

Crocheted Sacque Ties; Is Seamless



For That Pretty Baby

IT'S a darling of a little sacque—crocheted of white baby wool and edged in pink wool. The tiny rosebud sprays are embroidered on the completed garment in pastel silk floss in colors. The circular jacket, which ties with satin ribbon under the arms is exceptionally easy to crochet as it is done all in one piece. There are no seams.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Circular Crocheted Sacque (Pattern No. 5759) color chart for embroidering rosebuds 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.

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In 1929 a Russian professor named Draganov decided to simplify the language. This new Chinese had to undergo many modifications, but the professor perfected a Chinese - Latin typewriter with two keyboards of 5,000 characters, on which an expert typist can write 1,000 words an hour.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: Young Robert Scott, whose great ambition is to fly, makes his own glider at Macon Ga., pulls off from a roof, and crashes 67 feet to the ground. A Cherokee rose bush probably saved his life. He now goes in for building scale model planes and wins a Boy Scout aviation merit badge. At an auction sale he buys his first plane for \$75. He goes to Ft. McPherson and enlists in the regular army as a private. Winning a West Point competitive exam he is admitted, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant of infantry he goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He finally arrives at Randolph Field, Texas. This is it.

CHAPTER III

Though I had flown before in the prehistoric crates of the past, this fact had nothing to do with whether or not I would get through the course. On the side against me was the fact that during my unsupervised flying I had doubtless developed many faults that were not for the Army pilot to be proud of. In a case like mine, some pilots think they know it all; therefore there is nothing to learn. Others make such an effort to please their instructors that this very eagerness works against them as their own worst enemy—the result of tense-ness.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them. I listened almost spellbound through our oral communications system in that primary trainer—that speaking-tube which we called a "gosport" and which at best was hard to understand over the rattle of that Wright Whirlwind engine. I used to try to read his mind, execute his every little whim. I even tried to outguess Lieutenant Landon and have the stick and rudder moving in the right direction before he could get the orders out of his mouth.

Now thereby hangs a tale. I was not only trying to look in his rearview mirror and actually read his lips when I couldn't hear through the gosport, but was diligently looking about the sky for other hare-brained-student pilots. He must have realized my eagerness, for he gave me every break—and for the many boners I pulled I needed lots of breaks.

One day, at a bare four-hundred feet altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "Okay, Scott, put it in a dive." I peered around first and then at the nearby ground, for it looked very low to be going into a dive. Then like a flash I thought I understood: Why, he's trying to see if I'm ground-shy—I'll show him I'm not.

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at point-blank altitude. Just as the cotton fields down below seemed about to come right into my lap I felt Ted Landon grab the controls and saw him hastily point to his head with the sign that he was "taking over." We came out just over the mesquite trees, and he roughly slipped the ship into a bumpy landing in a cotton field. Then, while I was trying to add things up and realizing already that I had tied it up again, I saw Ted very methodically raise his goggles and with great deliberation climb out of the front cockpit. He glared at me but said sweetly enough:

"Scott, what in the g—d—hell are you trying to do—what was that maneuver? I said glide—G-L-I-D-E. Don't you at least know what a normal glide is in all this time?"

Weakly I said, "Sir, I thought you said a dive." I could see Ted fight for control; then he told me the next time I had him at an altitude so low, not to attempt to think but just try to keep the ship straight and level.

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, we had been making only take-offs and landings, and I knew the time was approaching when I would solo. As usual, that realization made me more and more tense as the end of the period neared. On the take-offs I'd tense up and forget all about holding the nose straight, and on the landings I'd jerk back on the stick instead of easing it slowly back into the approach to landing stall. All I could do was day-dream about: Here we are, Scott, just about to take over and prove to the world that we can do all of this by ourselves.

Around the field in traffic I couldn't hold the correct altitude, and my instructor was cussing a blue streak. He'd yell about my having graduated from West Point and say that he knew I was supposed to have some brains but he hadn't been able to find them. After each bumpy landing he'd look around at me and hold his nose—that was symbolic enough for me. I finally bounced into another landing that nearly jarred his teeth out. Then, as usual, he showed what a prince of a fellow he was, and showed me that an instructor had to become accustomed to students' making mistakes—knowledge which stood me in good stead years later when I became an instructor.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of mo-

ments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the time-book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me. So I grabbed the hand and shook it. He just grinned and growled:

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air. Honestly, the living of this life was wonderful—here I was an actual Army Pilot with my own ship, and up here free from the shackles of the earth. I envied no one. Circling in traffic I'd "get my head in the clouds" and gain or lose altitude but that didn't matter. I was soloing.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in towards Lieutenant Landon. By the gods he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him—I wouldn't have my instructor being ashamed of his student. Even before I got to the moment to level off, I could see that I would land right on top of him. But



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

the Lieutenant was running, throwing his parachute away just to get clear of a student who had really taken him literally.

Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after levelling off too high. Well, I held it straight and there was no ground-loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face. A pilot! I had landed the ship and it was actually in one piece!

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute—you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas, in the sun, with ships landing all around him. My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-suit, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxi out and pick him up. But I had lost again—the ship was being taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot out there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I knew he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damndest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia. To get to see her, I would drive that thirteen-hundred-odd miles to her college or her home in Fort Valley, spend anywhere from ten minutes to two hours with her, then jump back in the car and drive madly for Texas and

the Monday morning flying period. I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from after inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?" And me meekly replying, "Atlanta, Georgia, Sir." He just said, "Hell, no," and I turned and walked from his office with the good intention of obeying the order.

But within the hour I had weakened. I filled my rumble-seat tank, which held fifty-five gallons of fuel, and was off to see her for the short time available. Yes, she was, and still is some girl. On the return trip I burned out two bearings near Patterson, Louisiana. Jimmy Wedell, one of the well-known speed flyers, helped me to get it fixed after I explained the predicament I was in. But even with five of us working on the number one and number six bearings of the Chevy, I was twelve hours late getting back to Randolph Field.

As I walked into the bachelor-officers' quarters that I shared with Bob Terrill, I expected any minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions." Finally he put down his letter writing, looked at me almost in disgust, and broke out:

"Scott, you are the damned luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. No! This is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have ground school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars—and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? It'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end."

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though, on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called over and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia. To see my girl. I thanked him and went.

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at last an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college. Probably if I had gone to Hawaii, I would have figured out some way to have flown a P-12 back over every week—but I didn't have to do it after all.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story—and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, N. Y.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest—I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

I recall that I had just about completed the trip to Long Island, when something happened that will keep me remembering the fall of 1933.

Just before I reached the Holland Tunnel, I was suddenly forced to the curb by three cars all bristling with sawed-off shotguns and Tommy-guns. I jumped out pretty mad, but saw that many guns were covering me and that it was the police. They looked at my papers, but said anyone could have mimeographed orders. They searched the car and me, took down the Texas license number, and even copied the engine number. All the time I tried to talk with the flashlights in my eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Use of Fabric and Thread in Decorating Homes of Tomorrow

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



and fifty per cent fullness if French pleats are to be used at the tops of curtains; and set the machine for a long stitch for speed. Clip selvages every few inches to avoid puckered seams and hems.

NOTE—You do not have to wait for your home of tomorrow to have the attractive coffee table shown in this sketch. It is easy to make from straight cuts of lumber. A map, a favorite print or a piece of hand work may be placed under the glass top to give a decorative effect. Ask for pattern No. 234 and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 234. Name Address

IF YOU are dreaming about re-decorating after the war—and who is not—put this in your note book. There will be a more lavish use of fabric in home decoration than ever before. There will be many new types of textiles and many new weaves. Fabrics will be designed to wear longer and to stay clean longer. A feeling of spaciousness will be obtained by blotting out some walls with curtains.

The homemaker who can sew a straight seam will save many a dollar for she may have curtains of any length, width or fullness merely by stitching straightwidths together. And here is a decorators' tip for her—allow a hundred

Household Hints

If you have an old windshield wiper, it may be used when washing the windows of your home.

Sprinkle talcum powder on a ribbon knot that you wish to loosen.

Slip an oiled-silk bowl cover over the hand wheel of a sewing machine. Keeps small children from getting their fingers and hands caught when it's turning.

If new tin pans are greased and put into the warm oven before using, they will not rust.

You can boil a cracked egg in the following way: Put a tablespoonful of salt into the water for boiling. Rub common salt thickly on the crack and put at once into the water, which should be boiling fast. You will find that the white will not bubble out and be wasted.

To clean berry stains from the teeth, bite into a cut lemon. (Hope your face straightens out.)



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