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WORLD'S BIGGEST BUSINESS

Operation of the United government is the biggest business in the world today, with governmental expenditures approaching a budget of the three hundred billion mark. All of us help pay the bill and can have a part in the operation of this giant enterprise, but few take the trouble to learn much about what is going on. The ultimate result is that even in a so-called democracy it simmers down to where a few run the show and if we choose those employed by us in private enterprise in the same manner a government official is chosen, we would hear a lot more about business fatalities and have a lot more bankruptcies.

This is a presidential election year and most political observers look for a vote not to exceed sixty two percent. If this is true approximately fifty out of 130 million people will have no part in choosing a chief executive nor will they have a voice in saying how we shall spend billions of dollars to fight wars and run the government, but they will help pay for it and their sons and daughters are helping to fight the present war and will be called on to fight and die in the next one. How much has the average citizen at stake? We would say plenty.

Certainly just as much as Sidney Hillman, Earl Browder, Hague of New Jersey or Tom Pendergrass of Kansas City. These boys are all in the fight trying to tell us how to vote for a single reason, to continue to ride the gravy train. If we let them, the politicians with the bureau boys will continue to increase government red tape, tell us what we can eat and wear and what we can say.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

A good many of our readers may be interested in an article of bulb growing which appeared in the September 25th issue of the Saturday Evening Post under the caption, "Holland Was Never Like This". The article is a big boost for the northwest as a bulb growing center and should be of particular interest to the local lily growers.

A good many people view the lily growing experiment here as more or less of a war baby and look for the experiment to peter out once the war ends. The article mentioned above brings out some of the possibilities of placing bulb growing on a permanent basis and tells why it can be done.

The great trouble with launching any sort of new enterprise is that some people are waiting to throw cold water on any enthusiasm engendered by the initial success and will go to some length in relating how a similar experiment failed twenty, thirty or even fifty years ago. The Chinese evidently hold to many of the same theories which accounts for their backward customs in doing things just like great, great, great, grandfather did 500 years ago.

WHERE THANKS ARE DUE

A country grocer recently said to a somewhat irate customer: "If you had to keep track of all rules and regulations that I get from those pencil pushers in Washington, you would be more lenient in your attitude toward the merchant. Men who apparently know nothing about meat cutting, tell us how to cut meat, what cuts we can keep in our show case, and how we can prepare it. We are all glad to help ration supplies and control prices but the rationers and price fixers ought to be required to have some practical experience before they are allowed to make their fancy rules and regulations."

We can all allow for mistakes under the price control act, but we never want to accept the idea that after the war it will be necessary to continue indefinitely the restrictions which the buying public and the producers and merchants have had to endure.

Rationing and price control have been a success because of an efficient retail merchandising system which was able to carry out a rationing and price control program which, without the cooperation of the merchants, would have been impossible of accomplishment. The nation has its merchants to thank for the unprecedented distribution of necessities and luxuries which it has enjoyed during the war emergency.

"We often wonder if we are getting the most value from the multiple farm agencies operating in the county... whether we are getting the most from our productive soil." — John Guion in the Paris (Ark.) Express.

REDUCE THAT WAISTLINE

By Dr. H. A. Hagen.

A bulging waistline is not only an indication of physical neglect but it is a warning that ill health may occur if steps are not taken to correct this condition. This may seem like a very broad statement, but it isn't. You will agree to its plausibility when you remember that the abdominal region houses the vital digestive and eliminative organs. The stomach, spleen, liver, pancreas, kidneys, and intestines are located here endeavoring to carry on their specialized functions of breaking down the food you eat into media that can be utilized by the body. The intestines, particularly the large intestines, are also burdened with the task of preparing non-absorbable matter and bodily wastes for evacuation.

Now, nature has so designed the body that all its vital areas are protected in some manner from outside forces. While the brain, for example, is protected by the skull bones, the digestive organs rely upon abdominal muscles. These muscles, which extend from the hip bones to the lower ribs have several duties. First, they support and protect the underlying abdominal organs. Second, they assist in trunk bending and twisting movements, help maintain erect posture and when activated beneficially influence digestion and elimination.

Insufficient exercise allows the abdominal muscles to weaken. Not

only do they then lose their ability to properly support the abdominal organs, but elimination may be slackened due to loss of the massage produced upon the intestines when the muscles are activated.

NOT BEING BURNED UP BY EXERCISE, fatty material tends to settle about the intestines. As the fat accumulates and the muscles weaken because of idleness, the abdominal contents commence push outward and downward. And right before your eyes you see the birth of the bulging waistline or "baywindow" as it is known in the cocktail lounge.

A "bay window" is not only disfiguring but it leads to impaired health. The greater the protrusion becomes, the more the intestines move out of normal position with resultant liability to constipation and digestive disturbances.

