

MEDITATIONS
By The Editor

Says A. Patrick Flood, State Salvage Manager: "Washington is worried over whether you Texas Salvage Workers are going to quit on V-E Day (Victory in Europe)." Flood's opinion: "Texans aren't silly. No Texan ever went home in the middle of a DOUBLE HEAD-ER. We are going to stay in there and pitch."

Some of our readers may be interested to know the Sixth Annual Pecos County Livestock Show will be held at Fort Stockton on February 23 and 24. It is reported this show will present the largest number of registered sheep breeders to meet at a spring show anywhere in the United States.

"Sixth time in history that the Senate has failed to confirm a cabinet appointee," says an article written by Congressman O. C. Fisher appearing in another place in this issue.

We cannot vouch for four times, but the Jones-Wallace incident has certainly left an impression, what with some two weeks of national publicity on both radio and in the daily press, will be lasting.

YOUR NEW LICENSE PLATES.
Several new features are to be in evidence with the advent of the new highway license plates for the current year. Most noticeable will be one full sized license plate that is to be attached to the rear of all series of vehicles with the exception of truck tractors, which are to have the plate attached to the front. All plates have black numerals and letters on a gold background.

A new numbering system is used whereby four-numerals are the most used on any one plate, and these are to be preceded by two control letters. Under the old system of numbering, each hundred thousand over a million was identified by a letter of the alphabet and it was necessary to use seven or eight letters. Under the new system, in each ten thousand registrations or each time a control letter changes, there are hundreds of plates with three numerals or less. For all series of plates except passenger, the type of series is embossed on the plate.

The order passed by the Highway way Commission also requires the removal of all registration insignia for previous registration years.

**This Soldier Knows
Troubles Of Publisher**

The Success is in receipt of the following communication from Pfc. Billy Galbreath, now stationed at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls. He writes a very "sympathizing" note that follows:

"Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy your paper, and to give you my correct address. I realize what a problem it is for you trying to see that all the boys get their home town paper as regular and rapidly as possible, and with all the boys' addresses changing so much lately, I can easily understand the situation you are up against; we all deeply appreciate the splendid job you are doing.

"BILL."
Thanks, Private First Class Galbreath. It makes us take new courage to know there are men like you who realize what we are up against in the regular delivery of our weekly news.

Billy is among the many whose addresses have changed frequently in the last few months.

HERE FROM TENNESSEE TO VISIT HIS DAUGHTER

Thomas E. Ryan of Martin, Tennessee, is here for a visit of several days with his daughter, Miss Virginia Ryan.

Miss Ryan, recently injured in a fall at her apartment, is able to be up and resumed duties at her office this week.

Eldorado Success

Schleicher County's Only Publication—Carrying Home New First—A Home County Institution Offering The Best Advertising Medium.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

Eldorado, Schleicher County, Texas

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1945

NUMBER 1

**Lieutenant From
Goodfellow To Be
Sunday Speaker**

Members of the Methodist Church and others who care to attend, will have the privilege Sunday of hearing Lieut. George M. Ricker of Goodfellow Field, Sunday morning and evening at the church.

The youthful Army man was a minister prior to joining the Army Air Forces, and is recommended by Dist. Supt. F. H. Hamner.

The Lieutenant was secured by Reverend Hamner to fill the Sunday hours while the local pastor is out of town to officiate at the marriage of his daughter, Libby Ann, to Marine Captain Earl Ralston in Shreveport, La., Saturday.

The service man, no doubt, will have a timely and worthwhile message and a good congregation is hoped for to enjoy it.

**Government To Use
Million Pounds Dried
Eggs Daily In 1945**

Attention has been called by a local business man of an article carried in the January 1945 Poultry Supply Dealer Magazine of a statement by Lt. Col. Ralph W. Olmsted, deputy director for supply, WFA Office of Distribution of Federal Government, quoting him as saying that the government will use "a million pounds of dried egg powder a day in 1945."

"Col. Olmsted declared that Russia will take 150 million pounds of dried eggs in 1945, the United Kingdom 70 million pounds, and the United States armed services 70 million pounds. In addition, he said, 75 million pounds will go to various liberated countries for relief purposes, partly on direct purchase orders.

"Approximately 100 million pounds of this total, he indicated, will be filled from stocks currently owned by the government. The remaining 265 million pounds, which is the equivalent of more than 25 million cases of shell eggs, will be processed from the 1945 fresh egg crop.

"Col. Olmsted's estimates of government dried egg requirements indicated that they alone will more than cancel out the previously predicted surplus. In addition, he said, the United Kingdom will take from one to three million cases of processed shell eggs. His estimates included no figures to indicate the amount of fresh eggs our own armed forces will consume."

