

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

RABBIT SKINS

POULTRY, Hides, Wool, Good white frier tame rabbit skins, 60c to \$1.00 a lb. Ship or ask prices. Ruby & Co., 335 S. W. Front, Portland, Oregon.

FOR SALE

REGISTERED ROMNEY SHEEP

A ROMNEY FOUNDATION cannot be excelled for all around utility purposes. Oakmead rams and ewes are out of imported stock. Every animal in flock has been carefully inspected and classified for your reference. Inquire Oakmead Farm, Route 2, Newberg, Oregon. Phone 3473 or 215 S. W. Jefferson Street, Portland, Oregon. ATwater 1146.

INTERNATIONAL ELECTRIC FENCE COMPANY

Sells the highest voltage and most successful fence controllers. Guaranteed to outperform any other make, regardless of price. Service on all makes. Used fences for sale cheap. Liberal trade-in allowance. See your dealer first, or write to International Electric Fence Co., Inc., 2215 Main Street, Vancouver, Wash.

FARM LANDS

Snohomish County dairy farms many stocked and equipped. Fine poultry farms, suburban homes and acreages. Also Okanogan Stock farms from 1200 to 6000 acres. These are going out with a good history of successful operation. Gilbert Anderson & Co., Realtors, 2923 Wetmore Ave., Everett, Washington.

TO JERSEY CATTLE BREEDERS

FOR SALE—A complete accredited herd of highest class Jersey cattle of Glamorgan, Volante and Lord of the Isle strains. Now producing 16 to 1700 lbs. of milk per day on R. O. P. Apply to owner, BASIL GARDOM, 1005 Vancouver Block, Vancouver, B. C.

1080 A. hay, grain and stock farm, 6 1/2 miles off highway; 475 a. till, 115 a. alfalfa, leases on 88 acres with 325 a. till. New modern house, water system, large barns, 400 summerfallow. Price \$35,000; half cash, balance 4% int. C. E. Brooks, Goldendale, Wash.

TO CLOSE ESTATE. 30 acres near Troutdale for sale; a third or more is black sandy loam and beaverdam, ideal for producing celery and similar crops; creek, ditches, springs, and ample water rights. A real opportunity. A. T. Allen, Porter Building, Portland, Ore.

FARMS: Several good buys in substantial region of Washington State. Small and mostly family size. Post war security. Produces berries—filler—also center for poultry and dairy business. Markins Realty Company, Winlock, Washington.

MILLIONAIRE Dude Ranch. 1500 acres, mostly open fine grazing. 300 acres tillable, luxurious modern bldgs. \$35,000. Also 233 Oregon's Best Acres, level, beautiful, fine buildings, \$20,000. C. E. Root, Agent, R4, Eugene, Oregon.

1107 ACRES stock and wheat ranch, 10 miles from Heppner, Ore. 375 acres cultivated, 20 irrigated. Year-round creek; 2 good springs, one piped to 4-room house and yard. Daily mail. A. V. Wright, Heppner, Oregon.

FOR SALE—220 acre ranch; very good large buildings, stock, fine equipment, abundance water, fuel, pasture fenced, large range area. Come and see any day except Sunday. Keith Conner, R. 2, Ukiah, Washington.

500 ACRES, good soil; 100 acres in peas, 80 acres in hay; running water; fair improvements; gravel road. Priced \$30 per acre. Address George J. McFadden, Plummer, Idaho.

12-UNIT stucco tourist court, 8 fully modern, store and gas station attached. Highway 30. \$15,500 plus store inventory. Write owner for details. Box 396, Union, Oregon.

UTAH BLANKETS—Write for our low wholesale price list. All blankets shipped on approval. J. E. Neal Blanket Co., Spokane, Washington.

HELP WANTED

AUTOMOTIVE MACHINISTS

Engine assembling also crankshaft, piston grinding & main line boring operators. Permanent postwar jobs. Union shop. 48-hour wk. Auth. ref. req. Northwest Motor Parts & Mfg. Co., 566 1st Ave. So., Seattle, Wash.

