

Gems of Thought

WHAT a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health.—Emerson.

Every one is least known to himself, and it is very difficult for a man to know himself.—Cicero.

True love is like ghosts which everybody talks about and few have seen.—Rochefoucauld.

How'er so cramped the field where in he works, He has not failed—the man who never shirks.

—L. A. McCARTHY.

Experience is a good school, but the fees are high.—Heine.

Impersonation of U. S. Military Officer a Felony

The impersonation of an American military officer, which is a felony, is subject to a maximum penalty of a three-year sentence, or a \$1,000 fine, or both; while the illegal wearing of a uniform, which is a misdemeanor, is subject to a maximum penalty of a six-month sentence, or a fine of \$300, or both, says Collier's.

Yet impersonators constituted 318 of the 756 persons caught and sent to prison last year for these offenses.

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Jeep

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✓ Passenger Car
✓ Light Tractor
✓ Power Plant

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MEXSANA
SOOTHING MEDICATED POWDER

WHY TAKE HARSH LAXATIVES?

Simple Fresh Fruit Drink
Makes Purgatives Unnecessary for Most People

Here's a way to overcome constipation without harsh laxatives. Drink juice of 1 Sunkist Lemon in a glass of water first thing on arising.

Most people find this all they need—stimulates normal bowel action day after day!

Lemon and water is good for you. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue, helps resist colds and infections. They supply valuable amounts of vitamins B₁ and P. They pep up appetite. They alkalize, aid digestion. Lemon and water has a fresh tang too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

Try this grand wake-up drink 10 mornings. See if it doesn't help you! Use California Sunkist Lemons.

Freckles

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It tells a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. More than just a freckle cream... makes skin lighter... it's texture softer... smoother. Over 32,000,000 jars have been purchased at drug and cosmetic counters in the last half century. A postal card brings this interesting story to you.

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Get Into Action
For Full Victory!

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY

© WHITE

by W. L. White

W.N.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Lieut. Col. Frank Kurtz, pilot of a Flying Fortress, tells of that fatal day when the Japs struck in the Philippines. Eight of his men were killed while fleeing for shelter, and Old 99, with many other Fortresses, was demolished on the ground. After escaping to Australia, what is left of the squadron flies to Java, where they go on many missions over the Philippines and Macassar Strait. Serg. Boone, gunner, tells how Queens die, from eye witness experience. Java sea is now full of Jap carriers. The Japs bombard a helpless Dutch town, and a Jap bomb blows up the kitchen. Another bomb scores a direct hit on the fliers' supply of beer.

CHAPTER XVI

"The Dutch made us steel tripods for them in a machine shop, but we had a hell of a time getting anyone to dig the holes. We were flying missions and couldn't do it ourselves. So Silva and I took the truck and went into Madiun. On the street corners we saw a bunch of natives standing around picking their teeth or scratching their bottoms. We argued they must be Jap sympathizers, or else they would have been busy helping win the war. So we pulled out our .45's, and by a coincidence they all got into that truck, and dug us some of the nicest foxholes you ever saw. After that, when the alarm would go off we could run to those foxholes and swing a gun—we knocked down five Zeros with them in the short time we were there.

"We were fixing up our planes, too. Our tail guns had finally cured the Japs of making attacks from behind. Now they were coming in at all directions, hunting for our soft spots, feeling us out like we were some dame on a sofa, but mostly they were hitting us head-on, because they discovered that in the nose we had only a single little .30-caliber. I guess the designers, after putting in those tail guns, had figured they could rest on their laurels, but you can never do that long in a war.

"So we got busy there on Madiun Field. We mounted a big .50-caliber down in the navigator's compartment, rigging it so it would fire out of the ventilator. And for good measure we stuck in another .30-caliber.

"Since then they're carrying out this idea at the factory, but the only way any factory can learn what is needed is from the combat crews themselves.

"That was the week I got into something way over my head in this liaison work," said Frank, "but first you ought to look at that big de luxe hotel which was the unofficial capital of Java. Its lobby, bar, and dining room were crowded with uniforms—British, Dutch, and American. It looked like a Hollywood costume parade.