These estimates, coming from a high authority, show that the previously accepted surplus egg figure of 22 million cases of shell eggs for this year need cause little more concern.

**Cotton Ginnings
Off 177 Bales**

According to tabulation card reports furnished by J. C. Capp, Director of Department of Commerce in Washington, there were 1,364 bales of cotton ginned in Schleicher County from the crop of 1944 prior to January 16, 1945, as compared with 1,541 bales ginned to January 16, 1944. A total of 177 bales less than last year.

Mrs. H. T. Bird of San Angelo visited the first of last week in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Atkins.



KNOW YOUR BRANDS? Last week an ad of the Santa Fe Railroad appeared in the Success in which many Texas Cattle Brands were portrayed. Many of our readers have commented upon the novelty advertisement. Above is shown F. Mitchell, General Agent of the Santa Fe, presenting Governor Stevenson an enlargement of the ad. The advertisement is appearing in over 400 newspapers over the nation.

**SOLDIER FROM ELDORADO TELLS OF
LANDING IN NORTH AFRICA; FOUND
HE WAS SLOWEST MAN IN COMPANY
WHEN THOUGHT SHIP WAS STRUCK**

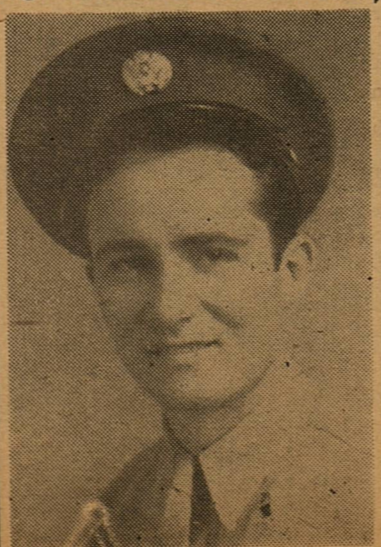
From Somewhere in Italy this Eldorado man writes of the invasion of North Africa, telling of incidents of landings and attacks.

The letter was written to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Joiner by their son, Sgt. Wallace Joiner.

We left the base one night to board the ship, not knowing our destination but had a pretty good idea. After leaving the harbor we sailed the opposite direction from the place we thought of going; sailed straight out and went within 200 miles of the coast of *****, even hearing the rumor of going home, but when the sun came up in the West, we knew our course had changed. We traveled in that same direction for days, nothing happened except an occasional BOOM of an "ash can" or heavy gun, that was only practice or maybe an enemy submarine, we never knew which was which, and was so much the better.

By this time the convoy was navigating "hot water" (enemy water) so we were ordered not to swing hammocks or pull off clothes; we slept in any way possible, on barrack bags, floor or the tables.

Here is a little incident that happened I'll never forget: One night about 10 o'clock we were all



SGT. PAT JOINER
sleeping, when for some reason the ship dropped anchor. Our section happened to be up front, so the noise was terrible, no one having heard that kind of noise before, so naturally the first thought was of

an air raid and the enemy must be straffing the ship—so things happened fast. Right there was where I learned I was one of the slower men of the company. One boy always wore glasses and could not see very well without them. He fell off a table, landed on a 2x4 rail and walked all the way around it without his glasses. My first thought was my lifejacket, which was under a gunrack nearby. Next thing I knew I was under the rack trying to get the jacket on when someone said: "It's okay boys, just the anchor dropping." That is just one of the funny incidents that happened, but it would take too much time to write them all.

We pulled anchor sometime that night and kept sailing east. By that time every one knew exactly his destination, "North Africa." We were each given a small book on how to deal with the natives, also how to speak French, which did no good, because the first people we saw were Arabs. By this time we were nearing the Straights of Gibraltar (about 10 o'clock at night). We could see a large town ahead. No one knew the name, but later found it was Casa Blanca. We slipped through the Straights with most everyone on deck trying to get a glimpse of the "Rock".

Just then a plane flew over and dropped flares, and right there we made a dive for the hole like a bunch of rats. Why, I can't say, but when we are on deck and something happens, we want to go below; and when we are below and something happens we try to get on deck. Maybe it is because they are the only two places to go on a ship.

Now we were well out into the Mediterranean. Next day came and nothing happened until about 8 or 9 o'clock and then all hell broke loose from every direction. We knew this was it. Pulling into the harbor we were given orders to go on deck with full field pack, and await further orders. The minutes seemed like hours, but finally the order came to go over the side on rope ladders to the landing barge, that being some job with full field pack and rifle. The water was rough and the barge was bucking like a wild bronc—some of the

See "LETTER", Page 2, Col. 2

**Response Good In
Paralysis Fund
Drive Last Week**

Committeemen were out working in earnest last Saturday on the Infantile Paralysis Fund, and formerly known as the March of Dimes.