SPECIAL

GET OUR CASH OFFER BEFORE YOU SELL YOUR TRUCK OR AUTOMOBILE. BOONE & CO., 2033 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.

TREATMENT HELPS DIABETICS DROP INSULIN, eliminates sugar. Leon Willet Hyde, M. D., Young Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Toothy Laugh

Harry—I'm stepping out in society. Tonight I'm going out with the upper set.

Jerry—The steak may be tough. You'd better take the lower set, too!

Couldn't Be Helped

Teacher—This math paper looks as if it is in your father's handwriting.

Johnny—Well, I did use his fountain pen!

HEMORRHOIDS (Piles) Hernia (Rupture), Fissure or Fistula

Such disorders impair your health—efficiency—earning power. For 30 years we have successfully treated thousands of people for these ailments. No hospital operation. No confinement. No loss of time from work. Call for examination or send for FREE descriptive booklet. Open Evenings, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 to 8:30

Dr. C. J. DEAN CLINIC

Physician and Surgeon

N. E. Cor. E. Burnside and Grand Ave. Telephone East 3918, Portland, Oregon

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 Forts, 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 the Java sea. The Japs learn the weakness of the E model Fortress, but the boys stick a .50-caliber gun in the navigator's compartment. Kurtz senses he is being watched in Java and one night awakens at the glare of a flashlight. The hand that held it also held a dagger. The would-be assassin gets away.

CHAPTER XVII

"We dreamed and prayed for this. And as a matter of fact the Navy did make an attempt. An aircraft tender was loaded with P-40's and started out from Australia. But what happened was just what was feared. Those P-40's were in crates stacked high on her decks, so she had to come clear in—through skies the Jap bombers ruled. She went down with her entire crew and those crated P-40's forty miles off the southwest coast of Java—but I'm sure the Navy was doing the best it could for us with what they had.

"The next night a Navy man who had just got in from our little fleet told me what had happened to the Marblehead and the Houston, those two beautiful cruisers which had been the nucleus of our Asiatic Fleet—helping the Dutch and Australians defend Java. With the rest of the fleet they'd been out in the Java-Sea. When they sighted a Jap recon plane overhead about noon, they knew they were in for trouble. They had no carrier, of course, which could send a fighter up to shoot it down. He said the Jap bombers presently came over them from their bases in Borneo and the Celebes (our bases they had captured) in three waves, spaced about half an hour apart. By skillful maneuvering they dodged the bombs of the first two waves. But the third, which crippled them, caught them just at sundown, and chewed their superstructures into steel spaghetti.

"In the darkness, they were able to crawl away out of range, and the Marblehead eventually got back to the States."

"But troubles of our own were looming ahead. The boys in Navy Patrol Wing 10 came in with the report that their planes on reconnaissance had sighted a force of six Jap transports and five warships headed toward Bali Strait, which divides Java from Bali. They were after the Den Passar airdrome on Bali—our last stepping-stone—having already occupied the airfield at Timor. This was, as maybe you now begin to see, a war of airdromes—Clark, Del Monte, Kendari, Samarinda, Kupang, all of them lost pearls in the United Nations' defenses, and now Den Passar. Next it could only be Malang, KNILM, Gnorro, and Madiun—all we had left on the strand.

"All I can say is the Dutch and Americans were ready to defend Bali with what we had. Our little surface navies moved in that night to clip them a glancing blow on the run, as they'd done at Macassar Strait, and our submarines did a grand job in the moonlight. The Colonel sent his Fortresses out and down to 5,000, to paste them from the air. We left two transports burning in the moonlight, and a crippled cruiser.

"Next morning it was up to the Air Force alone, because the Navy was too tiny to venture out by day. The Forts went over, of course—in fact everything we had, to smash at those Jap transports as they poured thirty thousand troops onto the beach at Bali. The P-40's were led by Bud Sprague himself. That morning he got his commission as a lieutenant colonel. He paused just before the take-off to scrawl his signature on his papers, but he didn't take time to pretty himself up in his new silver leaves; I guess he was satisfied to die in his old gold ones. Because what they desperately needed was dive bombers, and about all they had was P-40's—a fighter plane which was never built as a stable platform to launch an egg from. But all right, there the job was to do, and so Bud climbed into the cockpit.

"How many passes at the target are we going to make?" someone asked.

"Depends on how many wild hairs I'm sprouting when we get over her," says Bud with a grin, and they were off.

"He led them cold pigeon into that Jap barrage over the Bali beach—Hell!—back here, the people don't know that boy ever did a thing out there—and the other boys saw him go down in on his run—and never come up again. Yet his boys—what

are left of them—still like to hope maybe he succeeded in landing on that Bali beach, which looks so nice in the travel folders, and will turn up grinning some day, telling them what a social success he was with the natives.

"But it was pitiful. We lost almost all our dive bombers there, and about half our P-40 fighters. Of course Bud and his gang made the Japs pay ten to one for taking that airfield—but the Japs had it to pay.

"With the Japs holding that Bali field, they could send bombers and fighters into every corner of Java, and we knew it was almost over. But anyway the Forts could now bomb our own field the Japs had taken from us—very convenient, because we knew exactly where everything was.

"When I got back late to the hotel there was that beautiful Dutch girl, the one with the black hair and the pale face which was so wistfully sad in repose. Only there were no sudden little smiles lighting it up now. She was at the table where she and John Robertson



Caught them just at sundown and chewed their superstructures into steel spaghetti.

usually sat, alone. When she saw me she jumped up and came running across the room. Had I seen John? she wanted to know, in her pretty broken English.

"Out in the lobby they had told me John was missing. He'd been out on reconnaissance patrol in that lumbering slow old Navy flying boat, and there had been two messages from him: 'Many Zeros sighted,' and then about a minute later a final one: 'Zeros closing in.' That left only three of the ones I knew in gallant Patrol Wing 10, Commander Peterson, Bill Hardy, and Duke Campbell. None of them had been able to tell her, and when I looked at her face I found I couldn't either. Because it was the face of someone frozen with fear in a nightmare—so frozen you knew she daren't move to accept the truth if you told her, so I too was afraid.

"In all the evenings that were left (there were not to be many) I avoided that lobby, because it was haunted by a ghost—a pretty, pale, fear-frozen face that came running up to you and asked, with hope forced into a frightened smile, if you had seen John. To me the most frightening ghost of all—the ghost of a dead love which will not die.

"But there's something else that should be told, only I must go back in the story a little. The Army had sent a high ground officer to Surabaya on a special mission of great importance, and with about a million dollars deposited to his credit in the Javische Bank. With this he was to buy and equip with supplies three blockade runners which would carry to Corregidor ammunition, medical supplies, and food for those poor devils on Bataan who were still fighting on. Two of the ships had already left. A third was almost ready to go.

"This officer left Java the twenty-sixth of February. The day after he left, his assistant, a young second lieutenant, called me up in considerable anxiety. His chief, he explained, had paid him the compliment of leaving him in Surabaya in

entire charge of completing the arrangements.

"Nothing remained to be done except the most important thing of all: the officer before leaving had been unable to find a radio operator for this last ship. Without one they could not start, because unless they gave a prearranged radio signal when they approached Corregidor, the Rock's guns would blow them to pieces. Could the Air Force possibly let them have a radio operator? Since the mission was a dangerous one, the assistant said he would pay a man who volunteered a bonus out of the money his chief had left in the bank.

"Now asking our Colonel for a radio operator was like asking him for his right arm. But Java was caving in, the situation was tense. Our Colonel hesitated, and then said that while he couldn't order anyone on so dangerous a mission, he thought, even after we explained clearly what it was, we could get a volunteer.

"And we did. We told the men the mission was most dangerous but of the greatest possible service to our country. And out of the line stepped a clean-cut, alert-looking kid called Sergeant Warrenfeltz. Only after this did I tell him of the five-thousand-dollar bonus. We let Warrenfeltz go down and look over the ship, loaded with surgical equipment, food, drugs, and three hundred thousand rounds of .30-caliber ammunition, so that she was practically a floating bomb. He talked to the captain (a Swede) and looked over the Negro and Chinese crew. There were two—one for topside dressed like Javanese natives so the Japs might mistake her for a fishing trawler. Then Warrenfeltz came to me with written orders from the bomber command and I told him the ports of call. They were to slip out at night, down the north coast of Java, through Lombok Strait, then along the Netherlands East Indies, then cut up east of the Celebes, running the Jap blockade into the Philippines till they came to Manila Bay entrance, where they would be challenged by the Rock. And he was to answer on the radio with the proper signal.

"He knew what he was getting into. We'd been flying over those waters for months; he knew just how thick the Jap surface ships were, and also that they had hardly a fifty per cent chance of escaping being blown up by a Jap mine just outside the breakwater. Why did he do it? To help those poor devils in the infantry, dying on Bataan. He'd seen the cargo. And then the money—he told me exactly what to do with that, and the message I must send, but we'll come to it later. Of course it was all pretty irregular, paying a man for heroism. Maybe when peace comes, somebody in a swivel chair in Washington will start writing us letters asking us why we did it, and I don't know what we'll say. And then it all ended happily for us, because the money Warrenfeltz was supposed to receive for trying to do what he did was never paid. But that comes later.

"Meanwhile we had other things to worry about. The Japs had put a little landing force ashore on a tiny island sixty miles north of Surabaya, and taken over its radio station.

"They hadn't told us yet," said the Bombardier, "but we smelled it. Rumors were running all over the place that we might evacuate any time now. Madiun, where I was based, was being bombed every day now—we'd go out on a mission and always come back to find craters in our runways. When we'd land, immediately there'd be another alarm and we'd have to hop off the field without servicing the planes or loading more bombs.

"Also, instead of going out to targets in formations, we now were going singly. As soon as we'd get one ship on the ground long enough to get it gassed and bombed up, we'd take off by our little lonesome, dodging Zeros to pick just any target from the countless transports that were swarming off Java. In the last week I got a light cruiser and a transport—blew the end off the transport.

"Nothing was sure, except the fact that all those Jap ships moving toward Java weren't pleasure yachts, and that we didn't have any reception committee to meet them. On what turned out to be my last day I got my plane loaded with bombs and took off, headed for a huge convoy we'd heard was coming down toward us from Borneo. We met it halfway—the plane ahead of us was already pasting it when we arrived. We came in at 28,000 watching this first ship plunking direct hits on two parallel strings of transports—seventeen in each string, thirty-four in all, with fifteen or twenty naval craft circling them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The clouds are gentle peaceful things They sail along in aimless ways. Who'd think that they were mean enough To rain right down on picnic days?



WNU Features.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BUY—SELL—TRADE

WILL BUY, SELL, OR TRADE Guns and ammunition. Authorized referral required. 500 North High Street, Salem, Oregon.

LUMBER

Window Frame and Cabinet Makers Defense housing available. Authorized referral required. SAVAGE LUMBER & MFG. COMPANY Renton Wash.

Greatest Lipogram

The Odyssey of Tryphiodorus is the world's greatest lipogram, or literary work composed only of words not having a certain letter. In each of these 24 books, the writer successively omitted one of the 24 letters of the Greek alphabet.

A Dab a Day keeps P.O. away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)



YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

- isn't stiff or sticky! Soft—it spreads like face cream.
- is actually soothing! Use right after shaving—will not irritate.
- has light, pleasant scent. No sickly smell to cling to fingers or clothing.
- will not spoil delicate fabrics.

Yet tests in the tropics—made by nurses—prove that Yodora protects underarm trying conditions. In tubes or jars, 10c, 25c, 60c. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines that cause the stomach to relax. But Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a gentle, effective remedy that brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness

(Also Fine Stomachic Tonic)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous to relieve periodic pain and accompanying nervous, weak, tired-out feelings—when due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and thus is the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

WNU-13

27-44

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood. You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS