

How's Out Of Demobilization

WASHINGTON—Here is the gist of the demobilization plan announced by the army V-Day in Europe: Demobilization of troops will be on an individual, rather than a unit, basis. To determine priorities for individual discharges, a point system has been set up giving credits for total months in the army, total months overseas, decorations and battle claps indicating combat service, and dependent children. This individual system will permit release of men serving in the Pacific as well as in Europe, and their replacement by men from Europe and the United States. Because of the requirements of the war with Japan, in men and in shipping, the initial demobilization after victory in Europe probably will be small. All individuals declared "superior" in the various theaters will be returned to major ports in the United States, where those with the highest priorities under the point system, provided their qualifications do not make them essential for military requirements, will be released first.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

It's going to be wonderful when the boys come home. It is! Certainly it will be wonderful for us to have them home once again, but what are we doing to make it wonderful for them? All the pies, cakes, and goodies that Mom can make, a clean bed, a quiet home. Sure that will be wonderful—for awhile, but I am afraid we will find that Johnny has grown up. Johnny too, and that pie and cake won't keep them happy long. Nor can I see them content to rest for long. They will be restless bunch wanting to do things and it won't be the carefree things they did before they went through hell to win a war. You don't expect men and women



THE OLD CANNON FIGHTS AGAIN

Relic of World War Number 1, the cannon which has rested for many years in front of the Mountain View Hotel, was sold by members of the American Legion to be turned into munitions of war. In the above picture members of the Legion can be seen just before the moving process of gun which was remodeled and made into implements of war to be used by their sons in the fight for freedom.

who have spent years training, fighting, making history to come home to a dead little town to people who are content to go on just as they have for years and years—no, you don't expect them to settle back in to the old rut and be happy, or do you? Have you ever considered what they have a right to expect from the folks back home? There's an answer in "Last You Forget," by M. Sergeant John L. Gentile, printed recently in our own Sango News. "While thinking of home and OUR PLACE IN THE SUN," I wonder are we going to do anything to help them find their place in the sun? Yes, we read and we talk and we say "things will be different this

time, these boys and girls must have their chance, a job, a good job for all this time, we are going to do that." We, who is we? Surely not you or I, but someone out there. And where are we going to do all that? things? Why, in the United States of course, but will we do them here in Sangoville? Uhuh, its easy to see the things that should be done, but do we realize that to ever do anything worthwhile we must start at home and that means Sangoville, Kalambun, Padunk, and all the other little Sangoilles the world over. But what can we do here? It would be much easier to write what we can't do here, for here we have everything to do. We have a mayor, a city council,

a Lions club, P. T. A., and a Chamber of Commerce. I doubt if we have a city plan for growth and development over the years, we have vacant uninfested buildings, we do have a little city hall with the laws passed this year. We need a drug store a picture show, a bank, all owned by residents of Sangoville. A dream wouldn't be bad, an up-to-date room to wear. We will soon have in operation a show, a photographer, a bakery frozen food locker plant around which any number of businesses could be built—canning plants, jams, jellies, etc. We have a beautiful high school that isn't cared for, a grade school that could be improved. And then, we read in our Sango

News that a certain road will be built up the highway a mile or so—what's wrong with Sangoville? We have a large airport going in nearby. It will employ a lot of people who will buy homes and spend their money in some town nearby. Will it be Sangoville? What does this mean to our boys and girls, a better home town, a job or a business? What do they expect? I quote again from "Last You Forget": "How often has this thought run through your mind—'I'd sure give a lot for those boys left behind! And if they were alive and here today. What are you reading to just what they'd say. To them there's a debt that no one can pay. To more will they see the light of day. Just to those who return WHAT LIES IN STORE—the country they believed worth fighting for? Are you offering something for their better deeds. OPPORTUNITIES TO EARN LIFE'S MANY NEEDS! To those who come back you can't pay it yet. ARE WE OFFERING THEM ANYTHING WHEN THEY COME BACK?—G. Ward Peasley in the Sangoville (Texas) News."

Homing Pigeon Loses Its Way; Becomes Spy
HENRY HEMPHREY—When a homing pigeon lost its way over Britain it flew to Holland and became a spy. J. Thorpe, of Hemet, N.C., England, released four pigeons in Scotland to race home. Three arrived. The fourth was caught in Holland two days later and, after being rested, was released once more. This time it found its way home, bringing with it the following message: "The Germans have killed all my pigeons. I will communicate with you after the war." A message in code was attached.

