

Interesting Letter From J. McCracken

In a letter to his father, F. E. McCracken, Jack writes about the new position he has gone into training for in the Army Air Force, writing from San Antonio, Texas, as follows:

Take note of the following and see if you think I did the wrong thing.

Today I signed up for B-35 school, flight engineer. Now here's the dope: You finish Pre-Flight, then you go to Amarillo, Texas, for B-35 Flight Engineer course. In a period of 13 weeks they teach you everything about instruments, hydraulic systems, wiring, etc., of a B-35. The next six weeks they teach you how to co-pilot a B-17 so that you can be third pilot on a B-35. The next ten weeks they send you to Lowry Field, Denver, Colo., for operational training and at the end of this period, 29 weeks all told, they commission you a second lieutenant of appointment as a flight engineer.

During your training you remain on a status of an Aviation Cadet and receive your regular \$75 a month. If you wash out you can come back and try for bombardier or pilot or navigator. It's a wonderful education and less than a month old, so I'll be getting in on the ground floor. My chances for pilot are pretty slim, as former flight instructors, combat returnees and nationals have priority and they make up the majority of men here in Pre-Flight. I think I made a wise decision, don't you? Out of the 10,000 men here in Pre-Flight about 400 signed up for it.

We're really beginning to bear down in our studies and these flies well when it's this way. Our math is very simple and is just a brush up for me. However, some of the fellows who have had very little math are having it pretty rough. Aircraft recognition is pretty rough for me, not that I don't know the planes, but I haven't got used to recognizing them at a flash. Today we had a trial test to see how we were doing. They flashed the pictures at the rate of 1/25 of a second per. I missed 10 out of 25. In the regular test they flash them at 1/10 of a second per. Our first real test will be Saturday, March 31, and the pictures will come on at the rate of 1/5 second per. I'm sure I can pass it but I want to do better than that.

Our math is just getting started so I can't tell much about it yet. Up to date we have learned six chapters. They read them to us about 4 1/2 words per minute. It isn't too difficult. Before we leave we have to be able to take and send six.

Our days are really complete and we don't have too much time to ourselves till after 5:00 p. m. Then most of my time is devoted to study.

John Carroll Writes From The South Pacific

In a letter to Allen H. Grimes from the Pacific theatre, John Carroll tells of meeting two former C.H.S. classmates over there:

Dear Pop—Say, I'll bet you will be surprised hearing from me. I believe I told you I would drop you a line when I was home on leave in October. My mother, Mrs. Knapp, speaks of you quite often so I get the lowdown on whether you're being good or not.

Well, Pop, I didn't get to Africa as we used to talk about—but there are quite a few "dark" girls around these parts. I suppose if you imagine hard enough it could pass for Africa.

After my leave, I spent most of my training period around Los Angeles and left the states Feb. sixth.

I have been at my present station since that time. My duties continue to be the same. Soon after I arrived here, I met Louis Gilbert and we had quite a time for a few days. Also contacted Harold Winegar, another of our old class. It was really a treat to "shoot the breeze" with some of the old gang.

I'm somewhat restricted as to what I may say. I did want you to know I hadn't forgotten you. Give my regards to Mr. Hawkins and the other boys at the office. Best of luck—John.

Miles Hartwell Advanced In Rank With High Score

Word has been received that Miles M. Hartwell, stationed at the Klamath Falls Naval Air Base has just successfully completed difficult tests and examinations covering thousands of questions and extending over a period of time since Feb. 18 and is to be advanced in rank to M.M.M. 2, U.S.N.R. this week. A perfect score for these most difficult tests is 40; Hartwell's final score was 39, which is excellent. He is to be moved soon, perhaps to be sent out into the Pacific where his brother, Grant, is now.

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The Goodwins Back From Overseas Duty

Cpl. "Dad" N. C. Goodwin came in from Portland Friday night. He was given a few days furlough, part of which he spent looking after his business interests here. He has been stationed in Portland for over a year in the fire department of the Transportation Corps. He and Mrs. Goodwin and their two sons formerly lived in Coquille and have a host of friends here.

He brought news of his two sons, worthy of note. The elder, S/Sgt. Arthur C. Goodwin, who is a nose gunner on a Liberator B-34 in the Eighth Air Force in Belgium, is home on a 21-day furlough now, after having completed over thirty-five missions over Germany. He didn't want to come until it was all over "over there," but his commanding officer knew that he must be sent out for a rest. Arthur reports that in January, after the Germans had broken through at the "Belgian Bulge," he was flying over that section with his bomber squadron, when his Liberator was shot down by the Germans. Several were injured, including S/Sgt. Goodwin, but they parachuted to earth and were taken prisoners. Arthur had a very expensive watch and ring which a German officer took from him and a private took his identification bracelet. They were prisoners of the Germans for a little more than two days, when a Canadian Division made a sudden, unexpected, surprise counter-attack on that German-held sector and took it back—including all the Germans there, excepting the officers who managed to slip away—and the American airmen being held prisoner. After the Canadians took over, and the German prisoners were started on their march back to the rear of our lines, Arthur stationed himself where he could scan their faces, hoping to locate the two had robbed him of his property. Sure enough, the German private who took the identification bracelet, came by, hands over head, and Arthur stepped towards him. The German frantically pointed towards his breast pocket with his fingers, not daring to remove his hands from his head. Arthur recovered his bracelet! But he did not see the officer who took the valuable watch and ring.

While Arthur was being held prisoner those two days, he was quite badly treated by German officers, whom he stubbornly and steadfastly refused to answer any and all questions put to him. He was even kicked in the mouth and face by one of them and will carry the scar on his face from that, to his dying day. S/Sgt. Goodwin wears a flying medal with four oak leaf clusters and the special Presidential Unit Citation Medal for his squadron.

Another son, S/Sgt. William J. Goodwin, is expected home from Florida on a 31-day furlough next week. He has been overseas, too; was a ball turret gunner with the 35th Air Force in Italy and his missions were usually over Vienna and other places in Austria. He was shot down on one of these raids over Yugoslavia and sustained injuries. But with the faithful assistance of some of the inhabitants there, he and two other boys from his plane finally reached their squadron headquarters, although it took over six weeks to make the trip—hiding by day and traveling by night.

He was sent home after that. When he was sufficiently rested and recovered, he was sent to Instructors' School in Texas. He is now a gunner instructor on the B-35 in Florida. He wears a Purple Heart medal and an Air Medal.

14-Month Old Wins Marine Prize In Pacific

The 14-month-old son of Marine Private Sylvanus R. Hunt, 23, of Coquille, was declared the "Best Dressed Child" in a baby contest recently staged at a Marine camp on an island somewhere in the Pacific, by means of pictures.

Son James was not present to receive his prize, of course, but his proud and slightly embarrassed father stood up for him. Young Jimmy's picture, showing him strictly in the nude, won for him a diaper.

The competition, sponsored by a Red Cross unit there, brought out more than 150 dog-eared snapshots from the billfolds of the overseas Leathernecks, and the gallery of children's pictures in the camp's recreation center attracted more attention than any layout of glamorous pin-up art.

Hunt's wife (Lois, and their three children now are living on Route 4, Medford. Their daughter, Virginia Lois, is five-and-a-half years old, and Sylvanus R., Jr., is four. The Marine's mother, Mrs. W. J. Baize, lives on Fairview route, Coquille.

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Weekly Letter From Washington, D. C. BY CONGRESSMAN HARRIS ELLSWORTH

No Compulsory Labor Bill. The overwhelming rejection by the Senate of the Conference Committee version of the manpower bill apparently wrote an end to the consideration of that subject by this Congress. Chairman May of the House Military Affairs Committee says members of his committee will not even continue in conference sessions. The bill is dead, and it is just as well. Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, says there is a positive betterment in the employment situation. Production continues at a high level. Victory in Europe seems but a short time away. In spite of the loud talking on the subject, there is no need of labor draft legislation.

Actually the question of how much war production will be cut back following V-E Day is much more serious. It is pretty certain that no one has any positive answer as to how much the cut-back should be. Figures ranging from 10 per cent up to as high as 80 per cent have been kicked around rather carelessly during the last six weeks. The Byrnes report on reconversion planning revealed that there has been very little accomplished. The two top authorities on this subject have disappeared from the scene—Justice Burns resigned, and Major General Lucius Clay, who represented the Army in War Production Board and reconversion planning, has been sent overseas. The same heard most now is J. A. (Cap) Krug, former TVA executive, now head of the War Production Board. He is quoted as favoring a 12 per cent reduction in war production the first quarter after the end of the European phase, and somewhere around 80 per cent for the first year.

