

Cottage Grove Sentinel Published Every Thursday at Cottage Grove, Oregon Established August 15, 1888

W. C. MARTIN Subscription Rates, Cash in Advance

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Member NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

OUR PARKING PROBLEM STILL WITH US

The business of a newspaper is to keep the community straight; at least problems are thrown in our lap occasionally with the admonition that we ought to do something about it

In a modest way this week we were reminded that Cottage Grove still has a Main street parking problem and the man who made the suggestion isn't afraid to write us a letter and sign his name to it

We remember that the suggestion was made that businessmen park at least a block from Main and the suggestion worked fine for a month or six weeks until somebody broke over and the rest followed suit

The city cops tried pinching the offenders with the result that the traffic violations each week was as long as the moral law and a lot of ill will was created that we have not yet lived down

There are two ways for the merchants to keep business, one is to provide quick service and the other is to keep merchandise. Small towns have this advantage over large shopping centers

The average merchant is doing his or her best to give normal service. Most of them want to keep on serving their customers. A town is no different than the merchants. We don't want to wake up after the war and wonder where business has gone

KEEP LEAVES OUT OF STORM SEWERS

The city beset by a shortage of help is having troubles along with the rest of us in keeping the leaves from the streets. The city street sweeper, a part time job, has developed into more than a one man job because the property owners apparently have neglected to clean up the leaves around their premises

So far as we know there is no ordinance which requires premises to be cleaned of leaves by the property owners, but through a cooperative effort property owners have assisted materially in keeping their premises clean, which means less work for the street sweeper

Leaves make excellent fertilizer, especially when made into composts. Gardeners and flower growers will find this sort of fertilizer useful. Why waste it and run the risk of clogging the storm sewers

WANT-ADS

FOR RENT: 2 bedroom unfurnished house, garage, barn chicken houses, 4 acres of ground, 1/4 mile north of Saginaw on highway 99. E. W. Stuts, Box 02, Saginaw. 23-1tc.

TRANSPORTATION FOR SALE: 1 man's bicycle; 1927 Dodge 4 door sedan. Good mechanical condition. Extra good rubber. Reasonable. Call 43 or 122R. See evenings at 1239 West Main street. J. B. Leonard. 23-1tc.

"SPENCER CORSETTIERE: Mrs. Enid Burch, Registered Corsettiere will be in Cottage Grove the first week in February to take orders for individually designed supports. For information or appointment write Box 712, Klamath Falls. 23-2tc-24

HOUSE FOR SALE: With some furniture. 719 Birch Ave. 23-1tp.

WANTED TO BUY: From owner, modern 4 bedroom house. Prefer small acreage just outside city limits. Give price and terms. Box 24, city. 23-1tp.

FOR SALE: Nine tube table model battery radio. Call after 6:00 p.m. 1 1/2 miles northeast Cottage Grove, 1/2 mile north Richfield Distributing plant Phone 38F21, Mrs. Lois Hathaway. 23-1tp.

ONE SET TIMBER FALLERS work work. Have power machine and all equipment. Crosswell Bros., Box 1064, Newport, Ore. 23-1tp.

TO WALK GRACEFULLY

Few people realize how greatly their attractiveness depends on the way they walk. Next time you go down a busy street, observe the pedestrians.

A very few will be walking easily, charmingly, and look as if they are enjoying themselves. Do you long to emulate them; to wear on your face and in your body, their grace and ease of motion?

Well, you can be a graceful walker, too, if you will take the trouble. First, you have to learn to control your thoughts. Take your mind off your worries! Build castles in the air. Keep your mind turned outwards with plans to help your fellow-workers or your family, or anyone, except yourself.

You may suppose your thoughts have nothing to do with a graceful beautiful walk. But they are very important. Feel depressed and your body will droop at once. Feel uplifted, happy, exultant, and you will "tread on air."

