

Uncle Phil Says:

IT IS easy to cure trouble by thinking cheerful thoughts, if it isn't your trouble.

One can always make money in a city where the population is dense.

Another nice thing about a radio sermon is that people don't turn and stare at you when the preacher denounces your pet failing.

A gasbag is often punctured by a pointed remark.

Those who sllag mud lose ground.

Don't brood over your troubles. You'll only hatch them out.

Those who take no chances have to take what's left by those who do.

Battleship a Menagerie

For over a century, seamen on British war vessels were permitted to own pets, with little restriction on their number and size, says Collier's. The practice was banned a few years ago, when the admiralty learned that one battleship carried an assortment of 1,560 animals, which included large snakes, bears, deer and antelopes.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FEATHERS WANTED

FEATHERS OLD or NEW—WANTED. Top prices. 41 Years Satisfactory dealing. Ship Express or Write. FELLOW MFG. CO., 2219 Cole Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Wide Hair

Not only may some hairs on the human head grow to be six times wider than others, but the hairs of some races as a whole have been found to be 20 times wider than those of other people.

BEAT THE HEAT

Sprinkle your heat rash irritated skin well with Mexana, formerly Mexican Heat Powder. Cools burn as it soothes itching.

To Great Rivers

Little brooks in time make great rivers.

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 medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell's Tablets. No laxative. Bell's Tablets bring comfort in 5 minutes or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all drugstores.

CHAFED SKIN

Raw, smarting surface relieved amazingly by the soothing medication of RESINOL

Get Your War Bonds

★ To Help Ax the Axis

DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP

● When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy, do as millions do—chew FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing-gum laxative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed, taking only in accordance with package directions—sleep without being disturbed. Next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply costs only 10¢.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY

Female Weakness

WHICH MAKES YOU CRANKY, NERVOUS!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped thousands to relieve periodic pain, backache, headache with weak, nervous, cranky, blue feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. This is due to its soothing effect on one of WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

When Your Back Hurts

And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS



See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

IF FIRST SERGEANT CLARENCE A. GOLDSMITH, back in the old battery where I was supposed to have learned the art of cooking for the army, ever gets his hands on this, it will provide him with amusement throughout a long, hard winter.

When he reads that Private Edward Thomas Marion Lawton Hargrove, ASN 34116620, is giving advice to prospective soldiers, his derisive bellow will disturb the training program in the next regiment.

"My God!" he will roar. "Look who's learning who how to do what! My God! The blind leading the blind!"

It was once said, Sergeant Goldsmith, by the eminent vegetarian George Bernard Shaw that he who can, does; he who can't, teaches.

This, dear sergeant, is my contribution to the army and to posterity. Please go away and leave us young people to our studies.

CHAPTER I

If I were giving advice to the boys who have already been called into the Army and will go away in a few days, I'd sum it all up in this: "Paint the town red for the rest of your civilian week. Pay no attention to the advice that is being poured into your defenseless ears for twenty-four hours a day. Form an idea of what Army life is going to be like. Leave your mind open."

Two weeks from now, you will be thoroughly disgusted with your new job. You will have been herded from place to place, you will have wandered in nakedness and bewilderment through miles of physical examination, you will look upon privacy and individuality as things you left behind you in a golden civilian society.

Probably you will have developed a murderous hatred for at least one sergeant and two corporals. You will writhe and fume under what you consider brutality and sadism, and you will wonder how an enlightened nation can permit such atrocity in its army. Take it easy, brother; take it easy.

Keep this one beam of radiant hope constantly before you: The first three weeks are the hardest.

For those first three—or possibly four—weeks, you will bear the greatest part of the painful process of adjusting yourself to an altogether new routine. In those first three weeks you will get almost the full required dose of confusion and misery. You will be afraid to leave your barracks lest the full wrath of the war department fall upon you.



"You don't get anywhere by buying soda pop or beer for your sergeant."

You will find yourself unbelievably awkward and clumsy when you try to learn the drills and the knowledge of this awkwardness will make you even more awkward. Unless you relax you can be very unhappy during those first three weeks.

When you are assigned to your basic training center you'll really get into it. You'll drill and drill, a little more each day, and when the sergeant tries to correct or advise you, you'll want to tear his throat out with your bare hands. You'll be sick of the sound of his voice before an hour has passed. The only comfort I can give you is the knowledge that the poor sergeant is having a helluva time too. He knows what you're thinking and he can't do anything about it.

You'll be inoculated against smallpox, typhoid, tetanus, yellow fever, pneumonia, and practically all the other ills that flesh is heir to. You'll be taught foot drill, the handling of a rifle, the use of the gas mask, the peculiarities of military vehicles, and the intricacies of military courtesies.

Most of what you are taught will impress you as utterly useless nonsense, but you'll learn it.

You'll be initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen police, probably before you've been in the Army for a week. Possibly two days later, you'll be sent on a ration detail to handle huge bundles of groceries. You'll haul coal and trash and

ashes. You'll unpack rifles that are buried in heavy grease and you'll clean that grease off them. You'll stoke fires, you'll mop floors, and you'll put a high polish on the windows. You'll wonder if you've been yanked out of civil life for this.

All your persecution is deliberate, calculated, systematic. It is collegiate practice of hazing, applied to the grim and highly important task of transforming a civilian into a soldier, a boy into a man. It is the Hazing Process.

You won't get depressed; you won't feel sorry for yourself. You'll just get mad as hell. You'll be breathing fire before it's over.

Believe me or not, at the end of that minor ordeal, you'll be feeling good. You'll be full of spirit and energy and you will have found yourself.

You'll look at the new men coming in to go through the same hazing period, and you'll look at them with a fatherly and sympathetic eye. They will be "rookies" to you, a veteran of almost a month.

For practical advice, there is none better than the golden rule of the Army: "Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

At first, probably, you'll be inclined to tremble at the sight of every corporal who passes you on the street. You might even salute the first-class privates. Then, when the top sergeant neglects to beat you with a knout they rub GI (These two letters are the cornerstone of your future Army vocabulary. They stand for the words "Government Issue" and just about everything you get in the Army will be GI. Even the official advice. This story, on the other hand, is not GI.) salt into wounds, you might want to go to the other extreme. This way madness lies.

When corporals and sergeants are to be dealt with, always remember this: Make friendships first and leave the joking until later. When it's the top sergeant, it might be best to leave the joking permanently.

It can be very easy to start your military life on the wrong foot by giving your officers and noncommissioned officers the impression that you're a wise guy, a smart aleck. Soldiers, like senators, "don't like for a new guy to shoot his mouth off."

So much for the don'ts. On the "do" side, the most important thing for you to watch is your attitude. As a matter of straight and practical fact, the best thing that you can do is to reason that you are going into a new job. The job is temporary, but while you have it it's highly important.

As, when you go into a new job in civil life, you do your darndest to impress your employer with your earnestness, your diligence, your interest in your work—go thou and do likewise in the Army. As in your civilian job, the impression is made in the first few weeks. You make that impression, starting from the very first day, by learning as quickly as you can, by applying yourself with energy to each task, no matter how small or how unpleasant it is. You don't get anywhere by buying soda pop or beer for your sergeant.

Brodie Griffith, managing editor of the Charlotte News, adjusted his ancient green eyeshade and began glancing through a sheet of copy.

"Hargrove," he said, lighting a cigarette, "it beats the hell out of me what fate did mean for you. Dr. Garinger down at the high school said years ago that it didn't write a formal education in on your budget. Belmont Abbey found out that you weren't destined to be worth a hoot as a public relations man for a Benedictine college. The drugstore chain in Washington said you had neither the talent nor the temperament for soda-jerkery. And you certainly fizzled as a theater usher. Maybe fate don't know you."

"May I have a cigarette?" I asked, reaching before he could protect them. "Day after day I work my fingers to the shoulder blades for neither thanks nor living wage. I am the feature editor of a progressive, growing newspaper. What makes it that? My heart's blood makes it that!"

