

Cottage Grove Sentinel

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

W. C. MARTIN

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 NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION
1945 Active Member

TIN MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

The statement that tin is more precious than gold at first blush might seem impossible and would cause the average individual to ask why.

Babbitt bearing metals that keep the wheels of industry turning are strengthened for wear and resistance by a tin content and all the gold in the world cannot buy that resistance or buy a substitute for that tin. Gold, valuable metal that it is, cannot be used in place of tin to keep the wheels of machinery moving that turn out implements of war. All the gold in our possession cannot buy the tin when there is no source of purchase.

Ninety percent of our pre-war supply came from the Far Pacific, now under Japanese possession, and since this source is no longer available, America must turn to its nation's kitchens for the tin to meet requirements of military and civilian needs.

The need for immediately increasing tin can collections is a real one. America's war machine must have more tin. While the demand for tin is increasing steadily, collections have been falling off. We cannot buy tin so we must reuse our now limited supply over and over again. Four hundred tin cans are needed to reclaim one pound of tin, but that pound of pure tin will re-coat another 100 cans.

Prepare all tin cans for war. Wash thoroughly, remove labels, cut off or fold in tops and bottoms and flatten can firmly by stepping on it. Save in substantial cartons or containers for future pick up as announced by your salvage committee.

TIME OF TRIAL

War is a time when everyone is supposed to do more with less. It is a time of trial. After three years of war, those who have met the challenge most successfully are beginning to stand out—also those who have not done so well. Among the latter are the non-military activities of the Federal government. Boards, bureaus and agencies have grown by leaps and bounds.

A representative coal company recently compared the wartime record of the coal industry with that of the Federal government from the standpoint of doing more with less of the most precious resource the nation possesses—manpower. In 1918, there were 760,000 men employed in the coal mines. They produced 678,500,000 tons of coal. At the same time there were 1,000,000 government employees. In 1944, there were 479,000 miners employed and coal output was a staggering 684,500,000 tons. Government employees during this critical period rose to 3,250,000 with tens of thousands doing nothing more important than trying to unravel red tape.

FREE TO DREAM

"In spite of wars, depressions and disasters, the average American of today is better fed; better housed and better clothed than the people of any nation ever were in all the world's history. This condition is because our citizens have been free to dream and study and think and plan—and have been able to make their dreams come true."

The above remark was made by a man who knows whereof he speaks. His name is William R. Boyd. He is president of the American Petroleum Institute and, like countless other oil men, he started from the bottom.

Keeping our nation a land of opportunity for individuals with dreams should be the foremost postwar goal of all of us.

Washington Letter

By Harris Ellsworth, Rep. in Congress from Oregon

RELEASES FROM NAVY—The navy has recently announced its policy regarding release, discharge or resignation of navy personnel.

In the case of families which have lost two or more sons who were members of the armed forces, all remaining members of the immediate family serving in the navy, marine corps or coast guard will be returned to the continental United States, or retained here for permanent assignment. Applications for return or retention in the United States must be filed by the serviceman himself or by his immediate family.

Enlisted personnel 42 years of age or over may apply for discharge or release to inactive duty. Application is made through the individual's commanding officer. Similar requests, previously denied, may now be re-submitted and approval obtained from the commanding officer without reference to the Bureau of Naval Personnel. There are some exceptions to this discharge rule, but apparently it will be generally applied.

In making its announcement, the navy states that there still exists a critical need for combat and seagoing officers in the navy marine corps and coast guard, and this need will continue until the war with Japan is successfully concluded.

The navy further states that the defeat of Germany will bring about no demobilization of the navy. On the contrary, the navy is expanding and will continue to

expand. The navy cannot demobilize until Japan is defeated.

ARMY PLANNING REDUCTION. It is currently estimated that the army will release 1,300,000 enlisted men. Length of overseas service, battle honors, duration of duty in the United States, age and family status will be factors considered in making the selection for discharge. It is estimated, however, that not more than 2% of the total number to be released will be men who have served only in the United States.

