

Cottage Grove Sentinel

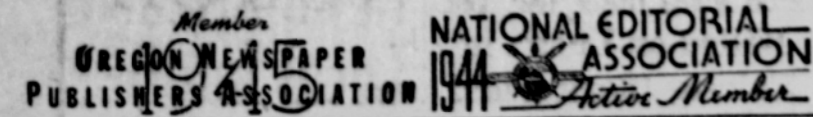
Published Every Thursday at
Cottage Grove, Oregon
Established August 15, 1889

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.



WE STILL NEED A HOSPITAL

We hope that whatever else may come up as a sort of a post war project, the people here will not lose sight of the need of a hospital, which will be needed in the future even more than it is needed now. Adequate medical care is hardly possible without hospital facilities nearby. Hundreds of smaller communities have learned this after building a hospital, most of the time with public funds. Despite the fact that a hospital has never been considered a money making institution and cost taxpayers money to operate them, taxpayers fortunate enough to have this service convenient would not want to go back to the old way of doing without hospitalization. We have heard too many favorable expressions where small hospitals have been established. Even the tight wads admit their worth.

GOVERNMENT IN PHONE BUSINESS

One source says the stage is being set to put the government into the telephone business with an appropriation of \$100,000,000 after the pattern of the REA. Public officials are attacking the telephone industry, including numbers of small independent companies for the alleged failure to supply an increase in the number or rural telephones. Evidently the men behind the move don't know that telephones are not available and have not been for several years.

Neither do they apparently know that the private companies such as the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., has planned extensive improvements in the rural as well as the small urban sections of the country as soon as materials are available.

WHAT KIND OF PEACE?

Ever since the beginning of the war the United States has directed its efforts toward strengthening the powers of administration and organization. The so-called "isolationists" were nearly all hold-overs of pre-war times when citizens joined their voices in proclaiming hopes that our country might keep out of the war.

Up to the day when the Japanese quit stalling with fake diplomacy in Washington and attacked Pearl Harbor our government and our people were not committed to joining the war.

At that time our government was making things awfully hot for communists in all parts of the United States. But in a few short months Soviet Russia was welcomed as our partner in the European war. The armies of the United Nations fought the same enemy in Europe, and from a military point of view they were on an equal level.

In due time President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill worked closely together. After these two statesmen had met with Stalin reports indicated that the Big Three were sailing over peaceful seas on the good ship called "The Atlantic Charter."

Many international gatherings were held and the United Nations appeared to be thrilled with the agreements reached by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference. A very few weeks later Great Britain indicated its dissatisfaction, and Russia followed the same course. Then the White House indicated that our own government disagreed with Churchill and Stalin. President Roosevelt made a statement before a press conference saying that the Atlantic Charter never had been an official international document, and had not been signed by either himself or Churchill. Thus the Atlantic Charter became one of those instruments to which William Jennings Bryan had given the title, long ago, "a scrap of paper."

The Dumbarton Oaks agreement suffered heavily in the loss of prestige. The whole American public was disturbed over the threat against a new world peace organization. The League of Nations popped up, promptly, to remind the world that it has forty-five members, and a lot of money, and a lot of supporters. Furthermore, the League expects the forty-five member nations to get behind the League and reorganize, and recognize it, as the World's peace organization.

So there you are at the end of 1944. While our military forces are having terrible experiences on the European battlefield there has also been a disturbing slump in concerted efforts among the United Nations. The situation is not good!

Lorane Woman to Be Buried at Corvallis

Mrs. Natalia Magdalena Oglesby, 69, of Lorane, died Wednesday at a Eugene hospital. She was a native of California, born as Natalia DeCamp and was a member of the Methodist church.

Surviving are her husband, W. F. Oglesby, Lorane; three sons, Woodson F. Oglesby, also of Lorane; Albert E. of Corvallis, and John F. of Portland; three daughters, Mrs. Howard Stockton of Lorane; Jean M. Oglesby of Corvallis, and Mrs. Rebecca Smith of Estacada.

Funeral services will be held Friday at 11 a.m. at the Keeney

mortuary in Corvallis, with interment in Crystal Lake cemetery there.

Walker

Between Walker and Creswell a West Coast freighter had a serious blow out. It put the heavy truck into the ditch, burying itself in mud and water. It took some time to put the heavy truck on the road again.

Mrs. Donald Conner has returned from Klamath Falls, where she visited with her daughter, Mrs. Harold Walker, who has been ill.

