

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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FISH AND TAX DOLLARS Roseburg News-Review Saturday, January 13, 1945

Previously we have reported the intention of the Oregon Fish commission to ask the state legislature for continuing appropriations to maintain its hatchery program.

Again we ask the question, why should Oregon taxpayers be required to subsidize private industry? There might be a reasonable answer if a substantial proportion of our population was absolutely dependent upon commercial fishing for a livelihood.

All our coastal streams, aside from the Columbia, are far more valuable for recreational purposes than for commercial fishing.

But Ralph Watson, political editor of the Oregon Journal, Portland, in the edition published Sunday, Jan. 7, reports:

The Fish commission intends to ask the legislature to put it back on a straight appropriation-based arrangement where it would turn all poundage fees into the general fund and ask for an appropriation sufficiently in excess of that revenue to enable it to maintain hatcheries enough to increase the salmon run, or at least not to let it dwindle.

We would need no expensive hatchery program in this state if it were not for commercial fishing. If we had abundant runs of salmon, our rivers would quickly restock themselves, not only with salmon but with other species of fish.

This continuing fight between commercial and sports fishing interests involves more than salmon. We are led to believe the problem can be solved by permitting netters to take the salmon, leaving other game fish to sportsmen.

Nature has created an interdependence between salmon runs and other species of fish in our rivers. This relationship is seldom taken into account when considering the industrial side of the fishing question.

Nature provides that salmon shall enter fresh-water streams to spawn. After spawning they die and their carcasses are distributed along the river bed from source to mouth, furnishing food for the salmon fingerlings as they start back to the ocean with the first freshets.

The number of fish any given area of water will sustain is limited only by the amount of natural food available. When we destroy or limit salmon runs we are reducing the amount of fish food in our streams and, consequently, there is not enough to support abundant fish life.

Experiments by the federal government in Alaskan waters have proven that streams can be kept well stocked providing there is ample escapement of salmon. Hatcheries need be only a supplemental source of supply.

But the commercial fishing interests in Oregon are not interested in escapement. They have fought every effort to shorten open seasons. They have spent thousands of dollars to defeat every conservation measure brought before the legislature.

They want only one thing and that is every last fish that can be dragged out of Oregon streams. And now they are asking the taxpayers to help them drain off the final vestiges of the rapidly dwindling fishing resources.

The commercial fishing industry has been practicing the same wasteful plan followed for so many years by the lumber industry: "Cut it all and move on." But the lumber industry has reached its last frontier and, at last, is learning the necessity for conservation. The fishing industry, apparently, does not propose to practice conservation unless compelled to do so.

Culp Creek

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Riggs of Vida visited recently with his brother and family, Roy Riggs, of Row River community.

Rev. Mr. Hoeker, a former resident, has been visiting his church members at Culp Creek. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoeker are teaching and preaching in the Mountain missions near Knoxville, Tenn.

The Row River Community club met at the home of Mrs. Glenn Cellars on Thursday. A luncheon was served at noon. The day was spent finishing Mrs. Cellars' quilt.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hilleman, who purchased the Corbit Smith place at Culp Creek have moved into their new home.

The Girl Scouts held their meeting on Thursday night at the Row River community hall with a large attendance. Mrs. Audrey Ponton and Mrs. Carlson, scout leaders, had a planned social hour and refreshments for the troop.

Mrs. C. Morris has been the house guest of her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Len Morris, this past week.

A surprise party was given Glen Cellars Saturday night. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Willie Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shoberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Crisman and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Cellars.

Ida Catherine Taylor Rites Are Saturday

Rites for Ida Catherine Taylor, 71, were held from the Mills chapel Saturday afternoon with the Rev. Wendell Small officiating. Interment was in the Taylor-Lane cemetery.

Miss Taylor, a life long resident of this section, died at the family home on West Main street, January 17th. She was born on the Joseph Taylor donation land claim in the Hebron section July 23, 1865. She resided at the family homestead until a few years ago when she moved nearer town.

She was a life long member of the Christian church. Surviving is one sister, Miss Lillian J. Taylor.

4-H CLUB WORK TO BE MARCH 3-11

National 4-H club week has been set for the week of March 3 to 11, according to word received by the state club office in the O. S. C. Extension service. This was formerly called national -H mobilization week, but Washington authorities have requested that the term mobilization not be used in connection with governmental activities other than military.

WANTED: 25 volunteers to help with tag day sales in polo fund. Apply to N. J. Nesco Jr., chairman at post office after 1:00 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 27th. 24-11c-31.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVI

Well, the lost leader looked at his map and still couldn't see how he was North of the course and really past his destination. So he began to argue again. The old Navy operator stood the bickering as long as he could; then he "took over."

With the initiative he had developed, he gave off some of the most classic advice that I've ever heard, and he gave it straight from the shoulder.

"Goddamit," he called, "who the hell's lost, you or me? Now you fly the course I'm telling you and we'll meet you."