If you don't believe it, try! DR. H. A. HAGEN

BABY CHICKS WHITE LEGHORN, NEW HAMPSHIRE. All Breeders under official Oregon Poliorium inspection program. Geo. M. Petersen Hatchery, Rt. 5, phone 2198W, Eugene, Ore. 21-18tc-39

FOR RENT: Auto cabins, utilities furnished. Reed's Service Station, 3 1/2 miles south on highway 99. 21-1tc

WE MAKE GASOLINE and fuel storage tanks. O. K. Welding and Forge Shop. 21-1fcxx

GEORGE'S REPAIR SHOP: Cabinet work, crating, glazing, furniture repair. Geo. D. Foster, 121 N Lane street (In old Godard carpenter shop). 14-1fcxx

PAINTING-PAPER HANGING: We have stock of wall paper and sample books. Estimates cheerfully furnished. O. G. Clark, phone 252. 20-5tp-1tc

WANTED: For mill: Planer feeders, car loaders and green chain men. For woods: Buckers and fallers. Family houses available or bus service each day. Row River Lumber Co., Phone 43J3, 39-1tc

FOR SALE: Lang range with coils, price \$35. 1124 South 4th St. Come Sat. or Sun. 23-1tp

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE for one day only, Sat. Jan. 20 at 1804 East Main: latest model console radio-phonograph, combination, automatic record changer, like new. Cash or take late model trade in.

Latest model 9 tube Philco, all wave console. A beauty. Cash or take trade in. Speed Queen elec. washer, all porcelain, like new, best cash offer. 25-20 Remington pump, like new with case \$45; 22 short; long, long rifle pump \$20.; Stanley combination plane, complete with 53 bits, \$16.

NOW IS THE TIME to engage your boysenberry plants. Have nice young black walnuts ready to dig, just right for grafting. G. E. Finnerty. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: 150 White Leghorn hens, coming out of moult. Will sell in lots of ten or more. C. Turner, 2 miles out Mosby Creek road. 23-1tp

ANY ONE INTERESTED in a pure-bred, registered, French-Alpine buck for a sire for their herd, please write F. M. Shuck, Rt. 2, Box 41, Portland, 10, Ore. 23-1tc

WANT TO TRADE: A good cow for work horse, mare preferred. Must be gentle, single worker, about 1,300 lbs. Also for sale Gem overbearing strawberry plants, 90 cents per hundred. Write E. Orwick, Saginaw, Ore., or inquire at Walker Station. 23-2tp-24

FOR SALE: Black Minorca breeding cocks. Come and take your choice. R. E. Carlile, 1 mile west Kelly bridge, Disston route. Phone 9F13. 22-2tp-23

SALESMEN WANTED: MEN and WOMEN to supply foods, vitamins and other essential products to consumers in Southeast Lane Deschutes and Douglas counties. Full or part time. Write at once, Rawleigh's Dept. ORA-251-183, Oakland, California. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: Bauer pottery, set for 8, \$11.75; one guitar \$8.75. To give away: black male Fox Terrier, Mrs. Taylor, cabin 3, at Woodson's Auto camp. 23-1tp

WATER WELL DRILLING See your water well driller before you buy or install your pump. Pumps and supplies. Phone 26F23, J. H. Thomas, Oakland, Ore. 10-1fc-xxx

NOW BACK IN BUSINESS MURRAY MATTRESS CO. Mattresses rebuilt and recovered. Davenport and chair cushions rebuilt. 4th and Bair streets, Eugene. 20-8tp-27

WOMAN WANTED: to do housework, 2 in family. Steady job. Call Sam Warren, 1444 East Madison. 23-2tp-24

REPAIRING Auto radiators, gas washing machine motors, Maytag, Briggs and Stratton. Logan Atwood, Loran Rte. on Rohde place. 22-2tp-23

PUREBRED GUERNSEY bull service. Will bring to your barn. Roy Mason, 1 mile out south 6th street. Phone 265Y. 22-4tc-25

FOR SALE: 5 room house with 3 lots, close in. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohde, 323 North 7th street. 22-3tp-24