C. L. Meador, Jr., is County Drive Chairman, and a committee from the Lions Club composed of Hugo Mika, O. B. Bradshaw, and Bill Sproul were also working. The committee drafted an ardent worker in Ernest Finnegan, who proved his ability in getting subscriptions, heading the list as high man.

FIREMEN DONATE
The Eldorado Volunteer Fire Department donated \$36.50, the proceeds from a recent dance.

THEATRE RUNS FILM

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hext, managers of the Lone Star Theatre ran a film narrated by Miss Grear Garson for several days, in which an appeal was made for funds to carry out this very necessary work.

A sum of some \$75.00 was obtained at the theatre when collections were taken following the film.

A total of \$340.30 was reported raised by Meador at noon Wednesday of this week. One-half of this amount, or \$170.15 will be added to a small sum already on deposit here to be used in case of a case or an epidemic of the dread polio should show up in the county. The balance of the amount will go to the National Foundation Headquarters to carry on research and other work.

More cases of the disease appeared in the United States than in many years. There are one or more cases reported in Tom Green County at present.

**Sixth Time In History
Senate Body Fails To
Confirm An Appointee**

By Congressman O. C. Fisher

Public attention the past week has been centered on the President's nomination of Henry A. Wallace to replace Jesse H. Jones as Secretary of Commerce.

Most of the expressions I have heard here are that the President should have virtually a free hand in choosing his cabinet member, whether he be Henry Wallace or some other person. There have been but six times in history that the Senate has failed to confirm a cabinet appointee.

But there is much concern expressed, and much of it from the President's closest friends, as to the wisdom of having Mr. Wallace also have charge of the loan and

See "Appointee" Page 2, Col. 2

**Arrangements Ready
For R.E.A. Gathering**

Members of the Eldorado Parent-Teacher Association have been diligently preparing everything in order that they may well serve an appetizing plate to those who come to the R. E. A. gathering at the high school gymnasium tonight.

A Lions committee composed of W. T. Whitten, Truett Stanford, Fred Watson and Chester Wheeler have completed final arrangements for the affair. Tickets are available to consumers of electrical current from the Electric Cooperative. The program will consist of detailed information by officials, but speakers and texts were unavailable at press time yesterday.

Gunner Wounded



Sgt. Abram A. Millar, of Hanford, Wash., was seriously wounded in action over Germany on Jan. 10, according to a communication to his uncle, Max Millar, of Eden.

Sergeant Millar, a graduate of the Eldorado High School, entered the service in the Spring of 1943, and has been serving with the 305th Bombardment Group as a waist gunner on the B-17 Flying Fortress "Reich's Ruin," a veteran of 100 missions which has participated in 10 daylight bombing assaults against Germany.

The wounded gunner was recently awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement in aerial combat. He is a nephew of Joe and V. G. Tisdale, and of Mrs. J. E. Tisdale, all of this community.

**\$500 Subscription
Heads Schleicher
Red Cross Drive**

Mrs. Lillian Page, who for several years, has been an official in local Red Cross work, and who has had much experience, has agreed to accept the position as County Drive Chairman for the Red Cross Drive which is beginning in the county now, according to W. M. Patterson, County Chairman.

It was reported early this week that T. C. Meador, ranchman, had headed the donations list with a \$500.00 gift of which one-half was designated to go to Chinese Relief and the other one-half to European Relief. This amount is a repetition of a donation in December.

Patterson stated the quota was to date unannounced, but that when it was assigned the amount would be raised by popular subscription.

**Morning Fire Sirene
Will Denote Time For
Pause To Pray For
Service Men In Battle**

A committee composed of ministers of the town conferred with Eldorado Fire Chief Palmer West and City Mayor L. L. Baker in regard to adoption of blowing the fire sirene each morning at a given time to signal a designated period to pause from work and study to offer a prayer for the men in the service of their country.

A report was brought to this office that the mayor and fire chief had approved the proposal, and that the local telephone exchange managers had graciously agreed to see that the signal would be given daily.

Suggested time for the signal is 10 o'clock a. m., and will be one which can be distinguished from a fire alarm should it be necessary to turn one in at the period designated for the "pause" period.

Further details will be announced as soon as they are worked out.

Eldorado Success

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At Eldorado, Texas

W. Irl Breedlove...Owner-Publisher
Mrs. W. Irl Breedlove...Adv. Mgr.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the post office at Eldorado, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1887.

Notices of entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, card of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news will be charged for at the regular rates

Any erroneous reflections upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Success will be gladly corrected upon same being brought to the attention of the publisher.

High School Honor Students Announced

The following high school students have made an average of 90 or more on four major subjects and have been placed on the honor roll for the third six-week period according to information furnished by Supt. C. A. Reynolds:

Seniors: Donald Gholston, Paul Page, Katherine Davis, Jeneatte Markham, Clara Lloyd Ochser, and Gloria Watson.

Juniors: Wanda Dammheim, Mary Lillian Ellington and Louise Green.

Sophomores: Bill Lewis Humphrey, Patsy Ballew, Margaret Hicks, and Joy Winters.

Freshmen: Emily Ann Harper and Marselaine Patterson.

Mrs. G. R. Marshall returned the first of the week from Austin where she has been visiting with Mr. Marshall, who is employed there.

LETTER—

(Continued From Page One)

boys dropped their rifles in the water, the order kept coming, "get off, get off." We did not know what was coming, but did not have to wait long to find out. Just as everyone was on the barge two enemy planes came over straffing the ship. Our anti-aircraft opened up on them, claiming one plane was shot down, but I didn't see it go down. Maybe excitement affected my eyesight, I don't know, any way after we made shore, the game of hide and seek began in earnest. Snipers were on all the high points and the Battle of Anzu was in full swing about 200 yards down the road. Every time a sniper shot into us the Marines and Navy men spared no lead; they opened up with everything from a .30 caliber to a three-inch gun.

Mama, do you remember when I was a little kid how I would try to run from lightning? Well, that was the same way I was trying to dodge bullets, except I did not have you to hide behind, instead, had TNT and bombs that had been unloaded from the ships. The snipers only killed one man, shot him right through the head. For about one week we went through this kind of thing, then moved on to the interior, there nothing happened except an occasional bombing. This lasted about three or four months. Since then I haven't seen any action at all.

I consider myself very lucky in the 27 months overseas.

UNDERGOES MINOR EYE SURGERY LAST WEEK

Miss Oma Ford underwent minor eye surgery in a San Angelo hospital, Saturday of last week. She is reported as recovering nicely and was able to assume her regular duties in school this week.

"APPOINTEE"—

(Continued From Page One)

investment agencies of the government.

Normally, the Secretary of Commerce is entirely separate and apart from the job of being Federal Loan Administrator. The reason Mr. Jones has handled both jobs is because in 1940 President Roosevelt got a law passed to permit that to be done so Jones could be in the cabinet and also be Loan Administrator.

It is now proposed to separate the two jobs and put them back where they were. One man can then devote his full time to the Loan agencies. That would enable the President to have Mr. Wallace in his cabinet and appoint another man, who would have to be approved by the Senate, to be Federal Loan Administrator, as was formerly the case.

It is hard to visualize the magnitude of the work done by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and its 10 subsidiaries. It has been described as "the most colossal banking institution the world has ever known, either public or private." It has invested billions in war plants and materials. It has invested \$700,000,000 on synthetic rubber plants alone. It has made loans and commitments in excess of 40 billion dollars, and has accounted for all its transactions.

These Loan agencies are, therefore, of crucial importance in the economic life of the Nation. They will own thousands of industrial plants at the end of the war. The use and disposition of these plants along with loan policies, can have much to do with the future of our business structure.

As the post-war period is approached, the commitments of our government in making loans and advances to foreign countries will be of utmost importance. In that regard the head of the Loan agencies will have much power. An unwise administration of those agencies could dissipate vast amounts of the taxpayers' money, by trying to be a sort of International Santa Claus.

For these reasons, I am one of the many who believe stricter controls should be placed by Congress over the loaning agencies.

All agree that whoever heads those agencies should be a man of proven business ability and of sound business judgment. That is especially important at a time when our public debt will be upwards of 300 billion dollars.

MRS. J. E. TISDALE LEADER FOR W.S.C.S. BIBLE STUDY

Mrs. J. E. Tisdale was leader for the Bible Study when the Woman's Society of Christian Service met Monday afternoon at the Methodist Church.

Mrs. J. F. Isaacs was appointed to assume the duties of recording secretary in the place of Mrs. Ben Hext.

There were 13 members present for the meeting.

For Printing Call No. 77.

WITH THE MEN IN SERVICE



BROTHER OF MRS. BOB PAGE DIES OF WOUNDS IN THIRD ARMY PARATROOP DUTY

Mrs. R. J. Page received word Thursday of the death of a brother, Private First Class Thomas B. Brittain, about 27, who died in an unannounced hospital Jan. 16 after having been wounded in action in Belgium on Jan. 7.

Private First Class Brittain was a Paratrooper attached to the 17th Air Borne Division of General Patton's Third Army. He landed in France on Dec. 25, 1944.

Before entering the service he made his home in San Augustine. Survivors other than Mrs. Page include two sisters and three brothers.

SAILOR, FORMER ELDORADO MAN, VISITED HERE THIS WEEK WITH FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Humphrey had as guests in their home during the past weekend, Mrs. Mae Henry, sister of Mrs. Humphrey, and Mrs. Henry's daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Broad, Patsy Ann, Alfred and Seaman Third Class, Bobby Broad, all of McCulloch County.

