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Charles a. SPrague, President


## Linn Pats Own Back

Linn county folk are happy and proud. I
was not found necessary to levy one cent o
property tax for the general fund in the hal property tax for the general fund in the half
year period which bridges the gap between the
old and new "tax years. They are obviouly old and new "tax years." They are obviously
justified in being happy. Relief from any tax
burden at any time is welcome; twice burden at any time is welcome; twice welcome
this year though it would be thrice welcome next year.
Albany Democrat-Herald is of the opin-
ion that Linn is the only county in this favorable
position. It came about as a result of the accumulation of funds due to payment of delinquent
taxes. A part of this accumulation was utilized in construction of the new courthouse but after
that was done the money continued to come
in. Uncle Sam deserves some of the credit. Perin. Uncle Sam deserves some of the credit. Per-
sons seeking loans on their property from fed-
eral agencies were required to clear title and that meant paying up any back taxes. Accumu
lation of these receipts made it possible to fore
go the general fund of We are not conversant with Linn county's
budget-making policies. Generaly speaking,
tax-levying bodies list any unexpended balances along with anticipated receipts from non
tax sources adding in also the anticipated col-
lections of delinquent taxes-and subtract the
sum from the total of appropriations which however may include an item of anticipat
unpaid current taxes, to determine the amoun
of the current tax levy.
If we interpret correctly the Herald's explanation of Linn county's currient
good fortune, a surplus resulting from collec-
tion of back taxes was applied on the 19393 bud-
geet but not on the 194 budget. As we recall
lit, Linn county obtained special legislation sev-
raral years ago to logalize the use of the previous
rurplus in building the courthouse. Why, if
there were firther


Manpower for War Production halr a billion dollars a week for war purposes
including both fighting and the production of fighting equipment, munitions and supplies. As
rapidy as possible this rate of expenditure is to be doubled. As for production alone, now
one-fourth of the national total is for war and
three-fourths for civilian needs. The goal is to 60 per cent war. 40 per cent civilian and Jap-
an's is $75-25$ with war on the big end
normal 50 -50 o plit we we will be producing for war twice
the combined total of Germany and Japan

News Behind

## The News



 Several such units are loose among the Japa-
nese in Luzon and at least one more in Mindanao.
They are not wild mountain natives, but American
tropers and Filipino descendants of that same
Aguinaldots band, mindful that their old hero defied the forces of the US government successfully
in those same hills for nearly two years, before be-
coming a good citizen in 1901 . The semi-civilized mountain tribesmen still use
bows and arrows, are not accustomed to firearms.
It is unlikely that the isolated MacArthur forces have cared to waste ammunition by attempting to
re-arm or enlist these tribes. .ut the lost regulars
obviously have radio contact with MacArthur Pasture lands are available for their horses
and they can get food. Their problem will beam-
munition. They may have to rely on what they
can capture from the Japs, although American
bombers are now within bombers are now within reaching distance of their
lairs and may be able to fly over and drop some
supplies.
Far to the south of Mindanao island in the
province of Davao another American
 already have guaranteed them a special inspiring
niche in history alogsside Stuart and Mosby, and
the garrison of Wake island.


come as universally occupied as they were in
1918 at the height of the previous war effort
 ting workers and jobs introduced to one an-
other. 'Way down in Kentucky where white folks
treat the negro with consideration but ordinariI demand that he keep "his place," all the
troops at Fort Knox were lined up for a ceremony the other day -honoring a nergo. Well,
the actual occasion was dedication of a new
parade ground. named Brooks field in menory of a negro sol-
dier. Fort Knox is headquarters for the
Armored Force. Private Robert H. Brooks wa the first soldier of the Armored Force killed in erals and the Fifth Armored Division band and lot of soldiers and civilians participated in
he ceremony at which Major General Jacoob War in Europe is like football, the idea is to
smash that line or get over it with an aerial attack. But war in the Pacitic is more mike
baseball; you have to have bases and then you
have to get on base before you can score. Here's
hoping we can get some

Bits for Breakfast

| Celebrate 1943 as a d do |
| :--- | :--- |
| centennial year, but |
| not commemorate in doing | \(\begin{aligned} \& the military master of the <br>

\& world.\end{aligned}\)

| CHAPTER TWO <br> David looked up a moment from his work, then back again. years in France," he said. finished stopping the oil leak and straightened up. So did was nearly as tal as he, and quite slender. He was an even culation that she must be only three inches shorter. He liked had dark chestnut hair down to their shoulders, and dark, half smiling, half serious eyes. It this was the type of girl he had always most admired, only a little different, a little - he searched his mind for a phrase -a little more so. <br> She seemed to expect him to say something else in answer to her question, and stood waiting. "A couple of years in France," he repeated. "Studying, you know. Perfecting my French, my skiing and flying," He laughed, showing hard, white teeth and small shadows on each cheek that he would have sworn were not dimples. "I'm afraid I spent more time on the skiing and flying than I did on the French. However, I've I'm pretty fluent if noy, so matical. I'd just gotten my pilot's license down at Cannes when the war broke; so the rest From very far off came the drone of airplane motors. They listen intently. David automatically picked up his helmet, but did not don it as they stood motionless, tense. <br> They're coming our way," he said at last. "Fighters. See them?" He pointed to four black specks in the south. One was specks in the south. One was in front, closely followed by three others. A burst of ma- chine gun fire came feebly to their ears. "It's one of our felhelmet and started to climb into the cockpit. "Three to one against, as usual. If he can hold The end of the sentence was drowned out by the starting motor. He waved good-bye, turned, and roared up the fair- way upon which he had landed. The girl watched, her lips slightly parted in wonder, as the tiny ship $s \mathrm{k} / \mathrm{m}_{\mathrm{m}} \mathrm{med}$ off the ground, gained altitude, banked sharply and headed in the direc tion of the four planes now cirWendy stood motionless, gripping her golf club so tightly, that ated as a bird charmed by a For the life of her she the tiny specks in the sky. chine-guns barking as they madaring to with all their skill and The three Messerschmitts would lone English fighter if down the climbing hard, but He was planes were now moving off in the other direction. | lets from the Germans passing dangerously near the lone RAF intently for David to hurry and join in the fight. He had gained sufficient altitude and was levwould be within range in a moment now. "Go on, go on, for God's sake!" she urged. "Hurry! Hurry!" David was pressing serschmitt, and she saw tracers as he opened up with his eight machine-guns. Then the planes fluffy white autumn clouds, and she could no longer see nor hear them. <br> Just how long she waited, standing there on the links, gripping her club with both hands, hardly breathing, listening, Wendy could not say. Perhaps it was ten minutes, perhaps an hour. Time meant nothing to her. Only those little specks that had disappeared into the clouds, whirling and diving messengers of death, had a meaning. The rest seemed unreal. Or was it the planes and their pilots that were unreal? Had there actually been a handsome boy, covered with on, standing there, smiling and chatting, a few moments ago, or had he been a phantom? Instinctively she looked to the ground where the plane had been and saw its tracks on the fairway. He had been real all right, very ing in the clouds, fighting for <br> The thought came to her that he might even then be lying on the ground somewhere, mangled and burned beyond recognition, and the tears welled up, blinda hundred times as she stood hair which the light breeze $\qquad$ destroyed, burned, mangled? They were so brave, so utterly without fear, so selfless. There fected courage, but all this did not answer her soul searching Wendy $\qquad$ <br> spot by the expectation that the planes might return, and that she could count them, see their markings, and know if anything ized that the chances of such a with the speed of the modern fighter planes. <br> faint hope, picked up her golf $\square$ <br> looking the links. As she overalong, following the direction by abstinct, her, the she saw noling presenceng of David Hutchinson seemed to accompany fer. |
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## Radio Programs