"I would fire you tomorrow," he sighed, "if anyone else could possibly straighten out the chaos you have brought to this office. In the most underpaid brotherhood in the world, you are the most overpaid, two-headed brother."

"I am the most underpaid six-armed Silva," I snorted. "Look at me! I am the feature editor, the obituary editor, the woman's page editor, the hospital editor, the rewrite man, the assistant to the city editor, the commissar for paste and copy paper and cokes, the custodian of oral memoranda, the public's whipping boy, the translator and copyist of open-forum letters, the castigator of the composing room staff, the guest artist for ailing columnists, the tourist guide for visiting school children, the press representative at barbecue suppers of

the United Brotherhood of Plumbers and Steamfitters, the butt of the office jokes."

"Period," said Mr. Griffith, "New paragraph."

"I lead a terrible, turbulent life," I wailed. "I am the man forgotten by Destiny."

"If you will get your elbows off my desk," he said, "the boy can put the mail on it."

"What you need," he continued, sorting through a batch of letters, "is a tour of military service. The Army would make a man of you. I was in the Army in the last war. A top sergeant at eighteen. The Army did wonders for me."

"That's not much of a sales argument," I told him.

"Then again," he said, "if we must take up my whole busy day weeping over your sorrows, let's not burden the Army when it has a helluva job already. Concerning the whole matter, I would suggest that you apply yourself to making up the woman's page right now, lest you come down tomorrow morning and find someone else sitting in your chair. Leave my sight."

"There's not a letter there from New York," I asked, "with my



"Well, my lad," he said with faint glee, "we know what Fate means for you. You can be happy now."

name written on it in a delightfully illegible, feminine, and slightly red-headed hand?"

"Is there ever?" he snorted. "Let's see—" and he went through the stack.

"Well, my lad," he said with faint glee, "at last we're getting somewhere. We know what Fate means for you. You can be happy now."

He handed me a long, white, innocent-looking envelope, addressed to me. The return address read, "Selective Service System—Mecklenburg County Board Number Three."

The President of the United States to Marion Hargrove, greeting!

The boy across the table in the Piedmont Grill lifted both hands and clapped his brow three times. He looked at the clock, then back at his breakfast, then back at the clock.

"My name is Hargrove," I said, handing him a cigarette.

"Mine is Piel," he said. "Melvin Piel. Tomorrow maybe you can make it 'Private' on the front."

"So long as you're healthy," I said, shrugging a shoulder. "It cuts down on the income tax."

"My hay fever," he wailed. "What will I do with my hay fever? In the jungles of South Carolina for maneuvers, with my hay fever! Oy!"

"Just look at it," he said on the way to the bus station, "maybe a posthumous medal my grandchildren will get. Private Melvin Piel, who gave his life valiantly and through the nose from hay fever yet. Sneezing to glory."

The bus station on that morning in July was a pathetic picture. Four large groups of boys, reconciled to the grim and gruesome life ahead of them, were bade farewell by wailing mothers and nobly suffering girl friends who had come down to see their loved ones off in a blaze of pathos. It was pretty terrible.

The buses swung out of the terminal, through midtown, and out toward the road to Fayetteville. The boys began to feel better, shouted farewells to startled girls on the street and finally broke into raucous song. Four flowers of the nation started a blackjack game on a suitcase in the back of the bus.

Brother Piel's spirits brightened a little. His smooth voice found its way through the hay fever and emerged in song. "It's a lovely day tomorrow," he sang. "Tomorrow is a lovely day."

"Look at me tomorrow," he said, breaking off suddenly. "Hay foot, Private Piel. Straw foot, Private Piel. Hay and straw and look at what I've got. Hay fever yet! Oy, what a life I'll lead!"