In addition to the 1,300,000 enlisted men to be demobilized during the coming months, it is expected that 700,000 officers may be released for over-age or unfit for further service. In all cases, the military necessity for the retention of any enlisted man or officer will have first consideration. Discharges will not be confined to those who served in the European theatre. GIs in the Pacific and faraway outposts will be equally entitled to discharge. The army estimates that about half of the 1,300,000 will come from the European theatre; the remainder will be released from other parts of the world.

Triplets Will Do It

With a worried expression a woman stood reading veteran discharge details in a local newspaper office.

She mumbled, counting her husband's accumulated points.

Then she beamed. "We can do it," she said. "All I have to do is have triplets by 8 a.m. tomorrow morning."

About 3,300 tons of postage stamps, or enough to fill 82 freight cars, were used in the United States last year.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVII

Another theory was that the realization that you had strafed enemy ground troops, shot down Japanese pilots, strafed troops getting out of an enemy transport, or even killed Japanese satellites, would come back to you at night, and you'd wake up in horror at having "blood on your hands." To that I say "Nuts." I never knew a pilot who thought about it. All the pilots I ever saw were so happy over their first enemy kill that I began right off to know that we were not the soft race we had been charged with being early in the war. Personally, ever time I cut Japanese columns to pieces in Burma, strafed Japs swimming from boats we were sinking, or blew a Jap pilot to hell out of the sky, I just laughed in my heart and knew that I had stepped on another black-widow spider or scorpion.

Later, when the newness of combat had worn off, I used to watch a Japanese pilot come towards me on a head-on run, picking me out, I guess, because I was leading the Group. I'd get my sights on him and yell, perhaps a bit hysterically: "You poor sucker, with my six Fifties that out-range your short-range little cannons that jam lots of times, I'm going to blow you apart before you get close enough to hit me!" Overconfidence, perhaps, for I didn't get every one who came at me, and I took lots of hits in my own ship—even had to dive away sometimes when two came on me at once. But I'm still here, and from thirteen to twenty-two Jap pilots who fought against me are dead.

That's the "chip" of invincibility that I carried on my shoulder into combat. That's the combat spirit that a fighter pilot must have who fights alone in a little ship where he's the loneliest person in the world—sometimes. But do you know what makes the pilot understand that he's got to be better than the Japanese, makes him know what we are fighting for, gives him faith that in the end, when we're all properly trained and equipped, we'll be the best Air Force in all the world? It's the understanding that comes when you've seen the rest of the world, when you've glimpsed the filth and corruption of all the hell-holes that Americans are fighting in today, when you've had the blood and brains of your brother officers or of your soldiers splashed in your face by an enemy bomb. Then you know—for it's seared on your soul—that we have the best country in the Universe, whether it's run by the Democrats or the Republicans or the new party that springs up tomorrow.

You know that you have everything to live for, and that the Jap has everything to die for. That's his only hope of reaching the heaven that we already have.

Yes, they are suicide pilots; at times they will try to ram your plane, or will dive their ships into our carriers. I've seen a Japanese dive low over Hengyang and circle while they shot at him with everything on the field and we shot at him with every ship above the field. But he flew his ship in a slow circle, as if he were blinded and couldn't see, or were only partly conscious. Then, with a half roll at barely three hundred feet, he dove his plane into the only building on the field—our thatched-roof alert shack, which burned with the Jap in his ship. When the wreckage had cooled enough we finally pulled his charred body out—and by his side was his Samurai sword, and through his body the doctor found one lone bullet-hole, severing his spinal cord near the small of the back. He had been able to move his hands but not his feet. But with his last consciousness he had picked out one more object on our field to destroy for the gods of the Shinto Shrine.

But they have fear too. Don't think they're supermen, for I assure you they're not. They're little, warped - brain savage animals with the complex of suppression—but they have fear, like any one else. Their fear is worse, for there's that phobia of having nothing to live for—the inferiority-complex they try to overcome.