Seaman Broad, known here as "Bo", has just recently returned to the States from the Philippine Islands, where he spent almost two years, participating in several major campaigns. The seaman is the holder of several decorations.

"Bo" formerly resided with Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey and was employed in the City Grocery for a time.

Naval Warrant Officer Robert Page left Wednesday after a two-day visit here with his wife and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Page. Page, who has been stationed at Camp Parks, Calif., is en route to a new assignment.

Lt. Julian Carr And Eden Girl Married

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Mary L. Smith, and Lt. Julian M. Carr, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carr of Brownwood.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Hurst of Eden.

Lieutenant Carr, a former resident of Eldorado, attended school here and is a graduate of the Pridy High School. He entered the service December 1942, and finished as a Senior Pilot at Independence, Kansas, Nov. 3, 1943. He has recently returned to the States from the European theatre, and has been awarded the Presidential Citation and the Distinguished Flying Cross with three clusters.

The couple are now at home at the Wylie Courts, San Angelo. Lieutenant Carr is stationed at Goodfellow Field.

News of service men? Call 77.

MOVED

We are now located in our new home in the Lawhon Building. We are proud of our new home—we are proud of our customers—and it will be our endeavor to serve you with better Cleaning and Finishing than ever before.

"LET US SERVE YOU DURING 1945"

Coulter Man's Shop

DRY CLEANERS

OUR MOTTO: "Just A Little Better"

Electrical Wiring

SEE US FOR HOUSE WIRING OF ALL KINDS
WALL PLUGS — EXTRA LIGHT DROPS — SWITCHES

Plumbing

DON'T LET FREEZING WEATHER CATCH YOUR
PLUMBING IN BAD REPAIR—CALL US TODAY!

Motor Repairing

BRING YOUR ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIR WORK TO US
FOR REWINDING — RE-BEARING, ETC

Topliffe Gas & Electric Service

YES! WE HAVE GABARDINE SUITS!

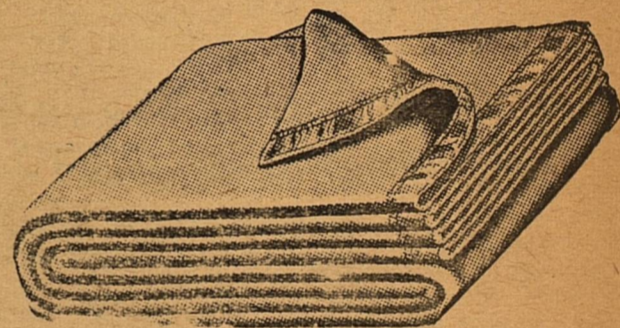
Good gabardine that everyone wants... here it is in the smartest suits of this or any other season. We've other fine worsteds, too, in solid colors and simple strippings.

Shop Our Windows

SOLOMON'S
Women's Wear
San Angelo, Texas



BLANKETS



IT LOOKS NOW AS IF THERE
WILL BE NO BLANKETS
FOR FALL!

Just received a large shipment of
ESMOND PART-WOOL
BLANKETS

Priced **795**

It Will Pay You to Buy and Hold!

WE HAVE OTHER CHEAPER
BLANKETS.

The RATLIFF STORE

ELDORADO WOOL COMPANY

Feed Department

- PURINA CHOWS—
- EWCO Fortified Feeds—
- BURRUS TEXO FEEDS

Custom Mixing

SUCCESS

»» WANT ADS »»

—For Rent—

FOR RENT: Large, modern building in Eldorado. Formerly known as the Richey Self-Serve Grocery. If interested telephone 68 Sonora, or see Hicks Hall.

—For Sale—

FOR SALE: 1941 Plymouth four-door Sedan. Good motor, tires and new paint. L. W. GARDNER, Jr., Box 73, Eldorado. (2p)

WANT TO TRADE: Home Comfort, wood or coal cook stove for liveoak wood. Stove in good condition with hot water heater. Apply at Success Office. (54p)

FOR SALE: Three Black Angus Bulls, one 6 1/2 months old, two 9 months old. See Mrs. W. L. Kinser, or call 6102. (2p)

FOR SALE: Household Furniture from the Methodist Parsonage. See Mrs. S. D. Fiaper, or telephone 77. (1c)

—Personal—

IF YOU want to get married, write Box 358 Juliaetta, Idaho. Send stamp. (tf)

WOLFE'S ROSSBERRY

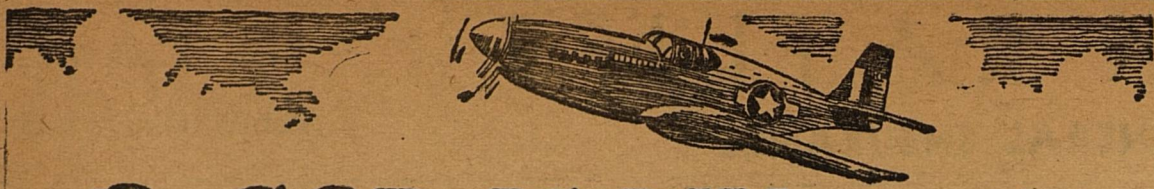
The New Berry Sensation!

