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THE STANDARDS OF HUMAN BEINGS

A better living for the farmer is of vital concern to the city dweller and to the people of the country as a whole for a very important reason that may well escape casual consideration. It is plain, of course, that prosperous farmers mean a greater market for the products of factory and mill. That is one obvious, dollars-and-cents reason for helping our country cousins to help themselves, but it goes deeper than that.

To an ever-increasing extent cities are recruiting their man-power from the rural areas. Not merely "boom-time" laborers, who are attracted to the industrial centers by extraordinarily high wages and who may go back to rural areas when the pendulum swings the other way, but many who probably will remain as permanent residents. Because cities have shown themselves incapable of replenishing their human stock from within, they will be forced more and more to encourage an influx from out side, and they will have to accept and be content with what they get.

Surveys indicate clearly that the urban birth-rate is not keeping pace with urban man-power requirements. Cities must draw, in the future, even more than the nation wide average of forty percent which they have drawn from rural areas in the past. This poses a tremendously important national problem. It is clearly a challenge to the best brains of the nation to see that everything in their power is done to raise the standards of the human beings that are gradually furnishing more and more of the urban population, both as to health and education.

Speaking before a gathering of several hundred Michigan men and women recently, including many Detroit industrial, business and civic leaders, Roger M. Kyes, President of Harry Ferguson, Incorporated, manufacturers of mechanized farm implements, warned his hearers that they had better pay attention to the calibre of the citizenry of the nation's "To-bacco Roads" today, or suffer evil consequences tomorrow. "We must do everything within our power," said Mr. Kyes, "to create as high a standard of living as possible for these people; we want them well fed, we want them to come up in shape to be productive, in shape to be heads of our businesses, from the point of view of management; to be skilled artisans, from the point of view of operating our machines."

He emphasized the fact that they will come to stay, to be part and parcel of the community life. It is, in a very positive sense, the city's job to tackle the problem at the source, to realize that the boys and girls now growing up on the farms of America, to a surprisingly large degree, will determine the character of our future cities.

A "must" item in any long range program of city planning that is worth its salt is intelligent provision for a high grade supply of the community's basic raw material - its citizens.

SARGE GAVE UP

"On the right-form platoon!" roared the sergeant. The recruits carried out some kind of maneuver which left the sergeant speechless. He looked at them for a moment. Then his voice returned, and no words can describe the tone of it. "All right-now take your partners for the dance." Salt Lake City (Utah) Farmer.

YELLOW MAGIC

By now, that merchant of healing - your local druggist - probably has penicillin on his shelves, ready for a doctor's call. Only the other day, penicillin, which has been healing most of the wounds of this war, was released for civilian use. Behind that release lies a thrilling story of scientific and industrial achievement of interest to every druggist. This story is vividly and simply told in a new book written by J. D. Ratcliff, noted author and authority in the field of science and medicine.

But penicillin is more than a miracle drug; its production is also an industrial miracle. Under the WPB penicillin program, as described by Ratcliff, the U.S. was suddenly called upon to supply 95 per cent of the world's production. Tossing millions around like Indian rajahs, American companies built the plants that now turn out enough penicillin for our armed forces, and for everyone. No longer need the fear of such diseases as meningitis strike dread into every mother's heart. Penicillin is here, right next door.

Mosby Creek

Those having lights the past week were the Noble Elliot, Harry Patten, Bert Myers, Butte Moon, Ivan Morris, Mr. Theyar, the Land Brothers, Glenn Roby, Ben Anderson and Harry Castles. The McCoy's, the Blue Mountain school and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bostick also have lights.

Mrs. Mabel Howard and Patsy and Luella Simms of Corvallis visited over the week end at the Anderson home at Blue Mt.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Duerst and family visited Sunday at the home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cline of Westfir.

Mrs. Walker Tilly and two children and Mrs. Peters of Eugene were guests Sunday at the George Woodworth home at Blue Mt.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their sympathies and many beautiful flowers and especially the Cottage Grove Chapter of Eastern Star for their beautiful service. W. T. Bussear and family.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXIII

It had been only recently, when he had been taken from his thirteen four-engine bombers on the way to blast Tokyo, that he had been assigned to transports. The Japs must have known just how to get under his skin, but in the end I think the knowledge worked against them.

