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CAN'T DITCH HUSBANDS

Several legislators wives blame their husbands for having them at hand at all times as a buffer as well as a convenience. It intimidates lobbyists to find the wife at her husband's side. A stenographer can be waved aside when a lobbyist requests privacy, but not the wife. He would be a foolhardy lobbyist who would intimate in the presence of the wife that what he had to say to her husband was too confidential for her to hear. The husbands know that and value the wife's presence as a protective vice. — Oregon Voter.

HYPHENATED AMERICANS

The Council on Alien Relations of Los Angeles, California, points to the danger confronting the American nation in the forthcoming peace conference in the handling of the so-called minority groups with reference to the rights and privileges of these groups. The council proposes to encourage the naturalization and the assimilation of our alien population with a view to eliminating one of the gravest problems facing the west coast. The council says these minority groups are kept alive because the groups insist on being referred to as "Irish Americans, German Americans, Italian Americans and so on down the line and quotes Henry Cabot Lodge, "If a man is going to be an American at all, let him be without qualifying adjectives; and if he is going to be something else, let him drop the word American from his personal description."

The peril of a dual citizenship is condemned as one which has caused a great deal of trouble on the west coast and one which the Axis nations have found useful in forcing ideological theories upon their own nationals and descendants in other lands. So far as we are concerned the un-American system pressed on the Nisei (Americans of Japanese ancestry) was the dual citizenship applied in its worst form. Under dual citizenship Japanese parents register their American born children with the nearest consulate as citizens of Japan and as such they were liable for military duty under the Japanese flag just as much as if they had been born in Japan. While this group had the privilege of renouncing their citizenship to Japan, few did because of the censure of their fathers and their virtual ostracism from certain Japanese circles. As result these people are not assimilated into the American way of life. Statistics according to the council showed recently that of 51,000 of the approximate 63,000 American born persons of Japanese parentage then in the western part of the United States held Japanese citizenship. This is the peril of dual citizenship.

Marines Invent
New Radio Game

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Radio show sponsors, unidentified on stateside programs being carried on the Marines' own radio station here, should be interested in a new game listeners are playing.

Object of it is to supply the missing commercial. As they listen in their messhalls, libraries and tents, Marines add a plug for the unnamed sponsors after each transcription. The plugs are sometimes close to the real thing. Others are so good sponsors would do well to use them.

The local station, a five-watter, cannot be identified by call letters

nor can its location be made public. Many of its listeners are unaware that it is operated by a group of the Fourth Marine Air Wing, and that its beams cover only this island. And it doesn't worry them, as long as they can keep up their favorite shows.

The station has become so popular that "Tokyo Rose," whose efforts to demoralize Marines have amused them for a couple of years, has been shoved down to second place on the local hit parade, according to Sgt. Claude R. Canup, a Marine Corps combat correspondent.

Scatter Rugs

Clean scatter rugs like big ones. If you sweep, lay small rugs flat on a big one, or on clean grass. Shaking breaks the yarns and whips out the hems. A carpet beater cracks yarns and loosens sizing.

GOD IS
MY
CO-PILOT

By COL.
ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIX

But on the day when he finally got out on his way to what he wanted to do most, the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. Ajax had just landed at Wake Island, and soldier that he was, he had reported to the Marine Commander for duty. He was having breakfast with the CO (CO means Commanding Officer), Major Devereaux, when the Japanese attack came to Wake.

Ajax used to say that the unusual strength he demonstrated that morning was due to the heavy supply of vitamin pills he had taken. As the first bomb hit the runway of the field, he ran with the others for the door and the safety of the slit trenches on the outside. The door opened inward, but Ajax opened it outward, taking the screen, the door, and most of that end of the flimsy building with him. Part of the glass hit him in the face—and that cut was the only wound he received in the bombing. But he carried the scar with him when I last saw him in China.

Baumler got out of Wake Island the next day on the last clipper, to join the AVG he was no longer going West. It was now necessary to go all the way back and around the other way, towards the East. Anyway he managed to get by way of Washington and got promoted to Captain. I believe if Ajax had stayed in Washington just one more day, he would have been a Major. After seeing Ajax Baumler in a few fights, I wish that he had gotten to be a Major before he came to China, for he certainly was a fighter pilot.

During the month of our battle of Hengyang, I saw Captain Baumler do some of the nerviest things I've ever seen any man accomplish. We had a few ships that had been strafed badly on the ground; some of them had been shot to pieces, and in others the engines or hydraulic systems had been damaged. In most cases these same ships couldn't be got off the ground when the Japs came over; sometimes they were caught three or four times by Zeros, and consequently they were in a continual state of repair.

One of these was old Number 104, the ship that Ajax had been flying. The ground crew had worked on it for days, but whenever they'd have it just about ready to be taken back to the factory in Kunming for overhaul, the Japs would catch it again. Finally one morning Ajax must have said, "The hell with it." For when the "Jin-bao" came he went and got into the crippled fighter to take off before the Japs could get there to strafe it again. He told me later that he was tired of seeing it sitting on the ground as a target; whether it would fly or not, he was going to get it taxying as fast as it would go and at least make it harder to hit than it had been in the revetment. Well, Ajax did better than taxi—he got off. But the story of it all reached me later on.

I was on the ground that day, and didn't see it. But I heard Ajax talking on the radio, and I heard his six guns when he caught one of the Zeros. Just a little later I saw the trail of black smoke that marked the enemy ship going down. I was glad to hear Ajax talking that morning; for a minute I'd thought that smoke might be he, going down in that luckless Number 104. All the time he'd been flying the ship he'd been having to pump the landing gear up manually, for the hydraulic system had been shot up by the Jap strafe days before. Added to this, an exertion which is no pleasant task at fighting altitudes, was a more painful experience. The cards were stacked even more heavily against Ajax in this jinx ship, for his electrical system was shorting out.

On his take-off from Hengyang, as he gave the ship the gun Baumler had felt a terrible electrical shock through his sweaty hand on the stick control. He couldn't turn the stick loose or the ship would have crashed in the take-off run; so he grimly held on. Take hold of the spark plug of your car some time while the engine is running, and you'll feel just about what Ajax felt. But he kept holding it until he was at an altitude where it was safe to turn the stick loose, get out his handkerchief, and wrap it around the stick.

Even after he had been through the fight and came in to land at Lingling he had to take some more of the shock cure, for by that time the handkerchief was damp and the electricity was jumping through it. He couldn't stay long on this last field, for the Japs were on the way back in waves; so he reserved and taxied out to take off. Though the engine was now missing badly, Ajax couldn't wait—the Japs would be there in a matter of minutes.

He tried a take-off with the current going through his arms again and the engine spitting and sputtering—and at the end of the runway he still hadn't enough speed to get in the air. He would never get

ship about and try the other direction. Finally after three runs he got the fighter plane in the air, pumped the wheels up by hand and continued doing it for five hundred miles—and so flew back to Kunming. He told me later it didn't matter what he did now; when he got in jail they'd never be able to electrocute him in the chair if the old P-40 Number 104 had failed to do it that August morning.

But it wasn't all hard work and no play in China. Some evenings we used to sit in our cave down at Kweilin and listen to the Tokyo radio. They would give us reports on the missions that we flew to Hankow, Canton, and the cities near Lake Puyang Hu—Nanchang and Kukiang. They'd declare that we were using barbarous tactics and that we were going to be treated as guerrillas if we were captured.

One night while we sat there calmly listening to the news and playing gin rummy, Tokyo news-analysts announced they did not think the American fighter force in China was large. True enough, said the radio, they had struck weakly at several cities, in their barbaric way bombing innocent Chinese women and children, and for this the American pirates would pay when they were prisoners of the Imperial Japanese Government, now fighting to liberate Asia for the Asians.

We listened to the usual "blah" without raising an eyebrow, until Radio Tokyo continued: "We don't think the American fighter force in China is more than three hundred ships."

You could have knocked us over with a feather. We dropped our cards and I looked at General Chennault—he'd been acting as if he was taking a nap, but I knew he had been listening. We all laughed. We had thirty-two ships in China at the time, and only sixteen of these were in first-class combat condition.

I remember that the General said, "Well, boys, if we're making them think we have three hundred—we're doing all right."

The General got up and called to his little black dachshund. "Come on, Joe," he said, and they walked out.

