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KEEP FACING IT

A tramp when asked his philosophy replied: "I turn by back to the wind." That's probably why he was a tramp. Following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers, and many men crooked. A man cannot drift to vietory in this war.

In contrast I like the words that Captain MacWhit spoke to his mate in Joseph Conrad's immortal tale of the sea, "Typhoon." In the midst of a great storm, MacWhit said: "Keep facing it! They may say what they like, the heaviest seas run with the wind. Always facing it. Thats the way to get through."

The trees that face the winds on the coasts become the and tallest. From them are made the masts and spars of sailing ships. The scrubs grow in the protected valleys. Strength and power is built up through facing resistance.

"Keep facing it" is a good motto for today. There is no sense in kidding ourselves; wishful thinking must go. We have a tough war to win and the only way we can win it is by facing the facts and the difficulties heroically. We must keep plowing ahead into the storm. As we go on, facing whatever comes, we will grow in endurance and in courage. We will win because we deserve to win.—The Silver Lining.

THE YEAR AHEAD

The new year is but a few days old, but old enough that perhaps some of us have forgotten our new year resolutions, or worse still wish that we had not made them. But with all of the bad, the new year gives us an opportunity to rpause and take take stock of what is around us and in the pause, we have a chance to rest and refleet. To say the least the period provides a change and gets away from the rut. The same old grind day after day without a backward look grows both tiresome and monotonous and ages the average individual. The process is something like working seven days a week when we forget the day of the week because we have not had the day of rest. Such had been the experience of the railroaders and others who work straight through without a day off.

In the beginning of the year we are naturally optimistie and this is good because optimism helps earry us through tight places which must be faced later. A good many of us have seen the beginning of years that we had to assume a sort of false optimism, which were unlike the present year, that gives all the appearance of being a good year as far as prosperity is concerned and we hope we will see the end of the war.

Frankly we fear that we are poor prophets as far as seeing the end of the war because over a year ago we could not see how the European war could last through the winter, but this belief was based on the reports we got of our successes, we were more or less in the dark as to what the enemy was doing, but this has been a policy of the office of war information. We have felt and still feel that the American peple are capable of taking the good along with the bad and that had the true situation been known in months passed we might have been a little further along the road to victory.

MAKING FRIENDS

The road to social happiness lies in learning how to live with people. And the first and most important rule is to develop the art of making friends. Unfortunately, those of us who need friends the most know least about how to make them. Or, if we can make casual contacts with a certain amount of ease, we have not learned the technique of holding friens.

The art of making friendships and keeping them alive can be learned. Socially well-adjusted individuals do it as a matter of course, but those of us who lack social experience and confidence must consciously go about developing and practicing the technique.

Emerson has said that the only way to make a friend is to be a friend. Every person is discouraged in some degree or in some special aspect of his life, and needs reassurance and approbation. If you would learn to make friends and to keep them develop a genuine interest in people and try to find out their individual needs. Observe closely, find some good point about the friend you wish to make, and compliment him on it. Remember that it is no art to find defects in people—anyone can spot and criticise a fault or bad habit—but it is an art to recognize the good points without becoming sentimental or sounding insincere.

Another point to remember is that there is probably no human being alive who, if given the opportunity, does not like to have an audience. Thus, two willing ears are among the most valuable of assets to the person who wishes to learn the art of making friends. The secret of using them consists largely in finding the particular subject that your acquaintance would like to talk about. And, if you are wise, you will see to it that the other person has the greatest say.

Dirty Oven

A dirty oven cleans more easily if dust and grease are loosened by leaving a cloth, saturated with household ammonia, inside overnight.

Chilled Tomatoes

Chilled canned tomatoes with a dash of salt, pepper and tarragon vinegar can substitute for a salad in a pinch.

Find Cedar Chests Repel Moths

It was not until after chests were made of cedar because of the beauty and pleasant odor of the wood that people discovered they were moth-repellent.