A New, Easy-to-Grow MONEY-MAKER
Created by Luther Burbank. Delicious fruit, larger than Boysenberries, Raspberry flavor. Vines grow vigorously, often extending 20 feet, loaded with giant berries. Bears prolifically the second year.
Thrives in wide range of soils and climates. Ripens in early May. Ships well, brings top prices, disease-resistant. . . Guaranteed to please.

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|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 5 Plants | 25 Plants | 50 Plants |
| \$2.40 | \$6.60 | \$11.00 |

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WOLFE NURSERY
South's Finest Fruit Trees & Berries
Dept. W STEPHENVILLE, TEXAS Catalog Free



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE



CHAPTER XII

After following the Salween to the South until I could see Lashio, I turned West for the field and came in right on the treetops, strafing the anti-aircraft guns in two passes. On the second run across the field I felt and heard bullets hitting my ship, but didn't see their origin until nearly too late. Down close to the West end of the field, almost under the trees, were Japanese ground soldiers. They were grouped into two squares like the old Macedonian phalanx, and were firing rifles at me. I turned my guns on them and could see the fifty-calibre fire taking good toll from the Jap ranks. But even after I had made three runs on them, I noted that they continued to hold their positions, an excellent demonstration of perfect battle discipline. Later on one of the AVG aces, Tex Hill, told me that he had seen the same thing down in Thailand, and that after he'd strafed one of the squares of about a hundred men and there were only two or three on their feet, those few still were shooting at him when he left the field.

Leaving Lashio, I went to Katha looking for a Jap train on the railway, but succeeded only in gathering a little more ground-fire. From there I went back North to Bhamo, and seeing no barges, continued on to Myitkyina, keeping very close to the surface of the Irrawaddy, and strafed the gun positions of the enemy on the field with the last of my ammunition. When I landed I had made almost eight hundred miles, which is just about the limit for a fighter ship, especially since I had strafed at full throttle for several minutes. There were a few holes in my ship, but mostly in the fabric of the rudder and the flippers. The Japs couldn't learn to lead me enough; I guess they'd never hunted

game birds. In less than an hour I took off again and made a shorter trip to Mogaung and Katha, searching without success for a train. After getting more fuel I went back and strafed Myitkyina, turned South, and caught a barge of enemy equipment at Bhamo. Though I didn't sink this river boat, I put at least eight hundred rounds of ammunition in it, and left it settling in the water and drifting slowly with the current. The crew either were killed or jumped into the river.

And now, to close the big day, I got in the air again and set my course for the bridge on the Salween about twenty miles West of Paoshan. I had received a radio report that the AVG under Tom Jones, Bishop, and Tex Hill were dive-bombing the Japs who were constructing a pontoon bridge there. Reaching the rendezvous point, I couldn't see a thing except some burning trucks that the AVG had strafed on the Jap side of the Salween; evidently I had got to the battle too late.

I had turned South towards Lashio and was flying through a moderate rain when, down below on the Burma Road, I saw a troop column marching South, probably towards Chefang. At this point the Burma Road is about eight thousand feet above sea level, rising nearby to its ceiling, just over nine thousand feet.

The troops below me were Japanese soldiers, evidently retreating from the mauling they had taken back there on the river, when the AVG had bombed them with five-hundred-pound bombs. I turned to the side, to watch them—they were in heavy rain, and from the standpoint of their own safety they were in the worst possible place on the road. The Burma Road was cut out of red Yunnan clay, and there were

steep banks on both sides of the column—besides I don't think they had heard me over the roar of the rain, and I know they hadn't seen my ship.

I turned my gun switches on and love for the kill, sighting carefully through my lighted sight. My tracers struck the target dead center, for I had held my fire until the last moment. There was no need of loing this job at high speed, for I merely cruised I'd have longer so shoot at them and could also look out for the hills hidden in the rain and the clouds. This time there was no dust, but the red, muddy water went up like a geyser. The six Fifties seemed to cut the column to bits. As I passed over, I could see those who hadn't been hit trying desperately to crawl up the muddy bank to the safety of the trees and slipping back.