There was a squadron that came over from Assam to work with us, part of another group from India. In the fighter pilots there were some fine fighter pilots, one of whom was Lieut. Dallas Clinger from old Wyoming. Clinger was another man who in years gone by in the West would have been a great gunman like Tex Hill. Only Clinger wouldn't have cared whether he was on the side of the Law, the Mormons, the Church, or Jesse James. He just wanted to fight.

One morning Clinger was one of a formation of three fighters over Hengyang. His combat report read like this:

"I was flying on my leader's wing—Lieutenant Lombard—at 23,000 feet when we saw three enemy planes down below circling. There were larger formations reported around. Just then I heard my flight leader say: 'There are three stragglers—let's attack 'em.' So we dove into them like mad. As I shot into the Zero on the right of the formation I saw that we were in the midst of twenty-four other Zeros, all shooting at us. I got mad and shot at every plane that I could get my sights on. I think I shot one down but I was so busy I didn't see it clear."

This was signed "DALLAS CLINGER—2nd Lieutenant—Almost Unemployed."

What Clinger had really done was the greatest piece of darddevil flying that any of us had ever seen. Instead of diving away from the twenty-seven ship circus as the others had done, he had stayed and fought the old-fashioned "dog-fight" until the Japs just about took him to pieces from sheer weight of numbers. When they straggled home they must have been the most surprised bunch of pilots in all Japan, for this crazy American with his heavy P-40 had done everything in or out of the book. He fought right side up and upside down, from 23,000 feet down to less than one thousand. As many Japs as could fill the air behind Clinger would get there and try to hang on while they shot; but Clinger wouldn't fight fair and stay there. In the end, he came right over the field, diving from the enemy until he had outdistanced them enough to turn; then he'd pull up into an "Immelmann" and come back shooting at them head-on.

He was last seen after the unequal fight skimming out across the rice paddies, making just about 500 miles an hour, with some ten to twelve Zeros following. For some reason they seemed reluctant, as though they didn't know whether to run after Clinger or leave him alone. He came in for lunch with his ship badly shot up by their cannon. But he had shot one of them down and had got another "probable."

Down Lingling way on another morning, Clinger went into an attack with his engine acting up. After the first contact with the enemy, he was forced to land, followed by two enemy strafers. As Clinger maneuvered the falling fighter into a safe landing, the two Zeros came down shooting at his rolling P-40.

Dallas from Wyoming got out on the wing to jump onto the ground, with his ship still rolling. Just then one of the Jap bullets went right through his seat-pack chute, passing exactly between Clinger's pants and where he sat on the parachute. He got so mad he jumped back in the cockpit and shot at two Zeros as they passed over his nose. After all, air-cooled guns are made to shoot

While the ship is going two or three hundred miles an hour—but Lieutenant Clinger said he got in a pretty good burst from his grounded fighter or before the six Fifties froze.

It goes to show that a fighter pilot has got to be the most offensive-minded man in all the world. I think he's got to know he's better than any other pilot he'll ever meet in the air, and such a man was this one.

Johnny Allison had helped to train Clinger in the tactics of fighter pilots. In fact, Johnny used to fly with ever man in his flight on his wing, at one time or another. In one training flight such as this he took Clinger up and they practiced attacking one another—"dog-fighting," the "pen-shooter" pilots say. Up there at nearly 20,000 feet they came at one another head-on, time after time, until the moment when, as Johnny told me later, he was sure Clinger was going to run into him. Allison, who usually forced others to give way, had to dive under Clinger's P-40. They circled and tried again, and again Clinger kept right on coming, until, as the ships drew together at well over six hundred miles an hour relative speed, once more Johnny had to dodge, and the Wild Man from Wyoming went on over his head.

They landed then, and by the time Johnny had climbed out of his ship he had calmed down. Clinger came nonchalantly over. Just in passing Allison said, "That was pretty good flying, Clinger; you fly formation well and you look around okay. But you want to watch those head-on runs—you nearly hit me up there. Did you know that?"

Clinger shifted the weight of his body back to both feet. With his chin out, he answered: "Yes, Sir, Major—I tried to. You see, you've been flying longer than I have and I know I'm not as good a pilot as you are. But, Sir, I knew I'd come closer to you than you would to me."

You can find the remains of a good many Japs in China, or somewhere down in the China Sea, who know that Clinger meant just what he said. He'd kept coming at them head-on and shoot them out of the sky before they got to him.

