

St. Lawrence County O.P.A. Board Formed

A meeting at which the five price panels of St. Lawrence county were represented was held at the office of the War Price and Rationing Board, Ogdensburg. Officials from the Syracuse headquarters of the OPA were in charge.

At this meeting the decision was reached that, in order to operate to better advantage, the board to be made up of one member designated from each of the now existing Price Panels in the county.

The local price panels would continue to function as at present, except that to the county board would be sent for settlement cases of persistent and willful violators of the U. S. Price laws and regulations.

At the hearing in such cases the local board presenting the charges would not be represented in membership on the county panel, but would present to that panel the facts and evidence on which the charges had been made. The members of the County Panel would act as a jury to determine if the charges be discharged or substantiated, and what in the latter case the penalty, if any, should be.

It has been the experience of the various local boards in the County that almost all of the merchants comply with the regulations in a most cooperative manner. This is greatly to their credit and is much appreciated by the Board, but unfortunately, there are a few, and only a few, who persist in not complying and deliberately overcharge. These are the cases that would be sent, and would be dealt with, by the newly established County Board Panel and severe penalties will be imposed whenever the charges are sustained.

It is the earnest hope of the Price Panels that all will comply with the Regulations to the end that there will be no cases to refer to the County panel and that there will be no cases to refer to the district compelled to pay any penalty for violation.

West Potsdam

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bicknell entertained at their home last week Tuesday night in honor of Pfc. Paul Barnes who is spending a furlough with his parents here. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Barnes and Beverly, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes, Rev. and Mrs. Paul Bicknell of North Bangor and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hogle, Nancy and David.

The Home Bureau held a special meeting and sewing lesson at the home of Mrs. Claude Thompson last week Wednesday.

Lieut. Alice Planty, A. N. C. of Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, L. I., who spent a furlough last week with her parents here, was a Friday night supper guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simmons. She was accompanied by her niece, Mary Planty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Planty of Highland Park, N. J. Little Mary Planty will remain with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Planty until some time in June.

This community was greatly shocked and saddened Saturday to hear of the death in Maryville, Tenn. of Mrs. Stella Evans, a former resident here for many years. Funeral services were held at the church here, Tuesday afternoon at 2, with Rev. Hanna, of the Potsdam Presbyterian church, officiating. Bearers were Floyd Tanner, Earl Blanchard, H. R. Bicknell, and B. K. Hazleton. Burial was made in the West Potsdam cemetery.

Sam Philpot was ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Talcott, last week. He returned home Sunday, some improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Matthews, former residents and now of Thiels, N. Y., called on friends here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cline and Betsy Ann of Winthrop, were Friday night supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Barnes and family.

Raymond Cutler is recovering from a serious case of blood poisoning in his hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wells and son, Lytle, of Madrid, N. D., were Sunday dinner guests at the home of her brother, Roy Hogle and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Planty and infant son Donald of Croghan, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Planty on Sunday.

Earl Blanchard received word Sunday that his brother, Warren, of Louisville, has suffered a severe shock.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Barnes, Beverly and Pfc. Paul Barnes spent Sunday visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Brownell in Potsdam.

The Home Bureau will hold an other special sewing meeting Thursday, May 24 at the home of Mrs. H. Talcott, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pierce and Joretta spent the week-end with his brother at Tupper Lake.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT
WNU Features.

CHAPTER III

Through I had flown before in the prehistoric crates of the past, this fact had nothing to do with whether or not I would get through the course. On the side against me was the fact that during my unsupervised flying I had doubtless developed many faults that were not for the Army pilot to be proud of. In a case like mine, some pilots think they know it all; therefore there is nothing to learn. Others make such an effort to please their instructors that this very eagerness works against them as their own worst enemy—the result of tense nerves.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them. I listened almost spellbound through our oral communications system in that primary trainer—that speaking tube which is called a "gosport" and which at best was hard to understand over the rattle of that Wright Whirlwind engine. I used to try to read his mind, execute his every little whim. I even tried to outguess Lieutenant Landon and have the stick and rudder moving in the right direction before he could get the orders out of his mouth.

