

**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.

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1944  
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**ANOTHER PHASE OF RECONVERSION**

Reconversion is the fad word now and its being overworked. We have heard a lot about reconversion of our physical resources following the war. So far as our own locality is concerned, we have not done anything to brag about the problem of reconversion in the anticipated changes of our physical needs following the war, but to have a satisfactory reconversion many of us will have to change our mental attitude more particularly with reference to the so-called easy money that comes so easy and goes just as easy. The idea of doing with less isn't going to be readily accepted, but we face this prospect nevertheless.

The problem of reconversion might be less difficult if we could accept it not so much of man power as mental power and unity power for the force that backs our fighting men is not merely the force of arms; it is the force of coordinated thought. It is the ideal of working together in a practical way.

In war we learn how necessary it is to put aside our personal preference and do a job in the common interest. When the war ends will we forget our hard earned lessons and slump back into the selfish ways of life? Why can not we reconvert this moral force to change the objective of the war to fight conditions, not men.

If we could fight poverty and disease with one tenth the energy we have put into a fighting people we could destroy our old enemy and assure the future of those who are to follow. Hard work is required to make our soldiers healthy and strong; to face death and mutilation. Can we work as hard to make our children strong and healthy; to wipe out the plagues of disease?

**AS OREGON GOES SO GOES THE UNION**

It used to be, "As Maine goes, so goes the Union," but now Oregon replaces Maine as the index state.

From 1860, the first election after Oregon's statehood, the union went with Oregon in 17 presidential elections, while the union went with Maine in only 15 presidential elections.

As a miniature of the United States as a whole, Oregon has many of the characteristics of the whole country—about the same proportion of native born and foreign born; about the same proportion of city and rural population; about the same proportion of agricultural, commercial, industrial and service population; about the same per capita wealth and about the same per capita income.

Gallup polls repeatedly have shown the same percentages for Oregon as for the country as a whole, both on opinions, on trends and on elections. So much so, that a sample of Oregon opinion could be regarded as a sample of opinion in the United States as a whole—Oregon Voter.

**DON'T FORGET THAT CHRISTMAS PACKAGE**

Should the war end in Europe by Christmas, navy men will still be actively engaged in the Atlantic theatre transporting army troops. In the Pacific theatre, navy forces are constantly increasing and will continue to increase in the coming months. With many conjectures that boys in Europe will be home for Christmas, there has been a tendency to slack in mailing Christmas packages in the hope that the man will be home to receive it himself. This feeling may bring disappointment to many men, and it is vigorously urged that all packages to navy, marine, and coast guard personnel be mailed NOW.

**MORE ABOUT THAT FOOTPRINT**

1532 3rd St. Red Bluff, Calif.  
October 1st, '44

The Sentinel,  
Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Dear Editor Martin:

Being an "Old Timer" of Cottage Grove and familiar with the Harvey Road country I have followed with interest the reports of "happenings" down there and the latest event the finding of the footprint in stone prompts me to report something that happened there several years ago that might throw light on the matter and name the person whose foot print is in the stone. This occurred since Harvey Road folks began to wear shoes.

"Tuffy" Finnerty's brother Mike and Bill Martin were spending a Sunday afternoon in Knox pasture engaged in various things to while away the time when Bill saw one of Knox young steers enjoying a nap in a rail fence corner, he at once became thrilled with the idea of taking a ride. "Tuffy" and Mike fell in with the plan and they cornered the steer while Bill climbed the fence to mount.

As Bill slid down on the Steer's back the steer began to roll his eyes and let out a few bawls but they had him well cornered so he stood waiting for further action on Bill's part. Now Bill had heard that the safe way to stay on was to have the steers tail over his shoulder to hang onto, so Mike

took a stick and poked the tail up for him to get a good hold on. Bill had taken off his shoes as he figured he could dig in better, well when he got a firm hold on the tail the steer began to roll those green eyes more than ever. Bill said "Let him go" so "Tuffy" gave the steer a swipe to get him started and the ride was on in a flash, Bill stayed for 15 ft., going horizontal, then took to the air for the next 100ft., and landed in a mess of river rocks and that is how that foot print got in the rock. Tuffy will testify to the facts as related here.

Yours truly,  
J. Clarence Morss.

**Forest Protection**

The major portion of industrial timberland in the U. S. is partially protected by the owners who spent more than \$4,000,000 in 1942 for this purpose. This supplements the organized protection afforded by 42 states, through the programs of the state forestry departments, for some 282,000,000 acres of privately owned and state owned timber. Unfortunately, the forest protection program is not complete and about 144,000,000 acres are without organized protection.

