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Ask John Finneran About this

Last week on our desk we found a special copy of the Standard Oil bulletin. The bulletin was about Oregon and its post war possibilities and a bright picture it was. The only quarrel we have with the authors of the bulletin was the fact that on the nice typographical map appearing in the middle bulletin, the name Cottage Grove failed to appear. However the map makers located the Cottage Grove territory in a nice broad valley and showed a herd of sheep grazing east of town. Maybe we ought to thank them for this.

The Christmas Seals Are Needed

Christmas Seal time is here again. This heartwarming practice of buying cheery little seals to help combat tuberculosis, began just forty years ago and has since become a world-wide tradition. The Christmas Seals are sold in 46 countries. This year, as usual, they make their appearance. In a war-torn world they are reassuring reminders that we live in a civilized world after all and humanity has a streak of goodness in it that will not be put down.

This year, as never before, the Christmas Seals are needed. Tuberculosis is on the increase. The steady progress of medical science in the treatment of the disease has not been sufficient to stem the debilitating inroads of war. Our crowded war production centers, overwork and nervous exhaustion have been an open invitation to tuberculosis. The great tragedy is that too many persons don't realize it when the unwelcome guest has found its way into their homes.

Yes, the Christmas Seal has new significance this year. It is one means by which all of us can take part in the fight against the renewed threat of man's ancient enemy—the white plague.

SOCIETY

CHRISTMAS DISPLAY

The P. D. G. club will have a display of Christmas decorations next Saturday at the Mountain States Power Co. room instead of last Saturday as previously announced. The display of arrangements will be the handiwork from original ideas of club members and will include table centerpieces, buffet pieces, wreaths, door sprays, etc. Members will be in charge from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. but the pieces will be on display throughout next week.

MRS. YOUNG CLUB HOSTESS

Mrs. Charles Young entertained the Deagle club Tuesday with a 1:30 dessert course and an afternoon of contract. Yuletide decorations adorned the tables and rooms and Christmas gifts were exchanged. Guests for the afternoon were Mrs. Dorvil Peterson and Mrs. Fred Anderson.

JUSTAMERE CLUB

Justamere club met Tuesday with Mrs. Lloyd Griggs for a 1:30 dessert followed with contract. Mrs. D. D. Boyd was an additional guest. Mrs. Orlo Bagley held high score for the afternoon. The club will hold the Christmas party next Wednesday evening at 7:30 at the home of Mrs. Warren Hansen.

VFW PLANS CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Cottage Grove veterans of foreign wars post No. 3473 and auxiliary held a joint meeting in the VFW hall last night and completed plans for holding a Christmas party and potluck supper in the I.O.O.F. hall December 22nd beginning at 7:30 p.m. Each member is to invite one other service connected family and bring a fifty cent gift. Max Bird will have charge of the entertainment and Mrs. Roy Sherman will have charge of the decorations and refreshments.

The next regular VFW meeting will be December 19 in the VFW hall.

MIZPAH CLASS

The Mizpah class of the Presbyterian church will meet Tuesday at 2 p.m. in the church for their Christmas party and gift exchange. The hostesses will be Mrs. Evie Holderman, Mrs. Lila Veatch and Mrs. Minnie Willets.

V. F. W. AND AUXILIARY

A potluck supper preceded the meeting Wednesday evening of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the auxiliary. The membership was well represented and a social time was enjoyed.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS ELECT

The Royal Neighbors, at their meeting Tuesday night, elected to office for the coming year the following: Oracle, Nellie Blackmore; P. O. Hilga Song; V. O. Bertha McQueen; recorder, Edna Burleson; receiver, June Bird; chancellor, Elsie DeYoung; marshal, Myrtle Neet; I. S., Myrtle Kent; O. S., Mary Duffey; manager for three years, Grace Jen-

kins. An exchange of Christmas gifts and a social time followed the business. Late refreshments were served by the hostess committee, Alice Breedlove, Estella Gates and Maybelle Powell.

PRESBYTERIAN AID

At the meeting of the Presbyterian Aid yesterday afternoon in the church parlors, Mrs. Roy Short, president, was in charge of the business session. The devotion was conducted by Mrs. J. P. Graham and refreshments were served at the tea hour by the committee in charge, Mrs. Carl Rynearson, Mrs. C. F. Hoskins and Mrs. Schofield Stewart. The Yuletide decorations were carried out about the rooms.

