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W. C. MARTIN ..... Editor, Publisher

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WHAT ABOUT PEACETIME CONSCRIPTION?

We hear a great deal at the present time about the need of peace time conscription to preserve our national security. Over the radio, the newspaper and in the magazines, the argument continues. We have read a number of articles on the merits of the measure and have heard the measure discussed in radio's townhall meetings, including the town hall meeting of last Thursday night in which four high school students and two adults took to the air at Philadelphia.

Proponents of the peace time conscription have four arguments (1) that national conscription would secure for us national security. (2) That peacetime conscription would be beneficial in that it would build the physique of our youth and make them healthier. (3) That national conscription was advocated by George Washington when he first assumed the duties of presidency and (4) that conscription would provide careers and training for our youth.

What advocates of the peacetime conscription fail to mention is that should the move be started now after the war, it would start the greatest armament race the world had ever known and that every other country that could possibly do so would inaugurate the same movement. A year, two years or even five years of military training isn't going to overcome the physical handicap or disability of the average youth, although it may be helpful. The remedy for a better physique must be started with the child.

When we start peacetime conscription we will start building a military aristocracy that is foreign to a democracy; one that has been successful for centuries in Prussia of Germany uder a one man government rule. History will bear out the statement that once a nation starting arming and training its army it will make an excuse to use that force. Up to now, we have prided ourselves on the fact that America has never fought a war of aggression.

Twenty five years ago, we were told that we made a mistake in voting national prohibition while our soldiers were on foreign soil that the soldiers never had an opportunity to express their opinion on the measure. Will we make the same mistake on the peacetime conscription and adopt it without hearing the opinions of the GI Joes over there? After all, it takes the blood and sweat and tears of the private to win wars. Why should not he be allowed to express his opinion?

Methods of fighting wars change and the present confliction that its terrors have spread everywhere and that civilians suffer the same as soldiers and further that to win a war, it must be an all out effort with all of our manpower and resources mobilized and to be properly mobilized, the effort takes years. In the fact of these facts, it might be well to consider the possibility of training the civilian in the matter of ship and armament building as well as military discipline.

Proponents of the conscription measure also infer that there might have been no Pearl Harbor to remember, had we been prepared. The average individual has never been told just what happened at Pearl Harbor and perhaps the story will have to be told by the future historians, but he has a pretty sound suspicion and that suspicion is that had we twice the equipment and men the disaster would have been twice as great because the men responsible were either drunk or asleep.

No, we don't need peacetime conscription unless we want a one man government and be further regimented into the back ground.

According to an item in Variety, a man bought several hundred very expensive cigars and had them insured against fire. After smoking them all, he put in a claim because they had been destroyed by fire. When the insurance company refused to pay, the man sued. The judge decided that as the company had agreed to insure the cigars against fire and had issued the man a policy, it was financially responsible. As soon as the man had accepted payment, the insurance company had him arrested for arson.

169th Birthday

World-famous U. S. marine observed its 169th anniversary November 10.

Wash Water

The temperature of the wash water depends on the kind of material being washed and the color fastness. Clothes may shrink and colors may fade if the water is too hot. Hot water does not damage white cottons and linens, but silks may turn yellow and woolens may shrink or mat. The first rinse water should be the same temperature as the wash water; the second rinse may be cooler.

Wingless Bird

A bird which has no wings whatever is the apteryx of New Zealand. His native name is kiwi-kiwi. He has a long bill, big legs and grayish hair-like feathers over his wingless, tailless body.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT

WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVII

The surprise was that another plane had now been found several miles from the bomber. It was supposed to be a fighter, being smaller, and it had burned upon crashing. I therefore received credit for two enemy planes destroyed on July 31. It had been my first aerial combat, and I felt very proud indeed.

We found the reported prisoner but he was dead. While being questioned he had tried to escape, had killed several Chinese, had wounded others, and in turn had been mortally wounded. Lieutenant Cluck got to him before he died, but was unable to get any valuable information.

My first aerial engagement started a story in Delhi—I found out about it four months later. The story told there was to the effect that I had engaged an enemy bomber over China, and regardless of its escort of two Zeros, had shot it down. It had crashed into the ground, and when they located it, they also found the two Zeros, which had dived into the rice paddies at the tail of the bomber, one on each side. Thus had the embarrassed pilots committed hara-kiri, for they had lost face by having the ship that they were escorting destroyed.

Well, it was a laugh. But I'm fairly certain the one Zero didn't commit suicide—I'm prone to believe that some good, honest lead-poisoning from six fifty-calibre American machine guns had a lot to do with it.

Major Tex Hill was the Squadron commander of the outfit that I had come to live with at Hengyang. He was a blue-eyed Texan, lean and lanky, six-feet-two of fighting blood. I imagine if he had lived in the frontier days of the American West, he would have been a gunman over there around the Pecos River—but a gunman on the side of the Law. I used to shut my eyes out there, sitting on the alert in Hunan, and think about him. I could picture that drawling Texan walking slowly through a border town with two pearl-handled 45's swinging low at his hips. Walking with his arms stiff at his sides, and watching with his cold, blue eyes some "villain" that was approaching the other way. I could almost hear the hot lead spitting from those guns as the two shot it out, and I could always see the villain fall, with Tex standing there looking at his smoking guns. Tex would always have won, for he was the greatest fighter that I ever saw, the most loyal officer, and the best friend.

I'd seen Tex shoot down Japs in the sky and I had followed on his wing to learn the tactics of the AVG. I know that if there is any man I owe my life to during the months I fought in China, it is Maj. Tex Hill. Seeing what he did in combat, and how he handled his ship; seeing his coolness on the alert, and his keen desire for action I can hear Tex now, after he had studied the plotting board that the interpreters were covering with little red flags showing the positions of the approaching Jap fighter ships. I can hear him saying: "Well, gentlemen, I think we'll take off." And he would smile as he pulled on his helmet and goggles.

Tex was the son of the Chaplain of the Texas Rangers. Before the AVG days he had been a Navy pilot flying off carrier decks, and in the Flying Tigers he had been second only to Bob Neal as the leading ace. Tex was the most truthful man I ever met—even his subconscious thoughts were truthful. He used to tell me that one day after Madame Chiang Kai-shek had pinned a medal on him for shooting down some Japanese planes over Toungoo, she had asked him the next time he shot down one of those Japanese planes to please think of her and dedicate it to the people of China. Tex of course said, "Yes, Ma'am . . ."

I imagine that most any man among us would have said "Yes" to the Madame, and the next time we shot down a Jap we would have told the great lady all about it. We would have remembered after the fight what we had promised her, and we would have gone in with a romantic story of how we had met the barbaric Japanese and had seen the Madame's face in the skies as we shot the enemy down and had thought of her and the people of China. But not Tex Hill—he was too honest for that. He told me, "Colonel, I promised her that, and I really meant it. And I've shot down about twelve Japs since that promise four months ago. But you know I never can remember to think about her when I'm in a battle—I'm too busy."

Well now, you hold that picture of Tex Hill for a minute while I show him to you in another light.

One day over Hengyang, after we had broken the Japanese wave with our assault and support and there were some fifteen Zeros burning around among the pagodas of this Hunan capital, I saw an odd sight down below. There was one lone Jap, doubtless of the suicide Samurai school, for though his buddies had either been shot down in their attempted strafing attack or had turned for home, this arrogant follower of the Shinto Shrine was strafing the field—alone. Two of us rolled to go get him, but from the end of the field towards the river I saw a P-40 pull out of a dive and head for the Jap. It was Tex Hill.

As the two fighters drew together in this breath-taking, head-on attack, I saw their tracers meeting and for a second I didn't know whether the ships ran together or both exploded in the air. As the smoke thinned I saw the P-40 flash on through and out into the clear, but the Jap crashed and burned on the field of Hengyang. Hill and the Jap had shot it out nose to nose, and once again I thought of the days of Western gunplay.

We landed and waited for Tex to come over. As we stood around the burning enemy ship, I saw Hill striding across the field from his fighter. Hanging low on his right leg was his army forty-five. Subconsciously I looked at his other leg as if I expected to find the mate hanging there.

Tex's blond hair was blowing in the wind, his eyes were looking with venomous hate at the Jap, his jaw was set. I had opened my mouth to congratulate him, for he had shot down two enemy ships that day, when I had a closer look at his eyes . . . Tex strode over close to the fire and looked at the mutilated Jap where he had been thrown from the cockpit. Then, without a change of expression, he kicked the largest piece of Jap—the head and one shoulder—into the fire. I heard his slow drawl: "All right, you sonofabitch—if that's the way you want to fight it's all right with me."