**Farm Income**

Farm income continued to be affected by inflation after the Armistice in 1918 and the deflationary movement did not start until after arm income reached a new high peak in the first postwar year of '29, with an increase of 133.7 per cent over the prewar level of 1913. The deflationary movement did not begin until 1920 and the full brunt of it was not felt until 1921.

**Clean Oven**

One place where neglect can cause endless trouble is the oven. Unless the walls are always well washed after baking or broiling, grease and cooking odors form a stubborn film. After a time this causes an unpleasant smoky odor which affects the food put into the oven. For the same reasons the broiler pan rack should be removed and washed with the pots and pans.



**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**

By Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

CHAPTER III: Scott makes his first solo flight. Drives 1,300 miles to Georgia over every week-end to see his girl. Scott is now graduated from Kelly Field and has wings pinned on his chest. Ordered to report to Hawaii but wanting to get married he lays his plight before the General and is ordered to report at Mitchell Field, N. Y., instead.

**CHAPTER IV**

It took them thirty minutes to find out that the mere fact that I was traveling in a car with a Western license plate didn't make me Pretty Boy Floyd, who they said was on the prowl in that area. I finally had to telephone the Commanding Officer of Mitchell Field, and as he didn't know me, all he could say was that an officer by the name of Lieutenant Scott was supposed to be on the way to Mitchell from Kelly. Anyway, I still don't think I looked—even then—like Pretty Boy Floyd.

My arrival at my new station was the start of a hectic time for the Air Corps. First I began to try to work in some flying time by volunteering for every flight I could get. I had an especially good break when I got on the Department of Commerce weather flights. I used to have to get up at two o'clock in the morning and take off—no matter what the weather was—at 2:45 a. m.

On one of these I found myself in quite a bit of trouble. As soon as I took off I went on to instrument flying and climbed up through the heavy clouds in the Curtiss Falcon—known then as an O-39. Out to the side, fastened to the "N" struts, I could dimly see the barometer-graph which was to record the changing weather as we climbed to as high as the ship would go. It was necessary to climb at a constant three hundred feet a minute, which in several thousand feet became fairly monotonous. I finally adjusted the stabilizer so that the ship would climb this altitude, and then all I had to do was to keep the wings straight and level with the turn and bank indicator and the course constant with the gyro.

But I had reckoned without real knowledge of flying. My first indication of trouble came at some seventy-five hundred feet, when I was surprised to see the reflection of the moon down directly beneath my ship. I then forgot all caution and tried to fly partly on instruments and partly by visual reference. This I learned pretty soon was about impossible, for I went into the nicest spin I have ever seen. Recovering about four thousand feet below, I tried it again but the same thing happened. I then realized that after I had set my stabilizer for the steady climb of three hundred feet per minute, as the fuel was used the weight of the ship decreased and the nose went up, for the fuel was of course forward. This gradually precipitated a stall which turned into a spin as the big Conqueror twisted the fuselage from propeller torque. I had to resolve to do all my instrument flying by hand until the automatic pilots were perfected later.

That afternoon I looked at the graph paper of the barometer recording, and there were two little jagged lines, plainly showing where the ship had lost nearly four thousand feet in two spins.

The weather flights got pretty monotonous, and I would take off from Mitchell and fly up over Boston, then let back down to my home base. Finally the meteorologist caught on and told me to please stay over the area, as he had other weather ships taking the same readings over Boston.

These flights taught me enough to save my life when the Army took over the airmail contracts a little later in the year.

If you remember 1924—there was trouble between the Government and the air lines concerning airmail contracts. To me even this was a life-saver in securing flying time, for all of us had recently been ordered to fly no more than four hours a month. This was the bare minimum to receive flying pay, and, as it turned out for many, the best way to get killed in airplanes. It's still a game that takes constant practice.

The weather we flew in to carry the mail during the winter of 1934 was about the worst in history. I sometimes think the powers on high collaborated to give us a supreme test. There were fourteen pilots killed along that airmail run, and most of them were killed because we had no instruments for the ships, or at least not the proper type for flying blind. We flew pursuit ships, which carried fifty-five pounds of mail; we flew old B-6 bombers that would carry a ton of mail at a speed of eighty miles an hour, providing the wind in front of you wasn't too strong—sometimes they almost went backwards. We flew everything from a Curtiss Condor which Mrs. Roosevelt had been using, to the old tri-motored Fords. And we flew through the worst weather in the country.

The route that I flew from Chicago, to Cleveland, to Newark, was what was known to all airmail pilots as the "Hell Stretch"—and it was just that, as I found out pretty quick.

Sometimes people on new jobs got mixed up and sent the Cleveland mail in the wrong direction from Chicago, towards Omaha, or sent the Chicago mail from Cleveland to New York, the reverse direction—just normal events amid the "growing pains" of an Army flying mail.