Now he was getting back at them by having thousands of little leaflets printed in several languages, especially in Japanese. They read:

COMPLIMENTS OF THE OLD BROKEN-DOWN TRANS.

PORT PILOT

He used to drop some of these on every bombing mission he led. He'd go out and tie some to each bomb; put them in the bomb bay so that they fell out when the doors were opened; even throw them out over the Japanese-occupied cities that he blasted. I knew now that he was getting a new supply ready for Hongkong.

Towards the end of October came the word we had so long been waiting for. Victoria harbor was filled with Japanese shipping. In deepest secret we got ready to go.

Our ships would leave from Kunming, but we would of course use the intermediate bases in the Kweilin-Hongkong section, 500 miles to the East. Hongkong, you will recall, is about 325 miles Southeast of Kweilin. It is protected by surrounding enemy fighter fields at Canton and Kowloon. Our objectives would be the shipping in the harbor, the shipping at the docks in Kowloon, and the ships at the drydocks in Hongkong.

Early on the morning of October 25 our twelve bombers took off from Yunnan for Kweilin, and shortly afterwards Hills, Allison, Holloway and I led the fighters off. We were all to infiltrate into Kweilin, a few ships at a time, so as not to alert the coast of eastern China.

For two weeks I had worried about this attack. I thought it would come any day, and because of the tension I couldn't sleep. Each night when I shut my eyes I'd wonder if I would do the right thing when the time came. I'd picture myself flying in the lead, and see planes on my wing going down in flames. I'd roll my head down in bed and with my eyes tightly closed see formations of Zeros passing in endless review, climbing steeply, rolling over in arrogance, with grinning Japanese faces. I'd get up every morning at three o'clock hoping that the word had come, yet also fearing that it had. Today might be the day that I made the mistake that would lose my Group.

When I learned that word hadn't come, I'd spend another sleepless night. I got the doctor to give me something to make me sleep and I had a headache the next day. I knew "my wind was up," as the British say—but why in hell didn't we go on and get the attack over with!

But now I was on the way. I could see the shark-mouths of the P-40's all around, and the whole thing was easy—just what I had wanted all the time. We sat down at Kweilin at one-minute intervals at eight o'clock. The bombers were soon in, and the Chinese were busy servicing the field full of ships. They were the happiest people I had ever seen. They'd point towards Japan and point down with their thumbs and say, "Bu-hao."

While they serviced the ships, we hurried to the alert cave and were "briefed" by the General. We had to work fast, for we were so close to Japanese bases that we could have been caught on the ground with our Air Force if we hadn't been careful. In fifty minutes we were away, the fighters first, and then the bombers. Making our assembly over the designated point, we were off on our greatest mission to date.

All of us were proud to be going. But as I looked at those seven P-40's escorting ten bombers, I could not help feeling apologetic for that greatest country in the world that we were representing. Oh God, if the day could soon come when we could go against this enemy with a thousand bombers, even a hundred bombers!

Maybe the small fighter force that we had made us lucky ones who were privileged to go resolve all the more that we would make up in quality what we lacked in quantity. Personally I felt like a veteran football player who has been on the bench and has now been called into the big game. Nearly a year before, when Hongkong had fallen to the Japanese attacks from the Asiatic mainland of Kowloon, I had sworn that I would see the first bombs hit the Crown Colony. I had no idea then that I would lead the fighters, that I would shoot down Japanese fighters in the raid, that we would be intercepted by a superior force of the enemy, but that in less than three minutes after the

interception there would be only the ships of the U. S. Army Air Force over Victoria harbor.

Now I had the familiar "wind up" feeling that precedes combat. The palms of my hands perspired freely. As I wiped them on the legs of my trousers I saw that the sweat was like mud; it had mixed with the red dust of Kweilin Field through which we had taken off.

Our altitude kept increasing to 20,000 feet, while down below at seven-thousand were the medium bombers in javelin formation: two Vee's of three, and the last element a diamond of four. We passed one of the river junction check-points that enabled me to compute our ground speed. In fifty minutes I could see the glint of the sun on the Pacific Ocean. As I saw the bomber formation again, I felt proud of the crews of those perfectly spaced ships. This really was like a football game: the bombers were carrying the ball while we in the pea-shooters ran the interference.

