

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

RABBIT SKINS
POULTRY, Hides, Wool. Good white
RABBIT SKINS WANTED
HELP WANTED

Waitresses, \$50.00 month and main-
tenance; cooks helpers, \$50.00 month
and maintenance; 8 hour day. At-
tendant, \$35.00 to \$110.00 month and
maintenance. Western State Hospi-
tal, Fort Steilacoom, Washington.

WANTED—Blackberry pickers to live
on farm. Cabins with lights, double
bunks, wood stoves, and water fur-
nished. Season from now until Oct.
15. Fine fields and prevailing wages
paid. Write C. A. Ryan, 901 Sumner
Avenue, Sumner, Wash.

TWO beautiful fawn Great Dane fe-
males, finest pedigree, champion
parents, reg. One has points in show
ring. Neither has yet been bred.
My kennels overstocked, will sacrifice
for \$200 and \$150 each. Also one
golden brindle female Great Dane
puppy three months
old, same parents, ears cropped and
standing, rare bargain at \$100 cash.
Small family orchard and nice
florals. Lights, phone and school
bus. 5 miles from Winlock in one
of best small farm centers of the
state. Net earning for last year
more than \$6,000. Priced at \$16,500.
Write for details to V. O. Markins,
Winlock, Washington.

NUTS pay off every year! And you
have all winter to play! 200 acres,
incl. 65 of 18 yr. walnuts, inter-
sited with prunes, 25 A. 35 yr. soft-
shells, 40 acres cleared land. Fine
water system, good buildings, 229-
000 of 22,000 without crop. Dan Har-
mon, E. O. Newberg, Oregon.
Many others listed.

160 ACRES, woven wire fence, 7 miles
from Bend, 113 acres water, 91 in
cultivation. Good outbuilds, and ma-
chinery. 6-rm. house, lights, water,
phone; near school, daily mail. With
equipment \$13,000.00, without \$10,
000. Fred Carter, Route 1, Box 324,
Bend, Oregon.

TOURIST court, 21 units; nice modern
home, grocery store, general hard-
ware store, grocery store, service
station, four pumps, City sewer and
water. On five acres. On highway
30. Ben Aspey, P.O. Box 324, Twin
Falls, Idaho.

450 ACRES, 1 mile from Arlington,
200 tillable, rest native grass. 50 A.
summer-fallow, 18 cows, Bull. Grade
A dairy, equipment, water, under
pressure, 7 room house, Electricity.
Income \$7000.00 year. Price \$12-
000.00 E. C. Strahm, Arlington, Ore-
gon.

DINTY'S AUTO CAMP—Two acres, 14
cabins, three houses; shade, lawn,
deep well, good water system, gas
in cabins. Established 19 years. Age
reason for selling. \$20,000; terms.
Virgil Winterrowd, 1414 S. First,
Yakima, Wash.

Not being able to hire competent help
I have decided to sell my business
consisting of Stock of general mer-
chandise, Fixtures, Building and
Locker box plant, 197 boxes located
in prosperous wheat section. T. N.
Mayfield, Mansfield, Wash.

FANCY English Cavies for founda-
tion breeding stock at reduced prices.
400 large sows of breeding age; also
weaning age pigs. Harry O. Covey,
Rt. 2, Cle Elum, Washington.

REGISTERED Guernsey bull calves
from cows with official records.
Write for sales leaflet. Middle
Dairy, Pac Highway, Ridgefield,
Washington.

AGE causes us to sell our restaurant
and trailer park on highway 99
between Tacoma and Fort Lewis
Write H. A. Derbyshire, Rt. 10, Box
943, Tacoma, Washington.