Now thereby hangs a tale. I was not only trying to look in his rearview mirror and actually read his lips when I couldn't hear through the gosport, but was diligently looking about the sky for other hard-brained student pilots. He must have realized my eagerness, for he gave me every break—and for the many boners I pulled I needed lots of breaks.

One day, at a bare four-hundred feet altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "Okay, Scott, put it in a dive." I peered around first and then at the nearby ground, for it looked very low to be going into a dive. Then like a flash I thought I understood: Why, he's trying to see if I'm ground-shy—I'll show him I'm not.

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at pointblank altitude. Just as the cotton fields down below seemed about to come right into my lap I felt Ted Landon grab the controls and saw him hastily point to his head with the sign that he was "taking over." We came out just over the mesquite trees, and he roughly slipped the ship into a bumpy landing in a cotton field. Then, while I was trying to add things up and realizing already that I had tied it up again, I saw Ted very methodically raise his goggles and with great deliberation climb out of the front cockpit. He glared at me but said sweetly enough:

"Scott, what in the g-d—hell are you trying to do—what was that maneuver? I said glide—G-L-I-D-E. Don't you at least know what a normal glide is in all this time?"

Weakly I said, "Sir, I thought you said a dive." I could see Ted fight for control; then he told me the next time I had him at an altitude so low, not to attempt to think but just try to keep the ship straight and level.

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, we had been making only take-offs and landings, and I knew the time was approaching when I would solo. As usual, that realization made me more and more tense as the end of the period neared. On the take-offs I'd tense up and fidget all about holding the nose straight, and on the landings I'd jerk back on the stick instead of easing it slowly back into the approach to landing stall. All I could do was day-dream about: Here we are, Scott, just about to take over and prove to the world that we can do all of this by ourselves.

Around the field in traffic I couldn't hold the correct altitude, and my instructor was cursing a blue streak. He'd yell about my having graduated from West Point and say that he knew I was supposed to have some brains but he hadn't been able to find them. After each bumpy landing he'd look around at me and hold his nose—that was symbolic enough for me. I finally bounced into another landing that nearly jarred his teeth out. Then, as usual, he showed what a prince of a fellow he was, and showed me that an instructor had to become accustomed to students' making mistakes—knowledge which stood me in good stead years later when I became an instructor.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of moments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the instruction book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me. So I grabbed the hand and shook it. He just grinned and growled:

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air. Honestly, the living of this life was wonderful—here I was an actual Army Pilot with my own ship, and up here free from the shackles of the earth. I envied no one. Circling in traffic I'd "get my head in the clouds" and gain or lose altitude but that didn't matter. I was solving.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide. I held it straight and there was no ground-loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face. A pilot! I had landed the ship and it was actually in one piece!

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waived me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute—you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas. In the sun, with ships landing all around him. My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-suit, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxi out and pick him up. But I had lost again—the ship was being



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I know he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damndest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

My time came to ride with him. We went out over the rolling hills of Texas, went through our chandeliers and Lazy 8's—spins and stalls—shot a few figures. Then, as we put the ship down on Randolph Field, he taxied to the exact spot I had left him the day before. Looking back at me he said sweetly:

"Scott, you were kinda inaccurate in your landings yesterday. You got out and watch me. I'll show you what I wanted."

Getting out with a puzzled expression, I stood aside. First he pointed the tail at me and ran the ship up full gun, blowing Texas dust all over me. Then he took off and came around to land. Three times he did this, each time making me run like hell to get out of the way. Just as I was completely out of breath he landed, looked back at me, and began to taxi in to the hangar—leaving me to the long, hot walk across Randolph Field with the parachute.

feel as though I had actually joined the brotherhood of Air Corps pilots. Next day I soloed again, but definitely remembered to taxi over and take him back to the line with me.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia. To get to see her, I would drive that thirteen-hundred-mile to her college or her home in Fort Valley, spend anywhere from ten minutes to two hours with her, then jump back in the car and drive home for Texas and the Monday morning flying period.

I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from first inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?" And me meekly replying, "Atlanta, Georgia, Sir." He just said, "Hell, no," and I turned and walked from his office with the good intention of obeying the order.