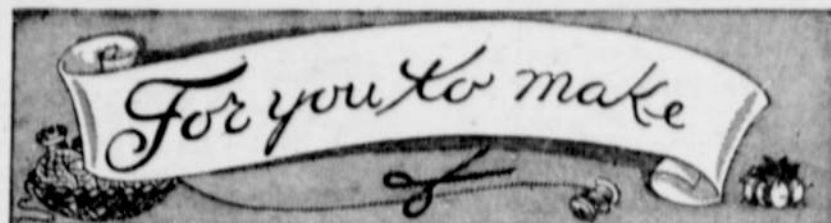
"Maybe what I'd better do when I get there, I'd better tell them I'd like to go north. They could use a good man in Alaska."

"The South Pole is your meat," I told him.

"That's it! The South Pole! Boy, I'm going to love the Army!"

The tumult and the shouting died about halfway to Fayetteville. The boys became quiet and thoughtful.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



2984

THESE kitchen towels will add a welcome touch of color to any kitchen. Do them in natural coloring. The easy cross stitch looks just like gingham applique. Everyone will admire them!



So, No Men

He—The artists whose paintings show that angels are all women certainly didn't know women.

She—That is perhaps true. It may be that they knew only men.

A Tourist Stopped

A tourist stopped in front of a little country store, dumbfounded at the sight of an enormous display of salt piled on the premises. Stack after stack, boxes, barrels and bags. Tons of salt, inside the store and out. "You must sell a lot of salt," exclaimed the tourist. "No I don't sell much," replied the storekeeper, "but you shoulda seen the guy that came here last week. He really could sell salt."

Nothing New

Wife—I see by the paper that women are getting men's wages these days.

Hubby—Humph, haven't they always?

At Ease

She (thoughtfully)—Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are thinking?

He (brutally)—To keep their mouths shut so they won't disturb themselves.

When you hear a Marine called a "Leatherneck," it has nothing to do with the epidermis of his neck. Years ago the Marine uniform was equipped with a high stiff leather collar. From that time on, "Leatherneck" has been the word for a Marine. The word for his favorite cigarette is "Camel"—the favorite cigarette also of men in the Army, Navy, and Coast Guard. (Based on actual sales records from service men's stores.) And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Adv.

Pattern 2984 contains a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5½ by 7 inches; illustrations of stitches; color schemes; materials required. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern
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Load of Heavy Bombers

Heavy bombers of the latest U. S. type weigh about 40,000 pounds and are capable of carrying 4,000 to 8,000 pounds of bombs for an estimated distance of 3,000 miles. They carry 11,000 gallons of gasoline—or 3,000 gallons more than the ordinary railroad gasoline tank.

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than genuine, pure St. Joseph Aspirin. World's largest seller at 10¢. None safer, none surer. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

Cut in Teams' Travel

Each major league baseball team will travel an average of only 8,600 miles this year instead of the usual 13,000 miles.

TABASCO

The snappiest seasoning known, and the world's most widely distributed food product! A dash of this pungent sauce gives a rare flavor to any food. TABASCO—the seasoning secret of master chefs for more than 75 years!

Some Flapper

A humming-bird, measuring only three inches, flaps its wings 200 times a second, a four-foot pelican once a second.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

From 1907 to 1912, guayule rubber from Mexico represented about 7 per cent of the world's rubber supply. In 1941, it was less than 1 per cent.

More than 86,000,000 motor vehicles have been produced in the United States since 1900, with an average of five tires per vehicle. That gives you an idea of the number of tires that have been made to maintain motor transportation!

A Spanish historian back in 1519 described a ball made of the gum of a tree that grows in "hot countries." He was referring to what we now call rubber.



In war or peace

BE Goodrich

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Save Fuel

...NO COOKING REQUIRED!

★ The U. S. Government has asked us all to do everything possible to conserve fuel. By serving Kellogg's Corn Flakes frequently you can effect important savings in electricity, gas and other cooking fuels.

Save time—work—other foods, too!

GET THE ECONOMICAL GIANT SIZE 18 OUNCES—20 SERVINGS

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Kellogg's Corn Flakes are restored to WHOLE GRAIN NUTRITIVE VALUES of Thiamin (Vitamin B1), Niacin and Iron.

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