I imagined General Haynes, down there in the lead bomber, grinning as he thought of dropping a few hundred more of his leaflet souvenirs to the Japs. "Compliments of the old broken-down transport pilot!"—along with at least sixty 500-pound bombs. Big "Butch" Morgan, the best bombardier in the Air Force, had probably wormed his huge bulk through the tunnel into the nose of Haynes' bomber and was even now intensely interested in his pet bomb-sight.

Now I could even smell the freshness of the Pacific. The sky had never been so blue. The beauty of the day and the beauty of those weapons flying so smoothly under us made me forget the scratching of the oxygen mask on my sun-burned neck. It was a joy to look back and see the six shark-mouths on the other P-40's grinning at me. Some day, I thought, Jap mothers were going to frighten their children by referring to them and reminding the brats of Nippon that their fathers had more than likely had that view of an American P-40 for a last memory.

As we got closer to the target, we split our formation of fighters automatically. Tex Hill, Hampshire, and Sher stayed with me; Marks took the other three on the opposite flank of the bombers. The country below had become lower in elevation but was green and still hilly. Over the radio, as we reached a



The men were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. They were tired out by almost constant alert without relief for twenty-one days. Many of their flying mates had been killed in action, and this helped to lower their morale.

point North of Macao, came the jabbering of Japanese voices on our frequency, and we knew from their ominous sound that they were warning of our attack.

I tensed a little and looked about for enemy planes. Far to my left I could see the three rivers meeting at Canton, could see two fields from which I knew Zeros were taking off to intercept us. We had bypassed Canton purposely by thirty miles. I saw the bombers changing course: we were around Canton now, and were going to steer straight for the North of Kowloon peninsula. The blue Pacific looked friendly, reminding me of the southern California coast. The old, familiar fog banks that should have been covering San Clemente and Catalina were shrouding instead the Ladrone Islands, with only their hilltops visible, sticking out from the fog on the China Sea.

We were turning over Macao, where the Clippers used to land. To the South I could see another Jap field, Sanchau Island. Now to the right was Hongkong Island, shaped like a kidney and mountainous, just about nine miles long and three or four miles across. I could make out the indentations of the romantic-sounding bays whose names I knew—Sandy, Telegraph, Kellef, and Repulse. There were points of land jutting towards the mainland—Quarry Point, with its Naval Drydock, and Shek Tong Tsui, the point over which we would fight our aerial battle. Reaching towards the island like a finger was Kowloon peninsula, separated from it by the blue waters of Victoria harbor. Near the end of the spit of land closest to Hongkong, I saw the large modern Peninsular Hotel. All of us knew that Japanese Generals and staff officers slept there with their women.

We came across the Great West Channel, passed North of Stonecutters Island, and came to our turning point, seven miles North of Kowloon. The bombers were turning South now for the bombing run. This was the crucial moment.

I crossed around and over General Haynes and his formation, watching vigilantly. Far below I saw dust on Kai Tak airfield, and knew that enemy ships were taking off to attack us. My throat felt dry and I had trouble swallowing; I turned my gun switch off and on nervously.

Now I saw the bomb-bay doors opening, and I couldn't keep the tears of excitement from burning my eyes. Anti-aircraft was beginning to dot the sky with black and white puffs. As I dove almost to the level of the bombers, I could feel the ack-ack rock my fighter ship. I kept S-ing to watch for the enemy

fighters that must be coming. The white stars on the upper wings of the bombers below were like an American flag waving, and it gave me the same feeling that I got when I see home after a long absence. As loud as I could against the roar of the engine, I shouted: "Come up, you devils!"

I saw the yellow bombs begin to fall in long strings, imposed on the dark green of the world below. They got smaller and smaller as the noses pointed slowly down. Remembering my movie camera, I tried to take pictures of the explosions. The bombs seemed to take years to fall, and I began to think they were all duds. The ack-ack burst closer as the Japs got the range while we went straight in. I know I was never more excited in all my life. I yelled, "Okay, Hirohito—we have lots more where those came from!" I kept looking behind and under us for the bombs to burst.

And then I saw the first white explosion—right on the docks of Kowloon. After that they came so fast you couldn't count them. I let my camera run as the explosions turned from white to black—there were oil-fires now. I could see the flash of the anti-aircraft guns from the North shore of Hongkong Island, as we continued across Victoria harbor. I risked another look at the target; it was covered with smoke from one end to the other. Then I got my eyes back to searching for enemy interceptors—we had to be extra careful now.