I once saw that fear on the face of a Japanese pilot when he knew he was going to die, and it did me lots of good. I told it many times to youngsters in my Group and it always made them feel better to know that the Japs were afraid when they met them—probably more afraid than we were. Oh, the Jap is a wonderful pilot when he meets no or little opposition. They come in over undefended Chinese cities and loop and roll and zoom, shooting at the helpless pedestrians while arrogantly flying inverted on their backs. But when they meet good American fighters, with pilots who know how to fight them, they are the most anxious people I've ever met to leave our territory and go "hell for leather" towards Japan. One day I flew up very close to a

Jap pilot during a fight near Kweilin. I placed my sights right where his wing joined the fuselage of the 1-97-2 and steadily squeezed a burst from two hundred yards, holding the trigger down while I moved into closer range. Then I swerved out from behind the enemy ship, expecting it to stream fire and perhaps explode. I had seen pieces come off, and I had seen the canopy glass turn to a fine, shining powder that sparkled in the slipstream as the ship nosed almost straight up. But when it didn't burn, I skidded back across its tail, first with a look to my rear quarter lest I be surprised.

I saw into the cockpit. The canopy had been shot away and I could see the Jap's face—and on it was a look of terror such as I had never seen before. The realization went through me with such force that as I nosed down to fire again I nearly cut the tail from the Jap fighter with my prop. Then I savagely held a long burst from less than fifty yards while I shot the ship to pieces. Even after the enemy plane had fallen and I had flown through the debris, I found that I was continuing to fire at the empty heavens, for I had learned to hate also.

No, the Jap is far from a superman. But we must never again belittle the fanaticism of the Japanese. They are as dangerous as mad dogs. They think they will win—and they can if we continue to underestimate them.

Strange things happen in the air, strange as the fiction of the ages. Six of us shot into a ship that detached itself from one of the circling Japanese "circuses" we encountered one day East of Hengyang. When you meet the Jap in his larger-numbered formation, he at once goes into the circling technique that Baron von Richthofen made famous in the last war. This "circling" gradually moves in on or away from their objective as a defensive maneuver, for in it the ship behind protects the tail of the one in front.

Our tactics were to dive through the "squirrel cage" and get snap shots at as many ships as we could, but keep our speed to prevent their getting on our tails.

It was in one of these attacks that this lone Jap Zero left the protection of his other ships and began to do aerobatics—sloppy loops, wing-overs, stalls, and then another loop. Thinking it was a trick, we were wary; but after two of our pilots had made passes on it, two more of us went down towards it. As I kept getting closer and closer to the enemy plane I could see that the pilot was evidently hurt, but when I



Another friendly eagle who gave aid to Col. Scott.

crossed the top of the strange-acting plane I saw that he was leaning forward over the stick control, obviously dead.

As the speed of the dive would build up pressures on the tail surfaces, the nose would rise, for a Jap ship is rigged that way. As the ship climbed more steeply, the pilot's upper body swung to the back of the seat in the normal position and the plane made a sloppy loop.

For several minutes we watched the pilotless Zero in fascination. From 16,000 feet a ship that is shot down can dive into the ground in a few seconds—it can even spin in from an explosion in a little longer than that; but we watched this plane for twice the time that it would normally have taken. It worked closer and closer to the ground over the same area, as it lost altitude gradually in the maneuvers. Then, after the longest wait that I can remember having gone through in the air, in one of its dives from a loop it struck the hills below and burned.

We could have burned it with a long burst many times during the minutes of our watching, but I imagine we were all spellbound at the spectacle.

No one spoke for several minutes as we turned back to Hengyang. Then some call over the radio broke the spell, and we just marked the Jap off as another confirmed Zero—another "good" Jap.

Over in Yunnan we fought the

Japs a few times in Burma and had the sadness of another military funeral. Those moments in the Buddhist burial grounds were the hardest in China. As the Chaplain read the prayer and the flag-draped casket was lowered into the red earth of Yunnan, a small formation, with slow-turning engines that gave forth a muffled sound, would fly over the grave. There would be one vacant niche in the evenly spaced fighters, in honor of the brother airman who would fly no more.