Once the control officer finally got a man in the air after sweating the weather out to the West for days, I saw his ship take off and disappear in the snowstorm. Then I saw Sam Harris jump up, for the U. S. mail truck had just driven up. It was late, and in the excitement of getting the ship's clearance the carrier pilot had forgotten to wait to have the mail loaded. The control officer had to call him back and start all over.

It was during this airmail business that I really began to realize how lonely is the life in flight of a pilot alone in a ship, up at night with just the stars for company. We would take off on courses towards New York and Newark from Cleveland, and we were afraid—all of us knew that—because the weather was bad and we were in pretty sorry airplanes, and we hadn't flown routes like this. An airline pilot flies the same route most of the time. He learns the country over which he flies; he learns the weather conditions. But we had come from all sorts of posts in the United States. Some of us had flown only around San Antonio, Mitchell, or Miami. On Air Corps posts you do more or less local flying, working on combat maneuvers, but out here we were trying to do a job that we had not been prepared for.

I went to all the air-line pilots and they were very nice to me. They told me what to do in case of bad weather in some places, and said that when I had to make a decision and didn't know exactly what to do, not to be afraid to turn around. That sometimes when I hit weather that I couldn't turn around in, to go up instead of going down, in order to seek levels where ice didn't form. And, in general, just not to get excited—and never to hesitate and circle.

About that time, when men had begun to die on airmail, I wrote a letter to this girl, the same one I had been going to see by automobile from Texas. It was addressed to her in case the "old ship hit some-



Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

thing," and I carried it around in my pocket during all my trips of airmail—I nearly wore it out, just carrying it. But the ship didn't hit anything and she didn't see it. In it I must have just asked her to marry me—that's all I used to ask her anyway.

One night I took off from Chicago and came to Cleveland. They couldn't find the man who was supposed to take the mail on to Newark; I found out later that he was sick. So I talked them into letting me take the ship on East. I climbed in and headed out towards the bad weather. When I got to it, following the experience I had gained in the months before and the advice I had received from the airline pilots, I climbed instead of diving, to hunt for a way through. At 18,000 feet I came out and over the clouds. I was alone, for as far as you could see. There were stars and a moon, and down below were the swirling clouds over the Alleghenies, dropping their snow and ice. If I had turned back towards Cleveland, I would have had to let down in the dark and probably would have crashed. So I decided to head into the clear sky of the night, at 18,000 feet, and as the dawn came the next morning I started my let-down, for at least I would have light in which to make the landing.

My radio had not worked since I had got into the snow and ice; so I was flying merely by dead-reckoning. I let down somewhere over what I thought was northern Pennsylvania, but after buzzing the town and reading the name, found I was over Binghamton, New York. I flew on South, having remembered a field at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and there I landed.

The landing was quite an experi-

ence. As I dove over the field I saw workmen there, frantically waving their arms. They were repairing the field. But I was about out of gasoline, so I came in, motioning with my hand for them to get out of the way. The only damage was caused by my landing on one of the small red flags on a stick that one of the workmen had been waving—he had hurriedly stuck it in the ground when he saw me landing regardless, and I came down right on top of it; but the small tear was of no consequence. I repaired it, had coffee with the man in charge of the airfield, and went on toward Newark.

They had long ago given me up for lost, for in that same night two other army pilots had met their death over the Alleghenies. Once again I felt that something had told me to climb when I got to the bad weather, and if that same thing had told those men to climb they would have flown through instead of going down—they might have disregarded a warning. In a case like that we think it's luck, but maybe it's not. To me something had said, "Get altitude, don't roam around down here, get altitude and go on." And I think that after that things just took care of themselves.

With airmail over, we went back to our usual duties at Mitchell Field. Things sort of settled down, and I began to make more flights and more automobile trips towards Georgia.

Finally I talked the girl into it. We went on up to West Point and were married. Catharine really fits into this story because it was the trips over to Georgia to see her, from every place in the United States, that not only made me drive an automobile but taught me cross-country flying, since I had been flying in these later months from wherever I was—by way of Georgia.

From Mitchell Field I was sent to Panama. And then began my real pursuit training. In P-12's I roamed across the country of Panama up into Central America and down into South America. I was given a job constructing flying fields, which we figured would some day protect the Canal. These fields were put in for the purpose of installing radio stations and also air warning devices to tell us when enemy planes approached the Panama Canal. I would have to go down on the Colombian border and contact the natives, some of whom were head-hunters, to work on these fields that we were building. We would have to get the grass cut off, and I would make motions with a machete—the long knife of the Darien Indians—and show them what we had to do to keep that field so that airplanes could land on it.