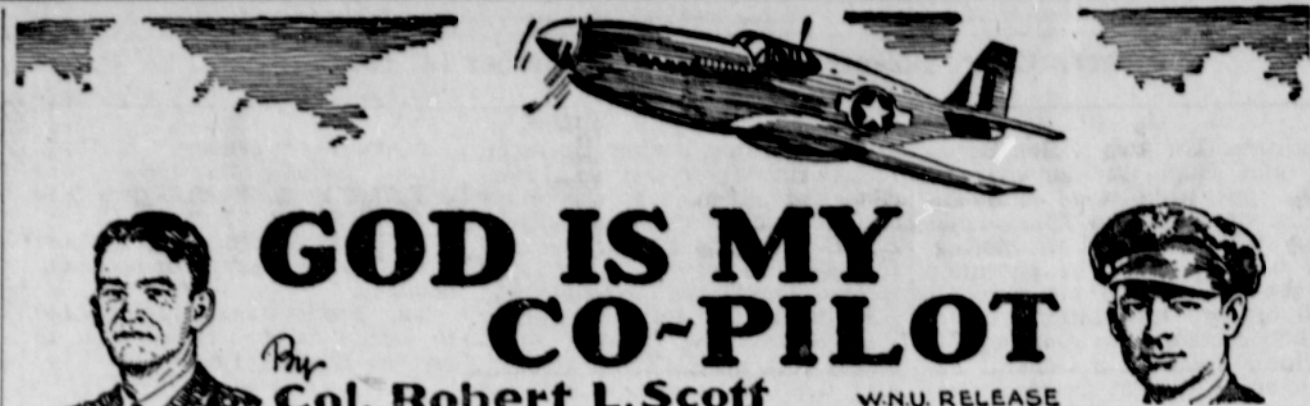
SPECIAL
DENTAL PLATES
AND ALL BRANCHES OF
DENTISTRY ON
CREDIT TERMS
Take 5, 10, 15 Months to Pay
DR. HARRY SEMLER, Dentist
ALISKY BLDG., 3rd & MORRISON - PORTLAND, ORE.

SONG POEMS WANTED! You send
the words, I'll compose the music.
Free examination. Elliot Wright, Box
3861-Y, Portland, Ore.

Hospital Helps
There are a number of easy-to-
improvise hospital helps that will
make the task of the home nurse
easier and give the patient added
comfort. The average bed in the
home is so low that it is difficult to
care for a patient. It can be raised
to a comfortable height through the
use of solid hardwood blocks about
10 to 12 inches in height and from
6 to 8 inches square. Bore holes in
the blocks to a depth of at least
two inches and a little larger in di-
ameter than the leg of the bed. Re-
move the casters and place a block
under each leg of the bed.

Used in War
Dogs have been used in many
military engagements, and in World
War I both the Germans and the
French had units for the purpose of
message-bearing, locating of wounded
and scouting work. Until the present
war, however, American
military and naval units merely
made mascots of dogs—many of
whom won immortality and world-
wide publicity. The procession of
"Jiggs" mascots in the marine
corps made the underslung-jawed
English bulldog almost a trademark
for the Leathernecks.

Go Astray
Just about 95 out of every 100 pa-
tients who, up to January 31, 1944
had been admitted to the venereal
disease Rapid Treatment centers op-
erated under the direction of the U.
S. Public Health service, have been
girls. Slightly more than one-third
of these patients (34.1 per cent) have
been between the ages of 15 and 19,
making this the second largest age
group of patients. Ages 20 to 24
form the largest group—37.3 per
cent.



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott W.N.U. RELEASE

FOREWORD
The author, Col. Robert L. Scott Jr.,
served under my command from July
1, 1942, to January 9, 1943, as com-
mander of my fighter force. The only
criticism of his actions as group com-
mander was that he consistently sched-
uled himself as a pilot on all possible
missions. He led all types of combat
missions but specialized in the most
dangerous, such as long-range flights to
strafe from minimum altitude Jap air-
dromes, motor vehicles, and shipping
dead in enemy territory. It was often
necessary for me to forbid his partici-
pation in combat missions in order to
enable him to discharge the many other
duties of a group commander.

His story is a record of persistence,
determination, and courage from early
boyhood. Having determined early in
life that he had to fly, he overcame all
obstacles in the way to the attainment
of his ambition. This story alone should
be an inspiration to every American
boy. Having become a military pilot,
his determined struggle to meet the en-
emy and his glorious record first, as a
"One Man Air Force," and later, as com-
mander of the American Fighters in
China, should be an inspiration to all
Americans of all ages.

Colonel Scott's group of fighters al-
ways operated against greatly superior
numbers of the enemy. Often the odds
were five to one against them. Their
planes and equipment were usually bat-
tered by hard usage and supplies were
extremely limited. Both Scott and his
handful of pilots had one resource in
unlimited quantities—courage. They also
possessed initiative and a never-failing
desire to destroy the enemy. They wore
themselves out doing the work of ten
times their number. They demon-
strated time and again that American pilots
and planes are superior to the Japs.
The results which they achieved prove
indisputably that the enemy can be de-
stroyed or driven from China if ade-
quate equipment and supplies are
made available. The offensive spirit
displayed by Scott and his early pilots
lives on in the men who replaced them.
They impatiently await the weapons
needed to drive on into the heart of
Japan and to final victory.