The county rock crusher on the Ida Jackson farm has moved to Creswell on Mrs. R. Ziniker's place.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT
WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XX

When stranger things would happen, we talked about things of the sort which had once been told in story books. All of us agreed that when this war was over, there would be nothing that had ever happened in fiction that wouldn't have actually happened in this battle of the universe. For instance:

Likiang is a city in China far up on the big, northern loop of the Yangtze-Kiang. It is China, yes, but that part of China is as wild as Tibet and Arabia. The people are called "Lolo," and they must be descendants of Genghis Khan. I had flown over the place, for it was just North of the ferry route from Assam to Kunming, and I had seen the flat clearing South of the village that could have been an emergency landing field. I noted that it was close to nine thousand feet above sea level, and therefore not a field to use unless one had to.

Capt. Charlie Sawyer had crashed land just South of there, closer to Talifu, and had been unable to identify himself. While the wild-looking Lolo tribesmen were getting set to execute him with ancient-looking flint-lock muskets, Sawyer said the holes in the barrels looked twice as big as fifty-caliber bores. Just at the crucial moment, however, when his fate looked darkest, some new arrival in the party saw the identification card that Sawyer had been pointing to. It was inscribed in various languages, and with pictures. The new arrival didn't recognize the Chinese flag, or any of the languages, or the Generalissimo's signature "chop"—but he saw a star. As it happened, it was the star of India over the imprint in Hindustani. Then the tribesman pointed to the same star on the wing of Sawyer's ship—the insignia of the Army Air Force. Sawyer was saved, and later he was feasted on wild buffalo and rice wine.

But why? Here in the wilds of the Lolo country, where very few white men had ever been, the tribesmen were more familiar with the white star of the Air Force than with any written language. We learned the principal reason later.

A report had come in to General Chennault's headquarters that a native village in the Lolo country, between Lake Tali and Likiang, was under siege by the Burmese northern tribesmen who had crossed the Salween, perhaps under the direction of the Japanese. Two of us, Holloway and I, were sent to look the place over in two P-40's. We were told by the General that we could determine whether the town was under siege by noting whether or not the usual pedestrian traffic was passing in and out of the city gate. All the cities are walled, and are obviously very far from roads or from civilization.

We made our observation and returned with the report. The village was besieged, and we had seen the horsemen encamped a half mile around the city wall. We loaded up and went back with six eighteen-kilogram frags on the wing racks and plenty of fifty-caliber ammunition. I also carried a Very pistol and all colors of shells.

As we circled the town, we could see the villagers watching us; then we dove on the besiegers and bombed them from a thousand feet. The lines of prehistoric cavalry broke and retreated towards the Salween and Burma. We machine-gunned them until they spread in panic. Then I used the Very pistol, shooting first green lights, then red. Holloway said it was the best display of fireworks he'd ever seen. We checked up for several days, but the raiders hadn't come back, and normal pedestrian traffic was passing through the city wall. Holloway and I, with two of the General's P-40's, had stopped a war.

The white star of the Air Force had been seen by those villagers, and they had told the surrounding country that we were friends. Perhaps the constant sight of transports from India to China and return had made the big white star a familiar symbol. At any rate, the Lolo who were about to execute Sawyer recognized it, and to them it meant more than written languages and sealed orders. Such is the strangeness of this global war.

More true fiction came out of the Lolo country during the autumn. A Ferry Command pilot, Lieutenant Aronson, "lost an engine"—which means that his engine failed—on his trip from Assam to Kunming. He barely made the big meadow that was South of the town of Likiang, in the hairpin loop of the Yangtze. After several days we went in there to look the improvised landing field over, in the hope that we could fly another transport to him with a good engine, or carry in the mechanics and the tools with which to repair the bad one.

More romance of the war was in progress. When the transport had come down, the villagers were deli-

hostile but merely indifferent. They were somewhat enlightened, for there was a Catholic priest in the town, but they offered very little help—there was no food to spare, and things were generally unfriendly.

Late the first night, word came to Aronson that a Lolo infant was dying with what the priest diagnosed as double pneumonia. Aronson began to think the situation over, and later in the night he went with the priest to the mud hut of the Lolo mother and received her permission to spread over the child's bed the canvas engine-cover from one of the transport engines. Then, using the bottles of oxygen from the Douglas, he successfully improvised a pretty good emergency oxygen tent.

The baby lived. We hope the engine-cover and the oxygen saved it, but we don't know. Anyway, we of the Air Force, with Aronson as the messenger of good-will, received the credit.