NICE DISCOUNT on new ranges and some other things as we have to make more room at once. Short's Bargain Store. 22-2tp-23

FOR RENT: Floor sanders, waxers and a vacuum cleaner. The Grove Hardware, phone 18. 21-1fcxx

WANTED TO BUY: Strictly modern 5 or 6 room cottage near city limits. Box 72. 23-1tc

FOR RENT: Small partly furnished 1 bedroom house on Knox Hill. Suitable for a couple. Phone 20F25. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: Electric vibrator. Charles Bostlaugh, Square Deal Barber Shop. 23-1tc

WANTED: Top or bows for 1929 Model A roadster. Box 37, Cottage Grove. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: Ward cook stove; one mattress, practically new; many other articles. Inquire Walden Store. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: Lots for building, well located on good streets, group of five, \$1300. 2 bedroom house, nicely located, woodshed, garage, garden. Price \$4000. \$1500 will handle, balance in payments. See or call Alice J. Breedlove, 1120 W. Main. Phone 126R, Cottage Grove. With Culp and Lake. 23-1tc

WANTED TO BUY: An electric heating pad. Call Dorothy Grisham, Phone 7. 23-2tp-24

WANTED: Two men to work in back end of mill and a sawyer. Emery Harris Lumber Co., 3 miles east on Mosby Creek road. 23-1tp

LOST: Brown fabric glove in front Safeway Store Wednesday. Finder please call 140R. 23-1tc

C. B. EVENSON'S SHOP—Opened with arc welding January 15. Western end of Gowdyville. 23-1tc

FOR SALE: 2 year old Jersey-Guernsey heifer, just fresh with heifer calf. Also one to freshen February 18th with second calf. Chas. Conner, Delight Valley. Phone 38F2. 23-3tp-25

ACTIVE WOMAN WANTED: for housekeeping position in modern convenient home. Salary \$50.00 month. Large private room, 1 day off week; 1 week's vacation every 6 mo. with pay. Must like children. In answering, please state references, age, nationality & religion. Write Mrs. Dan Eastman, 7925 S. E. Reed College Place, Portland 2, Oregon. 23-3tc-25

WANTED: Pickup for guitar amplifier. See, Georgena Zehner at Collins Laundry. 23-1tp

FOR SALE: Oliver 2 bottom 14 inch tractor plow, \$65; heavy tandem disc \$75; large size Allard lamp \$8; 2 cyl. Maytag wash. mach. motor \$25. C. Morelock, phone 210 or 9F3. 23-2tc-24

FOR RENT: Floor sanders and waxers. The Grove Hardware, phone 18. 21-1fcxxx

FOR SALE: 2 New Zealand White does, one with young 2 weeks old; 1 New Zealand buck \$9. 624 North 10th street. 23-1tp

Wanted Timber Work One set of fallers with power saw and equipment. Available now. Crosswell Bros. Box 1064 Newport, Ore.

City Worker-Country Gentleman 11 acres more or less, located approx. four miles west of Cottage Grove, on good rd. Good 7 room house with bath and elec. Elec. pump. Small barn. \$3250.00 cash or \$3500.00 1/2 down. 74.8 acres—eight miles N.W. 15 in cult. bal. good open pasture, some wood. All fenced. Family orchard. Year round creek. Barn and chix. house. Five room house has shower and hot and cold water. Priced at \$4000.00. Terms. House is vacant, can have immediate possession. MERL KING with RODMANS & HILTON 701 Main st: Phone 216

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XIV: Col. Haynes is moved to China to head the bomber command under Gen. Chennault and Scott is left alone as commanding officer of the Ferry Command. Scott is ordered to report to Gen. Chennault in Kunming, China, as commanding officer of the 23rd Fighter Group.

