

LION ROARS

(Helen Hudgins and Irene Schaffer, editors.)

Senior Assembly

The senior class gave the rest of the school a good time, good laughs and good entertainment Friday morning, March 16, in the auditorium. The pageant, "On the Sidewalks of Cottage Grove," was written by Abigail Trask, Joyce Clark, Lois Welden and Bob Wicks. It was presented in two acts. The first act was the afternoon before the carnival and the second was the street carnival of the evening. All members of the senior class took part either on stage or back stage.

The assembly was under the direction of "Pop" Grannis and Mr. Davies. Barbara Houser sang the theme song, "On the Sidewalks of C.G." at the beginning and end of the first act with the whole class coming in on the song at the end of the play.

Prompters were Lois Welden and Eva Hoppman. Some of the main parts were the tramp, played by Bob Moore; the barker, Bob Bauder; the maveress, Abigail Trask; Frank Sinatra, Stan Daugherty; the quartette (made up of five boys) Alan Aspey, Gale Lebow, Bob Wicks, Bill Keene, Martin Olsen; street urchins, Lois Addington, Winifred Newton, Marjorie Peters, Don Layton, Eunice Alen, Esther Brown and Ione Dunlevy; Gun moll, Chloris Roberts and tough ganster, Don Wickendoll; lovesick high school couple, Joanne Short and Bob Wicks; sophisticated girl, Betty Whitlock; city slicker, Bill Triska.

St. Patrick's Party

A St. Patrick's day party was held at the Lion's Den Teen Canteen Saturday evening, March 17, from 7:30 until 11:00. The theme of the decorations was the Irish shamrock which was cleverly presented in bright green throughout the canteen.

Virgil Newton had charge of the program. Tom Busby played several selections on his trumpet. Later the group took part in several different dancing games. Refreshments were served.

A few of the couples for the evening were Herold Witherspoon and Lois Welden; Leonard Barkemeyer and Roberta Bagley; Joe Getty and Betty Bagley; Peter Olsen and Betty Jo Yeakle; Carolyn Johns and Bill Triska; and Dixie Bushell and Paul Reeve.

Ex. F. F. A. Boy to Represent Army

Norman Aubrey, a former F. F. A. boy of Cottage Grove chapter of the F. F. A., was asked recently by Mr. Cooley, head of the state agriculture department of Oregon, to represent the army at the state F. F. A. Convention in Portland, March 29, when a service flag, representing all F. F. A. boys in the service will be unveiled.

Norman will accompany Wilbur Heath, the official delegate of the chapter.

G. A. A. Potluck

There were approximately 50 girls present at the Lettergirl and G. A. A. potluck supper held in the high school cafeteria, March 15.

Before eating, basketball was played in the gym and then a conga line was formed down to the cafeteria with Ruth McCall as leader.

After supper most of the girls went to the Dime theatre to see "The Jade Mask" starring Sidney Toler.

Sophomore Skating Party

A skating party, sponsored by the sophomore class, took place March 13 at the Midway skating rink.

Fifty-seven tickets were sold. Students outside of the sophomore class were invited.

All the girls seemed to be interested in the goodlooking soldier

with Ethel Mae Allen. (By the way he's just her uncle.)

Home Room News

It has been decided in junior home room 7 to hold a business meeting every Wednesday and spend the other days after the announcements have been read for study unless some important business should have to be taken care of.

The officers elected for the next six weeks are: President, Morris Culver; vice president, Lois Cook; secretary and treasurer, Robirda Flaten.

Briefs

Gale Croxell, a freshman, withdrew from school on Friday, Mar. 16, as he is planning to join the Merchant Marines.

Richard Colby, also a freshman, withdrew from school for the second time to go to Ketchikan, Alaska. He withdrew a week ago last Friday but due to weather conditions no boat was available so Richard returned to school. Word was received that they could obtain passage on a boat.

Art Mooney, a sophomore, withdrew from school to go to work.

COD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

CHAPTER XXI

When I finished the job and pulled up again, I could barely see the rest of my flight several miles away. I gradually climbed after them, forgot to look around, and just sat there, "dumb and happy." Just sat there too long over enemy territory, without looking around every second. Without thinking about it, I had become a straggler.

In a high powered engine, as soon as we go into combat we take military power from the engine—that is, we take as much boost as the engine will stand without "detonating," put the prop in low pitch, high speed position. As you leave the combat and the area, if you're not too excited the hand automatically pulls the prop controls to maximum cruising position to save fuel and to keep the engine from running hot. I began subconsciously to do this.

Just then, very dreamily, I heard—pop-pop-pop-pop-pop. I raised my head slightly, to try to see my other fighters ahead, and pulled the throttle back just a little more. That popping sounded like engine detonation to me. Then I tensed, for I had seen that my manifold pressure was barely 35 inches (on the manometer gauge), and therefore I could not be detonating from too much boost. At the same instant I heard again the pop-pop-pop, and became all attention in a flash; my nose went down—I had been climbing—my prop went back to low pitch and my throttle really went forward enough to cause the engine to detonate. A cold shiver went down my spine, there in that hot glass cage. I skidded the ship to the left and looked around as my speed built up fast.