After eight months in combat I was sent with five other pilots to ferry six new P-40's over from the air base at Karachi. During our wait for the planes to be ready for combat, we were permitted to go to Bombay for the detached service. There, in this splendor of the Hotel Taj Mahal, we had a glorious time. In fact, it became very hard to realize that a war was going on over in Burma and China, as we looked at the night clubs from Malabar Hill and from inside them too, the horse-races for the Aga Khan's Purse—and at all the things that we had forgotten to remember.

The return across India was a happy one, for we were ferrying new and higher-powered ships back to the war, and all of us were eager to try them out in combat. From Assam we took the old familiar trail that I used to fly with the transports, and it felt especially good to look around and see those friendly-looking P-40's along with me over the Burma Road where I had, in earlier months, been compelled to fly alone. The shark-mouths had not yet been painted on, but the silhouettes of the new fighters looked friendly nevertheless.

A fast trip over the five hundred miles from Assam is like this:

We're off from our base and heading 118 degrees across the twelve-thousand-foot Naga Hills to the first check-point, where the upper fork of the Chindwin forms the likeness of a shamrock. Up to our left now, from the altitude of eighteen thousand feet we've attained so effortlessly with the new ships, can be seen the higher snow-capped peaks of Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. Down below us the valley of the Irrawaddy is low and green, but forbidding nonetheless. Ahead, as we cross the "Y" in the little known "triangle of the Irrawaddy," we see the real hills of the "hump" begin to rise. Snow-capped peaks everywhere. Our map reads that our highest peak is going to be 15,800 feet; yet we well know from experience that we've tried it many times and we need to be very sure that we are at 16,000 to clear the mountains from the Irrawaddy to Tali Lake.

Below us are the villages of the Miaoos. We climb to 25,600 feet to test the "sucked-up" ships, and a smile comes to our faces under the oxygen masks—for this is going to surprise the Jap. We're going over the Mekong now, and from the time that has elapsed we've certainly picked up a tail wind—must be making over three hundred. The gorge of the Mekong runs like a gash in the sinister country of Burma to the South, and we know it goes on and on towards Saigon and the sea.

It's barely twenty miles to the Salween, and we make it so quickly that we begin to doubt that the other river had been the Mekong. Our ground speed is well over three hundred as we see Lake Tali and start the down-hill run to Kunning. Now we catch the first glimpse of the Burma Road, North of Yunnanyi, and soon we see the small lake that is near our field at that town. The mountains to the North are very high, and we know they get higher and higher and stretch almost without break to the East and the Pacific. We see the hairpin turns of the Burma Road near Tsuyung, and know that we're nearly home from the Taj Mahal and India.

We dive over the field of our headquarters just one hour and twenty-five minutes from the time we took off from Assam, five hundred miles away. I can tell by the smiles on the faces of the other men in the flight that we're all thinking the same thing: We have had medicine for the Jap packed into the increased horsepower of these new "Kays"—our Warhawks. They are the latest of the P-40 series, and coming to us this time of year we look upon them as Christmas presents from the States.

The P-40 was in production when the war began. Then the decks were definitely stacked against us, and everything was in favor of the enemy. During the past year of our war these ships produced as no other fighter plane did, for they were serving on every front. Any pilot who actually fought the Axis enemies in the P-40 Tomahawks, Kittyhawks, or Warhawks will tell you they are tough and dependable. They will dive with the best of projectiles—including a bomb. All of us hope that the best fighter plane has not been produced, but we know that America will develop it.

In the meantime, through those lean months when America had to fight on many fronts with so little, the glorious P-40 series paid off when

Floyd Githens Motors

Authorized



Dealer

PHONE 27

the chips were down in a ratio of between twelve and fifteen to one—twelve to fifteen enemy ships for every one of ours lost.