Tex calmly left the group and walked back to his ship and into the alert shed for his cup of tea. None of us said anything. The Chinese coolies who usually yelled "Ding-hao—ding-hao" saw his eyes and the set of his jaw, too—and just waited until later to congratulate him.

Things kept right on happening at Hengyang, for after all there are Japanese bases fanning out in many directions—East, North, Northeast, South, and Southeast. Some of them were within an hour's flight of our field. Hankow was the one to the North on the Yangtse. The Japs sent their bombers to worry us from up there, and before we caught on how to do it, they made life miserable for us. They had gotten tired of sending their day bombers down, for they lost too many; so now they had resorted to a period of constant night attack.

Just when the full moon in the clear sky would begin to light the ground like daylight, the telephone would start ringing, the Chinese interpreters would begin to stick the little flags into the Map, and we'd know that the Jap was on the way. We'd be just about to sit down to supper after a hard day's work on the alert. We'd leave the rice and fish and squash, amid the houseboys' calls of "Jin-bao—" (air raid), and we'd rush for our planes that had been assigned to night duty. Sometimes the attack was a harassing one only, and we'd return without seeing them and go wearily back in the moonlight to the hostel, get some tea and a cookie, and crawl in the bed.

Just about the time the head hit the pillow and the body felt a little comfortable the alert would go again. I'd hear the tinkle of a small dinner bell and the plaintive voice of one of the houseboys—"Jin-bao, Jin-bao—please get up, master—Jin-bao." Off we'd go again and into the sky. Sometimes the Jap would feint two or three times to make us use valuable gasoline. Sometimes we'd circle Hengyang by fifty miles and then go back to Hankow. We'd spend the night between the hostel and the alert shack; but after all, as we used to say, you weren't supposed to be comfortable in a war, and we were no exception.

Sometimes, though, the Jap didn't feint.

General Chennault got us to pick the best and most experienced pilots for the night interception missions. We'd use two to four ships and place them at different altitudes over the field, and wait for the Jap in the light of the moon, with our lights out. On this particular night Johnny Alison was at 13,000 feet, and a thousand feet lower we had Ajax Baumler. I'll tell you about Johnny now, but we'll take up more on Ajax later—for this was mostly Johnny's fight.

Alison was a superior airman, fighter pilot, and officer, and was the ideal combat leader. A Florida boy, he knew the Allison engine well enough to have designed it. He knew the P-40's better than anyone I have ever seen, for he had instructed the British in their use in the United Kingdom and then had gone over to show the Russians how to fly and repair them near Moscow. Tonight he was about to carve his name with his six fifty-calibre guns in such a manner that few of us would ever forget it, and certainly no Chinese in the city of Hengyang would ever forget the night.

We got our four ships into the air at staggered altitudes. We heard the radio reports from Richardson giving the latest positions of the Japs. Reported over Changsha. Then North of the field. Then all was silent while we waited. In our positions over the field we placed ourselves down-moon—that is, where the bombers would have to fly between us and the moon and thus silhouette themselves against the full orange light.

Then I saw the five bombers against the moon. They were at 13,000 feet. I know I swore because they were below me, and I could imagine the cursing of every one of the others who were at the wrong altitude, for we could not change altitude until the first attack. But they were at Johnny's height, and I listened for him to say that he saw them. Down the field they told us later that you could hear the moan of one Allison engine as a P-40 moved in for the attack, could hear it above the sound of the ten radial engines on the enemy bombers.

The seconds dragged, and then we heard Johnny say, "Okay, I see 'em." And now we saw their exhausts, looking like ten bushel-baskets of blue fire. For a full second, as the enemy bombers moved towards the target that was our field, all was quiet, and I wondered if Johnny had lost them in the darkness. Then I saw him, so close to the enemy ships that he seemed to be in formation with them—and clearly over my radio I heard Johnny Alison say, "Watch the fireworks."

Six lines of tracers went into one of the bombers and glowed brighter than the two bushel-baskets of exhaust fire. The first Jap bomber trailed fire, slowly turned on its back, and spun crazily towards Hengyang, right over the town. Below, I could see a few flashes from the exploding enemy bombs, but most of them seemed short of the target area and very scattered. Johnny's tracers were still going into the enemy ships and I could see their return fire now, but it seemed to go in no certain direction. I had moved in closer, trying to get to the altitude of the fight.

On the ground the mechanics and the Chinese interpreters had a grandstand seat for one of the best moving pictures that has ever been—except that this was real. They too had heard Johnny say, "Watch the fireworks," and had seen and heard the heavy guns of the P-40. They could see pieces of the bomber coming off and going back into the slipstream, reflecting the glow of the fire that came with the explosion. Then the whole sky lighted as the first one plunged to the earth, with the fire making a queer sound as the wreckage fell.

The lone fighter now was sliding over behind the other bombers, and the second one was exploding and turning over. The third one tried to turn, seemed to hang for seconds against the full moon, then dove in flames in a pitch that got steeper and steeper. Several thousand feet below our level it exploded and burning gasoline fell with it. The light of the three burning bombers combined with the brilliant moonlight to make the night like day.

The number four enemy ship had turned back now, with an engine shot out, but Ajax Baumler got it ten miles North of the field. The last enemy dove out and turned for home when he saw his three leaders burn, but Baumler followed him thirty miles North and shot him down in flames.

From the ground, the watchers told us later, they could hear the fifty-calibre guns above the noise of the smaller calibre Jap guns. Within seconds after the attack, there were three ships burning around the city walls, and none of the formation got home. The Chinese people in the town had been watching the battle in awe. They had always had to just sit and take Jap bombings, especially night attacks, and this was something they had dreamed of. They were cheering now, and were out looking for enemy survivors with hoes, scythes, knives, and any weapon they could find to cut the Japanese to pieces, if any of them should escape.

But something was the matter with Alison. We could see his ship and it was not flying normally. Every now and then it would stream fire that was more than just a backfire. On the ground they could hear his engine missing badly.

Alison called in that he was hit, but would try to land his ship on the field.

To land a crippled fighter in daylight is quite a feat but to attempt to land one at night, one that has been shot to pieces and may burst into flames any second, is more than that. We knew why Johnny was taking the chance: we needed that ship if he could get it on the field, even if it was shot to bits we needed the parts that could be salvaged. It would have been perfectly all right if the pilot had gone over the side as soon as that engine began to fade out that night. Whether or not he had shot down three bombers, he could have "hit the silk" and floated to safety in his chute. But Johnny must have said, "The hell with that, we need this ship—we always need ships." To keep old P-40's that we flew in flying condition we had to rob parts from every airplane that we could salvage after a crackup. This is called "cannibalizing" in the lingo of field depots in the Air Corps, and covers a multitude of sins.

(Continued next week)

Jump With Radio

Allied paratroops jump with radio sets, weapons, ammunition and light equipment necessary to support them upon landing.

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

SAYS POSITIVE BLOOD TEST NOT SURE SYPHILIS PROOF

The following is from The Des Moines Tribune: "Iowa City, Ia.—When the laboratory returns a positive blood test report, it does not necessarily mean with absolute certainty that the person so tested has syphilis.

"This is stated by Dr. Milford E. Barnes, head of the department of hygiene and preventive medicine at the University of Iowa, who, with his co-workers, has published an article, "Serologic Reactions in Non-Syphilitic Individuals," in the Journal of the Iowa State Medical Society.

"By blind assumption that positive tests afford conclusive evidence of syphilis, during recent years thousands of persons have been refused marriage licenses, rejected for military service, refused employment in industry, subjected needlessly to treatment, or tortured mentally with the belief that they have the disease," it is declared.

Other Evidence Needed

"The article points out that although positive tests provide invaluable presumptive evidence of syphilis, other evidence is necessary. The diagnosis should not be based solely upon the tests, unless several methods of testing are used and unless, in a series of tests, these agree in being persistently and strongly positive.

"When the tests provide the only reason to suspect syphilis, the article recommends a simple procedure to ascertain whether some other cause may be responsible.

Diet

"The person tested is put on a meat-free milk-free, abundant liquid diet, including fresh vegetables and fruit juices. After three or four days of this restricted diet, the blood tests are repeated.

"Numerous instances are recorded in which the reacting substance disappears from the blood under this treatment and the person's serology thereafter is negative."

DR. H. A. HAGEN.

CONCISE SUMMARY OF ALL BUSINESS TRANSACTED BY THE COMMISSIONERS COURT FOR DECEMBER, 1944

Ordered that 45 deeds be made for county owned properties for the total sum of $9,629.20.

Contract between Carl Holm and Lane County, Oregon, concerning rock taken from Camp Creek quarry.

Contract between Carl Holm and Lane County Oregon for furnishing materials for work on County roads in the vicinity of Junction City, Oregon.

Order to purchase Treasury Certificates.

Order granting Mountain States Power Company for extension of its distribution line on County Road No. 465.

Order determining license fees for dogs.

Order cancelling warrant issued to O. E. Crowe, Sheriff.

Order to cancel warrants more than seven yeare old.

Order recommending American Legion Post No. 112, Monroe, Oregon for temporary license to hold a benefit dance.

Order that Sheriff employ an additional deputy.

Agreement between Lane County and E. C. Swaggart for furnishing certain road surfacing materials.

Order for transfer of funds.

Order fixing salary for shop parts accountant.

Order appointing O. E. Crowe, Sheriff pro tem.

Order recommending issuance of 40 liquor licenses.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT LANE COUNTY

December Claims, 1944.

ADVERTISING: Guard Pub. Co. $33.92; Cottage Grove Sentinel $32.15;

AGRICULTURIST: Ore. State Agri. College $2,045.00;

ASSESSOR: Bryant DeBar $50.00; Agnes O'Brien $190.00; S. C. Payne $175.00; Mildred Coleman $140.00; Adeline Volkstorf $140.00; Maurine Mercer $130.00; Jean Schroeder $120.00; Jack Rowland $25.00; S. C. Payne $1.00; Burroughs Add. Mach. Co. $17.45; Monroe Cal. Mach. Co. Inc. $36.00; Adressograph Sales Agency $12.50; Pac. Tel. & Tel. Co. $6.25; General Roads $4.74; Valley Print.& Stat. Co. $96.40; Boehnke Printing Co. $32.25;

CIRCUIT COURT: R. N. Appling $250.00; Dorothy Putnam $20.00; Mark Hathaway $30.00; Pac. Tel & Tel. Co. $13.73; W. P. Riddlesbarger $15.00; H. V. Johnson $15.00; The Lawyers Co-op Pub. Co. $7.50; Bancroft-Whitney Co. $3.25; Shelton-Turnbull-Fuller Co. $16.80; West Pub. Co. $6.00; Koke-Chapman Co. $3.50; West Pub. Co. $5.00;

CLERK: John S. Duer $34.13; W. T. Shoults $6.00; S. E. Skene $190.00; Eva L Duckworth $175.00; Grace M. L. Dawson $155.00; Helen Sorensen $150.00; Sara Allen $150.00; Blanche Sweet $135.00; Nica McGee $140.00; Doris Fegles $140.00; Lucile Lansing $140.00; Dorothy Putnam $130.00; L. M. Bryson $175.00; Jack Rowland $110.00; H. & M. C. Co. $40.80; Shelton-Turnbull-Fuller Co. $3.00; Zellerbach Paper Co. $3.78; The Willamette Press Press $22.50; American Num. Mach. Co. $1.58; Photostat Corp. Edna M. Pitzer $5.00; F. L. Armitage $5.00; Cresseys' $4.40; Koke-Chapman Co. $23.25; J. H. McDond0;5.... y .ilrc 0$,or....forSs ta .0 ald Lbr. Co. $12.15; Shelton-Turnbull-Fuller Co. $45.60; Allenbaugh Print. Co. $7.20; Eugene Laundry $5.61; Valley Print. & Stat. Co. $74.00; Brighter Homes Store $3.00; J. W. Quackenbush & Son $5.71; The National Cash Reg. Co. $1.10; Allen E. Hamilton $2.75;

CORONER: Western Union Telg. Co. $12.03; William T. Pollard, M. D. $10.00; Chas. P. Poole $20.70;

COUNTY COURT: Patricia M. Sylvers $150.00; Mrs. Marius Anderson $43.50; Pac. Tel & Tel. Co. $15.64; Valley Print. & Stat. Co. 0.40c; Cresseys' $3.45; Allen P. Wheeler $2.60; W. J. Holland $6.80;

COUNTY DUES: Ass'n of Ore. Counties $166.77;

