

Good Ship "Danny Boy" Leaves Panama For Battleground of South Pacific Isles

Continued from Last Week
 On Sept. 30 we set sail for Panama and nosed into the canal with the little electric cars pulling us through the locks and then up over the Panamanian Plateau, across the fresh water lakes and down into the Pacific at Balboa where also was situated the stirring metropolis of Panama City (a teeming crossroad of the eastern and western worlds.) This would be the last semblance of civilization we would see for many, many months.
 We sailed south and west from

Balboa and ever westward bore into the expansive sea. Our first fueling stop was the Galapagos where seals were found on the equator. King Neptune admitted us into his domain, prior to our arrival at those rocky barren islands, with full ceremonies. Next I dipped my bow in the mystic realms of the South Seas, dropping in on the Society Islands at Bora Bora. From this Insular paradise of swaying palms and beautiful white sands we journeyed north to the New He-

brides and thence to a very recently captured island in the Admiralties, Manus. Here I got the greatest fright I've ever known. While lying at anchor in Seadler harbor with many units of our fleet, the entire world around us seemed to be rocked by a tremendous explosion which sent steel plates, flak and flying debris through my rigging. Everyone was stunned to torpidity and hugging my deck for protection from the voluminous concussion. A large ammunition ship had just blasted its entrails. Nothing was showing on the turbulent waters after five minutes where once this huge vessel lay peacefully at anchor. I had been very fortunate as nothing had so much as grazed me. Yes, everyone

on the Daniel A. Joy was safe, but many had died from that catastrophe, and ships surrounding the stricken vessel both far and near had suffered severely. Here was I, one of the closer ships and I'd scarcely felt the breeze.
 We were all a little shaky after this experience but it brought the crew and me closer together, and they nick-named me "Danny Boy" which I hold to this day.
 From Manus we steamed north again to Humbolt Bay, Hollandia in New Guinea, and there we were told to get ready to take some transports into Leyte. This was it. We were going to test the steel of our enemy. I, the USS Daniel A. Joy was again to be given an op-

portunity to show that all my training had not been in vain and to bring my crew through safely. Yes, we were going where the odds were high and where the "Kamakazi" was still scuttling.
 For hours my signalmen were contacting ships in the harbor getting information on this new frenzied use of aircraft guided on its task of self destruction by the most precision of instruments—a human being. Frankly we were worried and a little frightened.
 We weighed anchor in the forboding shadows of the northern New Guinea mountains and set our course for San Pedro Bay Leyte gulf, P. I. on 21 Nov. 1944. As we steamed into the bay in the early morning past Homanson Island I could feel the high sense of tension. All eyes were strained toward the sky and distant yellow tracers could be seen seeking out the enemy. All hands were at their battle stations prepared for the worst, but as we got in closer the attacking planes seemed to be across the bay and they soon departed or were destroyed. Everyone let out a sigh of relief and cried, "Danny Boy" came through again. I was very proud, but this was only the beginning. We were to have five days of unrest, constant vigil and anxiety. They came over by day and by night, bombing the beach and ships in a desperate attempt to thwart this new American thrust, which jeopardized their future safety. Where ever enemy planes were seen there was also a hail of flak you couldn't stick a pin thru, and my persuaders always added a little.
 We were detached on the 1st of December to help escort a convoy of LSTs back to Hollandia. From this date on we were on the move constantly for several months; in port one night and out the next morning, always moving, ever watchful. I was a DE at work.
 There was a heavy haze over Leyte gulf on that wretched December day and visibility was extremely bad, which proved to be an asset. Unidentified planes were heard overhead and shortly thereafter a message came over the TBS that the convoy ahead of us, in the open sea where the haze had lifted, was bombed and several ships sunk. My ing earlier but now they just crew had thought them lucky leav-said, "Good Ol' Danny Boy," as we steamed on unmolsted.

AUCTION SALE

of

LIVESTOCK

Runnion Corrals in North Heppner
Thursday, Feb. 14
 To settle the F. D. Cox estate

The following described livestock will be sold:

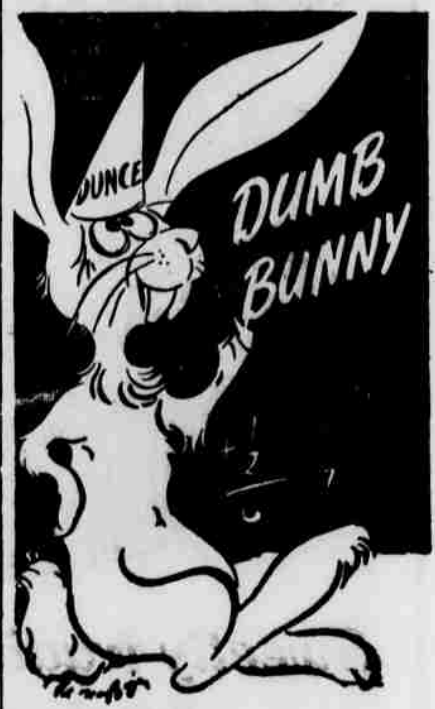
- 42 STOCK COWS—Calves soon. Hereford and Shorthorn mixed.
- 22 STEERS—Two-year-olds, same breed.
- 29 HEIFERS—Bred and due to calve about March 15.
- 43 Mixed calves.
- 1 Registered Shorthorn bull—3-year-old.
- 2 Registered Hereford bulls—yearlings.
- 1 Good grade Hereford bull—yearling.
- 1 Registered Hereford bull—3-year-old.
- 9 Feeder pigs and some horses.
- 2 Registered Shorthorn bulls—One yearling, one 15 months old.

These cattle have all been tested for Bangs disease. Calves all vaccinated.
 Others having livestock for sale are invited to bring it to this sale.

SALE STARTS AT 1 o'CLOCK P. M. Sharp

TERMS: CASH

DEE COX Jr., Administrator
BOB RUNNION, Auctioneer **HARRY DINGES, Clerk**



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