LIBRARY REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

The library report for November given by Mrs. Nellie M. Hamant, librarian: Adult fictions loaned, 698; adult non-fiction, 123; children's fiction, 186; children's non-fiction, 62; grand total, 1069. Cash received from fines was \$12.53 and from the rental shelf, \$9.45, making a total of \$21.98. There were 86 new books purchased and 13 discarded. The total number of borrowers is 1661.

72 XMAS BOXES COLLECTED

Mrs. Max Bird, manager of the local employment and service office Tuesday afternoon reported a very gratifying response for the Eddie Cantor Christmas boxes for hospitalized servicemen. A total of 72 boxes was collected and awaiting shipment which was made yesterday, she reported.

Pfc. Kenneth Whitlock has received a medical discharge from service and is expected home Sunday from Spokane, Washington, where he has been hospitalized since returning from many months duty in Australia, according to word received today from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whitlock. They also received the good news that Kenny was granted a request for higher education and will receive four years of college work. Kenny was with the army air corps, 45th service group and spent most of his time in Australia.

Lt. Col. Walter LaLonde, resident army engineer, thought he was going to retire when called to duty here, instead he may be soon known as the traveling engineer. He has been called to San Francisco twice recently and Tuesday was called to Camp Adair, where the camp hospital there is being made to care from 3,000 to 5,000 patients.

Seeing Tasks
Whether primitive peoples had better eyes than civilian races is a much-debated question, for which there is little factual proof one way or the other. However, says the Better Vision Institute, up until recent times seeing tasks were comparatively simple.

Unwashable Shades
Beware of washing painted silk lamp shades, shades with applique ornaments and shades made of fabrics, such as chintz or linen, which shrink when wet. They must be dry cleaned.



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE

CHAPTER IX: Burma is falling into the hands of the Japs. Flying over bombed and burned Chinese towns they land at Schwebo. Scott meets General Stilwell and his party.

CHAPTER X

Back at the field I found that Payne had loaded the transport with forty sick or wounded Gurkhas. In fact, we had to keep more from getting aboard by threatening them with our guns, for after all, we had the same small field for taking off we'd had for landing. Johnny swung the ship into the wind and we were off in some six hundred feet. We went in many times again, after the Gurkhas had lengthened the runway slightly, and we finally moved out of the soldiers before the monsoon rains ran us out. But I'll never forget Captain Payne's feat in that first landing of a transport at Fort Hertz.

Following the defeat of the Allied armies down in southern and central Burma, the refugees poured to the North and to the Northwest. Those to the Northwest tried to walk out by the Lido Road, which was nothing more than a game trail. Many of them died, and of those who came out many died after entering India. I heard stories of bodies by the hundreds, almost buried in the mud, all along the trail from Burma to India. Those who kept coming North from Schwebo up the railroad to Myitkyina finally wound up on Myitkyina's small field, anxiously waiting for aerial transportation over the remaining one hundred and ninety miles to Dinjan.

Some of the loads that ferry pilots packed into those DC-3's would have curdled the blood of the aeronautical engineers who designed the ship. The C-47, or DC-3, as the airlines called the Douglas transport, was constructed to carry a full load of twenty-four passengers or six thousand pounds. The maximum altitude was expected to be about 12,000 feet—but we later went a minimum of 18,000 across the hump, and sometimes we had to go to 21,500 to miss the storms and ice. Carrying the refugees, we broke all the rules and regulations because we had to. There were women and children, pregnant women, and women so old that they presumably couldn't have gone to the altitude that was necessary to cross into India. There were hundreds of wounded British soldiers with the most terrible gangrenous infections. At the beginning we used to load the wounded first, those who were worst off; but later, when we realized that with our few transports we'd never get them all out, we took only the able-bodied. That was a hard decision to make, but we looked at it finally from the theory that those must be saved who could some day fight again.

But as I say, at first we carried the terribly wounded, piling them in until the ship groaned and the door would hardly close. I always carried out fifty or more in this ship that had been designed for twenty-four, and one day I counted seventy-three getting out of one ship. A young pilot by the name of Lieutenant Sartz broke all records, as far as I know. One morning he took off with seventy-three, and on landing the British Customs counted seventy-four. En route over the Naga Hills a baby had been born, and now Sartz holds the world's record.

