

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., 535 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 sires. Every animal in flock has been carefully inspected and classified for your reference. Inquire Oakmead Farm, Route 2, Newberg, Oregon. Phone 3473 or 218 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.

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

MILLIONAIRE Dude Ranch. 1500 acres, mostly open fine grazing. 300 acres tillable, luxurious modern bldgs. \$35,000. Also 223 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; 3 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, Uak, Washington.

SELL Masonette frocks. Low price, your dresses free. \$10 day up. Comm. Vesta Rutherford, P. O. Box 1261, Portland, Ore.

BUTCHER shop in Wenatchee Valley, 150 lockers and good feed business. Room for smoke house. \$2000 cash down payment with or without bldg. \$7,000 cash price complete. Box 65, Dryden, Wash.

LATHES, SHAPERS, DRILL PRESSES. All kinds Shop Equipment. MACHINERY EXCHANGE CO. 2730-1st Ave. So., Seattle, Wash.

REGISTERED milking Shorthorn bull calves, 3 to 6 months old, from cows that are producing 8,000 to 10,000 lbs. milk a year. Price \$150 up. Bert Connell, Hamer, Idaho.

FLOWER SHOP and Greenhouse—established 15 years, completely modern. Owner retiring. Real opportunity. Only business of this kind in St. Helens, Oregon. E. T. Steele, 295 S. 1st St., St. Helens, Ore.

FOR SALE REDBONE bitch and registered Blood hound pups from the best cougar cat bear dogs. \$10.00 and \$15.00. H. B. Miller, R.F.D. 1, Molalla, Oregon.

HELP WANTED

100 raspberry pickers wanted now. Cabins, wood, water & light furnished. Price \$1.00 a crate with 25 cents bonus. Washington Raspberry, Sour Cherries Blackberries to be harvested. L. L. Wade, Route 2, Box 130, Puyallup, Wash.

SPECIAL

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



DENTAL PLATES
AND ALL BRANCHES OF
DENTISTRY ON CREDIT TERMS
Take 5, 10, 15 Months to Pay
DR. HARRY SEMLER, Dentist
ALISKY BLDG. - 3rd & MORRISON - PORTLAND, ORE.

Large Order
Salesman—Well, I've shown you all the linoleum we have in stock, but there are some other designs I could order sent up from the warehouse.

Lady—That might be a good idea. You see I want something in a very small pattern—just a little square—for my bird cage!

Precocious Baby
Joe—Will you lend me five dollars for a week, old boy?
Bill—What would a 'week-old boy do with five dollars?

Quick Cure
Jones—Weren't you in the hospital last week?
Smith—Yes, I had a terrible high fever.
Jones—What did they give you to cure it?
Smith—A homely nurse!

Bragging!
Joe—Why, my girl is so bashful she won a prize for bashfulness.
Bill—What was the prize?
Joe—I don't know. She was too bashful to go up and get it!

No Errors
Nit—Our school has a baseball team that made a single and three home runs in one inning and yet not one man came across home plate.
Wit—Why?
Nit—It's a girls' team!

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 Fords, 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 boys in Java hear what happened to the Maribhead and the Houston and morale sags. Bud Sprague, who got his commission in the morning, dies that afternoon. The Japs take Ball field, and all Java is caving in. Sgt. Warrenfeltz volunteers for a very dangerous mission.

CHAPTER XVIII

"I had only four bombs—we hadn't had time to load more before the air-raid alarm blew and we'd had to clear off the field—so I sighted on the last ship and let go all four in a stick.

"If you're dropping instantaneous fuse bombs, of course you see the splash of deck planking and debris the instant it hits, but it doesn't do much damage—all on the surface. But these were delayed-action fuses. From that altitude there isn't much to see when they first crack the deck. There's a little pause, and then there's the sweetest geyser of deck splinters, and foam, and machinery, and Japanese infantry corporals you'd ever hope to gaze down at. As I think I said, we blew her stern off. I kept peeking back until the debris subsided, and I could see solid blue water between the two halves of the ship.

"We got back to Madiun Field just in time to take off in the face of three strafing Zeros, our side gunner—a National Guard boy we'd picked up in Java; the rest of his outfit all stayed and got captured—knocking one of them down almost before we got our wheels up. When the other two went away we reloaded, and found a bomb somewhere had knocked our electricity out. We had to refuel by hand, using flashlights. Also we were using them trying to repair our brakes when all of a sudden came a terrific Bang! It shook the ship so badly it knocked one guy off the wing, and he fell face-down on the field. Of course we were sure that the Japs, seeing our flashlights, had dropped a bomb. But no. Oh, no!

"It was just the methodical Dutch, carefully scorching the earth by blowing up our ammunition dump, which by some miracle we weren't near at the time.

"It seemed the order had just come through to evacuate, because the Japs were coming, and what with the language difficulty, this was their way of announcing it. The funny thing was, for weeks they'd had a gang of men working to improve that field and repair the runways. These guys kept right on sweating away up until the minute the order to evacuate came through—then they went ahead sweating just as hard to blow up what they'd just been fixing.

"We were jittery—been going through a lot of strafing—but finally got our plane refueled, and loaded twenty-four men aboard. We still had no brakes on the right wheel, but we all hoped together in unison that we'd clear the runway. We did.

"It was two o'clock in the morning. As we climbed for altitude we could see refineries flaming all over the island—fires and explosions—and as we circled the field in the dark for the last time, the Dutch down below us threw a switch and blew up that beautiful new concrete hangar. It had huge arches like a bridge span, control tower, and everything—it all came rolling up at us in a parting salute.

"Now we were headed for Australia, buzzing along at about 10,000 feet."

"Getting into Broome, Australia, we began to worry about that busted brake, and the momentum we would have when we hit the field with all these men aboard. We could lighten ship by having the guys bail out, but the trouble was we had only nine chutes. But when the pilot called the airport, they reported they had one runway which ran uphill and was soft at the far end—perfect for us, so we made a beautiful landing."

"I was still back in Surabaya," said the pilot, Frank Kurtz, "because I had a couple of jobs to do. The day we got Warrenfeltz off in the Corregidor relief ship, the Colonel had told me he was leaving Malang for Jokyakarta—the town we called Jockstrap—and that I'd better join him there and he'd send me out to Australia. All the other boys of the 19th were going that day.

"But I asked him if I couldn't stay over just a little longer. I was thinking of the fighter pilots. No one was looking after them; they had abso-

lutely no liaison. When a place is cracking up, everybody tends to think of themselves. Why bother about the fighters? They got in, didn't they? Well, let them get out again. The trouble was the fighters had got in with belly tanks, hopping via Timor and Bali, which were now held by the Japs.

"That day we heard a big Jap force was closing in off the north coast, headed for the Java beaches. We got reports from scout planes, even from submarines, but we didn't know just how big it was. Because hanging over it was a Jap fighter screen so thick that our recon planes didn't dare fly through to see.

"That night out went the tiny Dutch Navy—it was all they had left—which pounded them under cover of darkness and then pulled away. It did some good, because in the morning we found the Jap advance guard, which had been headed right for Java's beaches, now pulled back a little, under that bomber-and-fighter screen, waiting for the main force to come on up.

"Colonel Eubank was now in Jockstrap, and by telephone I put a problem up to him. The position of our



There's a little pause, and then there's the sweetest geyser of deck splinters.

fighter pilots in Java was hopeless now—any minute their field would be hit by Jap bombers and put out of operation. I wanted them to turn their P-40's over to the Dutch fighter pilots (who had nothing left now but three Hurricanes which had been rescued from Singapore) and come on out to Australia with us where we could continue the war.

"Further air defense in Java was hopeless. We had broken camp at Malang—Jap bombers were swarming over the island.

"But Van Oeyen, the Dutch commander, wouldn't listen. He was a stout old infantry officer, and he had given orders to fight to the last.

"We had to plead our viewpoint with Van Oeyen. Yet it would be hard to explain to men who were defending their homes and families in this beautiful island, whose lives, when it fell, would be over.

"That night, fifty miles off Surabaya, the naval battle was resumed. The main Japanese invasion force, ringed by submarines, was headed for our beaches. At midnight the United Nations Navy moved in to throw their little all into the balance. This final night the Dutch struck no glancing blow. It was now or never. They moved in and fought them toe to toe, the Australians at their side.

"Java died that night in the gunfire which came rolling in over the water. It took until dawn for the Jap battle fleet to crunch to bits the Dutch and Australian navies.

"But early the morning before I had put in a telephone call to America. It was to Margo, but it was government business and the Dutch, when they understood what it was about, said they would pay the charges themselves. They said the connection might not be made until midnight. I privately wondered if it would go through at all. Java was collapsing fast all around us.

"But I said I'd take it whenever it came, knowing I'd get no sleep that night—maybe little sleep for many nights. So at midnight I start-

ed for the telephone office. Just as I was leaving the hotel I ran into Commander Peterson of the Navy's Patrol Wing 10. By now he was almost the sole survivor. He seemed surprised to see me, told me he was just leaving for his plane—the last of the Navy was leaving Java. He asked how I expected to get out. I said I didn't know. "Come with me now," he said, "and I'll take you out to Australia." I couldn't. There was that telephone call. And also I mustn't leave those American fighters to be swallowed up in the collapse tomorrow. So I thanked him; we said goodbye.

"Walking to the telephone building I could hear a dull rumble in the hot midnight air coming from far over the water. The few people in the blacked-out streets assumed it was distant thunder. I knew it was the little Dutch Navy in its final agony out there in the dark.

"Then I waited in that dim-lit mosquito-filled telephone building for that call. Sitting on a bench, with the help of a flashlight I made my notes for the call. Then I paced the floor. Each time the window opened, letting out a little light, I was sure the half-caste girl was telling me the call had been completed. I had other pressing business, but none more pressing than this. I thought of the eager face of the boy just before he went out into what looked like almost certain death."

"From Florida," said Margo, "I could hear the telephone operators working, setting up that line all around the world, from here where it was noon to midnight in the tropics. And finally Frank's own voice. 'Have you got paper and pencil?' he asked. 'Now take down this name: Mrs. W. H. Warrenfeltz, of Hagerstown, Maryland. Her son Bud is going on a mission and he wants her to know there probably will be some money deposited to her account in the Hagerstown bank from New York. Tell her Bud sends his love to Billy, Jane, and all, and of course to her. He wants her to use half the money to buy her home, and the rest is for her to live on, and he wants her to be happy, however it comes out.'"

"Then I told Margo the boy was going on a most dangerous mission. We didn't know how dangerous until after he left, for his course took him right across the path of the main Japanese fleet. And now," Frank said bitterly, "this little story has a happy ending, so far as the War Department's auditors are concerned. Because the five thousand dollars which Bud Warrenfeltz thought his mother was going to get, when he went out to face the Japanese fleet, was never paid. It never cleared through the New York banks before Java fell. I suppose those New York bankers were more prudent than Bud, and took no chances on Java paper. So Bud's mother didn't get any money, and even Bud himself never got through to Manila. Let's hope he's a Jap prisoner."

"After I'd written down the message to Mrs. Warrenfeltz, it seemed that Frank just wanted to visit," said Margo. "Of course it was wonderful to talk to him, because for some reason there didn't seem to be any censors clicking in on the line."

"The censors had all caught the boat," explained Frank. "In a few hours the Japs would have Java, so it didn't much matter what they knew."

"But after we talked about fifteen minutes I began to worry," said Margo. "Living on an Air Corps salary, you have to think of money. As we talked I couldn't help thinking it was six dollars and a half for every minute, and I said we'd better hang up. Then he explained we could talk all we liked, because it was a government call."

"I didn't tell her what government it was on," said Frank. "She didn't know that the Japanese were taking over tomorrow, and they would get the bill."

"After that it was wonderful," said Margo. "Frank was coming through as clearly as if he were in a pay station downtown. He told me there would be no more calls for a while, and from that I guessed that maybe in a week or so the Air Corps would be retiring to Australia. I didn't dream that the Japanese were already just off the beach, that Frank didn't know how he could get out."

"He talked a lot about a letter he'd written me months ago from the Philippines, a few days after the first Japanese attack, when he thought there was no chance of his getting out alive—explaining that while he'd meant every word of it, yet he'd been tired when he wrote it, so I was not to take it too seriously.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm such a model citizen;
Down beaten tracks I go.
But tramps have time to use the world
And watch the flowers grow.



WNU Features.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

MACHINISTS

WE HAVE STEADY WORK at ship-repair scale. Shop is close in. Working conditions are good. Apply at once.
NORTHWEST SHIP REPAIR CO.
Westlake N. Seattle, Wash.
Authorized referral required.

BUY—SELL—TRADE

WILL BUY, SELL, OR TRADE Guns and ammunition.
590 North High Street, Salem, Oregon.

POULTRY SUPPLIES

ATTENTION—Dealers of Poultry Supplies and Feed. Be the first in your community to handle the famous Silent Stork Oil Brooder, the most efficient on the market.
MOORE'S FARMERS SUPPLY
Box 450-W Corvallis, Oregon.

LUMBER

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

Books—Pamphlets, Etc.

PANNING GOLD for hobby or occupation. Book for beginners & blueprints on equipment. Send name for literature. PHOSPECTOR, Box 878-K6, Oakland 4, Calif.

REMEDY

Stop Itching of Athlete's Foot, Ring Worm. New, stainless, safe lotion stops burning. Money refunded—only \$1.00. VAN SCOTT LAB., 422-J So. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.

Newest Word

America's newest word, now coming into use as an adjective synonymous with television, is video—which means "I see" in Latin.

COOLS MEXSANA

SUNBURN SOOTHING MEDICATED POWDER

HARSH LAXATIVES UNNECESSARY?

Millions Find Simple Fresh Fruit Drink Gives Them All the Laxative Aid They Need

Don't form the habit of depending on harsh, gripping laxatives until you've tried this easy, healthful way millions now use to keep regular.

It's fresh lemon juice and water taken first thing in the morning—just as soon as you get up. The juice of one Sunkist Lemon in a glass of water. Taken thus, on an empty stomach, it stimulates normal bowel action, day after day, for most people.

And lemons are actively good for you. They're among the richest sources of Vitamin C, which combats fatigue, helps resist colds and infections. They supply vitamins B₁ and P, aid digestion and help alkalize the system.

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

WNU-13

28-44

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS