

Cottage Grove Sentinel

Published Every Thursday at Cottage Grove, Oregon
Established August 15, 1889

W. C. MARTIN Editor, Publisher

Subscription Rates, Cash in Advance

Subscription rates, cash in advance. No subscription for less than 3 months.	1 Yr.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
In Lane-Douglas Counties	2.00	1.25	.75
Outside This Dist. in Oregon	2.25	1.50	.90
Outside Oregon in U. S.	2.50	1.75	1.00
Foreign Rates on Application.			
Armed Forces in U. S.	2.00	1.50	1.00
Armed Forces Overseas	1.50	1.00	

Entered at Cottage Grove, Oregon, as second class matter.

Member
OREGON NEWS PAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
Member
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

SHALL GERMANY HAVE A HARD OR SOFT PEACE?

No sensible man wants this world to be embroiled again in such a war, for another war like this would not only destroy our national resources but it would definitely threaten our whole civilization. We all agree that wars must be stopped, that the germs of war must be destroyed before they are given the opportunity to incubate... but 'how to do it' is the problem. The idealist leans toward a soft peace. The realist insists upon a hard one. But regardless of our sentiments, the British and Russians are going to have a voice in the decision—and their sufferings and sacrifices will determine their thinking.

We who live in comfortable American homes and in cities still unharmed by bombs cannot know the real terrors of modern war. To understand its true meaning, all we need do is use our imagination and change shoes for a moment with a Russian, a German or a Britisher.

For example, if you were a resident of Britain you would know the meaning of war. You would have lived, suffered and endured it.

In Britain home front casualties have been extremely heavy. Before the coming of the super Nazi V-2 rockets, the total casualties exceeded 136,000 persons. And one out of every three houses had been damaged or completely destroyed. Entire blocks were wiped out by a single V-1 buzz bomb.

Men work long hard hours in factories, and hours that should be spent in sleep are oftentimes utilized to clear debris and restore essential services. Almost everything is rationed. An egg is a rare delicacy. Men wear shabby clothes and taxes are far higher than in America.

Out of a population of 47 million people, 5 million, or one-third of all her men between 14 and 64, are in the armed forces. Almost half the women between the ages of 14 and 59 are in the armed services, fulltime civil defense or in industry.

Britain has lost two-thirds of her pre-war commercial fleet and her military and sea casualties total more than 600,000.

These things must be stopped. An enduring peace must be built. Will a soft peace or a hard peace for the Nazis assure the fulfillment of a happy, peaceful future? What do you think?—(Selected).

Cedars

Mr. and Mrs. Nate Compton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mackin last Sunday.

Mrs. W. A. Hemenway has been ill with the flu.

The Cedars Ladies club will meet with Mrs. Read Hemenway February 13th for an all day meeting. A potluck dinner will be held at noon and members are to tie out a comforter for the hostess.

Mrs. Ruth Apana of San Francisco, California has been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. B. Smith.

Mrs. Anna Bolton returned home Sunday after visiting her son and granddaughter in Portland.

gviireni too iDaOw Fhoc :ao

Stretch Easily
Knit dresses and sweaters stretch if hung up. It's better to lay them on a bed to air, then fold and lay them away in a drawer.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.
(Continued from last week.)
CHAPTER XVIII

So Johnny glided to the field with his missing engine, and then he heard him say that he couldn't make the field and was going to sit down in the river. The moon made it fairly bright, but even at that I knew that Johnny had to be mighty good and very lucky. Then I wondered whether or not he was wounded. Silhouetted against the light from the three bombers he had shot down, his fighter looked awfully low. He skimmed over the Chinese junk on the river, and I saw the splash as the P-40, with its wheels up, hit the Siang Kiang. Down on the ground they heard his engine give one more dying gasp, as with a surge of power—probably from full gun and a prop in low pitch—it lifted him over the last of the masts of the junk and let him level off to skid across the surface of the river.

We came in and landed now, for the ground crew had gotten the smudge-pot boundary lights set out to mark the runway as well as the bomb craters. We gathered together fast with the boys who had stayed on the ground, and talked about the great battle. I remember Tex Hill shaking his head and saying, "I'm afraid Johnny didn't make it. Doggone, he was a good boy." We all felt a sinking in our hearts. We waited and we kind of prayed too.