It was hot as hell flying the loaded transport off the fields in Burma. We'd try to fly with the windows open in the cockpit, but that created a suction that drew the air from the cabin up to where we pilots were. With those filthy bodies and the terrible stench of gangrenous wounds we couldn't bear it, and would have to close the side windows and just sweat. Sometimes the poor devils couldn't stand the trip and we'd have dead men aboard when we landed in India.

I remember one of the bravest men I have ever seen, who helped us load and control the refugees on the field at Myitkyina. He was a big, bearded Sikh officer, one of the aristocratic British colonials. He must have been six-foot-two, a fine looking man. He worked religiously with the refugees and soldiers, always efficient, always trying to send those out who should have gone. I can see him now, standing there in his tattered uniform, with his turban perfectly placed on his dark head, his beard waving in the wind from the idling propellers. He would patiently herd the passengers into the transport, sometimes holding hysterical people back physically, and in more crucial times pulling his pistol, but never becoming flustered or excited. I sometimes think he was the greatest soldier I have ever seen. Day after day, as the Japs moved North and ever closer to Myitkyina, he would be there, doing his thankless job.

When the end came, and I knew that the field would be taken in the next few hours, I went to him and explained the situation. I found, however, that he knew more about it than I knew myself. The refugees had told him, he said, and he knew this was the last day we could land there. So I asked him to get aboard my ship and leave for India; after all, he was an officer and could be used when once again the British entered Burma.

The Sikh officer refused with majestic pride. His orders had been to stay there and supervise the evacuation of those refugees, and he considered that trust sacred. We had to leave him, and when I last saw him he was herding the ever-increasing numbers of stricken people on to the North, towards Fort Hertz and the blind valley that led inevitably to the impassable mountains towards Tibet. I guess the Japs finally got him. But I know how he must have died, with that pistol in his hand, and finally just the knife—and I know that several Japs died before they killed him.

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The Japs strafed Myitkyina the next day with heavy force and got two British transports that were on the ground. We had luckily decided that with the Japs eighteen miles to the South we could not risk our few planes, for they were needed for the run into China. From then on Myitkyina was an enemy-occupied field, but I managed later on to give it lots of hell with a fighter, and a fighter can dish it out.

The winds from the Indian Ocean grew stronger, and the monsoon season began. And oh boy, the rains came! The clouds built up so black and high and thick that you could no longer go around them or over them—you had to just get on instruments and bore through. In some ways, though, it was a relief—for there in the safety of God's elements the Japs couldn't bother our unarmed ships. Many times I heard the remark that there was always something good in everything—even bad weather. I can hear still some of those pilots griping, saying they never thought the day would come when they'd be out looking for bad weather. But it was the truth. With the Jap fighter ships all over Burma now, it was comforting to know that there were rain clouds to dodge into with the transports.

On April 26, the AVG finally had to leave Loiwing, due to the failure of the air-warning net to the South. They moved on back to Paoshan by Mengshih, and finally to Kunming. One day about that time I went over to see General Chennault, for I had a question I wanted to ask him—one that I'd carried on my mind ever since I'd been shanghaied off the "dream mission." I still wanted to fight. Though this Ferry Com-

mand was important, I'd been trained for a fighter pilot. And here I was, just sitting up there in a transport, like a clay pigeon for the Japanese.



Lieut. Gen. Joseph ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, one of the most popular generals in the United States army, who has seen a lot of fighting on the Chinese front.

I still remembered that for nine years I had been too young; then when war came I was suddenly told I was too old to be a fighter pilot. When had I been the right age? I wanted to tell General Chennault that story. At the great age of thirty-four, I just didn't consider that I was too old to fly fighter planes and with his help I meant to prove it. Even with only one fighter ship in the sky with our transports, I knew I could give the boys in the transports just a little more confidence. Besides, I kind of thought I had a date with destiny, so to speak—or at least a date with a Jap somewhere over there in Burma. I desperately wanted to slide in behind one of those enemy bombers or fighters and shoot him down.

