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#### NO COMPETITION

Bill White in making a report on Russia in the current issue of the Reader's Digest gives the low down on conditions in that nation; conditions we've suspected that existed, but could not be touched on officially for fear of creating strained diplomatic relations. White with Eric Johnson, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, visited Russia several months ago and in the article referred to White, reports on what he saw and observed.

These salient facts are gleaned from White's report: That Russian state owned stores and business establishments are drab and unattractive as compared with American stores; lack of competition is striking. The average Russian lives on a whole lot less and dresses shabbier than the average American. The Russian laborer's earnings does not compare with the American laborer and what he does earn he cannot spend, since there is nothing to spend it for outside of the necessities of life.

When we hear communism openly advocated along with making our merchant establishments state owned institutions, we believe such advocates ought to be made to visit Russia and if they persist as Emma Goldman did several years ago, they should be deported there.

#### HEALTH BENEFITS

In the past five or six years, residents of remote sections of the United States have brought health and hospital benefits into their homes by simply forming a health association and paying the family physicians a stipulated fee each year. Instead of waiting until sickness comes to call a doctor, these people pay the doctor to keep well and have thus brought added medical benefits into their homes.

It occurs to us that the same general plan might be effectively used here in promoting a hospital; at least an emergency hospital, where patients might be temporarily hospitalized. We realize of course that Christmas is approaching and that many may still believe in Santa Claus, but we have yet to hear of an instance where the old gentleman simply wrapped a nice hospital up, placed it in a stocking and dropped it in the fortunate community. This wasn't done even in the good old WPA days, but at that time many up and coming communities did use WPA funds to construct hospital buildings; some to be operated as municipal projects and in other instances the building when completed was turned over to some church or charitable institution to operate because it could be done at a minimum expense.

Waiting is sometimes the policy of wisdom, but fifty years of waiting here has brought no hospital. While planning other post war projects, why not investigate the possibility of a hospital?

#### CARNIVAL-BAZAAR SUCCESS

The Carnival-Bazaar held at the armory last Saturday under

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the sponsorship of the Catholic church was very successful with over 500 adults in attendance besides the many children who were present. The cafeteria, fancy work sale and the children's games were particularly popular amongst the various concessions and were in continuous operation from noon until late in the evening.

A great deal of the credit for this success goes to the splendid cooperation that was received from all sides. This is particularly true of the local schools and their officials, Co. A 16th battalion, Oregon Home Guard, the local merchants and many other people of Cottage Grove and vicinity.

The special awards of the bazaar went to the following persons: The floor lamp, Juanita Riddle, Westfir; the afghan, F. W. Downs, Cottage Grove; the occasional chair, Mrs. A. Grendler, Eugene; the blanket, Mrs. Tillie Dugan, Cottage Grove; the picture, Rev. A. Rodakowski. The door prize blanket went to Leo Waddock; coffee table, Larry Macklin; lace dinner cloth, Mrs. Myrtle Kent; doll, Mrs. Glen Scott and the luncheon set to Glen Flatters, all of Cottage Grove.

#### Heaviest Wood

The heaviest wood in the world, so far as is known, is black ironwood. This wood has a specific gravity as high as 1.42 and is native to the West Indies and Florida keys.



## GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

CHAPTER VII: Easter Sunday in Africa. They fly along the Arabian coast and land at Karachi, India, covering 12,000 miles in eight days.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Well, the Air Base General had to ask us to carry out the mission, and to ease the monotony we were glad to comply. Taking the bomb-bay tanks from the ship, we loaded with five-hundred-pound bombs and off we went, eight hundred miles into the Arabian Sea, looking for a Jap naval force composed of three warships, five destroyers, five cruisers, and two aircraft carriers—with our one bomber. Due to the low weather we had to fly beneath the cloud base at seven thousand feet. Reaching our patrol area, we searched until it was necessary to return to base for fuel. I have often wondered what we would have done had we had the fortune or misfortune to find that task force—it existed. After all, from seven thousand feet we could have done very little damage with a single ship. Somehow I'm glad we did not engage the enemy—I always hated to be a clay pigeon, and though the future looked dark, there were interesting days ahead.