And so another man of the Occident failed to change the East, and in failing learned a little and became a little more like the East. It saved twenty-five airplanes.

People have asked me what made me able to shoot down my first Jap, and probably they expected me to say that I had practised on tow targets until I could put every shot in the black. Or that I had been to all the schools from Leavenworth to Mount Holyoke, and had learned tactics. Or perhaps that I was better at piloting than the Jap. I must have disappointed them. For if any one thing more than another enabled me to meet the Japanese fighter pilots in the air and shoot them down while I escaped, it was an American girl.

First of all, I don't know exactly what democracy is, or the real, common-sense meaning of a republic. But as we used to talk things over in China, we all used to agree that we were fighting for The American Girl. She to us was America, Democracy, Coca Cola, Hamburgers, Clean Places to Sleep, or The American Way of Life.

To hurriedly explain this theory, let me say that I learned to fly as anybody else did—with an instructor in a flying school. That is, I learned to take a trainer off and to land it. But to correct this, I learned to be a combat pilot by flying all over the Western Hemisphere to see an American Girl. I went from every State in the Union to Georgia to see her. I went from South America to Panama to see the same girl. I went from Central America to the Canal Zone to see her. All on government missions certainly, but that mission was more to develop myself into being a pilot who could navigate over the world, or fly instruments when I had to, or fly at night, than it was to carry out the routine flight that I was on. I always imagined that my sole duty was to get through with the ship safely. I knew that if I could get through in peace-time I could get through in war.

Then if I could fly the ship as an expert, I would only have to point the guns at the right place and the enemy would go down.

To prove this, I go on and answer the question further by saying, "No, ma'am, I didn't learn it in school. Why, my greatest victory in the air was on a cross-country—that's what we call a navigation flight." And here's the story.

Early one morning—July 31, 1942—I took off from Kunming headquarters to return to the eastern theater at Kweilin and Hengyang. High mountains are on this five-hundred-mile route to the East, and I went on top of the overcast right away. From my twenty-thousand-foot altitude I kept looking down at the solid cloud layer just below me, and I guess that subconsciously I prayed there would be breaks at my destination. There were mountains at my destination too, and it's still not the best feeling to have to dive through overcast into hilly country with a fighter ship—or with any ship, for that matter.

As the minutes rolled by and the miles spun behind the P-40, I still didn't see the welcome shadow of a hole in the clouds. In just a little over two hours I arrived over the point above the clouds where Lingling should have been. You see this point was in flat country, and between Kweilin and Hengyang. By intentionally making an error to the North I knew at least what side of Kweilin I was on, and knew furthermore that I could go down much more safely there than farther South in the mountains that surrounded Kweilin.

I called Lingling over the radio, but before I could get a reply, Sasser, the operator at Kweilin, broke in with an "alert" warning. He said: "Chinese net reports noise of enemy airplanes coming up the Canton-Hengyang Railway at high altitude. Last report Section A-5."

Looking at my map, which was marked off in squares with letter and numeral co-ordinates, I saw that I was very close to that section. But at the same time I was really not oriented as to position, and was into the last twenty or so gallons of my fuel. Here was a chance at last to intercept enemy planes; by the time the P-40's from our fighter stations could get there, the enemy would have gone on with their mission. What was I to do?

As I considered it for the second time that was necessary to make up my mind, I remember thinking that my loss of this ship would be justified if I shot a Japanese ship down, and if I was out of fuel above the clouds I could dive down and land in a rice paddy. That would be an even trade. But I guess my ego thought I could shoot the whole formation down—and the exchange of the Japanese flight for my one ship would certainly be favorable to our side.

But my mind was already made up. Even then I was on my way towards the position that I thought was Section A-5, there on the pretty white tops of the overcast. Calling to Sasser, I told him I thought I was just East of Lingling and was going to try to intercept. I dove down until I was just over the tops of the clouds, at 17,600 feet. I dodged in among the tops of the fluffy cumulus, looking ahead for the first sign of the black silhouette of an airplane. As the enemy ships had been reported heading North, I estimated where they should now be and flew to intercept them.

I'll never forget. I had just looked at the fuel gauge for the hundredth time, and as my eyes left the instrument board to go back to my diligent search, I saw the clock, and the hour was 9:08. At that instant I saw an enemy airplane—one silhouette. From that second on, I know I moved automatically. I saw that on our courses we were going to meet head-on.

stream from the canopy. I just squeezed the trigger and "froze" as the bomber seemed to come back towards me. As I drew up to less than a hundred yards the big red spots on the wing grew wider and wider apart, and I saw pieces come from the left engine. I nearly rammed the enemy—I still don't see how I missed the radio antenna pole behind the glass canopy; I could see the guns waving to and fro, and they shot at me.

But the bomber was going down. I didn't pull up as I went past him this time, but dove steeply. When I came out of the dive I looked back for the Zeros but they were not to be seen. Above and behind me, the bomber was spinning slowly in flames, the black smoke making a spiral above the clouds—I saw it go into the clouds as I rushed through in my pullout. I came out below the clouds, which were broken in a few places now, but I couldn't see the Jap ships. I made one half circle and didn't know where I was.