Finally I had my chance to tell the story of my ambitions to General Chennault. Busy as he was, he listened to my case, and even as I talked I admired the great man more and more. Here, I knew, was a great officer and leader as well as a great pilot. Here was an American who was a General in the Chinese Army, held by the Chinese in admiration and respect—a soldier who could see the problems that his modern war imposed on land armies as well as on navies and air power. Here, I knew, was genius.

I told the General that I wanted one single P-40 to use in India and Burma. I knew they were scarce, but I would promise him that nothing would happen to it, and the instant he needed the ship I would fly it back to him in China. The General smiled. I'm sure he was thinking back and wondering whether, if he were in my position, he wouldn't have begged for the same excuse. He didn't give me some excuse that he well might have used—that the P-40 belonged to the Chinese Government, that it would have been against regulations, and so forth. General Chennault knew that I would use that "shark," as we called the P-40's, against the Japs. He made his own regulations then; what did it matter who killed the Japs and who used the P-40's so long as they were being used for China?

By the twinkle in his eyes I knew that I had won my case. The General said, "Some Forties are on the way from Africa now. You take the next one that comes through. Use it as long as you want to." That's the way I got the single fighter plane that was to work out of Assam.

With anxious eyes I waited, looking to the West for the next "sharks" to come to India.

Three P-40E's or Kittyhawks came to us from Africa on April 29. Two went on to Kunming for the AVG, but Number 41-1495 stayed with me. It was mine, and I was as proud of it as of the first bicycle my father had given me. All through the night I read the technical files and learned every little item about the Allison engine and the engine controls. I memorized the armament section of the book, and by morning I was ready to put theory into practice and test it out.

That morning I found a painter. Buying red and white paint from the village, I had him paint the shark's mouth on the lower nose of the Curtiss Kittyhawk. On that afternoon of April 30, I remember that as I waited for the paint to dry, I walked round and round my ship, admiring the graceful lines, a feeling of pride in my heart. I gloried in the slender fuselage, in the knife-like edges of the little wings. The sharp nose of the spinner looked like an arrow to me—the nose that sloped back to the leering shark's mouth. At sight of the wicked-looking blast tubes of the six fifty-calibre guns in the wings, I felt my chest expand another inch. This was shark-nosed dynamite, all right—but even then I did not quite realize what a weapon this fighter ship could be when properly handled.

I don't know how long I walked around the fighter admiring it and caressing its wicked-looking body. I know the point on the shark's mouth hadn't dried yet—but I'd held the suspense as long as I could. This was as if I were rolling old sherry around on my tongue; sometime I had to really taste it. Now, stepping on the walkway of the left wing, I threw first one leg and then the other over the side of the fuselage and slid into the little cockpit of the fighter. As I adjusted the rudder pedals and fastened my safety belt, I primed the engine a few shots. Turning on the toggle switches, I energized and engaged the starter with my foot, and now I heard the Allison break into a steady roar as I moved the mixture control from "idle cutoff." Out in front of me—a long distance, it seemed—the heavy, eleven-foot, three-bladed prop became a gray blur in my vision. An Allison, or any high-powered engine, doesn't have to warm up, and idling will soon foul the plugs. I was taxiing almost as soon as the engine settled down to the steady roar.

Very proudly I taxied out for my first take-off in the new Kittyhawk. All around me on the airfield I could feel the jealous eyes of every American and British pilot, even those of the earth-bound coolies—or at least my ego thought it felt their looks.

During the test flight over the dark green acres of Assam tea gardens, sweeping low over the Brahmaputra and then climbing steeply for the Naga Hills, I contemplated with keen anticipation the wonderful days that lay ahead. Here was no defenseless transport, no lumbering and unwieldy four-engine bomber—here was a fighting weapon, with a heart and a soul like the other combat ships. But more than that, here was an instrument of war with a distinct individuality, a temperamental devil of the skies. Truly like a beautiful woman, it went smoothly and sweetly at times; and then, as speed increased, it might yaw dangerously as the pressures built up. Again, it could become completely unstable. It had to be flown every second of the time; ignore it for one second and there was no automatic pilot to keep it on course, no co-pilot to help you—it would fall away and very soon would be out of control. Yes, like a beautiful woman, it demanded constant attention. There were no extra members in the crew to worry about, and here in Assam there were no other fighter ships to worry about. We were both isolated individuals.