Bandage Club Adds To War Effort
Days and nights of the Sango Sango Club have done their part on the home front to spend the day of victory, which was an ever exciting day. They have collected soap, paper, and the cans. These materials were needed, and they did an excellent job in collecting them. Sango Sango's Bandage Club was organized at Central High School under the leadership of Miss Jean Higgins, faculty adviser. The fifty seven members of the club have written 1,500 letters and mailed 100 packages to former Kings Mountain School boys and girls now in service. The club has been most successful, as many of the boys have written to members how much they appreciated the many letters they received. The Bandages in the name of the group of girls from the High School who have joined together each Tuesday night at the Red Cross War Rooms to sell bandages. The girls called 1,500 bandages. Faculty advisers for the group were Mrs. W. T. Weir and Miss Helen Logan. Through the efforts of Band and Stamp members, people and teachers of Central School bought enough bonds and stamps through the club to buy a trainer plane and five jeeps. Ninety percent of the students bought war stamps and bonds, and the school was granted the privilege of flying the Sango Sango flag for the month of March. The total sale of bonds and stamps for the entire year amounted to \$24,070.00 which was approximately four times as much as the amount sold last year.

Liping Lawyer Gets Leave to Fix Teeth
CHATTANOOGA—Criminal Court Judge Frank Darwin allowed a continuance in an assault case when the defense attorney pleaded: "Counsel has just recently had some new teeth put in and is unable to prosecute properly, and, therefore, does not feel he can represent the defendant properly at this time."

Injured in Fight, He Gets Real Mad

Yank Flier Shoots Down 8 And Staves Off Enemy.

LONDON—A shell burst which wounded Sergt James R. Hamilton, of Joyntown, Ky., in a big aerial battle over Germany made him so fighting mad that he shot down possibly eight German fighters in a three hour battle it was announced. Hamilton was tail gunner of the Flying Fortress Bad Penny, piloted by First Lieut. Fred D. Graham of Coral Gables, Fla., who said: "If that fellow didn't get at least eight Nazis we'll eat our helmets—car-phones and all." "That battle of Sergeant Hamilton," as his crew mates call it, began when their No. 4 engine was knocked out as they were over the target, the German industrial city of Ocherleben. The Bad Penny lagged behind its formation and the Nazi fighters swooped in for a kill. Hamilton opened fire, and the crew heard him yell, "Wow! I got the so-and-so's." Then silence. No one knew he had been hit, for his gun started blazing again and Nazi fighters were seen falling in flames. "These fighters attacked us for three hours, and Hamilton got the best of it," said Graham. "He just put on a one-man show back there in the tail. My crew swore he got at least eight Nazis and maybe ten. We would never have reached England if he hadn't been cracking away the way he did. And he was weak from loss of blood, too." Hamilton is making a rapid recovery from his wound and will soon be ready for another bout.

Plane Made Long Trip
Hunting Field in Fog

A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE FERRY STATION, Northern Ireland—It's a tough game when a ferry pilot takes off in the Irish fog to deliver a bomber to England, and winds up in Scotland with only a drop of gasoline, after trying to land and back by dead reckoning, desperately seeking a place to land. This happened only a short while ago to an American ferry command pilot flying without crew, navigator or radio in a Flying Fortress. He could not land for ten hours because he could not find anything but fog and water until he landed down through a hole in the clouds and over Scotland. The incident bolstered the ferry pilot's conviction that they had charmed lives. Their job is to deliver urgently needed planes to the English air force bases throughout the British Isles after these planes have been assembled or "cracked" in Ireland on their arrival from the United States. They have no navigators or radio, so they climb across the Irish sea, often at only 50 feet and in all sorts of weather. Although charmed, these pilots are the most skilled and courageous men in the world.

IT'S JUST The Same, JOHNNY, Just the same . . .

THE old town is just as you left it, Johnny. All the things you've been fighting for are just the same . . . and we're counting the days till you can take your place among them. The lights still shine in the drug store of an evening. The cars still park along the main stem. You can still wake up at night and hear the echoing whistle of the through-freight. And though the floodlights turn off a little earlier in the filling station than they used to, there's still someone there to wipe your windshield off while the gas pump rings up the fare. Baseball and double-features, chicken on Sunday, and the church where you worshipped . . . all these are just the same, too, Johnny—and all the sights and sounds and, most of all, the **FRIENDLINESS** that go to make up this Amer-

ican town—your own home-town! Of course, Johnny, it won't really be the same until you get back, until you step off the train in your uniform with its campaign ribbons, tanner, stronger, leaner, perhaps a bit taller than when you went away—but otherwise the same fellow we used to know. So here we are, looking forward now to your home-coming. Looking forward to the day we can shake your hand, to the day when you will hang up those khakis or blues in the closet, resume your place among us and take up the good American life just where you left it. We've kept things for you just the way you know them, Johnny. We know you want it that way.

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