What I saw in the sun, ahead of me, chilled me more. I saw winking lights and the blurred outline of an airplane—and not so far away. Then I saw another, and I guess there were others. I could see the orange lights winking down at me even in the glare of the sun. They were Japs firing at me, and I had only slightly more than a thousand feet.

Cold turkey and a straggler!

While I fumbled with my mike button to my radio to call Holloway and Baumbler for help, I realized the futility of it. I don't believe my dry throat would have made a sound anyway. I just acted—and thank the Lord, my reflexes let me do something. I turned directly towards the ships with my nose down, and pulled up firing. I know now that if I had turned away from them they would have shot me down in their cross-fire. As it was, I surprised them and went underneath them very fast and into the sun. Thus, when they looked around, I had the sun in my favor, and from that time on I was using it. But as I pulled up firing, I held the trigger down and "froze." I heard the cannon of the Zero—I felt the recoil of my six guns—I felt things hit "Old Exterminator"—and then I saw a cloud of black smoke in front of my nose. I shut my eyes involuntarily and dove again.

Something hit my ship with the same sound you get when you suddenly fly into heavy rain. I opened my eyes and everything was dark. I smelled the smoke and cordite and gasoline and thought I was on fire. Just then I realized I was still firing. I reached up, grabbed the handle, rolled the canopy open—and saw light. I rolled it shut again and realized that the blackness had been caused mostly by oil on my windshield. The speed of my dive had blown most of that off now, and though I couldn't see very well, I could make out the horizon.

With a long sigh of relief I leveled the speeding ship over the rice paddies, and as they say in the slang of fighter stations, "I took off like a scalded dog." I S-ed and skidded, but tried not to lose speed. Looking back, I saw the smoke and oil that I had gone through, and down under the place where I had been I saw fire and a plume of smoke—one Jap that wouldn't fly again. I think I was halfway home before I fully realized that I had shot it down and hadn't run into it.

For twenty miles I skimmed over the paddies, "jinking" to fool the enemy who might be pursuing, skidding to make him miss, and watching my boost read seventy inches of mercury. The engine heated up and the coolant light came on to warn me, before I eased the throttle back a little. I called Ajax Baumbler on the radio and told him I was hit—had been intercepted, my engine was heating up and I didn't know what all was the matter with the ship, but I was on course for home and going like a bat out of hell. Ajax stood by to take my position if worse things should develop and I should have to land.

But the coolant light finally flickered and went off, the engine cooled off when I got a little of the boost off and stopped abusing it. And I breathed again, feeling that I'd been holding one breath for fifteen minutes. All was clear behind me, and I gradually climbed to ten thousand and went back home to Hengyang.

All the boys came out to see me. Of course Elias was missing and they'd been worried lest I was a goner too. There were cannon holes in my wings and tail; one had gone just across the back of the canopy. There were smaller holes in the fuselage from the cockpit back to the tail; there was oil from the spinner of the prop to the tail. Oil from your own ship can hardly get on the very tip of the nose of your ship, and this was proof that it was Jap oil.

As we looked the plane over, I got more and more settled down from my narrow escape. But then I realized that my ship, which I had now flown in combat from April until September 2nd, was badly damaged. "Old Exterminator" was a lot of pieces.

We had tea in the alert shack and sent the other mission out to dive-bomb Nanchang and strafe the trains from Kukiang to the North towards Hankow. Also we got the Chinese net looking for Elias, and reported that I had shot down one Zero near Kukiang.

I was sitting there with a cup of

very sorry Chinese tea, diligently making out my combat report, when somebody started a motorcycle about five feet from me. With the first explosion I thought of the cannon back there an hour or two before. I dropped my battered teacup, jumped clear over the table, and fell into the operations map trying to get out of the way. I tried to yell and rave at the poor Chinese messenger-boy who had started the motor, but I might as well have been talking to the moon. He saw my face, heard the fast, strange tongue, and just blandly smiled. When he held up his thumb, pointed at the sky, and said "Ding-hao," I got my poise back sufficiently to smile and call back to him—"Ding-hao."

In the meantime, down at Kweilin, Maj. Ed Rector, as CO of the Squadron, and Maj. Bruce Holloway as operations officer, were keeping the skies cleared of Japs and were escorting the little force of bombers under Colonel Haynes, who had now been made a Brigadier General. We were all happy over this promotion, not only because it was for a deserving officer but from the selfish standpoint that our China Air Task Force would get more bombers.

General Haynes led some missions on Canton, and after fair bombing results the fighters stayed behind and engaged the enemy Zeros. Lieut. Pat Daniels shot down his first Jap, and Charlie Sawyer got his third. In the next raid of the bombers General Haynes again led. Maj. Butch Morgan—who the newspapers used to say was the only Yapkee on General Chennault's staff—"Wonder how he got there?"—was leaning over the lead bomb-sight and directing the bombing. This objective was to burn the docks of Haiphong on the coast of Indo-China.

The small bomber force of six B-25's went in with only three P-40's for escort. Maj. Ed Rector led the fighters, with Lieutenant Marks on one wing and Pat Daniels on the

(Continued next page.)

Public BEANO Game

Umpfrey-Mackin Building

Saturday Night
March 24, 1945

WORTHWHILE PRIZES

Auspices

American Legion

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