PLUMBING

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Citrus Groves

Florida now has an estimated 377,450 acres of bearing citrus groves, with about 6,000 acres a year of new acreage coming into bearing. Present bearing consists of 251,340 acres of oranges, 95,190 of grapefruit, 23,420 of tangerines and 7,500 of limes.

Citizenship—Chinese

By virtue of the Act of December 17, 1943, amending the Nationality act of 1940, Chinese persons or persons of Chinese descent may become citizens of the United States provided they have been admitted for permanent residence and are within the prescribed quota.

Grain Needs

If the dairy cow gives 20 pounds of milk, daily, she needs 6 pounds of grain; if her production is 30 pounds, she needs 12 pounds of grain.

SAW FILING

ANY TYPE

Also

Lawn Mowers Sharpened

1 Mile West on Lorane Highway

CLYDE DUBELL

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIII: The AVG are told they are to be inducted into the U. S. army. Scott returns to India and confinces his single ship raids on the Japs. He is now known back in the States as "the one man air force."

CHAPTER XIV

But I had seen enough. Ever though this bridge was being built o' bamboo, they were making it very strong, for the abutments were o' heavier lumber and of stone. The Japanese were evidently planning to transport trucks, tanks, or some other heavier equipment North. I went right back to Dinjan and had Sergeant Bonner strap on a nice 500 pound bomb with a delayed action fuse. At any rate the armament men told him it was a ten-second delay fuse. This type of target had to be hit exactly, and if I were to glide in for a dead shot I'd surely get shot down by all the anti-aircraft. So I made up my mind long before I got there to turn it loose just as low as I could fly. Even if I missed the bridge by only fifty yards, which is close for dive-bombing in ships not made for that type of work, I'd knock a lot of leaves off the trees, make a big noise, and maybe kill some gunners. But the abutments of the bridge had to be hit just about dead center if I was to make the Japs stop work.

I came in to the target from the West, with the sun right at my back. I flew so low that I was afraid the little windmill on the nose of the bomb would get knocked off by the bushes. And then, as I saw the bridge, I let the bomb go.

All hell broke loose.

When I got back home I looked at "Old Exterminator" and I couldn't see why it hadn't spun in right there over the N'umzup. There were holes as big as footballs in the fabric flippers and in the metal stabilizers of the tail section. There was a hole in the fuselage and five holes in the wing. But I guess the hill just East of the target had saved me. You see, the bomb hadn't waited ten seconds to go off—which would have given me just that long to get out of the way of the explosion. It had gone off almost immediately, and as a result I'd been just about blown out of the sky. The one-tenth second of grace, with me traveling at some three hundred miles an hour, had let me go only about fifty feet across the target, but even that had been enough to permit a small knoll to shield me from the main explosion.

When I could get my breath again I asked Sergeant Bonner to find out from the armament men what in hell was the matter with the bomb. He brought them back with him, and the ordnance expert told me that he hadn't said ten-seconds delay but one-tenth second delay. Just one hundred times less delay than I had expected! But "Old Exterminator" lived through it, and as soon as they'd patched the holes I went back over the bridge. We'd blown the abutments, all the timber, and all the Japs from off the N'umzup. A five-hundred-pound bomb with either a ten-second delay fuse or a tenth second delay fuse will discourage even the most persistent people.

As the June days passed, Colonel Haynes was moved to China to head the Bomber Command under General Chennault, and I was left alone as Commanding Officer of the Ferrying Command. On the day the cheerful Haynes left, I felt as if I had lost my best and last friend. For this meant that I'd have to stay on the ground more, and work the administration as well as the operations of the ABC, which was getting tougher and tougher with all the rice we were having to drop and the passengers we were having to haul.

On the one day that I stayed on the ground, it seemed to me that every time I looked up from the desk that I was "flying," some long lanky tea planter would be standing there in the door in sun-helmet and shorts. With his bony knees sticking out, he'd ask me in cold clipped accents: "I say old chap—do you have transportation for Calcutta?"

My morale got pretty low. And the rains got worse; some days we'd have a foot of water in the "basha" that was Operations, and the men were sleeping almost in the water. I remember most of the Southern boys would argue with the Northerners on the old familiar subject of the whys and wherefores of the War Between the States. As the Southerners were in greater numbers, they of course won most of the friendly arguments.

From over near Sadiya, we had gotten eight elephants, tame ones and were working them to move some heavy timbers to be used on the warehouses of the new field. There was an old Southern sergeant who took good care of the pachyderms. He must have been a mule skinner in either the first World War or the border war with Mexico, for he did everything in his power to keep the eight elephants dry and well-fed and content. Even when he tied the chains to their legs at night he would wrap the links with cloth to keep them from chafing the thick skin of the big beasts.

Another sergeant, from about the same section of the country that the old elephant caretaker hailed from, came by one day and looked the stalls over with a quizzical eye.

"Say, Micky," he called back as he left, "you're taking too good care of those elephants. You're going to get 'em so comfortable that the Yankees will come down here and free 'em."

Bob Layher, one of the AVG pilots, came over for several days, and we drank good Scotch whiskey at night and flew our planes across into Burma in the day—when I didn't have to get passengers on the freight ships. I learned a lot, flying on his wing. We'd go over for a look at Myitkyina, and it would amaze me how effortlessly, without apparent forethought, Bob would get our ships into the sun before we came within sight of the field we were to observe. I picked up little things like that as I flew with him, and they helped me later.

On the twentieth of June, members of the Army Board that had been appointed to induct the AVG passed through Assam, and my hopes faded of ever getting over to work under General Chennault. I knew that out of those Colonels, the powers-that-be had surely picked some lucky one to get the greatest job in the world. This was of course that of commanding the AVG after it came into the Army, with its nucleus of old AVG personnel and the new pilots as replacements from home in the States. General Chennault was to be the Task Force Commander and was to be over the Fighter Group and the Bomber Force.

If the Scotch hadn't given out, I would have got drunk that night. But instead I went on another strafing raid in the late afternoon, and had to land after dark.

So I took it out in action. I bombed Homalin and the railroad yards at Mongaung the next day, and strafed the field at Myitkyina coming back. During the ensuing days until the 26th of June, I carried out attacks on barges near Bhamo, and on one trip went to Shwebo and almost to Mandalay, making a round trip of nearly nine hundred miles. I strafed the field at Maymyo, caught a train on the railroad North of town, and set it on fire. It was anything for action—and the engine of "Old Exterminator" got pretty rough at times, for by then I had three hundred and sixty hours on it and my mechanics had had little experience with Allisons.

That night, when I got home from my trip into Burma, I was handed a radiogram that saved my life. As I read it my face must have turned white; I know that tears came to my eyes, for I felt them burn. But I didn't care. I was ordered to report in Kunming, China, to General Chennault, as Commanding Officer of the 23rd Fighter Group which was to be activated from the AVG on July 4, 1942. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked out on an improving world. I could hear the birds singing again, and people were laughing; I knew I was the luckiest man in all the world.

I carefully folded the radiogram to show my grandchildren when the war was over and went out to look at my ship. For I had something else on my mind too. I was going to go into Burma the next day on four of the damnedest strafing and bombing raids the Japs had ever seen. It would be my swan-song from Assam and I had to celebrate in some way or other.

I told my crew to load a 500-pound HE on "Old Exterminator," and I walked around looking the old ship over. Somehow I figured that Kittyhawk had had a lot to do with getting me the greatest job in the war. It's not every man who finally gets what he has always wanted in the Army—after being pulled out of fighters for being too old, after being an instructor for four years, after being shanghaied into being a Burma-roadster, important as the job had been. Well, I had got what I wanted and I felt as though I could jump over the moon. I patted the leering shark's mouth on old 41-1456, and caressed the prop that had taken me in and out of many messes. Then I left, while they pulled the belly tank and put the big, fat, yellow bomb under the belly, and tightened the sway braces. The sight of that bomb made me feel pretty good.