C. L. CHENNAULT,
Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding, 14th Air Force.

AUTHOR'S NOTE
My decision for the title of this
book was probably made back there
in Kunming one afternoon as the
doctor dug those five rivet heads
from my back. They had been driven
in when a Jap explosive bullet
hit the armor plate behind my seat.
To keep my mind off the pain the
big Cantonese intern of Doctor Man-
get's kept talking to me. He seemed
to find it hard to believe that I flew
the little fighter alone—that I
dropped the bombs—fired the six
machine guns—changed the fuel
tanks—navigated and landed the
fighter. Finally, with disbelief in
his eyes, he looked at me and said,
"Colonel, you are up there all alone
—even talk over the radio when you
shoot the guns?" As I waited for
him to go on with another question,
I heard the old doctor say, "No,
son—you're not up there alone—not
with all the things you come
through. You have the greatest cop-
ilot in the world even if there is
just room for one in that fighter
ship—no, you're not alone."

I believe when this war is over
that we will be closer to God than
at any time in the past. I believe
this because I have seen instances
of real faith on all fronts. Take for
instance: Just the other day a song
came out, "Coming in on a Wing
and a Prayer." That could have
been conceived as a title or as the
theme of the song only by some real
event. A ship landed with an en-
gine shot away—the fuselage gutted
by fire and the plane riddled with
bullets. One of the war correspond-
ents hurried out to the wounded pi-
lot and asked, "How in the world did
you bring this ship in . . . ?" The
pilot shook his head, smiled and re-
plied, "I don't know—ask the Man
upstairs."

We who fly are going to get to
know that Great Flying Boss in the
sky better and better. My personal
ambition is that He permit me to
go again into combat against the
Jap or the Hun; that He help me
just a little to shoot down a hun-
dred Jap ships—even a thousand.
Then I hope He lets me come back
to tell another story. I'm going to
name that one—the sequel to this
one—GOD IS STILL MY CO-PILOT.
R. L. S.

CHAPTER I
Even the angels in heaven must
have shrugged their wings after the
few seconds of my first flight. For
back home in Macon, Georgia, in
1920, I must have been, even at age
twelve, the "vandal" type. There I
climbed the steeple of the Baptist
Church, and from the belfry took
twelve whitish pigeons, carried them
to a tent-meeting of Holy Rollers,
and at the tense moment of fanatic
prayer released them. I can re-
member nearly splitting my sides
laughing at what happened—the
darkies were rolling on the sawdust
floor. They were rolling their eyes
and yelling, "Gideon, Gideon—hal-
leluiah—glory, glory!" I suppose the
pigeons really did look like doves
of peace.

But I had reckoned without the
old preacher, who had me arrested
for disturbing the noisy peace. When
I got out of jail, more embarrassed
than anything else, I swore ven-
geance on the Holy Rollers and the
old preacher. Early one morning
while delivering papers I took a ra-
zor blade and cut off fifty feet of
canvas from the side wall of the
converted circus tent—took it away
and hid it in the woods.

I had no use for the purloined
canvas, and to excuse myself from
a nagging conscience I tried to for-
get it. But every morning I saw
the jagged hole that I had made
for vengeance. Later on I decided
to build a glider, and for wing-
covering the canvas was ideal.
Then, with the cloth stretched over
the ribs of the airfoils and varnished
for tightening, even with American
insignia painted on the fuselage, I
found myself ready to fly. Two of
my friends helped me pull it to
the roof of a high colonial home in
Macon, and with them steadying
the wings I ran down the sloping
roof and flew out into space. Now
in those days I knew nothing of
"main-spars," "center sections," or
"wing-loading." With a crack like
the closing of the jail door, the wing
buckled in the center and I crashed
sixty-seven feet to the ground. The
Cherokee rose bush—that sacred
State flower of Georgia into which I
fell—probably saved my life, but
the thorns stayed with me for a
long time.

After my father had pulled me
from the wreckage—more scared
than hurt—I was ordered to tear
the glider apart. I did, but saved
the ill-fated canvas for other plans.
Later on it was used to cover the
barrel-stave ribs of a home-made
canoe which was intended to trans-
port me down the Ocmulgee River
to the sea, some twelve hundred
miles away as the winding river
ran. I had made about six hun-
dred miles of the trip when the sail-
ing canoe caught on a snag and
the current rolled us to the muddy
bottom, tangled in the rope rigging
of the sail. In the seconds that fol-
lowed I nearly drowned—I saw my
whole misspent life parade before
my eyes. Finally the rope broke
and I swam ashore; but I had al-
ready decided to leave the sacred
canvas, seasoning forever, at the
bottom of the Ocmulgee River.