COUNTY FARM: Gordon Hoare $145.00; Margaret Hoare $100.00; Henry B. Hilton $100.00; Georgia Blackburn $100.00; Claude Ivy $12.50; Nellie Follett $5.00; Eva Gandy $10.00; Mountain States Power Co. $16.65; Pac. Tel. & Tel. Co. $3.50; The Groceteria $27.96; J. C. Penney Co. $3.98; Williams Bakery $16.98; J. H. McDonald Lbr. Co. $70.94; Korn Baking Co. $3.25; Standard Feed Co. $23.75; Pioneer Grocery Co. $34.23; General Roads $6.93; Eugene Fruit Growers Ass'n. $1.50; Bert Smith $5.40; Meisels $2.00; Puritan Drug Co. $2.58; Robt. S. Farrell $1.00;

COUNTY OWNED LANDS: Helen E. Soranson $160.00; Kathyrn Godley $47.25; E. B. Rolen $106.80; J. H. Fowler $50.00; A. H. Hinkson $40.00; Pac. Tel & Tel. Co. $6.60; Chas. H. Prince $57.08; Sigman-Fell Ins. Agency $7.00; A. H. Hinckson $55.50; Valley Print.& Stat. Co. $2.65; A. H. Hinkson $300.00;

COURT HOUSE: P. L. Sill $180.00; Lennie Haldersen $165.00; Bert Weyer $60.00; Lillie Weyer $19.50; W. T. Shoults $11.20; Helen Romaine $60.00; Edward F. Ivy $56.00; David Swenson $50.40; Packer-Scott Co. $5.19; Bill's Garbage Service $20.00; R. A. Babb Hdwe Co. $1.80; Eugene Supply Co. $42.03; Lane Co. Feed & Seed Co. $2.60; The Broadway, Inc. $13.20; Eugene Water Board $148.32; Dennie Hayes $6.90; W. M. Burns $6.40;

DEFENSE: Pac. Tel. & Telg. Co. $7.85; Shelton-Turnbull-Fuller Co. $9.15; John R. Snellstrom $22.10; M. B. Nash $20.79; Office Mach. & Sup. Co. $15.00; Walling Bldg. Acct. $100.00;

DEPENDENT CHILDREN INSTITUTION: Children's Farm Home $40.00; Catholic Charities Inc. $65.00; Louise Home $46.49; The Boys' & Girls' Aid Society $15.00; Albertina Kerr Nursery $5.00;

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Pac. Tel. & Telg. Co. $33.43; Freeman Day $210.00; Madeline Stone $150.00; Catherine Petersen $72.50; Office Mach. & Sup. Co. $2.00; William S. Fort $44.90; Koke-Chapman Co. $1.65; West Pub. Co. $6.00; Doris Brown $25.00;

ELECTION: Lloyd Howe $150.00; Hulda Burr $24.30; Franklin Print. Co. $4.77; William Olson $14.40; Pac. Tel. & Telg. Co. $12.75; Koke-Chapman Co. $2.50;

FOUR-H CLUB: Oregon State Agri. College $1,400.00;

FRUIT INSPECTION: Ray Bower $124.25; James Hemenway $25.00;

HEALTH DEPARTMENT: C. R. Lindgren, M. D. $446.30; W. J. Cloyes $311.35; Mary E. Turner $222.85; Lucille H. Vale $221.60; Zula Kickbusch $214.25; Dorothy Schmakeit $120.00; Mrs. N. E. Harrell $19.80; Frank Armitage $14.50; Mrs. Grace Murray $12.00; Mrs. Mary LaCasse $12.00; Pac. Tel. & Telg. Co. $25.58; Jack Lamb Film Shop $4.38; New Service Laundry $2.20; The American Pub. Health Ass'n. $5.00; Pac. N. W. Sewage Wks. Ass'n. $4.00; Zellerbach Paper Co. $5.88; E. D. Furrer, M. D. $3.50; Survey Associates, Inc. $5.00; Office Mach. & Sup. Co. $2.00; American Water Works Ass'n. $4.00; Northwest Cities Gas Co. $0.76;

HOME DEMONSTRATION: Oregon State Agri. College $750.00;

INDIGENT SOLDIER: General Roads $13.65; Eugene Motor Clinic $13.40; Moss St. Grocery $20.00; Pac. Tel. &Tel. Co. $55.65; Smith-Short $37.00; George J. Rausch $24.75; Ernest Paull $30.00; Schulz Motor Co. $32.38; Jim Brannen Tire Co. $20.25;

INSANE: Dr. M. G. Howard $10.00; Dr. Harold Axley $5.00; Dr.

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