Next morning before dawn I was in the air, my course set for Homalin. As I climbed out above the clouds I began to recite poetry in rhythm with the engine. To the verses of "Gunga Din" I dropped my first bomb of the day on the docks of Homalin. Then I flew back home with the words of the "Galley Slave" going out over the radio in a private broadcast to the world. On my next trip I dropped a five-hundred-pounder on a barge at Bhamo and came back and strafed the much-abused Myitkyina. My third attack was on the railroad station at Mogaung and I strafed the empty freight-cars in the yard. I had to use a belly tank on the fourth trip, and so I couldn't take a big bomb. But I loaded on six eighteen-pound frags and set sail for Lashio. I remembered to drop the belly tank before I went down into the anti-aircraft, and I dropped the six little frags in two of the big green warehouses by the railroad tracks. I shot up the field but saw no planes, and I finished my ammunition by strafing the main street of the town. I saw two plate-glass windows spatter across the street like artificial snow from a Christmas tree, and I laughed hysterically as two figures ran from a pagoda.

That day I landed back home tired and happy. More orders had come for me: I was to go to Delhi before I went to China. I went there the next morning with "Long Johnny" Payne.

When I had received my official instructions from headquarters in Delhi, and had been wined and dined by good friends—war correspondents like Berrigan, Magoffin, and Briggs—I came on back to pack my things in Assam. I tried to take the old fighter ship with me, but my crew had chiselled a new Allison engine from somewhere—had probably stolen it from some ship, but I didn't know where. So I went on over in a transport, expecting to come back later and ferry "Old Exterminator" to his new home.

As we came down into the rain over the lake South of Kunming, I never have felt so good. This was another step to the East, towards Japan, and when I got out and saw all those sleek-looking fighting ships that my Group was going to receive from the AVG in five days, my spirits soared another mile in the air. I was through with all that lonesome "one-man war" stuff. From now on we'd be fighting as a team, with bombers escorted by fighter ships in a proper force to represent America.

I had already met most of the members of the First American Volunteer Group, but it was an even greater pleasure to meet them now. Some of them were men who were going to stay with the 23rd Fighter Group and fight under me. Of all the honors that I ever have received or ever will receive, the greatest to me will always be the honor of being given command of that great group of sky fighters under the Command of Gen. Claire L. Chennault.

During the four days that followed I took over the military equipment of the Group from the Commander of the squadron that was based at Kunming, and I got my headquarters staff organized. In this Army, Master Sergeants showing officers what to do have always been the backbone of a fighting force, and I will never forget Master Sergeant McNeven. I was certainly expecting to lead the group in its fights against the Japanese, and the administrative work that the Sergeant Major of the 23rd Fighter Group accomplished so efficiently made it possible for me to fly and have the paper-work go on at the same time.

Later in the week I heard that "Old Exterminator" was ready with a new engine. But with the report came another that some other Group was moving into Assam, and that the engineering officer had stated he knew nothing about that ship 41-1456 belonging to the Chinese Government. It would stay in India, he said. I went on and flew back to India in one of the P-40E's that we had just received from the factory that repairs them in China.

Landing at my old base, I waited until dark, and then had the numbers on the ship that I had flown in exchanged with those of my old fighter. For morale purposes alone, we had to have that ship in the 23rd Group. All this change involved was a stencilling operation to put 41-1456 on the ship that I had flown from China, and another to put on "Old Exterminator" the serial number of the fighter that I was leaving in India.

So, early the next morning, July 3, 1942, "me and the old Kittyhawk" wended our happy way across the hills and jungles of Burma to Kunming and more adventures together. From that moment, we left the Air Corps number 41-1456 on that insignificant ship in India, and for all practical purposes the old P-40E that I had used for sixty-three days over Burma became another number, but it would always be "Old Exterminator" to me. In those two months we'd flown together 371 hours over enemy territory and we were more than friends. That is somewhat over eighty thousand miles, and in combat that's a long, long way.

Everything has happened fast in this war, and the organization of the 23rd Fighter Group was no exception. There was no holiday, even if it was activated on the Fourth of July. There was no time for celebration. Radio Tokyo started right off with a bang, and we definitely knew hard work was ahead. On the night of July 3, Radio Tokyo—the one program we could ever hear in China—warned the new American fighter group that they would quickly annihilate them, for it was common knowledge that the experienced AVG personnel were leaving for America. But Tokyo had reckoned without the strategic brain of the General, or the loyalty of those great pilots of the First American Volunteer Group.

The General was expecting an attack on Independence Day anyway, for the Japs had always shown an affinity for raids on our holidays. When the Japs arrived over Kweilin, expecting to find green and inexperienced fighter pilots, they found many American boys who for weeks had been flying with the AVG.

(Continued next week)

Need Airing

Blankets, like the rest of the bedclothes, need daily airing before the bed is made.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666

Cold Preparations as directed

IS BOOZE KING OF?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The breakthrough into Belgium a few days ago was caused by army boozers. We have this from the Stars and Stripes, printed by the army over there. We are told by our newspapers the struggle between the allies and the nazis is still fluid and the losses are enormous. The nazi losses are 100,000, the allies so we reckon are much larger, if less would, why this frightful condition?

Boozing. Now remember early in the war, Germany caught France napping over the booze nips and Petain said France was too drunk to fight and quit. We also remember the Japs caught Pearl Harbor napping, after an all night boozing and thousands of lives have been snuffed out in the Pacific since.

No wonder Secretary Daniels of the Navy and Lloyd George and General Pershing refused to let booze rule during the first world war.

Booze is killing, imprisoning and disabling more of our boys than any enemy at the front. Booze is prolonging the war, so wrecking Europe and piling up a debt over USA. Such a thing should be dethroned and how long will we serve such a king?

Washington, D. C., can end his reign in a few hours. Why not?

W. V. McGEE.

TRAVEL SAFE ON HARVEY ROAD

DEAR EDITOR—During the cold weather several people have been thawing their cows out of a morning by pouring cold water on them. Us folks out on Harvey Road have found that this is pretty hard on the cow unless you put something over them first as an old blanket or burlap sacks. Over here women hate to B-40 but they say that Japanese women hate to B-29. We don't want people to think that because we haven't been making much noise lately that nothing has happened out here because such is not the case. There has been enough happenings to fill a large newspaper but Mr. Martin feels that he should print the Cottage Grove Happenings first and rightly so as Cottage Grove is not yet annexed to us. We feel that we would not be helping the war effort by establishing our own paper now but after the war and victory is won we will do so. Don't be afraid to drive around thru our settlement as our dogs and kids have become used to cars and strangers now and do not run and hide. Formerly this caused us some bother as once or twice we had to chop hollow logs open to get them out.

Yours for victory,

C. E. (Cliff) ROBERTS

ON CRABBING AT OPA

To the editor:

As a reader of your paper, I would like to express my opinion on the ration crabbing and this accusing the OPA af cheating the housewife. I heard one woman putting up an awful howl. It was so bad that I wouldn't stay for her to finish.

We really don't know what it is to be hungry in this country of plenty. If we are, it's our fault. We had enough red stamps in our two books to purchase 1 lb. of butter and 4 lbs. of ham. That I believe would feed 5 or 6 G. I. Joes. Who needs it the worst the Reeds or the G. I. Joes?

I leave it to you to answer that. Let's quit this crabbing and take another notch in our belts and be a 100 percent American.

Mrs. Hester Reed.

Disabled Vets

Civil war disabled veterans were awarded from $6 per month upwards, until the totally disabled reached the original top pension amount of $12 monthly. The Grand Army of the Republic, formed by the veterans of the Civil war in the North, eventually prevailed upon congress to increase veterans' pensions until a final peak of $90 monthly was reached for the totally disabled. Confederate army veterans received the same pension treatment soon after the war.

Largest Rice Farm

Australia has what is claimed to be the largest single rice farm in the world. It is on the Wakool irrigation area (New South Wales). The enterprise of 4,000 acres was started by the New South Wales department of agriculture after the Commonwealth had appealed for greater rice production to meet war demands.

BRONCHIAL COUGHS!

or Bronchial Irritations Due to Colds

Buckley's Famous "CANADIOL" Mixture Acts Like a Flash

Spend a few cents today at any good drug store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting). Take a couple of sips at bedtime. Feel its instant powerful effective action spread thru throat, head and bronchial tubes. It starts at once to loosen up thick, choking phlegm, soothe raw membranes and make breathing easier.

Sufferers from those persistent, nasty irritating coughs or bronchial irritations due to colds find Buckley's brings quick and effective relief. Don't wait—get Buckley's Canadiol today. You get relief instantly.

Kelly Drug

Washington Letter

By Harris Ellsworth, Rep. in Congress from Oregon

Reaction to news, especially war news, here in Washington is always swift and sometimes drastic. If the trend of news is good, there immediately follows a spirit of optimism and optimistic prediction. Last summer when the war was running heavily in our favor, dsciussions had to do with post-war plans, reconversion and re-employment.

Lately the news has been discouraging. Not only has the news from the European front been bad but the development of our relations with our Allies has been disturbing. Even the civilian front here has taken some minor beatings, what with very little gasoline, few cigarettes, and the cancellation of carefully saved ration points. Consequently, this has been the gloomiest Christmas in Washington, D. C. since the Civil War.

Perhaps the greatest shock here---apparently even a greater shock than the news of the German offensive---was the statement by the President that the Atlantic Charter does not exist---that it was just some "scraps of paper." Noticeable evidence of shock was in the Senate debate on the confirmation of new assistants for the Secretary of State. Former stalwart New Dealers and Administration "yes men" were heard to question the President's foreign policy and even voice criticism of it, or to be more specific, criticism because our foreign policy is not defined.

From the bad war news comes a noticeable trend to give the war department almost complete control of the War production Board. Previous decisions regarding increased production of civilian goods have been voided.

* * *

The organization of the House of Representatives is almost the same for this Congress as for the one just ended (78th). The principal difference is that Democrat control is more definite. During the 78th Congress, the majority of the democrats was so thin that their control of the house was never certain. During the last six months, the margin of difference was less than half a dozen. Now, however, the margin is 40 which appears to be ample for the purpose of giving the administration whatever legislation it desires.

* * *

During 1945 Oregon's $42,000,000 road program for the first three post-war years will be one of the State's most important planning activities. Under Federal Highway Aid legislation passed late in the last Congress, the apportionment for Oregon, soon to be made, will be $7,085,000 for each of the three years or a total of $21,255,000. The State matches federal funds on a 50-50 basis.

The annual apportionment of federal funds provides $3,729,000 for federal aid highways, $2,545,000 for secondary and farm to market roads, and $811,000 for highway improvements within urban areas. The funds allocated for secondary roads may be used for improvement of such roads in towns and villages of 5000 population or less. A maximum of 10 per cent of any of the three allocations may be used for grade crossing elimination.

* * *

All unremarried widows of World War I veterans may now apply for $35 per month pension under law passed late in the last session of Congress. Previously, pensions were paid only to those widows showing that the veteran had service incurred disability.

To qualify, the widow must show that she is unremarried, that the veteran had not less than 90 days service with honorable discharge, and that her income is less than $1000 per year if she has no children, and less than $2500 if there are children. To the base pension of $35 is added $10 for the first child and $5 for each additional child. I will be glad to send application forms and information to any person on request.

Dairy Feed

I. dairy cows are fed better, a balanced ration at all times in line with production per cow, milk yields may be greatly increased.

Kidneys Must Work Well-

For You To Feel Well

24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of *why* the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at nights, swelling.

Why not try *Doan's Pills*? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. *Doan's* stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get *Doan's* today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS