

Chipman

The Rev. and Mrs. George R. Harland announced their son, S. L. David Harland to Philip...

Mrs. William Porteous returned this week from the Dunlop Nursing Home at Madrid where she has been receiving care from Dr. Harland...

Thomas Fisher, son of Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore Fisher of Edwin N. J. is spending the summer with his grandparents...

Mrs. Marion Highy, Mrs. Lila Rubin and daughter Barbara Rubin were guests for several days recently of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Stanley Porteous...

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Porteous spent two days in Watertown with their son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Smith and daughter Carol Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Alex E. Fisher. They returned to their home on the Potomac that afternoon.

Mrs. Carl Brown recently attended the luncheon given by Past District Deputy, Mrs. Ida Folk at her home at West Potomac, Mrs. Brown is a past member of Fulton Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, and a member of the Ida Folk Club.

Miss Barbara Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stevens, attending the Young Peoples Conference at Oak Point this week. Miss Stevens was a prize of \$10 toward her scholarship there, and her parents gave her the opportunity of attending.

Mrs. Alex Holzkirk and Mrs. Bernard Holzkirk were overnight guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. James Elliott and family of Watertown.

Mr. and Mrs. William Walker were guests Sunday evening of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rose of Heuvelton.

Myron Martin suffered a bad heart attack on Sunday morning at two o'clock. Dr. Auerbach of Waddington was called and suggested he be taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson of Waddington to be near the doctor. Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Martin are sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur West of Potomac and Arthur Holzkirk of Watertown, N. Y., called on Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Holzkirk and family Sunday.

Mrs. Sally Heinrich of Lisbon has been with her daughter Mrs. Floyd Beckstead this week and attended the Missionary society at the home of Mrs. Walter G. Short.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Turnbull and daughter Alex Oleva Turnbull called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Holzkirk Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Holzkirk, Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Holzkirk of Ogdensburg took him to Albany Saturday morning, en route for N. C.

Mrs. Terrence Harmon and children, Larry and Bonnie Jean are in Rochester, N. Y., visiting relatives. Mrs. Harmon's husband, Sec. Terrence Harmon, who has been a prisoner of war in Germany, has arrived in this country. Mrs. Harmon and children have been living with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Barclay of Chipman.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT WNU Feature.

CHAPTER VIII

Well, the Air Base General had to ask us to carry out the mission, and to ease the monotony we were glad to comply. Taking the bomb-bay tanks from the ship, we loaded with five-hundred-pound bombs and all we went, eight hundred miles into the Arabian Sea, looking for Jap naval force composed of three warships, five destroyers, five cruisers, and two aircraft carriers...

Slowly, though, through days in which some of the others and their ships to bomb Raungon and the Andaman Islands, and finally when Haynes returned from Delhi, the realization sank in that our mission was cancelled. I have never seen thirteen crews of bombers carrying so many broken hearts. Monte drowned like a stone. On April 21, when the base took our ships, I think we would have been justified in getting stinking drunk.

New orders came for Colonel Haynes and most of us in the ill-fated "dream mission" to report to a remote base in eastern Assam, on the India-Burma border, to run the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. This Assam-Burma-China transport command was for the purpose of carrying supplies to China and Burma, to make up as much as possible for the fall of the Burma road.

When Colonel Haynes and I arrived in Assam we both considered ourselves "shattered." I could tell, as we faced each other across the breakfast table that first morning, that we both knew that things were going to be bad. Our status had changed from participants in what we considered the "greatest mission in the world," to the insignificant task of running a ferry command from India to Burma. Once again combat duty seemed far away.

All around us now were the tea gardens of Assam. Our landing field was an RAF base. Our homes were mud and bamboo huts called "bushas." Through the jungle that surrounded our base, wild animals roamed; every night we could hear the jackals scream. We knew that cobras were everywhere. On flights over the Brahmaputra River, I would see rhinos, elephants and other animals which made me realize vividly that we were far from civilization.

Our base was situated in a horseshoe formed by the Himalaya Mountains to the North and West and by the Naga Hills to the East and Southwest. The altitude of our field was 600 feet above sea level, and all around us in three directions rose mountains—the lower Himalayas being 25,000 feet, just 150 miles to the North. These great peaks reached their climax, of course, at Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet above sea level—the highest mountain in the world. This was 300 miles from us.

Our first job was to begin the construction of other fields in the same line was to permit us to have more than one base from which to work. For our job was that of being ferry pilots for both the Chinese Army and General Chennault's AVG down in Burma. We were to carry high octane gas, ammunition, and food into Burma, and later into China. We were soon to find ourselves returning from Burma with our ships completely filled and overflowing with wounded British soldiers. Col. C. V. Haynes was best; he was Commanding Officer of the A. B. C. Ferrying Command, and I was his Executive Officer.

We began our work the day after we arrived in Assam. This was April 21. We had thirteen transports loaned by the Army and Pan-American pilots. Our job in flying supplies into Burma was a tough one with unmarked transports, for only this time the Japanese had crossed the Sittoung and the Irrawaddy and had taken Raungon. They now had columns moving toward Moulmein. Their Air Force was all over Central Burma, and the only thing that stood between them and the capture of all of Burma was the few American pilots of the First American Volunteer Group who had been forced now to base at Lashio. These were truly the dark days of Burma.

On April 23, Colonel Haynes and Colonel Cooper transported a load of ammunition and aviation fuel to Lashio for the Flying Tigers, and on their way back an enemy fighter plane made an attack on their trans-

port. Recognizing the ship as an enemy Zero, Haynes and Cooper left the flying of the plane to the cockpit and went back into the first line, to ward off the attack as best they could with Tommy Guns. Don Old, the copilot, dove the transport until they were actually skimming over the jungle trees. These evasive tactics kept the Jap ship from coming up and attacking the vulnerable transport. Just one of the Jap flyers in that Douglas would have set it afire.

As the Japs dived towards them, Cooper and Haynes and their crew chief, Sergeant Bonner, fired machine after machine at the Japs. This either discouraged him or the

enemy ship lost the transport in a confusion for they got away. But even considering the bravery of these two pilots, it looks like an arrangement against a better ship. It is a poor policy, to shoot Zeros with Tommy guns; 45-caliber ammunition is not very effective against aircraft, but, as usual in a case like this, if you have only a pop-gun to point at the enemy, it helps to do a job he wouldn't do himself. We of the A. B. C. Ferrying Command looked upon him as the best, and Haynes will always stand out in my mind as one of the greatest officers of our army. This jovial veteran was ready to do anything to help win the war, but we all knew he preferred to kill Japs rather than rustle freight across to Burma. I lived with Colonel Haynes on one of the tea plantations in Assam, where we were billeted with a Scotsman, Josh Reynolds of Sealotte Tea Estate.

Mike Jones, whom we called "Jop," was another of our pilots. This man claimed that he had been born in a DC-2 and veined in a C-47. One of the Pan-American pilots had made a forced landing with one of the transports, putting it down with the wheels up in a rice

field, and some days I went on further East to Kunning, China. One day, during the last of April, two Chinese pilots landed with two P-43's. These were good, fast-flying little fighter ships, the forerunner of the "Thunderbolts." But their fuel tanks had developed leaks, and when you added to that the fact that the turbo was underneath the rear of the fuselage, the greatest fire hazard in the world just about as far as their ill fame spread that the ships were grounded until the faults could be remedied. So the Chinese left the P-43's with us and went on back to China. Colonel Haynes and I fell heir to the two little fighters.

Sergeant Bonner worked diligently with everything from chewing gum to cement and finally repaired the leaks, at least to a point where they didn't catch fire right away upon the take-off, as some of them had done. I took one of these ships and decided to use it to protect the ferry route. Even one lone fighter that could fire back at the Japs would be a good morale element for the crews of the unarmed transports.

The job of being a ferry pilot had to go on nevertheless. As the leaks developed again in the tanks of the P-43's, I went back to flying the Douglas transports into Burma and China. One day while I was acting as copilot for Colonel Haynes, we loaded two disassembled Ryan Trainers in the C-47 and headed for Kunning. Besides this cargo we had some ammunition and food for the AVG at Lashio, especially a bottle of Scotch whiskey to be left as a present for General Chennault.

When I landed and delivered the disassembled cargo, the air raid alert came just as we were talking with the General. He didn't even change expression, but calmly said, "Guess we're going to have some Japs—you all had better get those transports off the field." The Flying Tigers were already taking the field, and I saw the smoke gleaming in the sun. Lord, but my mouth watered as I saw them—I had given anything to trade my Colonel's eagles and that "delivery wagon" that I flew for the gold bars of a second Lieutenant and one of those shark-nosed pieces of dynamite.

But we started the Douglas up and took off for China with the cargo of trainers. Even as we cleared the field and climbed towards the Salween, I heard the call "Tally-Ho" from the AVG, and then others more like "Here come the sons of bitches." A few seconds later the Jap bombers arrived over the field at Lashio and we knew all the transports couldn't have gotten off. The AVG radio man, "Micky" Mihalko, called, "They're bombing hell out of the field." Then, in lighter vein, he said the Japs were falling like leaves—he hoped they were Japs, for he could see many smokes from burning planes. Every now and then we could hear one of the AVG say to some unlucky Jap, "Your mother was a turtle—your father was a snake,"—and then the rattle of fifty-caliber guns over the radio.

We stayed low in the gorge of the Salween until we got to the old bridge near Paoshan, then turned East for Yumanyi. Behind us the Japs roamed; the tail of one of our transports with a bomb, and also blew the bottle of Scotch that I had brought General Chennault—it had been left in one of the jeeps that was hit. But they had paid heavily for the transport tail and the quart of whiskey. I believe that even the Woman's Christian Temperance Union would have approved of the trade—for the AVG had shot down thirteen of the Zeros and bombers, while as usual they lost none.

At Kunning, with the surprised Chinese looking on, we unloaded the two small training planes from the fuselage of the big Douglas. Then, after something to eat, when I had just finished the AVG had shot down thirteen of the Zeros and bombers, while as usual they lost none.

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Colonel Haynes and I were ordered to leave immediately for Shwebo, Burma, down on the Mandalay-Raungon Railway, and en route the staff of General Stilwell. It seemed that the Japs had crossed another place on the Irrawaddy and were about to capture the entire American Military Mission to China—the Ammisco. We didn't even know whether or not there was a landing field in Shwebo, but I found it on a map and in the late afternoon we took off for lower Burma.

We flew through black storms all the way to the Mekong; then, turning South, we found better weather, even if we were getting into Japanese-controlled skies. We landed at Myitkyina and while servicing (so that we would have plenty of fuel to take General Stilwell anywhere he wanted to go), we learned from a British pilot that we would find a small field to the Southeast of the town that was our destination.

Flying across the country without hitting the tops of the jungle trees, we followed the Myitkyina-Mandalay railroad to the South. We knew that all the British had evacuated the area about Shwebo except for a small detachment left with the wounded; so we were expecting trouble. I know that neither of us had ever before been so careful at watching the skies. I had my ever-ready movie camera fixed by my side, but in the excitement I forgot to take pictures as we flew over the burning towns of central Burma. Long afterwards, Colonel Haynes told everyone that I had missed the best pictures in the world, but I imagine he would

have dumped me out of the ship if I had raised that movie camera instead of diligently watching the skies. All the country ahead of us was marked with columns of black smoke, rising straight into the clear sky. We looked for hostile ships until our eyes ached—or for any ship at all, for we knew it would be a Jap, ours being the only Allied plane in the air. We had been flying those unarmed transports so long that both of us had become used to it. Behind us in the empty cargo space I could see the crew chief and the radio operator searching the skies on both sides, with their inadequate Tommy guns at "ready" position.

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More enjoying breakfast with the family This is the Missus enjoying breakfast with the family WHY will they demand panCakes...? That, freely translated, is what Momma is thinking as she tries to keep pancakes coming as fast as her ravenous family can eat them. She'd like to use that dandy pancake grille that's getting full of cobwebs on top of the kitchen cupboards. But every time she tries that stunt with the percolator going too—a fuse blows. So she's given the whole thing up as a bad job. What's wrong, Momma? Chances are your house was wired more for lighting than for appliances, and your house wiring today just isn't up to the load you're asking it to carry. When you plug a refrigerator and an iron, a percolator, and a grille all onto the same circuit, the effect is like a small boy trying to climb over a high fence. It needs a boost! When labor and material are again available, you'll be able to reinforce your wiring. Until then, protect your wiring. Don't plug in too many appliances on the same circuit. Don't use fuses heavier than 15 amperes. If these blow, take your work to another room and plug in on a different circuit. For suggestions on how to bring your wiring up to date, stop in, call, or write your nearest electric company office for your free copy of "Like Soñfy—Your Home Wiring May Need New Tailoring." To enjoy your electric servants—reinforce your wiring tomorrow—protect it today! CENTRAL NEW YORK POWER CORPORATION NIAGARA HUDSON

M... The Bureau... had Sunday e... Madrid Centra... class of 1945... class marched... their cups and... tion was given... Hurland, past... ian Church at... numbers were... chorus under... Ethel Rogers... The sermon wa... James J. Gain... Baptist Church... given by the P... Phyllis Gady... man. "Americ... audience and... pronounced by... of the Method... The fifteen... program of M... was held on M... 25, at the ch... eighteen meet... ing class. The program... cessional by t... chestra. Mem... dressed in the... took their plac... They were led... the board of... Fisher; Dr. Re... Potsdam State... Rev. J. Magrin... Hughes, and P... The Invocant... Rev. J. Martin... dist Church, T... given by Robi... ions were sung... the direction o... with Miss Jen... panist on the... The address... given by Dr. R... of Social Stud... State Teach... the high schoo... and the Valed... Daniel Haley... The awards... Prin. Stewart... grade graduat... on the platfo... each presented... Readers Digest... valedictorian... Haley. The D... award of two... "I Dare You"... and John L... mention was... and Daniel Ha... the American... to Lowell W... made that Mad... place in "Abol... test put on... Journal. Diplomats w... Roy Fisher, pr... of Education a... Stewart, "Ma... Mater" was s... diction was f... Henry Hughes... tional Church... The class o... gold; the cla... white caranat... was "Each to... together." Diplomats w... following high... college prepar... and Connor M... Academic, G... Brown, Edison... renee, Noreu... McBath, Jean... and Sylvester... Agriculture, ... Oscar Willard... cational Home... sher, and Bet... merical, Myrt... Bissel (war s... Brady (war s... Diplomats g... graduates we... ald Carr, Ivan... Clayffey, Jean... ter, Gannell C... terly, Evelyn... grave, Marges... Koch, Betty... Bath, William... Neil, Maurice... kard, Elizabe... Fryce, Mildre... Streeter, Bar... Howard Trynd... Internment w... rid Catholic C... day morning... who died Mon... o'clock at the... Hospital as t... suffered whil... Massena Alum... services were... from the Sac... Massena. He... on November... the late Josep... ley Brady, H... schools. On O... ried Miss Flo... John the Bapti... lived on the I... eral years an... home on the l... road, about th... sena. Surviving... children, Jay... Joseph 7; on... Brady of Ma... Mrs. Clarence... of Madrid, I... Beattie, of M... cent (Frances)... Mrs. Leon G... Fay Catherine... and Charlie... are spending... with Mrs. Goc... and Mrs. Fay