Slowly, though, through days in which some of the others took their ships to bomb Rangoon and the Andaman Islands, and finally when Haynes returned from Delhi, the realization sank in that our mission was cancelled. I have never seen thirteen crews of bombers carrying so many broken hearts. Morale dropped like a stone. On April 21, when the base took our ships, I think we would have been justified in getting stinking drunk.

New orders came for Colonel Haynes and most of us in the ill-fated "dream mission" to report to a remote base in eastern Assam, on the India-Burma border, to run the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. This Assam-Burma-China transport command was for the purpose of carrying supplies to China and Burma, to make up as much as possible for the fall of the Burma road.

When Colonel Haynes and I arrived in Assam we both considered ourselves "shanghaied." I could tell, as we faced each other across the breakfast table that first morning, that we both knew that things were going to be bad. Our status had changed from participating in what we considered the "greatest mission in the world," to the insignificant task of running a ferry command from India to Burma. Once again combat duty seemed far away.

All around us now were the tea gardens of Assam. Our landing field was an RAF base. Our homes were mud and bamboo huts called "bushas." Through the jungle that surrounded our base, wild animals roamed; every night we could hear the jackals scream. We knew that cobras were everywhere. On flights over the Brahmaputra River, I would see rhinos, elephants and other animals which made me realize vividly that we were far from civilization.

Our base was situated in a horse-shoe formed by the Himalaya Mountains to the North and West and by the Naga Hills to the East and Southwest. The altitude of our field was 600 feet above sea level, and all around us in three directions rose mountains—the lower Himalayas being 25,500 feet, just 150 miles to the North. These great peaks reached their ceiling, of course, at Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet above sea level—the highest mountain in the world. This was 300 miles from us.

Our first job was to begin the construction of other fields in the area—this was to permit us to have more than one base from which to work. For our job was that of being ferry pilots for both the Chinese Army and General Chennault's AVG down in Burma. We were to carry high octane gas, ammunition, and food into Burma, and later into China. We were soon to find ourselves returning from Burma with our ships completely filled and overflowing with wounded British soldiers. Col. C. V. Haynes was boss; he was Commanding Officer of the A. B. C. Ferrying Command, and I was his Executive Officer.

We began our work the day after we arrived in Assam. This was April 21. We had thirteen transports manned by the Army and Pan-American pilots. Our job in flying supplies into Burma was a tough one with unarmed transports, for by this time the Japanese had crossed the Sittang and the Irrawaddy and had taken Rangoon. They now had columns moving towards Mandalay. Their Air Force was all over Central Burma, and the only thing that stood between them and the capture of all of Burma was the few American pilots of the First American Volunteer Group who had been forced now to base at Lashio. These were truly the dark days of Burma.

On April 24, Colonel Haynes and Colonel Cooper transported a load of ammunition and aviation fuel to Lashio for the Flying Tigers, and on their way back an enemy fighter plane made an attack on their transport.

enemy Zeros, Haynes and Cooper left the flying of the plane to the co-pilot and went back into the fuselage, to ward off the attack as best they could with Tommy Guns. Don Old, the co-pilot, dove the transport until they were actually skimming over the jungle trees. These evasive tactics kept the Jap ship from coming up under the vulnerable transport. Just one of the Jap tracers in that Douglas would have set it afire.

As the Jap dived towards them, Cooper and Haynes and their crew chief, Sergeant Bonner, fired magazine after magazine at the Jap. This either discouraged him or the enemy ship lost the transport in a turn, for they got away. But even considering the bravery of these flyers in using their meager armaments against a fighter ship, it is a poor policy to shoot Zeros with Tommy guns; 45-caliber ammunition is not very effective against aircraft, but, as usual in a case like this, if you have only a pop-gun to point at the enemy, it helps the morale.

Most of our pilots had been chosen from the crews of the thirteen ships of our original mission. Even with the loss in morale they had suffered when the attack on Tokyo was called off, they were still the best transport pilots I had ever seen.

Colonel Haynes was a veteran big-ship pilot, and for the last ten years he had worked in four-engine bombers. The records that he had set with the giant B-15 will inspire the Air Force forever. Here was a big, cheerful master pilot who never asked another man to do a job he wouldn't do himself. We of the A. B. C. Ferrying Command looked upon him as the best, and Haynes will always stand out in my mind as one of the greatest officers of our army. This jovial veteran was ready to do anything to help win the war, but we all knew he preferred to kill Japs rather than rustle freight across to Burma. I lived with Colonel Haynes on one of the tea plantations in Assam, where we were billeted with a Scotman, Josh Reynolds of Sealokte Tea Estate.