Which held the hour I had weakened I filled my tank at eight o'clock, which held fifty-five gallons of fuel, and was off to see her for the short time available. (Yes, she was, and still is some girl.) On the return trip I burned out two bearings near Patterson, Louisiana. Jimmy Wedell, one of the well-known speed flyers, helped me to get it fixed after I explained the predicament I was in. But even with five of us working on the number one and number six bearings of the Chevy, I was twelve hours late getting back to Randolph Field.

As I walked into the bachelor officers' quarters that I shared with Ted, Randolph, I expected only a minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions." Finally he put down his letter writing, looked at me almost in disgust, and broke out:

"Scott, you are the damndest luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. Not this is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have groul i school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars—and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? I'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end." But I found that I still had some talking to do.

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called me and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia, to see my girl. I thanked him and went, but I of course didn't have the heart to tell him that I had been heel enough to go many times before, in secret.

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at least an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college. Probably if I had gone to Hawaii, I would have figured out some way to have flown a P-12 back to Georgia every week—but I didn't have to do it after all.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story—and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchell Field, New York.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest—I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

I recall that I had just about completed the trip to Long Island when something happened that will keep me remembering the fall of 1932.

Parishville

Mrs. Royal S. Hoyt, Mrs. Warren O. Daniels, Mrs. Charles E. Duffy, and Mrs. Ralph Edwards attended the tea at the club at Potsdam Thursday afternoon for the hospital benefit.

The annual meeting of Fairview Cemetery Association was held at Community Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. Floyd A. Penner was re-elected president, Mrs. William Crawford re-elected clerk and William Crawford re-elected treasurer. Mrs. Nellie Sampier and Clifford Bruce were elected as trustee for three years.

Mrs. Paul N. Campbell was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Arquette at Potsdam several days last week.

Miss Mabel Pierce, R. N., of Stillville spent Tuesday night of last week with her aunt, Mrs. Mame Brown. Miss Pierce is caring for her uncle, William Shipman who is ill with pneumonia at his home near Potsdam.

Mrs. Lillian Treiser of Fort Jackson is spending several weeks with Mrs. Grace Tucker.

Malcolm Wilcox of Teaneck, N.J. has joined his wife and son here at the home of his mother, Mrs. Adelle Wilcox. Mrs. Wilcox is much improved in health since coming here last fall.

We are happy to report that Mrs. Jeremy Ford has returned to her home from Hepburn Hospital at Ogdensburg where she underwent a major ear operation and was critically ill for a number of days. Mrs. Donald Smith has re-

turned from the Potsdam hospital and Miss Marion Cary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Cary, who underwent an appendectomy at the Potsdam Hospital is also home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Seaver entertained her mother, Mrs. Katherine Morgan of Potsdam for the day last week Monday. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, son, Lyndon Seaver, and daughter, Mrs. Richard Whalen, Jr., and her little daughter, Peggy Ann, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilkinson at Winthrop.

Henry H. Hatch is entertaining his granddaughter, Mrs. Blanche Perry Holden and small son of Schenectady and his grandson, David Perry who has completed boat training at Sampson Naval Station.

Mrs. Nelson Bush was the proud recipient of a very fine pair of hand-embroidered pillow cases on Mother's Day from her daughter, Mrs. Carrie Brown of DeKalb Jet. Mrs. Charles Burton, Jr., R. N., nee Miss Dorothy Armstrong, is assisting at the Dr. Hans Scheyer Hospital at Potsdam.

Mrs. Alice M. Hale is not gaining in health as her host of friends desire.

Mrs. Arthur L. Colby, aged 63, passed away at 5 o'clock May 3 at the Cedar Valley Hospital where she has been a patient for the past seven weeks. Mrs. Colby had been in poor health for the last five years. She was well known in Charles City in connection with almost every theatrical production and for many years played the piano in the Charles City theatres during the days of the silent movies, and sang in choir of the First Church of Christ Scientist. She was a graduate of the Crane Institute of Music Department of the Potsdam Normal School, Potsdam. Mrs. Colby had been a resident of Charles City for the past twenty-nine years. Gratia Lockwood Bowers was born July 18, 1881, at Crary Mills. On March 24, 1910 she was united in marriage to Arthur L. Colby at Cleveland, Ohio, who survives her. Also surviving is one sister, Mrs. Josephine Campbell, Parishville. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 3

o'clock at the Hauser Funeral home, Charles City, Iowa. Mrs. Martha Egbert, Charles City, reader of the First Church Christ Scientist conducted the service. Interment was made at Charles City, Iowa, cemetery.