The natives didn't work very well with us at first. But we doctored a few of them for chiggers and for other infections under their fingernails which had become very infamed, or we flew them in to hospitals where they needed operations, and soon they began to appear more friendly. By the time we left there they were calling me "El Doctor." The only thing I want to bring out by this is that by doing simple kindnesses to these Indians, we were able to get them on our side, and they added materially to the value of fields that we constructed in Darien, and on the Caucaucque.

When my training of other pilots began, I realized the terror I must have caused my own instructor. For in training I perceived my own faults better, learning even to anticipate the mistakes the student would make. And I learned much about the peculiarities of man, for on one occasion I had a student who attempted to kill me. I don't know why—he would have killed himself, too.

One day I was told to take out a cadet listed as an incorrigible and to try to find out what was wrong with him. I gave him forced landings and such, and when he tried to glide down and land on a highway, I would take the ship and caution him about gliding low towards trucks and automobiles. On one of these tries, as I gave him a forced landing—you do this merely by cutting the throttle to idling speed to see what the student will do—he rolled the ship on its back and pulled it down in a dive towards the ground. I waited as long as I could and then I took it away myself. I found that the man was glaring straight toward the trees we had almost hit. I landed the ship and asked him what was the matter. He appeared very sullen, and so I took him aloft again.

Once more I put the ship on its back and told him to bring it out. Immediately he pulled it toward the ground, and I knew it was intentional. With alarm I realized that with him almost frozen to the controls I would have extreme difficulty turning the ship from him by force. I hurriedly kicked the right rudder, which carried the half roll into a complete snap roll. Then I went through every aerobatic maneuver I knew until I made him sick; after that I flew him back to Randolph Field with my own heart beating a little wildly.

As I landed the ship two men stepped from behind a plane, asking to see the student. "You just wait a minute," I said. "After all, he's my student and I have some things to say to him." Then they pulled gold badges out of their pockets to show me they were F.B.I. men. They had been looking for this student for a long time. He had been a pilot before and had smuggled dope across the Mexican border, and I believe to this day that to evade the arrest that was waiting for him, he was trying to end Bill. But the way I had been

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was that in ending it for himself, he would have been ending it for me.

When I first came to Randolph we worked only half a day and had the rest of the day to play around at golf, to hunt, or do anything we wanted. But as the belief that war was coming got into a few American people, we started the limited Air Corps expansion program. We then began working all day, and I was moved up to a Flight Commander and taught instructors, for the Government was giving contracts to civilian corporations to train Army pilots. The Air Corps was beginning to grow. As the years rolled into 1939, I was moved to California to become Assistant District Supervisor of the West Coast Training Center. This job was to check all flying cadets in the three schools at San Diego, Glendale, and Santa Maria. Later on I received my first command—that of the Air Corps Training Detachment called Cal Aero Academy, at Ontario, California. I worked this up from forty-two cadets, until after one year we had nearly six hundred.

**LOCAL TEACHERS ON PROGRAM**

H. B. Ferrin, Gaylord S. Davies and Robert Graham from the local schools will take part in the discussions of the Oregon school administrators to be held in Salem October 9, 10 and 11. Evaluation of practices in Oregon schools in war time and anticipated changes to meet post war conditions is the theme of the annual conference. Dr. J. Paul Leonard from Sanford University guest speaker will make the principal address. Harold M. Sprague of Portland, former Jefferson principal is president of the state elementary principals association.

**NEW FOOD STAMPS VALID OCTOBER 1ST**

Five more blue stamps used for processed foods, and three more red stamps, used for meats-fats, were validated on Sunday, October 1. Frederic F. Janney, district OPA rationing executive, announced.

ed Friday.

Blue stamps to be validated are M-5, N-5 P-5, Q-5 and R-5. Red stamps to be validated are H-5, J-5 and K-5.

All stamps will be worth 10 points each, giving the housewife a total of 50 points for processed foods and 30 points for meats, fats.

All stamps will be good indefinitely. Consumers are reminded to budget these red and blue points because it is not expected that any more red stamps will be validated until October 29 and blue stamps until November 1.

**Thin Raspberries**

Fruiting canes of red raspberries should be pruned in the spring, after all danger of winter injury is past. The weak canes should be removed and the more vigorous ones thinned to from four to six inches apart in the row.



**LOOK OUT FOR "THE JOKER"**  
—in the "Burke Bill". Just as in 1918 the "drys" are at it again. Protect your freedom—defeat prohibition.  
**VOTE 313 X NO**  
Paid Adv. The Anti-Prohibition Committee of Oregon, G. J. McPerson, Chairman, Pearson-4th Ave. Bldg., Portland.

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