



NEWS FROM FT. JACKSON

By Private Bobby Sloan

The rain comes down, an impermeable wall, curtaining for us a little individual world, shutting us out almost from eternity, it seems. For over an hour now no word has been spoken, and those of us who are not trying to sleep—as if we could with all the ponderous jolting of the truck beneath us—are leaden-eyed, staring blankly into the faces of the other occupants of the truck, engrossed with our own little thought-world. Or we are attempting, with a hopeless futility, to observe the countryside we are rumbling through, unvarying in the ghost-twilight of the outside fog and wetness. Covered by a huge torpid cloud of spongy fog, the reservation maneuver area landscape, monotonous beneath even the cheer of a midday sun, now seems to gather to itself a quintessence of everything unpleasant and dull, and this in turn has penetrated our spirits. The only color in the otherwise neutral of the outside is to be seen behind us, as far as the night will permit, in the little blue black-out lights of the truck, invisible to the planes which might be overhead. For we are in "enemy territory"—Somewhere in South Carolina—and we are moving forward to no-man's-land.

Like the apparition of a great segmented monster, heard loudly but seen softly, the convoy creeps its noisy way forward, with the blackout lights, leering blue eyes the only visual indication of our presence, even if there was someone out in the night vastness to see. Yesterday afternoon we were in bivouac area, far back of the front lines, but our reserve strength, it has been decided by the ones who directly control our lives, is needed, and so now we are moving in the darkness. Before nightfall, we were a laughing, joking olive-drab caravan; now the mysterious cloak of night has changed us into a creature out of some unwritten mythology.

We don't know how far we have come already and time has long since ceased to be important. A thousand rumbles back, we would

occasionally see a lighted window or doorway, with a group of silhouetted figures staring to see what manner of thing this was which was disturbing the normal routine flow of their rural lives. But now everything is dark, and soon we hope it will be sunrise. Together in our private world, it is as if we were projecting ourselves into eternity.

Someone lights a cigarette and a great rush of color floods inside our truck. Stolid wraith-like dummies become again soldiers. A soldier studiously changes position, and unconsciously there is a turning of faces in the direction of the movement. The light goes out in an instant, but the spell is broken. The glow of the cigarette remains to serve as a key, unlocking the door back into reality. Someone speaks, and again there is laughter. The rain has ceased, and now there is a star. The cloud has lost its torpidity, and again we are back in reality. Our creature of mythology vanishes, and once more we are a convoy of soldier-filled trucks. Physically we are cold and tired, but we can remain cheerful, as long as there can be laughter. "Disciplined Morale" is a term our superiors use for it. We don't have to give it a pedantic name, as long as it is there, we enjoy it. Life is not so bad.

As you can see from the above, the regiment is busily engaged in numerous short practice combat team exercises, in spite of the weather, which has not been very nice lately. However, there is no more of the severe cold weather which we experienced on the short winter maneuvers, and with the leaves beginning to bud down here at Fort Jackson, we are taking advantage of the warmer air to get in as much practice as we can before the big War Game of late spring and the summer months. Company H, as a unit of the 120th Infantry Regiment, is of course participating.

Since General Marshall's visit of the other day—during which we were reviewed by him—the air is full of the talk of where and when

Playwright LaGuardia "Sells" Food Stamp Plan



New York's versatile Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia dons a storekeeper's apron and takes the role of grocer as he "sells" the Federal Food Stamp Plan to 4,000 food dealers at Manhattan Center. To make it easier for them to understand, Hizzoner wrote, produced and directed "How The Food Stamp Plan Works" and after rehearsal (above) presented it with a full theatrical cast. Some 775,000 New Yorkers are preparing to use stamps for purchase of surplus foods.

the War Games are to take place. Every member of Company H appears to have an idea as to where and when they will take place, but of course no one knows. However, we know that these matters will be settled for us, and so there is nothing we can do about it. Wouldn't it be nice, though, if it would be—well, say good old Haywood county That's just as good a guess as one boy in Company H (whose name I will not give) who told me that he had heard it straight, and that he "guessed" it would take place in the Bahamas. If wishes were money... "Old Haywood, I Love Thee" is more than the name of a song.

The trees out on the maneuver are not the only things which are beginning to bud with the coming of spring. Some of the arms of Haywood boys with Company H are beginning to fairly blossom with newly awarded Chevrons. Corporal Clyde Robinson is now a sergeant, and has been given the responsibilities of looking after transportation for the company. Dave Edwards, who was a Private First Class with a Fourth Class Specialist Rating, is also a non-

com now. His corporal stripes look very nice.

Joe Shipley and Herbert Plott have also recently gotten corporal ratings, as well as James (Toar) Knight. Congratulations, soldiers! And you folks back home ought to see the haircuts which Kermit Murray, Willie Messer, and Glenn Gunter are now sporting. Warm weather sure enough must be coming.

Mrs. George Plott, accompanied by Miss Nellie Mehaffey, and Messers. Richard Queen and Bill Plott, arrived at Fort Jackson last Saturday to spend the week-end. Mrs. Plott came to visit her husband, Capt. Plott, the company commander of Company H.

When we first came down to Fort Jackson, many of the boys complained that the people of Columbia were not at all friendly. It all goes to show that we just didn't know them very well at first. It took us a little while to get acquainted, but once we got to know some of them, we find they are the most hospitable people in the world. As for their friendliness, ask Corporal Shipley, Sergeant Ed Hill, Corporal Grey Winchester, and Private Jimmy Howell how they enjoyed the dance Saturday night which was given for the soldier boys. We have a fine selectee from Waynesville in the company now.

The boys who work in the office of Regimental Headquarters—and there are thirty or forty of us, believe it or not—decided that while the food out here at camp was plenty good and there was plenty of it, still we wanted to have a "change of scenery" so last week we got together and had a dinner at the Hotel Jefferson, in Columbia. Sergeant Carswell was very much in evidence. That was a good dinner, wasn't it, Richard? And that fried chicken, almost as good as being at home—as far as the food was concerned.

Where \$7,000,000,000 Will

	AIRCRAFT and ACCESSORIES	\$2,054,000,000
	FARM COMMODITIES, ARTICLES	\$1,350,000,000
	ARMS, AMMUNITION, ARMOR	\$1,343,000,000
	FACTORIES, MACHINERY, TOOLS, SUPPLIES	\$752,000,000
	SHIPS and FACILITIES	\$629,000,000
	TANKS, TRUCKS, AUTO PARTS	\$362,000,000
	MILITARY EQUIPMENT	\$260,000,000
	CONDITIONING ARTICLES OF DEFENSE for the DEMOCRACIES	\$200,000,000
	FUND for CONTINGENCIES	\$40,000,000
	ADMINISTRATION	\$10,000,000

This chart shows how President Roosevelt plans to spend the \$7,000,000,000 requested of Congress to finance the Lend-Lease Act "make for democracies every gun, plane and munition of war it possibly can." The estimates were drawn up by U. S. Budget Director Harold R. Smith.

April Schedule and Program Home Clubs Announced

The program for the home demonstration clubs of the county for the month of April will center on "Making a better dress cutting and fitting."

The schedule of the meetings is as follows: Beaverdam club with Mrs. Troy Davis at two o'clock on Tuesday the first; Allen's Creek club will meet at the school house on Wednesday the 2nd, at two o'clock; Dellwood club with Mrs. Crews Moody at two o'clock on

Thursday the 3rd. The Jonathan Creek club with Mrs. Glenn Boyd at two o'clock on Friday the 4th; Maple Grove club with Mrs. B. H. Burress at two o'clock on Tuesday the 8th; Francis Cove club will meet at the church on Tuesday the 9th; Fines Creek club with Mrs. Waldo Green at ten thirty o'clock on Thursday the 10th.

Iron Duff club with Mrs. Etta Crawford at two o'clock on Friday the 11th; Morning Star club with Mrs. E. C. Medford at two o'clock on Monday the 14th; Rock Spring club with Mrs. C. B. Allen at ten

o'clock on Tuesday the 15th club with Mrs. D. J. Nease at two o'clock on Wednesday the 16th; The Maggie club with Mrs. White at two o'clock on Thursday the 17th; Crabtree club with Mrs. White at two o'clock on Friday the 18th; time set for Clyde, Cecil, West Cambria, Junaluska clubs will be announced later.

Cold Storage Lockers
The cold storage locker which has been so popular in the Midwest is rapidly taking the South, where quick facilities are badly needed.

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