived as a title or as the theme of the song only by some real event. A ship landed with an engine shot away—the fuselage gutted by fire and the plane riddled with bullets. One of the war correspondents hurried out to the wounded pilot and asked, "How in the world did you bring this ship in . . . ?" The pilot shook his head, smiled and replied, "I don't know—ask the Man upstairs."

We who fly are going to get to know that Great Flying Boss in the sky better and better. My personal ambition is that He permit me to go again into combat against the Jap or the Hun; that He help me just a little to shoot down a hundred Jap ships—even a thousand. Then I hope He lets me come back to tell another story. I'm going to name that one—the sequel to this one—GOD IS STILL MY CO-PILOT.

R. L. S.

CHAPTER I

Even the angels in heaven must have shrugged their wings after the few seconds of my first flight. For back home in Macon, Georgia, in 1920, I must have been, even at age twelve, the "vandal" type. There I climbed the steeple of the Baptist Church, and from the belfry took twelve whitish pigeons, carried them to a tent-meeting of Holy Rollers, and at the tense moment of fanatic prayer released them. I can remember nearly splitting my sides laughing at what happened—the darkies were rolling on the sawdust floor. They were rolling their eyes and yelling, "Gideon, Gideon—hal-leluiah—glory, glory!" I suppose the pigeons really did look like doves of peace.

But I had reckoned without the old preacher, who had me arrested for disturbing the noisy peace. When I got out of jail, more embarrassed than anything else, I swore vengeance on the Holy Rollers and the old preacher. Early one morning while delivering papers I took a razor blade and cut off fifty feet of canvas from the side wall of the converted circus tent—took it away and hid it in the woods.

I had no use for the pilfered canvas, and to excuse myself from a nagging conscience I tried to forget it. But every morning I saw the jagged hole that I had made for vengeance. Later on I decided to build a glider, and for wing-covering the canvas was ideal. Then, with the cloth stretched over the ribs of the airfoils and varnished for lightening, even with American insignia painted on the fuselage, I found myself ready to fly. Two of my friends helped me pull it to the roof of a high colonial home in Macon, and when they steadying the wings I ran down the sloping roof and flew out into space. Now in those days I knew nothing of "main-spars," "center sections," or "wing-loading." With a crack like the closing of the jail door, the wing buckled in the center and I crashed sixty-seven feet to the ground. The Cherokee rose bush—that sacred State flower of Georgia into which I fell—probably saved my life, but the thorns stayed with me for a long time.

After my father had pulled me from the wreckage—more scared than hurt—I was ordered to tear the glider apart. I did, but saved the ill-fated canvas for other plans. Later on it was used to cover the barrel-stave ribs of a home-made canoe which was intended to transport me down the Ocmulgee River to the sea, some twelve hundred miles away as the winding river ran. I had made about six hundred miles of the trip when the sailing canoe caught on a snag and the current rolled us to the muddy bottom, tangled in the rope rigging of the sail. In the seconds that followed I nearly drowned—I saw my whole mispent life parade before my eyes. Finally the rope broke and I swam ashore; but I had already decided to leave the sacred canvas, seasoning forever, at the bottom of the Ocmulgee River.

Once again my mind turned to flying. I confined my aircraft construction to scale models, and finally made a flying one which won the first Boy Scout Aviation merit badge in that part of the country. I remember when General Mitchell (Billy Mitchell) led a flight of fast-looking MB-3's through the home town. I crawled into one of the baggage compartments in hopes that I would be flown on to Florida in this dawn-to-dusk flight. But the mechanics found me, and I missed making the pursuit ship any taller than it normally was.

It was far back when I was five or six, that I had seen my first plane. A pilot by the name of Elmer in and was killed, and a grief-stricken mother begged me to be a pilot. I never forgot that feeling my appetite for it. I thought that I was a pilot from the earth, but most of all, I wanted to fly. I was a pilot of the fact, little single-engine—a fighter pilot.