Turning very close to the hills, I came back over. Every now and then I'd lose them, for the rain was heavy and it was dark in the clouds, so dark that my tracers burned brilliant to the ground and then ricocheted away into the air again, still burning. I think it was in my third pass, as the Japs seemed to be giving up the effort to climb off the road, that I decided my ship would be called "Old Exterminator."

Their officers must have called double-time, for they spread out as much as they could and ran South on the road through the rain. I kept on cutting them to pieces until my ammunition was gone; I fired 1,890 rounds into those three or four hundred Japanese, and I don't think more than a handful escaped.

Rather tired from ten hours' flying that day, all combat, I went back home excited but somewhat on the thoughtful side. It had taken me about two weeks of flying this ship to realize what a weapon it really was. I had just seen it cut a Japanese battalion to bits, had seen the firepower of one American airplane leave three or four hundred dead and dying enemy soldiers in the mud of the Burma Road. As I listened to the roar of that Allison engine and patted the gun-sight affectionately, "Old Exterminator" was more than ever a character to me—it was an institution. I knew right then that this ship was almost a human being.

As the May days drifted into weeks, I made up little schemes to fool the Japs. Perhaps the schemes worked, perhaps they didn't—anyway they eased the disappointment of not getting letters from my wife and little girl and from the other folks back home.

I'd make my two, three, or four mission flights a day with the fighter. But I'd go early in the morning with the spinner on the "shark's" nose painted white, and I'd attack Lashio or Mogaung from the South. Later in the morning I'd strike from the West, with the spinner painted blue. After lunch the eager painters or my drafted crewmen would have the spinner another color for my flight. By the time I made the fourth sortie, with the spinner a fourth color and my approach from a fourth direction, I'm sure the Japs didn't know where I came from—and most certainly

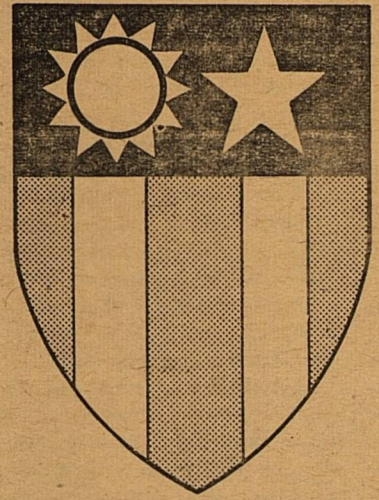
they didn't guess that the American fighter force in Assam was composed of one single Kittyhawk. If they had, they would have been forced to do something to "save face." For at the moment, with me drunk with the wine of my first combat, the Jap was losing face.

During this month I went to China as much as possible to talk to members of the AVG. Some of these pilots I had taught to fly in the Army Schools back home. I had checked quite a few of them and I was older, but I'm glad I realized then

neverability.

Paxton did me a lot of good—he got me my first flight with the AVG on the Emperor's birthday. But the Jap didn't come in. We were the most griped bunch you've ever seen. Everyone up and waiting at three a. m.—and then the dirty so-and-so's didn't have the guts to come in!

I heard a story on George Paxton that will show you the kind of tough Texan he was. It was down over Rangoon, near Mingaladon air-drome, in the early days of the Burma war. Doctor Gentry, who told me the story, said that the squadron



Symbol of the American Volunteer Group "Flying Tigers" which made aerial combat history over China and Burma when the Japs were having their inning. The AVG was later inducted into the Army Air Corps, with General Claire Chennault as commander.

that these younger pilots knew a million times more about combat than I did. I'd corner some of these Flying Tigers and ask them questions, for I longed for the day when I'd get to fly on attacking missions with them.

At first they were hard to know. The men they had met as representing our Army in China had been pretty harsh with these high-strung flyers, who after all had done the greatest job in the war against the enemy. In the beginning they were reluctant to answer my questions or tell me the secrets of their success in combat. They couldn't understand why a Colonel in the Army Air Corps had to know anything. As George Paxton put it: Didn't the Army know everything? "Seems like to me," he said, "every army officer we've seen out here knows all the answers."

When he found out that I was serious, and that my ambition was to get over there and fly with them, and learn combat from them, so that in the end I might teach it to our younger pilots who would be coming out, he told me things that I would never have learned otherwise.

"First," he said, leading me off under the wing of one of the P-40's, "first, the Old Man says, never turn with one of the Zeros. He says that's bad."

I learned that the Jap ship would outmaneuver anything and would outclimb the P-40 four to one. "But that doesn't matter," Paxton said. "The P-40 is the strongest ship in the world. It's heavy as hell, but that makes it out-dive just about anything, and it'll out-dive the Jap two to one. With those two Fifties and the four thirty-caliber guns in the B's we have done pretty good. Now with the six Fifties in the new Kittyhawks we out-gun anything."