Chas. H. Wolcott, Sr.
BRASHER FALLS
S W A P S
Cash for Cars, Trucks,
Wrecks, Etc.

SOME GOOD BUYS:

P. F. C. Starter & Grower	\$3.80 Cwt.
P. F. C. Hog Feed	\$3.10 Cwt.
P. F. C. 24% Dairy Ration	\$3.10 Cwt.
P. F. C. 20% Dairy Ration	\$3.10 Cwt.
P. F. C. 16% Dairy Ration	\$2.90 Cwt.
Blatchford's Calf Ration	\$3.75 Cwt.

Feeds are more plentiful and we are now able to get plenty of high grade ingredients and are not limited as to the amounts of these feeds we can mix. Would especially recommend at this time that you try our Chick Starter and Grower as we have had many very good reports on it.

We have plenty of Lawn Seed, Fertilizer and Hydrated lime for your gardens and lawns. Give us a ring and we can deliver any afternoon. 20 cents for each delivery.

WE HAVE QUITE A LOT OF ROLL ROOFING ON HAND AND WOULD SUGGEST BEFORE BUYING THAT YOU ASK OUR PRICES AS WE BELIEVE WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

For Real Satisfaction We Suggest You Buy All the War Bonds you can buy and hold

Potsdam Feed & Coal Co.

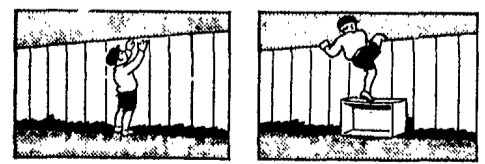


This is a Woman wondering why her Iron doesn't Heat Quicker

We can tell her why!

When toasters and irons seem to take forever to heat. When fuses blow out frequently. When lights dim as other appliances are plugged in. The chances are the trouble is not with your appliances. Your wiring may be at fault.

For electric wiring can carry just so much electricity. When you plug in a refrigerator, an iron, a toaster, a coffee maker, and possibly a washer all into the same circuit, the effect is like a small



boy trying to get over a big fence. The wiring isn't big enough for the job.

What you may need is to give your wiring system a boost in a case like this. Of course, you can't do a complete wiring job now, but you can plan to do something about it when labor and materials are again available. Until then—don't plug in too many lamps or appliances in the same circuit.

Above all, check the fuses in your fuse box yourself. Do not use fuses larger than 15 amperes. If these blow, take your work to another room and plug in on another circuit.

For suggestions on how to bring your wiring system up to date, stop in, call, or write your nearest electric company office for your free copy of "Like Sonny—Your Home Wiring May Need New Tailoring."

To really enjoy electrical servants—plan to reinforce your wiring!

CENTRAL NEW YORK POWER CORPORATION

NIAGARA HUDSON

Mrs. three heve, day. I. Belgiu his "b genial elderly trees also r former rice M man m serwan 69th A 1st Ar Pett, who is Staff a folk, V day lea Mrs. home i Miss came V Mrs. L Dr. an Brasher Durit electric viduity afterw a pine t Mrs. Ec miles of Port Ja full-bloc a herd under t for its e sured in is a co theless, the win Falls, of eny an electric frigeratez irons pe hours, u from the made to Rev. J the churc f away in signed th account graduate School. Lyman A were stuc Universal The off Stockholm sation meeting s dred Woo was voted of the as send thei Wood, as the usual quet is p which tin graduatin began will sation. Miss F brother, F and Hattie sion Aver Mrs. Mau Mrs. Carr Winthrop. Cpl. Hei in Californ went to C coming ho Sunday eve being stat April 17, 1 King Re on the Da Brasher Se the Kingst Corners, his family, ing tools, head of ca Miss Sar Occupation hampton, sister, Mi month. Rev. E. been servin the church appointed t near Ro Methodist to his ne and Mrs. Watertown served the l on church. Their son from Bra school in If son School dam. He ve to Miss Ven village, Oct one of thre was given and operate the federal Donald L. Navy for th now smowh has been r First Class Winthrop Friday fore babies and than 200 c at the aiph at Winthrop 10 to 11:30.