We agree now that when the war is over, out in the world they won't even know that one had been going on there among the grandchildren of Genghis Khan. But the white star of the Army Air Force will be, as well known among the savage tribesmen as the symbols of the moon and the sun.

In every organization there is always one person who holds up the morale, some one who makes the darker moments brighter and who can bring a little sunshine into the tense reality of war. Out in the China theatre, and especially in the 23rd Fighter Group, my most unforgettable character was Lieut. Henry Elias. This pilot was a Southerner, like most of the others in the China skies. When I first reached Hengyang he was acting as assistant operations officer to Ajax Baumler. He had a reply for every person, and a come-back to every joke. He was definitely a morale builder, and you can ask anyone if they're not as valuable at the front as ammunition.

Elias had been on several raids and had shot down two Japanese when I heard the first joke about him. He'd been on an attack to Nanchang, and as the ships turned for home in the fading light of late afternoon, some one in the rear of the formation observed something peculiar. Up ahead there were five P-40's with their sleek silhouettes showing wheels up and everything in proper order. But off to the flank, in almost the position of the number-three man in a Vee formation, was one ship with its wheels extended. Some one called on the radio, "Hey, Elias, who's that flying in formation with you, with their wheels down?"

As the words sank into the consciousness of the flight, and of Elias especially, their ominous significance became apparent. Elias jerked his head around and looked at his wing man. Even to an inexperienced eye, the silhouette was unmistakable. It was a Jap Model I-97, one of the old fixed landing-gear types. The entire formation tried at once to get it as they finally realized what it was. But they had the laugh on Elias. Just as he recognized the Jap, the enemy pilot evidently recognized the P-40's in the twilight before darkness—perhaps he saw the leering sharks' mouths. For as Elias shoved the nose of his ship straight down and dove for him the Jap pulled his ship straight up and climbed for the sky. Later when our imaginations began to embroider the joke, Elias took the kid-ding in good part and always had a come-back.

A small two-seater biplane, a Fleet, came to Hengyang from Kweilin one day with a Chinese officer. We looked the little ship over as it came into the field wide open at some seventy-five miles an hour, and I told Elias that I saw his future destiny.

"We now have just the bait we need," I said. "Lieutenant Elias, I want you to borrow that Fleet from the Chinese. I know a trick to make the Japs lose lots of 'face' and airplanes."

Elias laid down his Operations reports and was listening attentively. "This ought to get you promoted," I went on. "Now you get that plane and service it tonight, then early in the morning you take off for Hankow. Allison, Baumler, and I will be along later and will arrive over the Jap city before you do." Elias was looking at me in wonder. "Then, when you get there, fly over the enemy airport at thirty-five hundred feet—that'll keep you just above their small-caliber fire and they can't shoot accurately that low with the big stuff. Over the field you fly with one wing low, kind of skidding, cutting your switch on and off so the Japs will think you're either wounded or over there with a bad engine."

Elias was trying to figure out whether I was serious or not. Then I added: "We'll be up there in the sun, and as fast as the Zeros come up for you, we'll knock them down. After all, Elias, if they get you, a Fleet isn't worth much."

But by now Lieutenant Elias was walking out and calling over his shoulder: "No sir, Colonel, I just want to be a plain pilot—I don't want to be no ball of fire."

Well, we saw the value of Elias when we lost him, for in this second battle around Hunan he failed to return from the strafing raid of September 2, 1942. We had taken sixteen P-40's back to Hengyang when we had gotten them in shape to fight, and had landed there just about dark to surprise the Japs. That's the night the Fleet landed and the night I had been kidding Henry Elias.

Next morning we got into the air before daylight and went for Lake Puyang Hu, near Nanchang, where

the Japs were moving the Chinese rice out by junks and barges—robbing the breadbasket of China in the yearly rape of the rice. Hill took eight of the P-40's and I took the other eight.

Elias was on Tex Hill's wing. We split at Nanchang and my eight went to the South to catch some gunboats that had been reported in the Sintze-Hukow Strait, near Kukiang, coming from the Yangtze to the Lake. I heard Hill call that he had caught the rice ships and was burning them. Later he told me that he found twenty-six of them, junks and steel barges; he sank some and saw others with their sails on fire, floating for shore where the hungry Chinese coolies would salvage the rice.

Through the four passes at the Japs Elias was right on Tex's wing, but on the fourth pullout he dropped behind the formation, perhaps to shoot at something Hill hadn't seen. Maybe he'd seen a Jap fighter and had gone for it; we knew there were eight Zeros supposed to be over Nanchang. Elias didn't return with the flight and for two days we carried him as "missing."