In 1921 I read of an aviation sale of wartime Jennys in America. Georgia. Gathering the largest fortune that I could collect, I drove my cut-down Model-T racing Ford to buy myself a real plane. As the auctioneer's hammer hit the block for the first time that morning I opened with my maximum bid—Seventy-five dollars! The auctioneer did look my way, but the look was merely a frown. Far in the back of the hangar a heavy voice called, "Six hundred dollars." And to this man the Jenny went, one by one. I must have bid over a hundred times before the morning had gone—the sale had stopped for lunch and had been resumed.

That afternoon I kept bidding, and as I said "Seventy-five dollars" for about my hundredth time, I heard heavy breathing over my right shoulder. I turned to look at the man who had been overbidding me, and the deep voice said, "Now listen, son, I'm going to let you have this one for your seventy-five dollars. Get it and get the hell out of here, because I'm buying all the rest for an airline." Anyway I had a real plane, all crated up. I hauled it home on a truck, hid it in another boy's garage so my parents couldn't find out about it, and began trying to assemble the parts.

For days and weeks I worked, but couldn't get the knack of it. Finally I received a letter from a street-car conductor who said he had been a pilot in the war. He offered to help me put the Jenny together, and teach me to fly and navigate, if I would give him use of the plane for "barnstorming" over the State on week-ends.

The partnership began. He taught me some fundamentals, like taxiing faster and faster until the ship was almost ready to take off. I went to Chandler Field in Atlanta and took several lessons with the instructors there in Eagles and Jennys, until one day I trusted myself to take off from the racetrack of my hometown fairgrounds. I still don't see how I got by with the flight, because I knew nothing about the coordination of controls or the technique of flying—though no one seemed to know much about them in those days. But the ship was a pretty safe old crate, the wing skids saved me from digging a wingtip in on the forthcoming ground-loops, and I got away with murder.

All of this ended very suddenly. The street-car conductor instructor of mine came back to land one night and hooked the Jenny's right wing on the guy-wire of a smoke-stack. That was the last of him and the last of my Jenny, because they both burned.

As the years went on I moved up in the Boy Scouts until at seventeen, in 1925, I was one of the highest in the country, and had more merit badges than any other Scout in the South. With all of them, however, my schooling had suffered, for to me flying and athletics came before books and such. I sometimes think the only way I ever completed high school was for my patient mother and father to promise to let me work my way to Europe on freighters in the summer only when I could pass studies like Spanish and English. I don't think, though, that my parents knew I had resolved to go to West Point. For after talking to men in the Air Corps I had discovered that if a boy went to the Training center at Brooks Field, near San Antonio, as a Flying Cadet, his future was rather indefinite. The Government would train you to fly, give you the best course in the world. Then they would order you to active duty as a Reserve Officer for about a year. After that, due to economy programs, it might all be over.

Wanting to fly for the rest of my life, I had charted my course. I resolved to go to the Military Academy and become a regular army officer first; then to be ordered to the Air Corps Training Center as a student officer. After completing the flying course, I would have a lifetime in front of me as a pilot in the Regular Army.

The greatest fight I had was to get into the Military Academy, for appointments were scarce in the South. I wrote all the Senators and Congressmen in Georgia, but found they had promised their quotas long before. All such refusals merely made me more determined to win the opportunity. I wrote not only my own State political leaders but those of other States. Finally, the Congressman of my Georgia district—at the earnest plea of home-town friends who knew of my Boy Scout record—gave me second alternate. This proved of little value; the principal won out by merely reciting his high-school credits and passing the physical examination. The next year I was given first alternate from a Senator but again the principal won.

Hope of entering the Academy seemed to wane, for I was approaching maximum age limit for application. The same year I tried a competitive examination with the National Guard, but failed the algebra subject. This failure at least proved to me that though my studies in high school may have been passed, I had learned very little. My stock in myself was at a low ebb, there in 1926, when the high-school principal did me the greatest favor in the world by his remark: "Well, you really didn't expect to go to West Point, did you?" And the smile that accompanied the slur made me swear that by all that was high and holy I would get there.

The things that followed were chronologically peculiar for any boy. I'll bet I'm one of the few in this world who was graduated from high school, attended two colleges, and then returned to high school to really get the foundation I had missed. I knew I had at last learned that what one of the old professors said was right: "Not for school, but for life, we learn."

Returning to my old high school, I chose my own courses and subjected myself to several periods of mathematics, history, and English every day. The professors, who remembered me as seldom opening a book, glanced at one another as though they thought they had a psychopathic case on their hands. But I acquired some of the knowledge I had missed, and the next summer—June, 1927—I went to Fort McPherson and enlisted in the Regular Army as a private. There I became Private Scott, Serial Number 6355544, in Company "B" of the 22nd Infantry. Three months later, after a preliminary examination, I began training in the Fourth Corps Area—West Point Prep School.

MEDIC DECLARES MINERAL OIL AS LAXATIVE DETRIMENTAL

Strongly Condemns Use of Petrolatum and Its Products

Writing in the Archives of Pediatrics, May 1943, Dr. John Zahorsky, of St. Louis, strongly condemns use of petrolatum:

"The evidence that petrolatum administered internally may be detrimental to the physiological function of the body and cause chronic pathologic change in the tissues is increasing. Even on the skin annoying inflammatory reactions may occur from its application, especially in young infants. It seems time, therefore, for pediatricians to discard this substance almost completely from their therapeutic armamentarium."

Dr. Zahorsky goes on to quote substantial evidence to back up his contention. He quotes Stryker (Archives of Pathology), "Small amounts of petrolatum are absorbed from the alimentary tract in human subjects and experimental animals. The globules are lodged most profusely in the mesenteric lymph nodes, but also found in the intestinal mucosa, liver and spleen."

He also quotes Morgan (Journal of American Medical Assn.) who called attention to symptoms of chronic indigestion often found in persons taking petrolatum for constipation for a long period. Apparently the sigmoid and rectum are the seat of the principal damage as the hard stool, on being compressed by rectal contractions force minute globules of oil into the crypts.

Dr. Zahorsky further proves his case by quoting the results of several other workers condemning the use of mineral oil as a laxative.

Dr. H. A. Hagen

Edward J. Leum Dies Saturday

Edward J. Leum, 72 of 819 First, Cottage Grove, died at a Eugene hospital Saturday morning, September 9th, following a stroke suffered at his home last Thursday.

He was born October 11, 1872 at Orck-Daler, Norway, where he grew to manhood and received his education, coming to the United States at the age of 18 years. The family first located in Minneapolis, Minnesota. In 1904 he came west and first settled at Ashland and moved to Cottage Grove in 1906, where he has since resided.

He has followed the occupation of a retail lumber salesman and has been in the employ of J. H. Chambers and son since coming here.

He was a member of the Catholic church and the A. O. U. W. of Central Lodge, Minnesota.

He is survived by his wife and four children: Sister Martha Mary with the little sisters of the poor in Philadelphia; Mrs. Clara Smith of Cottage Grove, E. C. Leum of Portland and Miss Margaret Leum at home.

Rosary was held at the Smith Funeral chapel Monday evening at 7:30 p. m. and services at the Catholic church Tuesday at 9:00 a. m. Interment was in the Masonic-I. O. O. F. cemetery with the Rev. Father Louis Scholer, officiating.

Forest Fire Hazard Eased by Rains This Morning

Two light showers, one of which fell this morning, eased local forests over their most critical period and sent loggers back to the woods in most places. The rainfall up to this morning amounted to less than a quarter of an inch, but the weatherman brought lower temperatures and a promise of more rain. Logging was resumed.

Films Developed and Printed

25c and 8 Exposures

REPRINTS 3c EACH. Guaranteed Work.

Thrifty-Wise
Cottage Grove, Ore.

OUR DEMOCRACY by Mat

IT'S SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

$$2 + 2 = 4$$

Wasteful spending

Does no good,

Means less money saved

Future plans in doubt.

Prudent spending

Helps us all,

Means more money saved

in

And future plans assured.