Finally remembering my fuel supply, I breathlessly glanced at the gauges, and they were all bouncing around on—EMPTY! I turned and headed West with my throttle retarded and the prop set back for cruising. Now I called Sasser, having forgotten to call him at the moment of contact with the enemy. I told him about the interception, that I knew I had shot down the bomber and had gotten some bursts on the fighters. Sasser told me that there was a flight on the way from Hengyang, led by Gil Bright.

My altitude was ten thousand now, and I held it while I just about glided with power to the West, where I should see the Hengyang-Kweilin railroad. As I finished my report over the radio, Sasser in Kweilin told me S-3, and Richardson at Hengyang said S-3 also. But Miller at Lingling told me I sounded very close to his station, and gave me the report S-5. These mean, in radio technical language, that my volume was louder in Lingling than at either of the other two stations. More than likely I was closer to the middle town. I assumed this and flew West, letting down gradually.

Just then Miller must have received a report from a tower that heard my engine, for he said, "You're Northeast of the field." I turned a little South and saw the welcome red clay of Lingling. I started feeling happy then—I'd been in the air on a cross-country for nearly four hours, and knew that I'd shot down at least one plane. I couldn't buzz the field though, for any minute I expected the engine to cough and the prop to start "windmilling"—out of gas. I put the wheels down and landed without even looking to see which way the wind was on the runway. I got the ship parked without the engine's dying, but the mechanics said they couldn't see any fuel in the tanks.

Rather excitedly I told my story. We counted the holes in my ship and then went over to count those in one of the fighters that had been in another battle that morning. Just then Miller came dashing up in a jeep to say that my air engagement had been reported over Leiyang, sixty miles to the East, and that confirmation had already come in on my bomber. It had crashed and burned eight miles from the town. That noon I was so excited that I couldn't eat my lunch—I just sat there and relived the battle. The sergeant came in to tell me there were seventeen holes in my ship, and two of them were from the cannon of the Zeros—they were all back near the tail; so maybe George Paxton had been right, and maybe the little bastards couldn't shoot. Well, we were to find out during the next ten days, very vividly.

I flew on to Hengyang that afternoon, and with Lieutenant Cluck in a jeep we drove to Leiyang. We had information that some of the crew or passengers had jumped from the bomber that morning and had been captured, and we needed the prisoners for information. With Chinese guides we climbed on foot over the rice paddies built on the hills, towards the scene of the crashed plane. Even before we'd covered the ten or more miles that we had to walk, I saw evidence of the airplane. It seemed as if every coolie that came towards us was carrying a piece of the Jap plane. Near the wreck I saw pieces of aluminum on the houses covering holes in the roofs, and saw some of the clothes from the Jap airmen. These we examined, and found a notebook, a map, and a pistol. Later the soldiers at the wreck gave us a chute and some other things of military value.

When we came to the burned bomber we found it pretty well scattered. The fabric was gone from the parts that hadn't burned, but the larger part was just a mass of burned metal. I noticed that the bodies of four Japs were lying where they had fallen, and several days later other visitors reported them still in the same positions. I looked in vain through the wreckage for a Samurai sword, which is the souvenir we value most from the Jap.

(Continued next week)

Discovers Pike's Peak On November 15, 1805, Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike discovered the mountain peak in Colorado that today bears his name—Pike's Peak.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666 Cold Preparations as directed

At Harvey Road

Hiram Wetherbee who installed the first hand pump on Harvey Road had trouble lately getting water. He took it up and found that his good neighbors had been cutting pieces off of the lead suction pipe to make bullets.

John Dokes sent off and got one of those now-fangled iron cook stoves. He had considerable trouble by being smoked out of the house until he found that he was trying to build the fire in the oven. He said the directions came with it alright but he couldn't read them because the pack rats had run off with his glasses and he had been unable to find them.

Grandma Seely who is ninety seven years old and who makes the best tallow candles out here laid up with a misery. She slipped and hurt herself while cutting wood for the fire place. Let us hope she is soon up and around again.

Our chickens have been cutting some queer capers lately. They all take turns taking off and dropping their eggs while air borne at an object on the ground. Some of them have achieved remarkable accuracy too. They didn't lay very well until I conceived the idea of taking the axe with me when I fed them. C. E. (Cliff) Roberts.

BIRTHS

CLARK—At the McFarland maternity home on Tuesday, January 23, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Thomas Clark of London, a son, Larry Dean.

WALLS—At the McFarland maternity home on Wednesday, January 24, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walls, Disston route, Cottage Grove, a son.

LANE CONTRIBUTION TO CHEST DISCLOSED

Lane county people gave \$67,233.73 to the Oregon war chest during the year 1944, according to the financial report from chest headquarters, filed in the office of the county clerk, as provided by law. Lane county is second to Multnomah in the amount contributed.

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