Some day, when the war is over and our sturdy American engines driving great American ships have won victory with air power, I hope and pray—with all fighter pilots who have faced our enemies in aerial combat, from the hot sands of Libya to the cold tundra of the Aleutians, from the jungle heat of Guadalcanal to those torrid rains of the Burmese Monsoons—that some understanding group of citizens will go to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. There, beside the statue that commemorates the first flight of the Wright Brothers, I hope that they will build a monument to the Curtiss P-40 with its Allison Engine.

And now, with a few minor battles in the air, we saw Christmas in China draw near, and I couldn't help wishing for fast action somewhere. After all, there's only one place a person wants to be at Christmas time, and that place for all of us was far away.

I took off from Kunning one day just before Christmas to inspect the warning net in western Yunnan. It didn't take long to find out that it was very inefficient near the Burma border, where a steady influx of fifth-columnists and Japanese money was filtering across the Salween. Even then I knew that instead of getting the Chinese officers who were in charge of the net to investigate, it would be much better to have a few engagements with the Jap over the failing net-area. There was no tonic like burning Jap planes over the country to improve the functioning of the air-raid warning net.

(To be continued)

GROUND GLASS DISPENSERS

To the Editor: We have heard a great many stories about the best friend a man ever had. Here's another to add to the pages. We read of the bulldog in Eugene that had his tongue cut out by a coward and murderer, but Eugene has not got all the cowards and murderers. There is one in Cottage Grove also.

There was an old blind, deaf poodle dog named Ranny Hand that was nearing his 14th birthday. He was left behind counting the days for his master's return home, who was overseas fighting for our country to rid this earth of cowards and murderers. This old fellow had to be coaxed and pampered to get him to eat to keep him alive so that he might feel the touch of his master's hand once more before he was to die. But the coward and murderer came along and coaxed him to eat ground glass, one of the most cruel and painful deaths there is.

All that I have to say is he will enjoy himself when he meets a returned soldier and knows that he is the brave man that fed his pet ground glass.

Mrs. John Wells
South 17th, St., City

The state of Minnesota is widely advertised as having 10,000 lakes. As a matter of fact, there are 11,007 lakes within its borders, not including mud puddles. Many of the lakes listed are too large to see across, while the smallest on the records covers four square acres.

OPA LIMITS MOTOR REPAIRS

It was announced that the OPA is setting specific limits on the hours of labor that automobile repair shops may charge for in computing prices for 56 common passenger car repair jobs. A month's advance announcement is being given the trade. Local OPA boards will receive specific details shortly.

Under a new regulation, effective June 14, 1945, automobile repair jobs ranging all the way from a minor brake adjustment to the complicated job of installing the crank shaft and bearings, will have specific time limits. Hosea R. Evans, district OPA price executive explained. The time allowances are those established as adequate by the car manufacturers for standard repair jobs.

No other department store, so far as is known, has indicated any intention of following the example of Macy's in New York which now has cows, sheep, pigs, goats and donkeys for sale in a glass-fronted, air-conditioned barn on its fifth floor.

FREE AIR

A column of Fun 'N Facts By Mike



Howdy Folks: A mother in law should be careful not to go too far. Unless she stays there.

Senator sorghum told his wife to go to the devil and the old battle axe went right back to her mother.

When grandma was a girl, she didn't do the things that girls do now days. As far as that is concerned, grandmas didn't do the things that grandmas do today either.

In telling her age a woman is often shy—in more ways than one.

BULL-ETIN Pajama parties are rarely successful. They usually result in too much bad feeling.

Some girls don't intend to be married until they are thirty. Others don't intend to be thirty until they are married.

We intend to treat you right in these times just as we did before the war boom. Also, we expect to be here to serve you when the boom is over.

CLARK'S SUPER SERVICE

129 North 9th
Phone 252
We Give S&H Green Stamps

HONOR THE DEAD
BY
HELPING THE LIVING

DISABLED AND NEEDY VETERANS

Wear a Buddy Poppy!

Give generously when Buddy Poppies go on sale at Cottage Grove on Saturday, May 26



VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF U. S.

MARTIN MOTORS

Pontiac Sales and Service