Once again my mind turned to fly-
ing. I confined my aircraft con-
struction to scale models, and finally
made a flying one which won the
first Boy Scout Aviation merit badge
in that part of the country. I re-
member when General Mitchell
(Billy Mitchell) led a flight of fast-
looking MB-3's through the home
town. I crawled into one of the
baggage compartments in hopes that
I would be flown on to Florida in
this dawn-to-dusk flight. But the
mechanics found me, and I missed
making the pursuit ship any tail-
heavier than it normally was.

It was far back, when I was four
or five, that I had seen my first air-
plane. A pilot by the name of Ely
spun in and was killed, and my
horriified mother dragged me from
the scene. It most certainly should
have been an ill omen for my fly-
ing future. However, I know that it
whetted my appetite to fly. I liked
anything that flew and freed one
from the earth, but most of all I
prayed that destiny would make me
a pilot of the fast, little single-seat-
ers—a fighter pilot.

In 1921 I read of an auction sale
of war-time Jennys in Americus,
Georgia. Gathering the largest for-
tune that I could collect, I drove
my cut-down Model-T racing Ford to
buy myself a real plane. As the auc-
tioneer's hammer hit the block for
the first time that morning I opened
with my maximum bid—Seventy-
five dollars! The auctioneer did look
my way, but the look was merely a
frown. Far in the back of the hangar
a heavy voice called, "Six
hundred dollars." And to this fat
man the Jennys went, one by one.
I must have bid over a hundred
times before the morning had gone
—the sale had stopped for lunch
and had been resumed.

That afternoon I kept bidding, and
as I said "Seventy-five dollars" for
about my hundredth time, I heard
heavy breathing over my right
shoulder. I turned to look at the
man who had been overbidding me,
and the deep voice said, "Now lis-
ten, son, I'm going to let you have
this one for your seventy-five dol-
lars. Get it and get the hell out of
here, because I'm buying all the
rest for an airline." Anyway I had
a real plane, all crated up. I hauled
it home on a truck, hid it in an-
other boy's garage so my parents
couldn't find out about it, and be-
gan trying to assemble the parts.

For days and weeks I worked,
but couldn't get the knack of it. Fi-
nally I received a letter from a
street-car conductor who said he
had been a pilot in the war. He of-
fered to help me put the Jenny to-
gether, and teach me to fly and
navigate, if I would give him use of
the plane for "barnstorming" over
the State on week-ends.

The partnership began. He taught
me some fundamentals, like taxying
faster and faster until the ship was
almost ready to take off. I went to
Chandler Field in Atlanta and took
several lessons with the instructors
there in Eagles and Jennys, until
one day I trusted myself to take
off from the racetrack of my home-
town fairgrounds. I still don't see
how I got by with the flight, be-
cause I knew nothing about co-
ordination of controls or the techni-
que of flying—though no one
seemed to know much about them in
those days. But the ship was a
pretty safe old crate, the wing skids
saved me from digging a wingtip in
on the forthcoming ground-loops,
and I got away with murder.

All of this ended very suddenly.
The street-car conductor instructor
of mine came back to land one
night and hooked the Jenny's right
wing on the guy-wire of a smoke-
stack. That was the last of him and
the last of my Jenny, because they
both burned.

As the years went on I moved up
in the Boy Scouts until at seventeen,
in 1925, I was one of the highest in
the country, and had more merit
badges than any other Scout in the
South. With all of them, however,
my schooling had suffered, for to
me flying and athletics came before
books and such. I sometimes think
the only way I ever completed high
school was for my patient mother
and father to promise to let me
work my way to Europe on freight-
ers in the summer only when I
could pass studies like Spanish and
English. I don't think, though, that
my parents knew I had resolved to
go to West Point. For after talking
to men in the Air Corps I had dis-
covered that if a boy went to the
Training center at Brooks Field,
near San Antonio, as a Flying Cad-
et, his future was rather indefin-
ite. The Government would train you
to fly, give you the best course in
the world. Then they would order you
to active duty as a Reserve Officer
for about a year. After that, due
to economy programs, it might all
be over.

Wanting to fly for the rest of my
life, I had charted my course. I
resolved to go to the Military Acad-
emy and become a regular army
officer first; then to be ordered to
the Air Corps Training Center as a
student officer. After completing the
flying course, I would have a life-
time in front of me as a pilot in the
Regular Army.