Then the Chinese net reported that a group of Chinese soldiers had seen a lone American P-40 engaged by four Japanese Zeros. The American had fought them but his ship had been shot down. The American had jumped out in his parachute and four Japanese had strafed him on the way down.

The body had been found, with the identification tag number listed. The pilot's name was Lieutenant Elias. All of us watched for Japs bailing out, so that we could shoot one or two down for Elias, but we didn't get the chance.

We sent Captain Wang down to Kian to get Elias's body. Wang had to travel a hundred and sixty miles by buffalo cart, by alcohol bus, and on foot, but he finally got there. The trip took him twenty days. When the body of our lost pilot finally arrived at the field from which he had last taken off, it was in a Chinese coffin that Wang had gotten at Kian. We placed the flag over the grim reminder of war and sent it by transport to Kunming, to lie beside his other brave pilots in that Buddhist graveyard in Yunnan.

And so it went: tragedy—humor—tragedy. For on the same raid I had led the other eight ships, with elements led by Holloway, Schiel, and O'Connell, and had caught the Jap gunboats, ten of them, at Sintze-Hukow Strait. They were more than likely coming to Puyang Hu to convoy those rice barges—but we were going to interfere with their rendezvous.

Even as we circled them from sixteen thousand feet, I think they knew they were going to have lots of trouble. They had to stay almost in line, nose-to-stern, for they were going through the narrow strait. We circled warily for a minute, looking the sky over for enemy fighters, then spiraled down. As soon as we got close enough to the Jap ships to see distinctly, we noticed that the seamen were jumping over the side into the water. Only a few seemed to have remained to fire the anti-aircraft guns, and Schiel and Holloway silenced most of those with their initial pass.

I think most of the ammunition had been fired at us while we circled at sixteen thousand feet. We'd raked the steel decks from stem to stern and then swung out low to the water and came back with quartering shots from the beam. We were so low that we were actually shooting up at the decks of the boats. I saw many human heads above the water as the Japs tried to swim from the boats, and I fired at them. Those bullets ricocheted from the water into the steel side of the gunboat and went on through. As my range would reach the "sweet spot" of some 237 yards, where the six lines of tracers and armor-piercing Fifities converged, it would appear as though an orange-colored hole the size of a flour barrel was being burned into the side of the Jap vessel at the water-line. Looking back at the next man in the column and observing his hits, I could see his tracer bullets coming through the boat and out the other side.

We S-d along the ten-ship line and shot at them all from both sides. On the second pass, two of the vessels were listing, and others were smoking. On the fourth attack, seven out of the ten were smoking and burning and some of these were on the bottom with their masts barely out of water. Photographs taken later from an observation plane showed that seven had sunk immediately in the strait, and that the other three had sunk within a thousand yards of the battle area.

I was so happy, so excited and eager, that I tried to be glamorous that morning. After the fourth attack I had called to re-form and head for the rendezvous point to the Southwest. But as the ships left the target, I saw something I had to go back for. It was a Japanese flag, waving defiantly from the mast of one of the sunken gunboats. Forgetting caution, and with the other seven planes speeding away to the rendezvous point, I dove to strafe the flag in a gesture of hate.

(To be continued)

PETERSEN URGES POSTWAR PLANNING

New Caledonia
Feb. 11, 1945.

Mr. W. C. Martin
Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Martin:
I have been reading some of your editorials in a few old issues of the Cottage Grove Sentinel. Would bet a dollar, but hope I am wrong, that Cottage Grove is very little further along in post war planning than around a year ago when I was last home.

I think some definite plans should be in progress, and put on paper in detail so when the boys get back these projects can be planned completely, the others can be pending.

One of the things discussed in your editorials is a hospital for Cottage Grove. I think a practical way of financing and operating should have immediate attention. In my mind it isn't the money that leaves our community through not having a hospital but the humanitarian angle is many times more important. Lumbering, our most important industry, is a hazardous occupation. No doubt, there are lives that could have been saved if hospital facilities could have been closer. There is only one example; there are many cases of emergencies which warranted an organization of this kind.

You mention other possible projects: sewage disposal, airport, repairs on our water system, streets, curbing and sidewalk improvements. Most of these things need no further explanation. I would like to mention a couple of things about streets, curbing and sidewalks as great improvements to our city can be made along this line. Cottage Grove, as other cities in the west, will grow rapidly after the war. Many soldiers have made the remark that they would like to live in the west and would like to move before they get back in routine life. Cities which have had a planned program of growth, have made their locality a more desirable place in which to live.