Why in hell didn't the bombers turn for home? They had dropped the damn bombs, but they were still going on endlessly towards that point of Shek Tong Tsui. All of us were keyed up. But then the long javelin of B-25's began to turn to the right. Mission accomplished—now they had the down-hill run to base, and I began to get that old feeling of relief. Then, somehow, I felt cheated. Where were the enemy fighters? I raised my camera, sighted again, and took the formation as it swung over the burning docks.

Then, as I glanced about, I saw them, silhouette after silhouette, climbing terribly steeply towards the bombers. I know now that they had got there from Kai Tak below in four minutes; they had made the sixteen thousand feet in that short time. I felt my camera drop to my lap, hit my knee, then drop to the metal floor of the fighter. I was fumbling now for the "mike" button on the throttle; then I was calling: "Bandits ahead—Zeroes! At eleven o'clock." Fumbling again for the throttle quadrant, shoving everything as far forward as I could, I

maneuvered at the steepness of the

climb the enemy ships were maintaining. I called: "Zeros at twelve o'clock," to designate their direction clock-fashion from us. I heard Tex Hill reply: "Hell, I see 'em." I could hear the jabber of the Japs still trying to block our frequency.

I was diving now, aiming for the lead Zero, turning my gunsight on and off, a little nervously checking again and again to see that the gun-switch was at "on." I jerked the belly-tank release and felt the underslung fifty-gallon bamboo tank drop off. We rolled to our backs to gain speed for the attack and went hell-bent for the Zeros. I kept the first Zero right in the lighted sight and began to fire from over a thousand yards, for he was too close to the bombers. Orange tracers were coming from the B-25's too, as the turret gunners went to work.

Five hundred yards before I got to the Zero, I saw another P-40 bearing the number 151 speed in and take it. That was Tex Hill. He followed the Zero as it tried to turn sharply into the bombers and shot it down. Tex spun from his tight turn as the Jap burst into flames. I took the next Zero—they seemed to be all over the sky now. I went so close that I could see the pilot's head through the glass canopy and the little tail-wheel that was not retracted, and I knew it was a Navy Zero—the little wheel was built for the arresting-gear of a carrier. My tracers entered the cockpit and smoke poured back, hiding the canopy, and I went by.

As I turned to take another ship below me, I saw four airplanes falling in flames towards the waters of Victoria harbor. I half rolled again and skidded in my dive to shake any Zero that might be on my tail. I saw another P-40 shooting at a Jap, but there was a Zero right on his tail. I dove for this one. He grew in my sights, and as my tracers crossed in front of him he turned into me. I shot him down as his ship seemed to stand still in the vertical bank. The ship was three or four hundred yards from me, and I fell towards the water for a time that seemed ages. An explosion came, and there was only black smoke; then I could see the ship again, falling, turning in a slow spin, down—down—down.

I shot at everything I saw. Sometimes it was just a short burst as the Jap went in for our bombers. Sometimes I fired at one that was turning, and as I'd keep reeling back on my stick, my ship would spin, and I'd recover far below. I shot down another ship that didn't see me. I got it with one short burst from directly astern, a no-deflection shot. In this attack I could see the Japanese ship vibrate as my burst of six fifty-calibre guns hit it. First it just shook, then one wing went up. I saw the canopy shot completely off; then I went across it. Turning back in a dive to keep my speed, I watched the enemy ship, as it dove straight down, stream flames for a distance the length of the airplane behind.

(Continued on page 8)

Save Steps

Keep salt, pepper, sugar bowl, salad dressing, napkins and preserves on a tray and take them to the table in one trip.

GUERRILLA WAR FORSEEN

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower has informed President Roosevelt that "a clean cut military surrender" of the nazis is improbable.

In a letter to the chief executive, released by the white house Thursday, the supreme allied commander in Europe foresaw extensive guerrilla warfare.

He said he was hopeful of launching operations at the proper time that "should partially prevent a guerilla control of any large area, such as the southern mountain bastion."

UMPUQA COMPANY PLANS PLYWOOD PLANT

Umpqua plywood company is letting contracts for construction of its plant at Shady Point, five miles south of Roseburg, two officials announced.

The plant will be equipped to produce about 3,000,000 surface feet of plywood daily, starting in October or November. Timber holdings are on the north Umpqua, 25 miles east of Roseburg.

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