I sent Captain Wang, our salvage man, out to see if he could get any news of Major Allison. We made our reports out and kept waiting on the alert. Just when we had really given up hope, we heard the sound of sharp explosions. All of us ran out of the alert shack, to see the strangest sight that we ever saw, even in China.

A procession had entered the field. The Chinese sentry had passed the crowd of people and was himself holding his thumb in the air calling "Ding-hao—ding-hao." In the midst of the procession and surrounded by children shooting Chinese firecrackers in celebration, was a sedan chair carried on the backs of the villagers of Hengyang. And Johnny Allison was in the sedan chair—smiling.

While we cheered too and some of us even got some firecrackers from the kids and shot them off, we helped Johnny out and heard his story. He'd hit the river like a feather-bed, he said, and had swum ashore, having to kick off his good American shoes to make it. As he crawled up the bank of the river the Chinese had rushed upon him, thinking he was a Jap out of one of the bombers. Johnny said it looked as if they were going to cut him up, until he remembered the one word of Chinese that he'd picked up. He yelled this—one that sounded like "Merugay," which means "American." And when they read the Chinese sign that each of us carried on the back of his flying suit, which asks aid and protection for the American who has come to help China fight, they realized who he was. Just the man who had shot down the three enemy ships. And from then on he was the hero of the town.

Johnny Allison had a couple of burns on his hands and legs where some bits of the Japs' explosive bullets had hit him. He'd been slightly cut on the forehead when, on landing in the river, his head had hit the heavy metal of the gun-sight. But the scar that would leave would be a common one after the war, for every fighter pilot flies along with his head just inches behind that hunk of steel that contains the lights and prisms of the modern gun-sights. Just the slightest accident and it is out there to split your head.

I asked Johnny why in hell he went so close to the bomber formation, and he grinned and said, "I was scared I'd miss one of them." Our salvage crew worked and worked at the job of raising the P-40 from the bottom of the Siang-Kiang. But with the fourteen-foot depth and the swift current, they had more than modern engineering with the limitations of our floating equipment could accomplish. Under Captain Wang—Chinese-American and in our Army—they floated barges out to the spot and tried to tow it ashore with lines. Then they lowered steel drums, tied them to the ship, tried to pump the water from the submerged drums and thus float the P-40—but everything failed.

During all the work of the Americans with windlass and block-and-tackle, the Chinese villagers, who had offered their services long before smiling and stood by. We asked ourselves: What in hell could the Chinese coolies and rivermen do if we, with our general knowledge and advanced civilization, couldn't raise the ship? We went on and failed for three days, and then to the persistent Chinese we said, "Okay, go ahead."

We watched them float raft after raft of long thick bamboo poles to the buoy that now marked the spot where Johnny's fighter had sunk. Mentally we set down the raising of the ship as impossible and got

ready to mark it off the list. But the Chinese went on cheerfully with their work. I saw them pull themselves down into the river with ropes tied to the fighter, taking with them an eighteen-foot length of bamboo. They would slide this under the wing of the ship and lash it into place with grass rope. Hundreds of times they did this, until a perfect mat of bamboo was under the entire wing of the little P-40. Then they lashed the mat to the fuselage and started another row under the wing. Through it all we smiled at the wasted effort, and I heard men say, "Oh well, there are lots of Chinese anyway. Let them work."

But toward the second day's close, I began to wonder, and that evening as darkness settled over the river I went out to watch their tireless labor. Suddenly there was a movement among the rivermen to tighten the four cables that tied the fighter to the barge, and I saw the canopy and the prop of Johnny's fighter ship rise above the surface of the river. Involuntarily I cheered, and I felt a lump in my throat as if I had swallowed something; as I tried to talk to the officer with me I felt my lip tremble with emotion. But the Chinese never cheered or got excited; they remained as stoical as ever. They seemed to know that they were going to be successful, and had merely been waiting for the crazy Americans to quit playing around with all the strange gadgets.

They had floated the 9100 pounds of P-40, and now they towed it to shore. Our salvage crew put the wheels down in the water, and with the aid of about a hundred coolies the ship was pulled up the river bank and then out to the field. We counted eleven bullet holes through the engine and in the cockpit. Next day the ground crews began the work of repair. Days had to pass before an engine from another damaged fighter could be installed, and more time had to go by before we got it completely worked over. But in the end it flew again in combat against the Japanese—thanks to labor of good mechanics, and the bravery of a gallant officer, the unswerving patience and devotion of those brave Chinese coolies and rivermen who had never heard of the word "impossible."

When I first went to China I think I imagined in my short stay that I would gradually change the simple Chinese. I used to rant and rave about this and that, and try to show the houseboys better and more efficient ways to do things. But they never changed, and finally I realized that they were changing me. Now in raising this ship they had used a method three thousand years old. I have read since how they had employed it in Burma, long years before, when the great temple bell weighing over thirty tons was thrown into the deep lake to save it from the heathen. When the heathen had occupied the land and had himself been beaten in due time, probably by the country and by time itself, they had come back to the lake, these Chinese, and with bamboo poles had raised the thirty tons of metal.

During my stay in China I have watched the Chinese being bombed, and have seen them go out and pick their dead from among the ruins of their cities. Then wait bravely for the Jap to come again, while they went on scratching out a road with their bare hands, stoically working and watching for material to come over that road with which to fight the enemy. Waiting patiently, as though they knew that some day they would have a chance to fight the Japanese who have tried to exterminate them.

I've seen a Chinese woman run into a bomb crater, pull the dismembered pieces of her child together, and wipe the dirt from the face of her dead husband, a look of misery on her face. Then, when she saw me staring, she stood there and smiled. When I glanced at General Chennault with a question on my face, he said, "Don't interpret that wrong now, Scotty. She's showing you she can still smile, no matter what happens."

Even with the small fighter and bomber force that we now had in China, the people had taken a new lease on life. Every time we had an air battle over a town along the Yangtze or near the lakes around Nanchang, I think we realized then, as General Chennault had realized, for a long time, that all these people needed was a chance, with air support for their ground armies and modern equipment for their soldiers.

Our small force had put new life into them. They had plaques embroidered in commemoration of the battles that we fought. These would sometimes represent the American eagle holding the flag of America, Britain, Russia, and China. In Chinese characters would be a poetic account of the battle that the pilot or the squadron had fought. As we drove along the roads in our jeeps to the field for the alert of the "Jim-bao," the little children would hold their thumbs up and call again and again, "Ding-hao."

More and more we asked ourselves, "What couldn't we do with plenty of equipment for the Chinese ground armies, and us over their heads with adequate air support?" Would the day ever come when we could make an attack with a force that was a credit to the greatest country in the world? Towards the middle of August, as our pilots died in the old ships that we had, we had begun to doubt it.

For no, we didn't win all the time. Sometimes we lost, even when we traded one for ten. We lost because the Jap could replace his lost planes; we could not. It was more

man losing ships—sometimes lots died in the unequal battle.

One day in August, Johnny Allison was leading six P-40's to intercept a larger number of Japanese coming in against Hengyang from both Hankow and Canton. When interception was made, the Japs had fifty-three planes. They were in three waves, so of course Johnny didn't get them all together and let them take shots at his little force. He circled in the sun, waiting for the opportunity to strike, and get away with all his ships. Then it came. He dove through nine of them, and his six planes shot down four of the enemy. In his second attack, after diving away and climbing back into the sun, he sent four of his six down against them and then came on with the other two, just in case the enemy should follow the small attacking force out of the familiar "circling movement" that the Jap with his ever superior numbers always went into.

The little force of fighters knocked down another Zero. But one of the P-40's was in trouble. Johnny said later that he had seen the enemy ships following the Forty, but thought the closest one was another P-40. Too late he realized the error and went to help the pilot, whom he knew by help to be a boy named Lee Minor. The Zero rode the American fighter's tail and shot it down with cannon, and the P-40 burned. Johnny watched for a chute to open, but nothing happened.

As we drove out along the highway that afternoon—Baumler and Allison, Jack Belden of Life magazine and I—we were hoping by some fluke that Minor had bailed out and that Johnny had failed to see him do it, but we suspected that we were merely being optimistic. The farther we drove down the road to the South, towards the battle area of the morning, the more we expected what we found. Finally we saw it.

Four Chinese coolies were walking towards the nearest village, carrying an object lashed to poles, and carrying it in the old way of the East, with the poles over their shoulders. The thing they were carrying was wrapped in grass matting, but I saw the bare feet sticking out. We stopped the jeep and called to the coolies. Jack Belden spoke to them in Chinese and took the cover from the face. It was Lieutenant Minor, and of course he was dead. His ship in exploding had evidently thrown him out and opened his chute, but the explosion had killed him. He had definitely not crashed with the ship, for there was hardly a mark on his body.

Wrapping Minor in his parachute, we took him back in a rickety Chinese bus that we commandeered. We knew we'd miss Minor and men like him. He'd been one of the up-and-coming younger pilots, and had already shot down one Japanese plane.

We took Minor's body to the Catholic mission across the river, and bought one of the old, ancient-looking Chinese coffins, made out of wood about six inches thick, with corners that turned up like a pagoda roof; they must weigh two hundred pounds. We put Minor's body inside and held a simple service; for you have to work fast in temperatures of a hundred and eight, when the humidity is just about a hundred. Then we filled the casket with quicklime, sealed it up on our brother officer, covered it with ten layers of heavy bricks to protect it from robbers and rats, and left it there to wait for the next transport to Kunming.

The headquarters in Yunnan is the burial ground for all of our pilots killed fighting against the Japanese. There on the plateau in Yunnan is the only memorial ground the 23rd Fighter Group will ever have. Our pilots lie beneath a gray slate slab from the earth of Yunnan, under the wings of the Chinese and the American Air Forces. They lie there in the shadow of a little Buddhist temple which for all practical purposes is the Christian temple of our God.

Captain A. J. Baumler was the best operations officer I ever saw. He could go out and shoot down Japs all day, then come in and read the combat reports of twenty pilots, digest them all, and write out the most comprehensive report in the world—one that would give higher headquarters a ringside picture of the fight that had taken place.

"Ajax" was from New Jersey. He had fought for nearly two years with the Loyalists in Spain, and had shot down seven Messerschmitts and Fiat in that war; when he became an ace in the 23rd Group he was the first man in the war who had shot down German, Italian, and Japanese aircraft. Ever since America had entered the war he had led a hectic existence. Months before December 7th he had left America from California to join the AVG and General Chennault, as a Lieutenant in the Air Corps. He had been stopped in Hawaii for a month and had then received permission to continue on.

(To be continued)

Moose Lodge Meets
Meets Every TUESDAY
Night, 8:00 o'clock
Petersen's Hall 18-1fc

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

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT—OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK
July 1, 1944 to December 31, 1944 Inc.

GENERAL FUND		
Account	Number Claims	Amount
Advertising	19	\$1,185.22
Agriculturist	2	4,090.00
Assessor	95	7,311.92
Auditing		
Circuit Court	87	2,613.62
Circuit Court (Special)	186	1,559.85
Clerk	178	15,038.95
Coroner	12	302.68
County Court	66	5,096.83
County Dues	2	176.77
County Farm	176	5,126.63
County Owned Lands	73	3,586.29
Court House	100	5,019.85
Defense	26	1,035.47
Dependent Childrens' Inst.	29	979.37
District Attorney	55	2,732.50
District Sealer	4	196.12
Election	1254	12,540.56
Emergency		
Emergency Relief	1	2.00
Fire Patrol	1	358.79
Four-H Club	2	2,800.00
Fruit Inspector	34	1,160.56
Health Department	109	8,939.15
Health Officers	11	42.50
Home Demonstration Agent	2	1,500.00
Indigent Soldier	44	1,470.92
Insane	60	622.15
Insurance	2	519.89
Justice Court	139	1,285.60
Juvenile Department	97	3,675.70
Museum	46	1,286.12
Predatory Animals	7	838.63
Public Welfare Commission	6	50,772.50
Rodent Control	1	400.00
School Superintendent	77	3,164.78
Sheriff - General	204	7,803.05
Sheriff - Tax Department	112	12,024.73
Sheriff - Jail	103	3,730.15
Slaughtered Animals	56	1,123.97
State Industrial Accident Com.	6	682.98
Surveyor	70	2,574.16
Thistle	39	2,431.37
Treasurer	43	3,098.27
TOTALS	3636	\$180,900.59

DOG FUND		
Claims	31	\$ 628.85
Enforcement Officer	12	913.66
State Compensation	6	24.76
Supplies	3	222.02
Miscellaneous	1	16.25
TOTALS	53	\$1,805.54

BOUNTY FUND		
Animals		
Bobcat	24	\$ 97.50
Coyote	24	102.00
Cougar	7	80.00
Seal		
TOTALS	49	\$ 279.50

GENERAL ROAD FUND		
Bridge	252	\$19,437.20
Construction and Maintenance	1472	159,118.66
Emergency		
Insurance	1	9.16
Right of Way		
State Ind. Accident Com.	6	5,837.39
TOTALS	1730	\$184,402.41

MARKET ROAD FUND		
Construction and Maintenance	410	\$30,248.33
Bridge	132	13,563.99
TOTALS	542	\$43,812.32

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF LANE—ss.
I, W. B. DILLARD, County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, hereby certify that the foregoing Report is correct as I verily believe.
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of Lane County, Oregon, this 23rd day of January, 1945.
W. B. DILLARD, County Clerk of the County of Lane, State of Oregon.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT
July 1, 1944 to December 31, 1944
(Both Dates Inclusive)

Total Tax & Interest Collected	\$1,866,580.68
Special Turnover (12 1/2% Yield Tax)	1,271.87
Special Turnover (In Lieu of Taxes)	12.31
TOTALS	\$1,867,864.86

COLLECTIONS CIVIL & CRIMINAL DEPT.

Total Auto License Fees Collected	\$ 1,025.50
Total Legal Fees Collected	671.15
Total Collections	\$ 1,696.65

DEPOSITED WITH COUNTY TREASURER
(Tax Department)

July 1st to July 31, 1944	\$ 21,350.43
August 1st to August 31st, 1944	27,619.69
September 1st to September 30th, 1944	18,074.04
October 1st to October 31st, 1944	155,407.76
November 1st to November 30th, 1944	1,164,178.34
December 1st to December 31st, 1944	476,788.55
TOTALS	\$1,863,418.81

SPECIAL TURNOVER—12 1/2% YIELD TAX

September 22, 1944	\$ 707.05
December 21, 1944	564.82
TOTALS	\$ 1,271.87

SPECIAL TURNOVER—(IN LIEU OF TAXES)
(AUTO LICENSE FEES)

December 21, 1944	\$ 12.31
July 1st to July 31st, 1944	137.50
August 1st to August 31st, 1944	67.00
September 1st to September 30th, 1944	58.75
October 1st to October 31st, 1944	39.50
November 1st to November 30th, 1944	26.25
December 1st to December 31st, 1944	696.50
TOTALS	\$ 1,025.50

(LEGAL FEES)

July 1st to July 31st, 1944	\$ 106.15
August 1st to August 31st, 1944	132.37
September 1st to September 30th, 1944	113.98
October 1st to October 31st, 1944	107.40
November 1st to November 30th, 1944	106.22
December 1st to December 31st, 1944	105.03
TOTALS	\$ 671.15

Total Deposited with County Treasurer	\$1,866,399.64
Cash on Hand December 31st (Tax Department)	8,161.87
TOTALS	\$1,869,561.51

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF LANE—ss.
I, O. E. CROWE, as Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct report of the Tax Department, and Civil and Criminal Departments of the Office of Sheriff and Tax Collector for Lane County, Oregon, for the period commencing July 1st, 1944, and ending December 31st, 1944, both dates inclusive.
Dated this 1st day of January, 1945, A. D.
O. E. CROWE, Sheriff Pro-Tem of Lane County,
State of Oregon.
By A. P. McKinze, Chief Tax Deputy. 25-1tc

Floyd Githens Motors

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO DO FIRST CLASS
AUTOMOBILE PAINTING

Fast Electrical Service
DEPENDABLE SERVICE—ALL WORK
GUARANTEED
UNION SHOP
LEE'S ELECTRIC SHOP
633 North 9th Street Phone 224R

MARTIN MOTORS
Pontiac Sales and Service

ELECTRICAL WORK
WE NOW HAVE AN EXPERIENCED ELECTRICIAN
BESIDES MYSELF TO DO YOUR WIRING.
ALL KINDS OF WIRING AND ELECTRICAL WORK
DONE PROMPTLY.
BRISBANE ELECTRIC
1049 East Main Phone 73

CITY TRANSFER & DELIVERY
Anything Hauled Within the City Limits
Phone 252