In addition to a hospital, sewage disposal plant, airport, repairs on our water system, streets, curbing, and sidewalks, the growth of Cottage Grove should include more detailed building restrictions—far more detailed and discriminating than those at present. I for one would be pleased to see our city take the initiative on some of these projects and not wait just to find other cities ahead of us.

In my opinion, we in the army realize the readjustments that must take place to rehabilitate a soldier more than the people at home. We should be busy while readjustments are taking place. Most of the projects connected with rehabilitation will be psychological. These very projects will insure every man in our community a job. This is the best thing we can do for a returning soldier.

The war news is certainly encouraging now and I have renewed my hopes of being in your midst again before long.

My very best regards,
Sincerely yours,
Herman Petersen.

WHO? GIVES THE TAXPAYERS A BREAK

Editor: Cottage Grove Sentinel—Yes, I noticed a subscriber's remarks in last week's paper:

"Cottage Grove Sentinel, Cottage Grove, Oregon, Feb. 5, 1945, Gentlemen: I notice in your issue of February 1st, where N. J. Nelson, Jr. used the loud speaking system in addressing the high school students on the polo drive. Knowing N. J. capacity for vocal volume, I wondered why the school officials permitted the use of the loud speaker, when with his voice the speech could have been rendered just as effectively with the speaker on the high school grounds or perhaps in too much volume N. J. might have been stationed at the 6th Street grocery. I do not wish to appear critical, but would suggest that in future appearances of this speaker that he be permitted to use his native ability and dispense with the loud speaker, which takes electricity to operate and is an expense to the

taxpayers of this school district. Yours for economy,
A Subscriber."

No doubt this was written by someone who talks like as if he or she forgot to swallow the last mouthful of mush they had for breakfast, or a whispering person who is not easily understood; anyhow as the old saying goes "It doesn't take intelligence to criticize."

Well I can take it, but I'm wondering if you can; can you? If so, I first want to say that I judge you are a cowardly person, by your name not being signed to the note, or you may be one of the kind who just can't mind his own business, or could it be someone who is opposed to the cause for which I shouted out loud over the High School Mike. Then, I wonder could you be a person who pays little or no school tax, or a person who always howls about taxes, not knowing that taxes are a necessary fixture to have a government, or do you want a government, or are you a citizen? I wouldn't know; you didn't sign your "taxpayer break" statement.

Yours for Good Government and economy within reason,
N. J. NELSON, JR.

Death Car Driver Freed Military Service

EUGENE, Ore.—Harry Baird, 18, Springfield, was freed Saturday although he failed to stop at the scene of an accident which was fatal to Mrs. Flora Claus, Vanport City.

His father paid the youth's \$100 fine, and a year in jail was suspended because he soon will be inducted into military service. Mrs. Claus was killed on the McKenzie highway January 27.

La Mercedi Pont
The La Mercedi Pont club met with Mrs. Jesse Denney last evening for a 7:30 dessert and contract. Special guests were two former members, Mrs. George Hewitt, Springfield, and Mrs. Leslie Booth, Eugene, also Mrs. Lois Moran, Eugene, Mrs. Kenneth Mickey and Mrs. Paris Breedlove. At cards Mrs. P. S. Bukowski held high score and Mrs. Walter Smith, low. The club will meet in two weeks with Mrs. Smith.

FREE AIR
A column of Fun 'N Facts
By Mike

Howdy Folks; Whenever the wife needs money, she calls me handsome, you know, hand some over.

But then women take to big hearted men-also from.

Women are hard losers though, if you don't believe it get acquainted with one who is trying to reduce.

We heard about one woman who went horseback riding and then remarked "I never know anything filled with hay could be that hard."

This would be a better world though, if there were fewer permanent waves, and more permanent wives.

BULL-ETIN
Definition of a woman—Generally speaking, is generally speaking.

Speaking of sound value, here's one in General Auto repairing.

CLARK'S SUPER SERVICE
129 North 9th
Phone 232

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

Floyd Githens Motors

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO DO FIRST CLASS
AUTOMOBILE PAINTING

Many cars are junked daily as result of traffic accidents. The same fate may overtake your car. Insure against all hazards.
J. B. Leonard Insurance Service
Office Phones 34 or 43 Residence 122R
Cottage Grove Hotel Bldg.

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