The battle for the defense of Hengyang lasted through August, but we didn't just sit there on the defensive. We rapidly took the offensive as our best defense, and kept it up until higher headquarters sent us a very classic radio:

"You either did not understand or did not receive my last radiogram to remain on the defensive. Repeat quote on the defensive unquote. Signed, Chennault."

We knew that he had had to adopt defensive strategy because we were so short of equipment. But before the order came we really had the fun. We struck every Jap base we could make with our full range—along the Yangtze, Hankow, Kukiang, Siennang, Yoyang—and strafed along the river. We bombed Nanchang five times in three days, and in six days we dropped 30,000 pounds of five-hundred-pound bombs there from P-40's.

At Nanchang, on August 11, 1942, I shot down my fourth enemy plane that was confirmed. Though I hate the Japs with a passion, I felt sorry for that pilot, for he never saw me at all. But as I left his burning ship North of the runway that he had been taking off from, I thought of the boys in the Philippines and Java, and I wasn't so sorry.

I had dropped my five-hundred-pound bomb on the hangars, when in pulling out of the dive I saw Lieutenant Barnum, from Old Lyme, Connecticut, continue his dive on a Jap ship, and begin to fire on it. I looked below. There was dust at the far end of the Jap field where one enemy plane was taking off. I rolled over and dove, pulling out about a half mile behind the enemy at the moment he got off the ground. His wheels had just begun to move to the "up" position as I got him dead in my sights and pressed the triggers. As the pilot died, his new 1972 pulled straight up, then spun into the ground the few feet it had climbed. I passed over it as the flames belched from the wreckage. I climbed for an enemy observation plane higher over Lake Puyang Hu, but the Jap outclimbed me, and though I fired at him several times from long range he finally got away.

On this trip, Barnum had shot down one enemy ship, and Lieutenant Daniels, though unable to release his wing-rack fragmentation bombs, had strafed the field with his bombs hanging on. After the attack, this pilot had force-landed his plane in a rice paddy near Hengyang rather than bail out—and this decision to save the ship for spare parts had been made with the six frags still hanging from the faulty wing-racks. He got away with it, and Captain Wang was able to salvage the fighter.

When the P-40's got so shot up that we were afraid they'd quit running and we'd lose them over the enemy lines, we were called back to Kunming. There, sitting around for two weeks while we worked on the ships and anxiously looked for mail from home, the war seemed far away.

(To be continued)

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CAPT. WILLARD NEWTON
WRITES

Dear Mr. Martin:

Just a few lines tonight to let you know how much I have enjoyed receiving the Sentinel since I have been in the service. When I was overseas in the Southwest Pacific it oftentimes took a little while to get up to our outfit but when it did it was like several letters from home. Now that I am back in the good old USA it is still just as interesting and as grand to receive and it is always right on time.

I received my promotion to the rank of captain recently and believe me it made me very happy. I am now Chief Aircraft dispatcher in the Oakland AAA Flight Service center. We have a very interesting job to do and one that we feel is very important. It calls for a knowledge of aircraft dispatching, meteorology, operations, flying regulations, and oftentimes a bit of psychology.

It seems like such a long time since I left Cottage Grove, especially when I return and see all the boys and girls have grown so much. Three years is a pretty long time at that. I did so enjoy my work in Cottage Grove and believe me the finest boys and girls that I have ever met anywhere live right there. I believe Cottage Grove is the most friendly town that I have ever had the good fortune of visiting and I number the people there some of my very best friends.

Again thanks for the wonderful service you are performing and congratulations to a fine town.

Sincerely,
Willard C. Newton
Captain, Air Corps

S/SGT. DICK BLUEARD
VISITS HERE

Relatives here enjoyed having as a week end guest S/Sgt. Dick Blueard, who had just returned after 34 months of combat duty in the South Pacific and Asiatic theatre of war. Dick, whose home is now at Sutherlin, is a former resident and attended schools here. He is with the now world renowned 41st (Sunset) division, 162nd Infantry, which among other things has the distinction of being the first division to go overseas, with longest overseas duty, first trained for jungle warfare, veteran of more campaigns than any other division, killed more Japs, took more prisoners (2300 of them), awarded the Presidential Citation for outstanding performance and many more honors.