When I had landed and had taxied back to my niche in the heavy jungle trees surrounding the field, I climbed out and reverently patted the ship on the cowl. The P-40 was fast becoming a personality to me.

Next day I tested my guns and dropped aluminum-powder practice bombs, bombs that leave a splash of aluminum paint on the ground or an aluminum slick on the water where they hit, in order to show the pilot how near he has come to the target. I aimed at the black snags in the river with the guns, then

RESEARCHER CONFIRMS HEADACHES MAY COME FROM SPINE

A pain in the head may not be a headache but actually a backache, if Dr. Douglas G. Campbell of the University of California is not "off the beam."

This nerve anatomist disclosing results of a series of experiments, declares that he produced headaches by "deep pressure, stress or injury" along tissues adjoining the backbone anywhere above the waistline.

Pains are common which are telegraphed from one section of the body to another, and in his experiments, he found that pain in the vicinity of the eyesockets and forehead may be caused by irritation of tissues near the base of the skull. An ache in the upper portion of the head or forehead may come from an irritation in the back of the neck.

Deep pressure on tissues near the backbone above the waist caused contraction of long muscles running up to the back of the skull producing strains which cause headaches.

Dr. Campbell and his associate, Clare M. Parsons, used human beings for their experiments, giving them synthetic headaches and curing them by injections of anesthetics at the site of the irritation.—from N. Y. State Medical Journal.

DR. H. A. HAGEN.

came around again and tried to dive and glide-bomb the snags with the little bombs. I was trying to train myself, trying to make up for the four years that I had been away from pursuit aviation and from tactical training in the art of killing. I needed a lot of this gunnery and bombing, for my life was very soon to depend on it.

I'll never forget the first time I pressed the trigger of my guns and heard the co-ordinated roar of the six fifty-calibre machine guns. Just by pressing a small black button below the rubber grip on my stick I could make three lines of orange tracers from each wing converge out ahead of my fast-moving fighter and meet on the snags in the Brahmaputra. Nearly a hundred shots a second those six Fifties threw out, and the muddy river turned to foam near the targets. The sense of their power impressed me as the recoil slowed me many miles per hour in my dive; I could feel my head snap forward from the deceleration. Sometimes when the guns on only one side would fire, the unequal kicks from the recoil would almost turn the ship.

(Continued next week)

Ways to Prolong Life of Carpets And Rugs Listed

Methods of saving rugs and carpets from the rug-cutting ravages of gritty dirt, malicious moths and sharp furniture legs are suggested by Lois Lutz, Oregon State college extension specialist in home management, as these floor coverings open their winter season.

With the present shortage of carpet wools, jute and cargo space for civilian goods, and with the nation's carpet mills still turning out military essentials, Miss Lutz emphasizes regular care to keep rugs and carpets on floor duty for the duration.

Caster cups under furniture legs keep them from cutting into carpets. These may be of glass, plastic or wood. Pads under floor coverings take some of the wear. A mothproofed hair pad is best, but several layers of newspapers will do. Door mats help keep dirt off rugs and carpets indoors.

A quick brush-up is recommended every day. Daily sweeping with a soft brush or hand carpet sweeper picks up loose dirt, lint and thread. If left on longer, dirt works down to the roots of the pile when more severe cleaning is necessary to remove it. Dining-room rugs regularly exposed to crumbs and grease need a daily brushing to whisk off grease before it can soak in.

A thorough cleaning at least every week with vacuum cleaner or broom is recommended for rugs or carpets in steady use. Long gentle strokes do as good a job as short digging jabs with the broom.

Gift Ideas



Decanter Jug of Cologne

Handsome replica of distinguished antique Waterford glass. Either Plantation Garden or Woodland Spice bouquet. Presented by Old South. 4 ounces at \$1.00. Larger size \$1.75.



OLD SOUTH Memory Box

Sentimental as old love letters, this dainty gift box contains Guest Decanter of Cologne, Sachet pillow, Tale and Guest Soap. Choice of either Woodland Spice or Plantation Garden Bouquet. \$1.00.

Brown's Drug

PROTECT PRICELESS EYES!

Be Safe —

Be Sure —

Be Smart!

See Registered Optometrist
Here For Complete Eye-
Examination Now!

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