CHAPTER XV

These were led by five of the best men of the AVG, and there was one great ace-in-the-hole that only the General and the AVG could have arranged: Two squadrons of these Flying Tigers had agreed to stay behind for a two weeks' period to help the newly formed 23rd Fighter Group. I think this gesture by those men such as Bob Neal, Charley Bond, George T. Burgard, Frank Lawlor, John E. Petack, Jim Howard, and others who were suffering from combat fatigue and ill health, was one of the bravest and most self-sacrificing incidents of this war. In the two weeks that they remained, two of them gave their lives, and their sacrifice was beyond the call of mere duty. These men, with those five who stayed with us to lead our squadrons—Hill, Rector, Schiel, Bright and Sawyer—and the AVG radio, engineering, armament, and ground personnel, were our backbone and our inspiration. We of the 23rd Fighter Group salute you.

That Fourth of July, as the overconfident enemy ships came in over Kweilin, they brought a new twin-engine fighter that was supposed to murder us. They came in doing arrogant acrobatics, expecting to strafe the Chinese civilians in the city without opposition. General Chennault watched them with field glasses from outside the cave and called directions to Bob Neal, Ed Rector, and Tex Hill, who were sitting with their ships "in the sun" high overhead, at twenty-one thousand. At his radio order of "Take 'em," the newly formed 23rd with the AVG attached dropped down and massacred the Japs. There were soon thirteen wrecked Zeros and new twin-engine I-45's around the field for the Chinese to celebrate over.

Out of this initial air battle for the new Group came one of the best nicknames of the war. General Chennault told me that after the Jap attack had been broken he saw a lone Zero tear across the tops of the hills that jutted up all around Kweilin, and far behind it he heard the unmistakable rolling thunder of six fifty-calibre guns. The hurrying Jap kept going in the direction of Canton and home, and had just about disappeared in the Southeast when the General saw a shark-nosed P-40 roar out of the West, with its six guns going steadily, the tracers dropping far, far below and behind the fleeing Zero. Well, the Jap got away and when the American ship had finally gotten his guns stopped and cool enough to land, the pilot was found to be Lieutenant Dumas—just an eager American pilot who had seen the Jap at too great a distance and had opened up.

Dumas laughingly told us, during the usual kidding that came that evening, that it had been the first time he had seen an enemy plane, and he had gotten so excited that he'd fired too soon. All he did was shoot—but when he got the trigger down and saw the tracers out in front he couldn't turn it loose. He felt about the same way that all of us feel in our first combat. But this escapade earned for him the title of "Long Burst Dumas."

This was the 23rd Fighter Group organized, initiated, and activated in combat. When I took over things at Kunming there were three fighter squadrons and one headquarters squadron. Major Tex Hill had one squadron at Hengyang, China, and with him were such deputy leaders as Maj. Gil Bright, Maj. Johnny Allison, and Capt. Ajax Baumber. Maj. Ed Rector had another squadron at Kweilin with Capt. Charlie Sawyer for his assistant in leadership. These outlying stations are about five hundred miles in the direction of Japan from our headquarters on the plateau of Yunnan at Kunming. The third unit was the squadron under Maj. Frank Schiel, who was very busy training the most junior members of this new fighter group in the way of fighter aviation. I got the Group headquarters to running and stood by for orders to begin leading the fighter forces in action to the East.

On July 10, Tex Hill led a small flight, including Baumber, Allison, Lieut. Lee Minor, and Lieut. Elias, up on the Yangtze. Their prime job was to escort a few B-25 medium bombers against the docks of Hankow. This objective of mission with our China force was never all we considered to be the duty of our fighters, for if any other target presented itself after the bombers were on the way home, we'd have some fun. Tex Hill led his flight along with the bombers, who were led by Col. C. V. Haynes. After the bombs had been released and the B-25's were heading back for

base with their "bomb-bay" doors closed, Tex called for an attack by the fighters on the enemy shipping in the river.