The greatest fight I had was to
get into the Military Academy, for
appointments were scarce in the
South. I wrote all the Senators and
Congressmen in Georgia, but found
they had promised their quotas long
before. All such refusals merely
made me more determined to win
the opportunity. I wrote not only
my own State political leaders but
those of other States. Finally, the
Congressman of my Georgia dis-
trict—at the earnest plea of home-
town friends who knew of my Boy
Scout record—gave me second alter-
nate. This proved of little value;
the principal won out by merely
presenting his high-school credits
and passing the physical examina-
tion. The next year I was given a
first alternate from a Senator but
again the principal won.

Hope of entering the Academy
seemed to wane, for I was approach-
ing maximum age limit for appli-
cants. The same year I tried a
competitive examination with the
National Guard, but failed the alge-
bra subject. This failure at least
proved to me that though my studies
in high school may have been
passed, I had learned very little.
My stock in myself was at a low
ebb, there in 1926, when the high-
school principal did me the greatest
favor in the world by his remark:
"Well, you really didn't expect to
go to West Point, did you?" And
the smile that accompanied the slur
made me swear that by all that was
high and holy I would get there.

The things that followed were
chronologically peculiar for any boy.
I'll bet I'm one of the few in this
world who was graduated from high
school, attended two colleges, and
then returned to high school to re-
ally get the foundation I had missed.
I know I had at last learned that
what one of the old professors said
was right: "Not for school, but for
life, we learn."

Returning to my old high school,
I chose my own courses and sub-
jected myself to several periods of
mathematics, history, and English
every day. The professors, who re-
membered me as seldom opening a
book, glanced at one another as
though they thought they had a psy-
chopathic case on their hands. But
I acquired some of the knowledge I
had missed, and the next summer—
June, 1927—I went to Fort McPherson
and enlisted in the Regular
Army as a private. There I be-
came Private Scott, Serial Number
6355544, in Company "F" of the
22nd Infantry. Three months later,
after a preliminary examination, I
began training in the Fourth Corps
Area—West Point Prep School.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
Shopping Bag of Crochet Cotton



5499

To obtain complete crocheting direc-
tions for the String Marketing Bag (Pat-
tern No. 5499) send 16 cents in coin, your
name, address and the pattern number.
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 NEEDLEWORK
149 New Montgomery St.
San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to
cover cost of mailing) for Pattern
No.
Name
Address

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Common sandpaper is good to
use in cleaning suede purses,
shoes or jackets. It removes the
dirt and freshens the fabric.

In grinding an ax on a motor-
driven emery wheel or grindstone,
keep the fingers on the ax-head
to test its temperature. If the
metal gets uncomfortably hot in
the hand, stop grinding to keep
the ax from losing its temper.

UNBLEACHED string, house-
hold twine, crochet cotton will
make this 18-inch folding bag.
Take it to market in your purse.
It's strong enough to hold a raft of
groceries.

Next time the cream won't whip
try this: add the white of an egg
to the cream, chill and try again.

To save fuel, always measure
the water before heating rather
than heating a kettle full of water
then measuring out what is
needed. Don't forget it's patriotic
to conserve everything, including
fuel!

For crisp bacon that is juicy
within, dust lightly on both sides
with flour before frying slowly.

A half teaspoon of oil of pepper-
mint added to the filling for choco-
late pie gives a new and different
flavor.

Greatest Ballyhoo

The greatest build-up ever given
a movie actress before she ap-
peared on the screen was the
ballyhoo about Jane Russell.

Between November, 1940, and
February, 1943, during the produc-
tion of her first and only picture,
The Outlaw, the lady was pub-
licized by some 65 magazine arti-
cles and 50,000 photographs.



CAN YOU READ THE CRYSTAL BALL?

Neither can we.
If we could, we'd be able to tell you when you
can have the CLARION radio you want.

But we can tell you this much:
It will be very soon after we finish our job for
Uncle Sam.

When civilian production is resumed, your
CLARION dealer will be able to show you a
superb line of table models, table combinations,
console combinations, battery sets, portables,
and chair-sides.

Whether it be your next radio or your first
radio, make sure it is a CLARION.

Clarion Radio
WARWICK MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
4640 West Harrison Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

Get PERFECT Baking Results through BALANCED DOUBLE ACTION
CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder
ASK MOTHER, SHE KNOWS...
CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder