

**Canadian Men in Canadian Ships Beat Storm**



CANADIAN destroyers on convoy duty in the North Atlantic took a buffeting in recent spring gales. Huge seas lambasted these ships constantly for 48 hours. One sea swept through a destroyer's galley, instantly extinguishing fires. Engineers rigged a steam jet and bucket to provide hot soup for the

whole ship's company. Here Canadian seamen struggle forward along the narrow pitching deck of their ship, bringing cases of tomato soup to the makeshift cooking arrangement. During the storm all supplies in the after victualling store were ruined. There was not a dry stitch of clothing left in the ship.

**OFF IN A CORNER WITH PHIL SNORT**

DEAR ED:

On Dakota's rolling prairie, out in the middle west, there roamed a mighty viking and his name was Sever Ness. Now Sever was two ax-handles tall and one across his chest, and every one who saw him stood in awe of Sever Ness. He'd grab a bull by the tail and throw him o'er a fence, a mule he'd take in either hand, they could put up no defense; he'd unhitch his horses from the plow and pull the thing himself, and harrows he would drag along in unbecoming stealth; his arms bulged with muscles, they rippled down his back, his legs were mighty pillars and his britches knew no slack; he would tip a box-car off the track and pull up all the rails, he would round up a bunch of buffalo and tie them with their tails; he'd drink a gallon of alcohol—yes he would, be-gosh—and then another gallon just for a blooming wash; he'd take his drinks at every meal, and also in between, and what he ate he didn't care if it were fat or lean. Sever had not a friend in all that land, in the valley of the Jim, and Frankfort was the town where he turned loose all his vim. When folks saw him coming, men and women shied and all the police took to their heels and ran away to hide.

All the above happened when Dakota was quite young, and Sever cut a mighty swath 'till he met with laughing Olaf Djung. Where ever Olaf came from, no one ever knew, but along 'bout 1890 into Frankfort-town he blew. 'Twas said that Olaf's genial laugh was his only private pet, that he'd laugh all day, he'd laugh all night—I guess he's laughing yet—his grin would reach from ear to ear, "continued" writ in back, no matter what was said or done that grin he'd never lack.

One day Sever blew into town, along with an awful din, when he ran afoul of Olaf and his everlasting grin. "Get out my way" bawled Sever, "or I'll make of you a mess! Don't stand there a grinning at the mighty Sever Ness!" But Olaf only stood there, he didn't budge a dot, and the longer that he stood there the madder Sever got. Sever reached out a mighty paw to grab Olaf by the hair but, alas, his paw came back empty 'cause Olaf wasn't there. Sever grabbed both north and south, also east and west, he grabbed above, he grabbed below and did his very best, but his mighty arms always missed, whichever way they swung, but not once did they reach the subtle Olaf Djung.

Now Olaf thought it high time to lay aside pretense, so he waded into Sever in an out and out offense; he rained blows on Sever's nose 'till the blood ran to his thighs, he jammed in the belly and he blacked both his eyes, he tumbled Sever on the ground—oh how

all his bones did hurt yet Olaf continued to roll him in Dakota's blackest dirt; says Sever: "My goodness; who are you?" when Olaf had made a pause. Says Olaf, still a grinning: "I'm that guy you thought you was."

Over across the Atlantic waters, in Europe's unhappy land, roams a maniac and monster with his murderous rapine band; they have violated every code of decency, in war or in peace, they have devastated all the countries from the Baltic down to Greece; they have robbed and starved the people and innocence they have shot, their luftwaffes and their blitzkriegs have Russia on the spot, England's strength is growing, Hitler cares not a damn, another country, more or less, so come on Uncle Sam! The Nazis' war-machine is on the way, its swastika is unfurled and Adolph's army will not cease until it conquers all the world? But Uncle Sam's hair is up, his sons are on the way, his factories are building war-machines and running night and day, he'll soon be over there in force and help clean up that mess, then Hitler will be remembered as just another Sever Ness.

**Time Biggest Factor in Farm Aid to War Effort**

Time is the most valuable element in the war effort, declares Robert E. Taylor, Oregon USDA war board chairman, in urging the state's farmers to prepare against wartime shortages during the state's observance of "Plan and Plant for Victory" month, March 9 to 31.

"Tires are short, and so are help, machinery, fertilizer, burlap, and just about every article that is used on the farm, but time is shortest," Taylor said.

Five things listed that every farmer can do now are:

1. Plan and carry out his farming operations so that his farm will

make a maximum contribution to meeting the war food goals set for the country.

2. Make sure that all of his farm machinery is in top shape and ready to go.

3. Report a conservative estimate of his seasonal labor needs to the nearest U. S. Employment

Service office, and make the most efficient use of the available labor supply.

4. Conserve supplies of short materials, such as burlap and baling wire.

5. Be prepared to cooperate with his neighbors in exchanging help, machinery or transportation.

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WANTED—Chickens, pork, beef and veal. Keith's Market, Holland road. 50-1tp

LOTS—On Caves highway, 100 foot frontage. Prices cut for this month at \$40.00 and up. Terms. O. C. Larsen. 47-1f

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WANTED — Wool and Mohair, hides and pelts, junk batteries, radiators, scrap iron and all scrap metals. Grants Pass Bargain House, 624-626 So. 6th St. Phone 86. 50-1f

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Old newspapers for sale at The News office, 10 cents per bundle.

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Everyone has something in or around the house that they do not want or need and have no use for. Did you ever stop to think someone else might be in need of exactly the thing you don't want? The Classified Department of The News gets results, and it is a shame to deprive your neighbor of something he wants that you have and have no use for. Let's get together.

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