So if you're losing that trim waistline, get on the ball now and take matters into your own hands before the bulge expands further. Unless you have some pathological condition or are incapacitated, you can adjust the condition quite simply.

Proper dietary and corrective exercises will most likely do the trick in restoring your waist line to normal contours.

Vitamin A

Americans obtain one-half of their vitamin A and nearly two-thirds of their vitamin C from vegetables and fruits, says the War Food adminis-



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

CHAPTER II: Scott wins the West Point competitive exam and gets a full scholarship. He is graduated as a second lieutenant of infantry and goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He sells his motorcycle and arrives at Randolph Field, Texas.

CHAPTER III

Though I had flown before in the prehistoric crates of the past, this fact had nothing to do with whether or not I would get through the course. On the side against me was the fact that during my unsupervised flying I had doubtless developed many faults that were not for the Army pilot to be proud of. In a case like mine, some pilots think they know it all; therefore there is nothing to learn. Others make such an effort to please their instructors that this very eagerness works against them as their own worst enemy—the result of tenseness.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them. I listened almost spellbound through our oral communications system in that primary trainer—that speaking-tube which we called a "gosport" and which at best was hard to understand over the rattle of that Wright Whirlwind engine. I used to try to read his mind, execute his every little whim. I even tried to outguess Lieutenant Landon and have the stick and rudder moving in the right direction before he could get the orders out of his mouth.

Now thereby hangs a tale. I was not only trying to look in his rearview mirror and actually read his lips when I couldn't hear through the gosport, but was diligently looking about the sky for other hare-brained student pilots. He must have realized my eagerness, for he gave me every break—and for the many times I pulled I needed lots of breaks.

One day, at a bare four-hundred feet altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "Okay, Scott, put it in a dive." I peered around first and then at the nearby ground, for it looked very low to be going into a dive. Then like a flash I thought I understood: Why, he's trying to see if I'm ground-shy—I'll show him I'm not.

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at point-blank altitude. Just as the cotton fields down below seemed about to come right into my lap I felt Ted Landon grab the controls and saw him hastily point to his head with the sign that he was "taking over." We came out just over the mesquite trees, and he roughly slipped the ship into a bumpy landing in a cotton field. Then, while I was trying to add things up and realizing already that I had tied it up again, I saw Ted very methodically raise his goggles and with great deliberation climb out of the front cockpit. He glared at me but said sweetly enough:

"Scott, what in the g—d—hell are you trying to do—what was that maneuver? I said glide—G-L-I-D-E. Don't you at least know what a normal glide is in all this time?"

Weakly I said, "Sir, I thought you said a dive." I could see Ted fight for control; then he told me the next time I had him at an altitude so low, not to attempt to think but just try to keep the ship straight and level.

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, we had been making only take-offs and landings, and I knew the time was approaching when I would solo. As usual, that realization made me more and more tense as the end of the period neared. On the take-offs I'd tense up and forget all about holding the nose straight, and on the landings I'd jerk back on the stick instead of easing it slowly back into the approach to landing stall. All I could do was day-dream about: Here we are, Scott, just about to take over and prove to the world that we can do all of this by ourselves.

Around the field in traffic I couldn't hold the correct altitude, and my instructor was cussing a blue streak. He yelled about my having graduated from West Point and said that he knew I was supposed to have some brains but he hadn't been able to find them. After each bumpy landing he'd look around at me and hold his nose—that was symbolic enough for me. I finally bounced into another landing that nearly jarred his teeth out. Then, as usual, he showed what a prince of a fellow he was, and showed me that an instructor had to become accustomed to students' making mistakes—knowledge which stood me in good stead years later when I became an instructor.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of moments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the time-book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me. So I grabbed the hand and shook it. He just grinned and growled:

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air. Honestly, the living of this life was wonderful—here I was an actual Army Pilot with my own ship, and up here free from the shackles of the earth. I envied no one. Circling in traffic I'd "get my head in the clouds" and gain or lose altitude but that didn't matter. I was soloing.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in towards Lieutenant Landon. By the gods he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him—I wouldn't have my instructor being ashamed of his student. Even before I got to the moment to level off, I could see that I would land right on top of him. But the Lieutenant was running, throwing his parachute away just to get clear of a student who had really taken him literally.

Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after leveling off too high. Well, I held it straight and there was no ground—loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face. A pilot! I had landed the ship and it was actually in one piece!