"The Dutch are great eaters, and they have something they call resistance. You order it and then sit back and eat while twenty-three waiters line up and walk by your table, each carrying a different sauce or fish or bowl of relish or rice.

"In the bar you might see the boys of Patrol Wing 10 in from reconnaissance, drinking Daiquiris (this hotel was Navy billeting headquarters), and often I would see my old Hollywood High School classmate John Robertson sitting there in his off hours, very handsome in his Naval pilot's uniform, and with him was the most beautiful girl in Surabaya.

"She had dark hair, and an almost ghostly pale face that was sad in repose. Then a smile would quickly light it up, and you'd wonder how you could ever have thought that. And the most beautiful legs in the city. When she'd walk through the bar clinging to John's arm and looking up at him, even the oldest and crabbier admiral would rustle a little in his chair and lean out to give them a formal inspection.

"John was very busy and I don't think he gave her much thought, but still it's nice to have the most beautiful girl in town crazy about you, to the point where it even bothers the admirals.

"She was, so they said, a very high Dutch socialite and had lots of money, which you might guess by how simple and expensive her evening dresses were. In the daytime she wore a beautifully tailored uniform of one of the woman's volunteer organizations. I think she drove a car for the Dutch General Staff.

"Meanwhile my job was growing by leaps and jumps. In that hotel dining room you might see General Wavell, the British Commander in Chief, or Admiral Hart, or General Brett, who commanded the United Nations Air Force, or Van Oeyen, the Dutch Commander in Chief. I was circulating among the tables, and my brief case was so crammed with hot information I wouldn't trust it in a checkroom.

"There was a feeling of tension. Refugees had been crowding in from Singapore and Sumatra. Now there was a feeling that maybe they'd be crowding out soon. Lots of the natives had already left, and those servants who remained you knew were staying only because they were very loyal. But to whom? Maybe to the Dutch. Or maybe to someone else—staying around to watch us, relaying information we knew not how, or to whom.

"Except that I knew they were watching me, maybe only out of idle curiosity as I circulated from one table to the other, and kept that brief case leaning against my leg when I sat at my own table.

"That hotel certainly wasn't built to keep military secrets. The big high-ceilinged bedrooms had only swinging half-doors like barrooms—open to the air above and below. The barefooted native servants looked after them, only I'd catch them slipping in and out of mine at queer times of the day. But I thought I only imagined it. I also



The same fist which held the flashlight also held a steel knife.

suspected they were listening in the corridor outside. One evening a couple of the pilots were down from Malang—going back the same night—sitting on my bed while we talked over new orders, and somehow a feeling grew on me we were being watched. I whispered to the others to go on talking, slipped off my shoes, tiptoed to the door. Just as I opened it I caught a glimpse of a white robe flitting around the corner. When I got out into the blacked-out corridor, I could see nothing. But then I was sure.

"That night I slept with my brief case under my pillow. In addition every bed was provided with a Dutch widow. At first the American pilots didn't know what to make of this and would kick them out on the floor. I should maybe explain that a Dutch widow is a long padded bolster, and if you sleep with it between your knees, it keeps your legs from pressing together and sweating in the tropical heat. After a while the pilots began to like them.

"But that night I went to sleep wondering about the white shape I'd seen flit around the corner. It seemed about the same size as the waiter who had been staring at me in the dining room for the past three days. Only staring isn't quite the word. Because this particular little chili-picker had glassy eyes like a turtle. I could never catch them directly on me, but I had the feeling it was I he was interested in.

"Two nights later Lieutenant Jacquet came up from Malang. By the time we had finished work it was so late I suggested he'd better spend the night with me. I put my brief case under my pillow as usual. On this particular night it contained something so important I don't even like to talk about it now. Maybe that was why I slept uneasily. Or maybe because the whole outlook for the war was so bad. I realized in the Philippines I had only been lucky, and I might never get out of Java. It was very hot, and in the distance a thunderstorm was muttering as it moved toward the city.

"Anyway, I'd been lightly asleep for about an hour when a glare awoke me. It was a flashlight, held very close—a haze of yellow light coming through the mosquito net-

ting over my face. But in this haze I could see that the same fist which held the flashlight also held a steel knife, and that its point stuck down into the yellow cone of that flashlight. The other hand was just touching the edge of my pillow.

"I gave a yell and dived through that netting like a cat, but the yellow light instantly winked out, and I was standing there alone in the darkness, while Jacquet rolled out on the other side. He hadn't been as nervous as I, and was sleeping more deeply. But just then a blue lightning flash lit up the room, and by its quick glare I saw the door into the corridor closing (I was sure I had locked it). But when I got out into the corridor it seemed empty.

"Why hadn't he stabbed me? I think because he was surprised to find Jacquet there. One of us would surely have been able to make an outcry. And I thought to myself, 'Well, stranger, for a newcomer you're sure getting into a lot of things, because you never thought some guy you didn't know and had never bothered would ever try to kill you through mosquito netting in a place called Java.' The brief case was okay."

"And the queer thing was," said Margo, "that just at this time the report got back to America that Frank was dead. He'd been killed in a flying accident in Java. I was down in Florida by then, and the only man I could really talk to was Cliff Jensen, an Air Corps boy we had known at March and Albuquerque, and later at Morrison Field.

"He was stationed near by, and now was working twenty-one hours a day for the rest of the gang who were fighting in Java. I could really talk to Cliff—we understood each other. The rumor that Frank was dead somehow reached Australia, and of course the Air Corps is a small place. In a few days Colonel Truesdell in California heard it from one of the ferry pilots, and a few days later Cliff heard of it. He didn't tell me, because he wasn't quite sure, but some people thought it had really happened.

"I could feel the difference. They were looking at me queerly now. They would say what a fine boy Frank 'had been.' Or that they were praying for his safe return. They never understand. They can't see that what you're anxious about is not the distant future, but this very night. Is he hungry? Must he go out on a mission? Maybe he's been badly hurt during the day, and you don't know it yet.

"Praying that everything will be all right during those weeks and months to come scares you—it's asking too much, you're afraid. You just pray he's all right tonight, and isn't wounded, and will get enough sleep, so he'll be strong and alert and have a good chance tomorrow. You don't dare ask more.

"Also those strong plump sunburned men who could leave their business for months to lie around on the Florida sands were very 'realistic' about the war—sure it was all a terrible mess and everything was going to pieces, offering me lots of sympathy. But what had any of them ever done to get us a decent Air Force in the past? Or what good were they or their 'realism' doing anyone now? I liked Cliff's better. He knew what the boys were up against and was up half the night trying to hurry reinforcements. Out of the little we had (and he knew how little), so they could hold what they could. Cliff made sense. The rest was a nightmare."

"When we'd first hit Java," said Frank, "we'd been full of the offensive spirit—sure we were going to roll the Japs back off the Philippines onto Formosa with those thousand planes which, according to rumor, were coming within three months. The second month was almost up now, Java was unsteady under our feet, and we'd so far received about two dozen P-40's, maybe a few more Forts than that, and seven dive bombers. Hardly fifty planes in all.

"Now we knew the offensive was out for the time being. What we prayed for was fighters—to defend what was left of our Forts and those beautifully camouflaged Dutch airfields. With fighters to hold them off, we knew we could hold Java.

"All right, suppose the Japs had moved into Timor and cut the jugular vein from Australia, so that our P-40's could no longer hop to the island chain to us on their belly tanks? Why not a carrier? Couldn't the Navy spare just one—which could load up with P-40's in Australia and then, when it was still several hundred miles from Java and out of range of the Jap bombers, it could turn the P-40's loose, let them fly on in to us, and go back for another load?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Ah me, what suffering they mean!
To have to stay dressed up all day
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Some 24 hours before a storm the fish comes to the surface, moving about in an unusually energetic manner, and this habit has led to its being confined in glass globes as a barometer.

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Kidneys Must Work Well

For You To Feel Well

24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling.

Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisons from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

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