So many of the planners and writers of regulations and directives have become accustomed to controls of all sorts that there is an alarming tendency in our big centralized government for war to think of continuing such controls into the post-war era. This is really something to worry about.

A Double-Check on Directives. My good friend, Congressman Errett P. Scribner of Kansas, has introduced a resolution which I hope will ultimately be adopted by the Congress.

Speaking of spring and wild flowers, etc., reminds me that I have received several letters recently mentioning that salmon are running in the coastal streams in Oregon now. I hope people will have pity on me and say nothing more about it.

"It Pays To Insure In Sure Insurance." See Ernest R. Smith, office Roxy Bldg. Phone 97.

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Bob Bailey In Hospital In Paris

A letter from Mrs. Alan Bailey, who is now living at Fort Orford, reveals that Alan went to Fort Lewis on March 27 and has since been sent to Camp Roberts in California for at least 15 weeks of training.

She also writes that Alan's brother, Bob, who was well known in Coquille, was wounded in action in Europe on March 19, and is now in a hospital in Paris. He has been with an armored division in Germany, with the 3d Army. His wife and infant son are living with her parents in Powers.

Nephew of Levi Bunch Wounded In Germany

Edward T. Bryant, nephew of Levi Bunch of this city and whose home is in Roseburg, was seriously wounded when hit with shrapnel in the chest in Germany on March 13. According to word Mr. Bunch has just received from his sister—Edward's mother—the injured young man is just now able to move a little but is slowly recovering in a hospital in Paris.

Edward lived at the Bunch home on Rink creek for three years about six years ago and his freshman year in high school was in C. H. S.

Again next Tuesday, April 24, an examiner of applicants for drivers' licenses will be at the Coquille city hall, between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.

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Coquille Unit Red Cross Notes

Coquille Red Cross will meet Friday, April 20, from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. in Guild Hall to sew, knit, crochet, etc.

Cut-out pajamas, bedside bags and regulation kit-bags will be ready for distribution. Three sewing machines are available for those wishing to sew there.

Mrs. Candlin reports plenty of yarn for two types of sweaters; also white yarn for regulation socks. Tickets on the beautiful afghan, made by Mrs. Earl Nosler, are selling fast.

The Unit is grateful to Mrs. John Minard and Mrs. R. L. Medley for donations of buttons and woolen scraps. Also to Mrs. Jennie Price for a generous cash donation and

colored yarns. Mrs. Frey and Mrs. Kennedy were guests last Friday afternoon.

Those having clothing to give to the Allied Clothing Drive during April are asked to take their offerings to the Community Building or the Red Cross work rooms.

Anyone interested in donating blood to the blood bank at Eugene, can write the American Red Cross, Eugene, Ore., for an appointment. Gas will be provided for but not paid for by O.P.A. This applies to a group of not less than five or six persons.

During Mrs. Kesner's absence, the work rooms will be in charge of Mrs. K. P. Lawrence and Mrs. F. C. True.

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Deep Sea Fantasy POWERS ANNUAL SENIOR BALL April 28 Opening Grand March at 8:30 P.M. Admission: \$1.75 a couple; \$1.00 per person. Music by Jack Ellis. Everyone Welcome.

From where I sit... by Joe Marsh The Cuppers Have a Dream Come True Dee and Jane Cuppers used to say that as soon as the children had flown the roost, they were going off together on a second honeymoon... take a trip... or rent an apartment in the city. So after little Sue got married, I stopped in to say goodbye. Dee was sitting in his favorite chair before the fire, sipping a mellow glass of beer. And Jane was busy with her knitting, just as always. They looked about as restless as the tabby cat on the hearth. "Jane and I figured," Dee explained, "that you couldn't beat being at home alone together, with our own things—talking and reading—enjoying my glass of beer, and Jane her buttermilk—living and letting live. I guess you can't beat home!" From where I sit, Dee's had a better dream come true—the dream of peace and tolerance and understanding that we all are fighting for, and praying for, today. Joe Marsh No. 113 of a Series Copyright, 1945, United States Brewers Foundation

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