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute—you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas, in the sun, with ships landing all around him. My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-stick, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxi out and pick him up. But I had lost again—the ship was being



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot out there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I knew he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damndest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

My time came to ride with him. We went out over the rolling hills of Texas, went through our chandelles and Lazy 8's—spins and stalls—shot a few landings. Then, as we put the ship down on Randolph Field, he taxied to the exact spot I had left him the day before. Looking back at me he said sweetly:

"Scott, you were kinda inaccurate in your landings yesterday. You get out and watch me. I'll show you what I wanted."

Getting out with a puzzled expression, I stood aside. First he taxied

the tail at me and ran the ship up full gun, blowing Texas dust all over me. Then he took off and came around to land. Three times he did this, each time making me run like hell to get out of the way. Just as I was completely out of breath he landed, looked back at me, and began to taxi in to the hangars—leaving me to the long, hot walk across Randolph Field with the parachute.

I shall never forget the smile he wore as I trudged in past him where he sat smoking a cigar. His look spoke volumes, though he said nothing. I felt good, too, and happy. He could have used no better method to make me relax, to make me feel as though I had actually joined the brotherhood of Air Corps pilots. Next day I soloed again, but definitely remembered to taxi over and take him back to the line with me.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia. To get to see her, I would drive that thirteen-hundred-mile to her college or her home in Fort Valley, spend anywhere from ten minutes to two hours with her, then jump back in the car and drive madly for Texas and the Monday morning flying period. I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from after inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?" And me meekly replying, "Atlanta, Georgia, Sir." He just said, "Hell, no," and I turned and walked from his office with the good intention of obeying the order.

But within the hour I had weakened. I filled my rumble-seat tank, which held fifty-five gallons of fuel, and was off to see her for the short time available. (Yes, she was, and still is some girl.) On the return trip I burned out two beari-gas near Patterson, Louisiana. Jimmy Wedell, one of the well-known speed flyers, helped me to get it fixed after I explained the predicament I was in. But even with five of us working on the number one and number six bearings of the Chevy, I was twelve hours late getting back to Randolph Field.

As I walked into the bachelor officers' quarters that I shared with Bob Terrill, I expected any minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions." Finally he put down his letter writing, looked at me almost in disgust, and broke out:

"Scott, you are the damndest luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. Not! This is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have ground school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars—and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? It'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end." But I found that I still had some talking to do.

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though, on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called over and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia, to see my girl. I thanked him and went, but I of course didn't have the heart to tell him that I had been heel enough to go many times before, in secret.

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at last an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college. Probably if I had gone to Hawaii, I would have figured out some way to have flown a P-12 back over every week—but I didn't have to do it after all.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story—and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days lat-

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CHIROPRACTIC IS SCIENTIFIC. For it depends upon the data of anatomy, physiology, neurology, and pathology in analyzing every case, and its uses radiography and other scientific techniques in the examination of the patient.—From The Chiropractor Looks at Infection by Verner and Weiant. Dr. J. H. A. Hagen

er, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, New York.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest—I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

I recall that I had just about completed the trip to Long Island, when something happened that will keep me remembering the fall of 1933.

Just before I reached the Holland Tunnel, I was suddenly forced to the curb by three cars all bristling with sawed-off shotguns and Tommy-guns. I jumped out pretty mad, but saw that many guns were covering me and that it was the police. They looked at my papers, but said anyone could have mimeographed orders. They searched the car and me, took down the Texas license number, and even copied the engine number. All the time I tried to talk with the flashlights in my eyes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO MORE SEALING OVERSEAS CANS

Don Kabler, supervisor of the community cannery announced Tuesday morning that word had been received from the state vocational department at Salem that no more cans could be sealed here containing candy, nuts, etc., for overseas mailing. This is a national ruling. Those who may have cans to seal get in touch with Miss Nellie Lyle, home demonstration agent at Eugene.

Official Flowers
Hawaii chose the lehua; Alaska, the forget-me-not and the District of Columbia, the American Beauty Rose as official flowers.

HARVEY ROAD BOOTS OF ITS PREHISTORIC FOOTPRINTS

Another find has come to light in the Harvey Road district; foot prints of a prehistoric man, or were they prehistoric? Mrs. M. Johnson left a stone with a human foot print on it at the Sentinel office yesterday and the find immediately caused a hot argument. Was this print made by the prehistoric ancestors of Cliff Roberts, Tuffy Finnerly or Cowboy Davis? No, say some of the old timers because they could remember when Harvey road people started wearing shoes and this has not been many years ago. The footprint shows the wearer was barefooted. The footprint further shows the wearer was sure making tracks and appeared to be running from something. Maybe from hornets.

Good Eating
The thick stems near the flower heads of broccoli are also edible and as fine a flavor as the heads of buds. The leaves, however, are stronger in flavor and while esteemed by foreign cooks do not appeal to the American taste, which takes only to the thick tender stems and flower heads.

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