One of the bomber pilots said that Tex rolled his ship over from sixteen thousand feet and streaked down for the Jap gunboats below. The little gunboats were shooting everything they had at the American fighters—but that, I've learned since, was what Hill liked. Tex Hill's guns were firing even as he pulled out right on the water, and they swept the decks of the enemy gunboats. The bomber pilot said that as the fighter ships would turn low to the water and come in, each concentrating on one of the little Jap warships, he could see the six lines of fifty-calibre tracers cutting across the water. At long range they seemed to meet out in front of the fighter and then fan out and cover the deck of the target. Then, as the speed of the fighter narrowed the range, the point where the fire crossed—the zero or convergence point of the guns—was right at the waterline of the Jap boat, and it must have knocked in a hole that crippled the boat right away. On the second attack one of these gunboats was sinking and on fire. Hill's four fighters sank all four of the little metal gunboats.

Next day, on another flight such as this one, Hill led eight fighters, four with wing bombs, for dive-bombing Nanchang. While these four went down with their bombs, Hill was to stay aloft with the other four to act as top-cover—just in case some Zeros tried to surprise the dive-bombers. Ajax Baumber said that he saw the whole thing: Johnny Petack dove for his target, one of the gunboats on the lake, but as his bomb hit the boat the P-40 was seen to explode, evidently hit by ground-fire. Ajax followed the burning ship almost to the ground and saw it strike in a rice paddy near a Buddhist temple.

So Petack, one of the AVG who had stayed for the extra two weeks, was killed in action. It's peculiar how a man could fight all through those last nine months and then go down from a lucky anti-aircraft shot. John Petack had remained for the purpose of training the new pilots and his job was that of airframe defense. He was killed on this offensive mission. It was one that he could have refused with honor; instead, he had volunteered for this dive-bombing flight and had been killed in carrying it out. It was the most inspiring thing he could have done.

I kept sweating out the organization of the Group, and finally on July 17, I received orders from the General to proceed to Kweilin area and take charge of fighter operations. I know my heart nearly beat my ribs to pieces, for I was at last being ordered to go out and lead the fighting. Just as I landed on this air-drome in the Kwans province I saw the remainder of the AVG get into a transport to begin their long trip home to the U. S. A. They called to me as they got aboard and I saw Bob Neal, their greatest ace, wave from the door as he stepped in. We were on our own now, except for the five AVG veterans who had accepted induction in China, and the thirty-odd ground-men.

As the transport got away and the dust settled down, I climbed out of my fighter and looked around at the country. I could but marvel at the geographical situation. Colonel Cooper and I—Cooper had been in the movie production business—used to discuss the peculiar beauty of the place, and he'd say that it would make the greatest location in the world for a moving picture.

It was a flat, tableland country, and over the ages it must have been under water. From the level plain rose vertical, rocky hills, like stalagmites. These were honey-combed with caves where water, when they were submerged, must have dissolved the limestone that had been in the pockets. Evidently the glacier period had planed the valley flat as the glacier moved South, but the jagged rocks had withstood the pressure. Then, as the glacier melted, the caves had formed under water. Now the gray pinnacles of lava-like rock pointed straight towards the heavens. These one-thousand- to two-thousand-foot sentinels gave the valley an eerie appearance that always subdued my general feeling of cheerfulness. As long as I went to Kweilin, I dreaded the extra nervous tension that I knew it would produce. Add to this a summer temperature of over 100 degrees, a humidity of almost 100 per cent, and a fine powdery dust that gagged you, and you can realize that Kweilin was not a summer resort.

There was just the single runway for the planes, cut there between those silent needles of stone. We had operations office in one of the natural caves, and the radio set in another. As I climbed out of my P-40, I could see neither. Here in Kweilin I first had explained to me the air-raid warning system on which we depended. It was of course a working dream that General Chennault had developed. Many times it has saved our fighter force in China, and without it our chances there against the Japanese would have been hopeless.

It seems that the General had always known that Japan was our natural enemy. When he was retired from the Air Corps, instead of staying on his farm in Waterproof, Louisiana, for the rest of his life and living an easy life shooting ducks and fishing, he had gone to China. Here, in a rugged existence, he had told his story to the

Generalissimo, with the approval of high Chinese officials he had built this air-warning net, had caused to be constructed many strategic air-dromes in China, and had preached the doctrine of pursuit aviation.

The warning net is of course secret and cannot be discussed in detail. But if you imagine two concentric circles, one with a radius of one hundred kilometers and the other of two hundred kilometers, around each of most of the fields and large cities in Free China, you have a general picture. In these circles are thousands of reporting stations—some within the enemy lines, some right on the enemy fields themselves. There may be a coolie sitting on a city wall watching for airplanes or listening for engine noise and reporting it with a visual signal. There may be a mandarin in a watch tower; a soldier in a field with a walkie-talkie radio. All reports finally get in to the outer circle, where some of the information is re-filtered, and finally it goes to the plotting-board in our cave or operations shack. These Chinese interpreters get the reports and move little pin flags along the map of China—and we know where every enemy ship is in our territory and can see where ours are. The net works so efficiently in certain areas that we don't take off until the Japs are within the one-hundred-kilometer circle; this gives us more fuel with which to fight.

When the Japs come we know at what altitude they are approaching and from exactly what direction. We know their speed and their numbers. It's kind of a joke, too, that in several places we know when the Japanese roll their ships from their hangars or revetments, when they start their engines, and when they take off. Also it not only works for the obvious purpose of defense but has permitted us in many cases to locate lost pilots, for the navigation facilities in China are not the world's best.

Of course the locating of lost, friendly ships took another element besides the warning net. It required the existence of intelligent radio operators who knew the country and had common sense. These men, like Richardson, Mihalko, Miller, and Sasser, with others, stayed out there with us, and if you count the AVG aces as the first factor that permitted us to carry on in a manner that didn't discredit the Flying Tigers, then these men who helped us by radio were the close second factor.

Suppose that one of our pilots, returning from a flight, loses his position on his map because of a cross-wind, because of unfamiliarity with the country, because of his own stupidity—which we call a "short circuit between the head-phones"—or just because the maps of China are very inaccurate. In many such instances we would have lost an airplane worth virtually millions in our combat zone, and perhaps the pilot too.

The pilot who is lost calls the radio station that he thinks is closest to him, and in code tells the trouble. The radioman tells him to circle the next town he passes for a few minutes. Down in that town, marked on his map with an unknown Chinese character, some member of this warning net sees him and reports one P-40 circling. In a few minutes the radio operator gets the report and tells the pilot: "You're reported over Lufeng—fly fifty-eight degrees at two hundred miles an hour and we'll have supper ready—we've got grits tonight—yeah."

One amusing but near-tragic instance of this orientation by means of the air-warning net happened about the time the AVG induction board came to China. Another fighter group commander had waited for several days over in India to come into China with a large flight of P-40E's. He finally came over on a transport and eventually got tired of waiting for the fighters. He didn't know that the weather was very bad in Burma, and that the monsoon winds from the South could take them so far off course in a few minutes that the entire flight might easily get lost.

After a long wait he came back to Assam in the transport and led his pilots towards Kunming. First of all, he corrected too much for the southerly wind, and in a very short time he was fifty miles South of his course and near two Japanese fields. His unashful deputy leaders herded him to the North. And then the monsoon wind from out the Indian Ocean began to work on his navigation, and in another hour he was lost far to the North of the course. Night was falling, and the hills of North China were rising threateningly.

Then the net, if it hadn't justified its existence long before, would have begun to pay for itself. The leader called Kunming, and the operator there, a tough old former Navy man, heard him and gave the instructions: "Circle the first town you see." The group commander began to argue at once—said he didn't have enough gas to waste circling; but the AVG radio-man talked him into doing it. Then the net reported, and Kunming operator said, "You're over Yangpi—fly 240 degrees for twenty minutes and you'll see the lake Kunming is on."

(Continued next week) AT FIRST SIGN OF A GOLD USE 666 Cold Preparations as directed!