Col. Meriam C. Cooper watches sky for return of U. S. planes.

paddy near the Brahmaputra. Jop took a crew to the transport, took the bent propellers off and roughly straightened them. With his crew and some volunteer natives, he dug holes under the folded-up landing gear and then let the gear down until it was fully extended, with the wheels down, to the bottom of the holes. Now he placed heavy timbers from the wheels to the surface of the rice paddy, putting them in at a small angle to form an inclined plane. Next he had about a hundred natives pull on ropes that were tied to the wheels, and dragged the Douglas transport up the inclined plane until it rested on the more or less level ground of the rice paddy. Then Jop demonstrated that he could justify all his claims of having been born in a Douglas transport. He gave the ship the guns, and in a flurry of mud and water and rice stalks, bounced it from the field and flew it home to base.

All the pilots were good, and they were eager. The weather never became too bad or the trip too dangerous for men like Tex Carleton, Bob Sexton, or the others to get through. The enlisted men were the best. There in Assam they fought a constant battle against boredom, malaria, and every form of tropical disease. They ate and slept in the mud, and didn't grumble more than the average soldier gripes about the native food. The stringy buffalo meat was fairly tough; the mouthful used to get bigger and bigger as you chewed it.

Even with the hardships we enjoyed the assignment—for after all, Burma was just over the Naga Hills and they said a war was going on over there. Down in his heart, each man really wanted to do something to stop the Japs from their rapid movement to the North through Bur-

#### ABUNDANCE FOR ALL

By Elmer J. Kent

A few years ago there dawned in a great mind this theory and to us who had been led to believe there would always be hunger and want, it was a new line of thought. The late Will Rogers said it was an idea that could never be laughed away. Just recently the big interests and those playing into their hands succeeded temporarily in defeating measures in four western states that would have made this theory one of our laws, the idea had been the inspiration of many of our older people to whom fate had not been too kind, perhaps the big interests will get some satisfaction out of their seemingly victory as many of these will pass on and never receive the comforts and security that could have been theirs. If this is what makes big interests big, then we shall be content to remain in the ranks of the common people, ever fighting for their rights, privileges and security. Some of our big newspapers which are controlled by these same interests told us it was only a dream, unsound and unworkable, but as it has never been given a trial in this or any other country their opinion might have been no better than thousands of others who have made this a study and believe it to be sound, workable and surely humanitarian as well. Perhaps in a few years when our boys and girls return to their home and jobs and the ranks of the unemployed extend far down into the forties, will our people wake up to what might have been. We Americans are quick to forget, today our plates are filled with war prosperity food and we forget the bread lines of the recent thirties, and an even better chance of

#### Posture And Health

Right posture comes from the proper relationship of all parts of the body. Correct posture means a well balanced body, and an upright figure that shows co-ordination between the parts of the body, and between body and mind. Normal posture is the result of proper adjustment of the mechanical framework of the body and is the indication of maximum physical and mental efficiency.

Many a rookie wonders at the command of his "Sarge," "stand erect, chest forward, shoulders back, chin up, eyes front, etc." This training is not given to produce a good looking army, but because years of experience have proved that an erect soldier has more spirit, more stamina, and better health than a soldier who permits his body to droop along the lines of least resistance to the force of gravity.

Posture concerns everyone from the standpoint of health, beauty, poise, and efficiency. A good carriage is an asset in life and indicates physical energy and well being. It is of importance to men and women alike from babyhood to old age.

The fundamental basis of posture is the alignment of the bony segments of the body. This is best corrected by Chiropractic care.

DR. H. A. HAGEN.

longer ones in the years that follow this war. With many of our country building implements of destruction yet we have been able to feed many of our allies, ourselves, and at the present time our own government has millions of tons of foodstuffs on hand, lots of which no doubt will never be used, isn't it possible in times of peace to have food and decent security for all our people. There are very few who have given this careful study who are not willing to support it. Many unfair methods were used to defeat these measures yet it is only temporary and will come back stronger than ever and prove that with unselfish distribution there is a lot of merit in the Townsend theory of "abundance for all."

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