Dick's own regiment, the 162nd Infantry, was proclaimed and commended twice by General MacArthur, once for the bloody battle of Salamao, and it is the 162nd that is credited with breaking the back (on Biak Island) of the once haughty and cocky 222nd regiment, 36th division, Imperial Japanese army, commanded by Col. Nadyaki Kuzme, who had boasted that his men would one day parade the streets of Australian cities. He later committed Hari-Kiri. Latest count showed that out of 200 officers and 3800 men less than 90 remained, all beaten, furtive men stragglers in Biak dense jungles.

S/Sgt. Blueard wears the insignia of the purple heart for wounds received on Biak Island last June, the pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon, 3 combat ribbons (one major), the good conduct medal and 5 gold bars, one for each 6 months of overseas service, and stripe denoting four years of service, having been a member of the Oregon National guard, before going overseas. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lundborn entertained a group of relatives and friends in his honor Saturday night. Another special guest was S/Sgt. Bill Blueard, army air corps, home on furlough, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blueard. Dick left Wednesday for Santa Barbara, California for a rest period and further assignment.

Gen. Motors Making
Over 3600 War Items

DETROIT, MICHIGAN — Its ials produced were revealed for the actual volume of war materials produced were revealed for the first time Monday by General Motors. Because of the necessity for military secrecy it has heretofore not been possible, except

in a few instances, to describe General Motors war production other than in terms of dollar volume.

While the figures announced included only a few of the more than 3,600 items the corporation is manufacturing for the fighting forces of the United States and other United Nations, they cover some of the more important products.

General Motors revealed that since the beginning of the defense program in 1940 it has produced:

More than 140,000,000 shells and shell casings.
More than 180,000 cannon.
More than 1,000,000 .30 and .50 calibre machine guns.
More than 2,400,000 carbines.
More than 180,000 airplane engines.

More than 9,000 complete bombers and fighter planes.

More than 31,000 tanks, tank destroyers, and armored cars.

More than 740,000 trucks including amphibious "Ducks."

A major part of all the Diesel engines produced for the United States on land and sea.

"We are continuing to go at top speed on the big job of producing for Victory," C. E. Wilson, President of General Motors, said in announcing the production figures. "With the war in Europe at what may be a decisive stage we realize that now more than ever we must put all of our energy and ability into producing the things our fighting men need."

(Continued from page 1)

Armed Forces

Naval training center, Forrest attended the local high school before going to Coos Bay to make his home.

S/Sgt. Art Carille Wounded

S/Sgt. Art Carille has been wounded while serving in the European theatre of war and is now in a hospital according to word received Sunday by his mother, Mrs. Charles Wood, and his father-in-law, Ace Gregg. The word was relayed from his wife, Mrs. Wanda Carille of southern California, who received a cable from her husband. He assured her he was improving satisfactorily and hoped he would be sent home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Englund of 1232 West Main have received word that their son, Carl Mervin Englund, has been promoted to sergeant. Sgt. Englund graduated from the local high school in May 1942 and was inducted into the Army Air Force February 27, 1943. He has been overseas almost a year and at present is attached to the Hq. and Hq. squadron of the twentieth Bomber Command at a B-29 base "somewhere in India."

Mrs. Huntington of
Yoncalla Enlists in
WACs at Eugene

Mrs. Katherine Marie Huntington has just taken her oath of enlistment as a member of the Women's Army Corps. The oath was administered in Eugene by Lt. Richard H. Gardner of the 1340th Engineers in the absence of Lt. Elsie K. Nedrow, local recruiting officer. Private Huntington completed her enlistment through the Army recruiting station last month, but was unable to take her oath of allegiance until today when she reached her twentieth birthday.

The new Wac is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Ehrlich of Yoncalla, Ore. Her husband, Private James Huntington, Jr., is now serving somewhere in the South Pacific with the infantry, and so Mrs. Huntington has requested service with the army ground forces. A graduate of the Lincoln high school in Seattle, Mrs. Huntington was active in the Girl Scout movement in that city. She also served as president of the Central Presbyterian church of Seattle.

Private Huntington expressed her desire to leave for her basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, just as soon as possible, and will leave this month on one of the special pullman cars reserved for groups of Oregon WAC enlistees.

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