He told me that Hill, Rector, Bond, Neal, Lawler, and other aces had seen Zeros disintegrate in front of their six Fifties, and went on to advise that I use the good qualities of the P-40's against the bad qualities of the Jap, but never try to beat him on his own game—climbing and ma-

On May 17, I flew with the AVG on a mission from Kunming into Indo-China. Squadron Leader Bishop led the attack. I flew the wing position with R. T. Smith, one of the aces of the Flying Tigers and one of the pilots I remembered checking during his training days at Santa Maria, California.

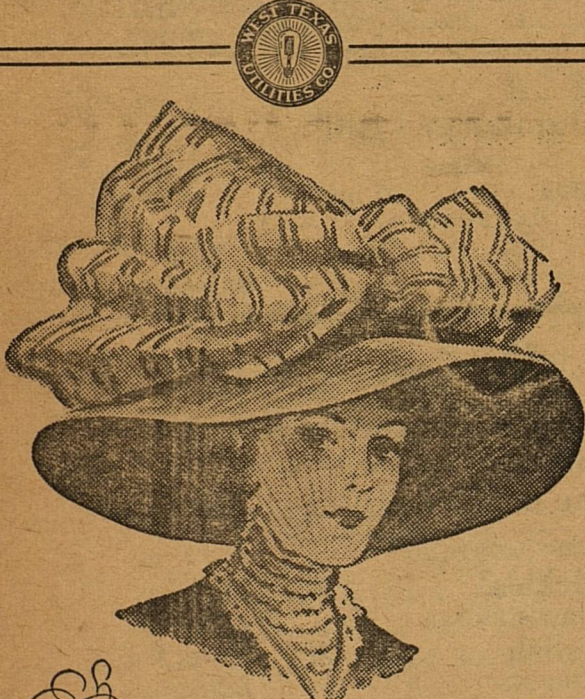
We got off the Kunming field with our fighters and headed South over the lakes at twelve thousand feet. In a few minutes we passed Meng-tze and the clouds thinned out and the weather got pretty clear. We went just about over Laokay, on the Chinese-Indo-China border. Then we followed the River Rouge through the very crooked gorge in the mountains, on South towards Hanol.

Just about halfway between the border and Hanol we saw a train coming North on the railroad. Bishop led four of us down to strafe it while the other four stayed at twelve thousand for top-cover. We circled over the train as we spiralled down to attack, and while the speed of the dive built up I got my gun-switch on and tried to trim the ship for the increasing speed.

As we levelled off and went in for the kill, I saw Bishop's tracers hitting the engine. By the time I got there—in number two position, on Bishop's wing now—the white steam was spraying from the punctured boiler. I saw the engineer and fireman jump from the locomotive, and as we went on down the cars, shooting into them, I saw Jap soldiers and probably Vichy French civilians jumping off too. We came back and set some of the cars on fire. It was a cinch now, for the train had stopped and was no longer weaving through the narrow curves of the gorge.

While the boys talked to one another, we re-formed and I heard Bishop say, "Let's bomb the railroad yards at Laokay with our frags." (Fragmentation bombs.) I thought then that was wrong, for we had alerted Laokay as we flew over and they were probably listening to us and would be waiting for us.

Please Turn to Last Page, Col. 4



It took a week of Father's wages

But it wasn't so extravagant as it seemed. Hats were bigger than—and also fewer. Mother's hand-made mauve velour was good for several seasons.

Today, Mother's hat bills may total as much or more than the price of that quaint old velour. But she gets many more hats for her money.

It's much the same with electric bills. If yours seem about the same as they did years ago, it's because you are enjoying so many more electric conveniences now. And you're getting far more electricity for your money than you ever did before—about twice as much today as you did 15 years ago.

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West Texas Utilities Company

GOV'T RELEASES 800,000 TELEPHONES FOR CIVILIAN USE

The War Production Board has authorized the manufacture of 800,000 telephone sets for civilian use. Production of the new allotment of telephones is expected to begin June 1. It is estimated that orders for 1,250,000 telephones, which have been unable to install instruments because of shortage, are now being filled.

Accorded by Washington dispatches, first

YES...IT'S TRUE ...But Our Share Was 0

Those of you on our waiting list for new telephones probably had your hopes raised considerably by the recent news item shown above. Unfortunately, the quantity of telephones released was small compared with the total number needed throughout the country.

The tremendous quantities of communications material required by our armed forces has drastically reduced reserves of telephone equipment for farm and city. If your name is on our waiting list for telephone installations, you can be sure your needs will be handled as soon as new equipment is released to us.

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Plan your spending, plan your saving. Be realistic. Work out your program in black and white. Then, as you buy War Bonds regularly and go to the bank every pay day to deposit as much as you can—you will help yourself to buy more after the war, when the time comes that there is plenty for all of us, not just a little for the spendthrift few.

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