

### What You Should Know About Frills

SO MANY women have learned to run intricate machines in the last few years that it is doubtful that ruffler or hemmer will ever seem awesome again. If you have a power machine and you have learned to use the attachments there is quite a saving in making your own frilled curtains, dressing table skirts and bed valances.

If you do not have a power machine or the use of one, by all



means buy your frills. Sometimes an extra pair of curtains makes a skirt for a dressing table with very little waste. Curtains that are ruffled all the way around may often be split for bed valances. Also, it is possible to buy ruffled material by the yard. Avoid skimpy fullness. Follow the guide given in the sketch and, whether you buy your frills and flounces or make them, take measurements first.

NOTE: Here is news for homemakers. This sketch is from a new booklet by Mrs. Spears called MAKE YOUR OWN CURTAINS. This 32-page book is full of smart new curtain and drapery ideas with illustrated step-by-step directions for measuring, cutting, making and hanging all types from the simplest sash curtain to the most complicated lined over-drapery or stiffened valance. Whatever your curtain problem—here is the answer. Order booklet by name and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for book "Make Your Own Curtains."  
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### Best Known Home Remedy For Relieving Miseries of CHILD'S COLDS

The modern external treatment most young mothers use to relieve discomforts of children's colds... muscular soreness or tightness, coughing, irritation in upper bronchial tubes... is Vicks Vaporub. So easy to use. You just rub it on—and right away blessed relief starts to come as Vaporub...

**PENETRATES** to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors  
**STIMULATES** chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice

Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Remember this... **ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special penetrating-stimulating action!** It's time-tested, home-proved, the best known home remedy for relieving miseries of colds.

### DRINK these 10 herbs in your daily cup of HOT WATER

...and loosen the CLINGING wastes

To your daily cup of hot water, add the juice of the 10 herbs in Garfield Tea and you not only cleanse internally, but loosen the hard-to-get-at wastes which cling to the lining, undigested. Makes hot water tastier to drink, adds mild, thorough laxative action that relieves temporary constipation. Caution: use as directed. 10c, 25c, 50c at your druggist.

Free! Sample Trial Package! Write for generous sample, enough for 4 cups, to: Garfield Tea Co., 313 41st St., Brooklyn 32, N. Y., Dept. D-47

### GARFIELD TEA FOR GENTLE RELIEF FROM INTERNAL SLOUGHS

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MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TONIC

If You "Tire Easily", have low resistance to poils and minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—natural A & D Vitamins—try taking good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily the year around! National survey shows many doctors recommend Scott's to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's today—at all druggists!

IT'S GOOD-TASTING  
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Great Year-Round Tonic

# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

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

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a self-made West Point graduate, wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, and marries a girl from Georgia. From Mitchel Field, N. Y., he is sent to Panama where his real pursuit training is begun in a P-125. He is given a job constructing flying fields which would some day protect the Canal. He begins to train other pilots. The war is getting closer and he is unhappy because he realizes he is getting farther and farther from actual combat duty. As director of training in a twin-engine school in California he writes to General after General asking for a chance to fight. When that chance comes he realizes that his wife and child meant America for him.

**CHAPTER VI**

Doug was an ideal flying officer, and it was to him that I first turned for advice on how I should make myself acquainted with this big airplane. Doug had learned to fly at the period when I had been instructing. I had taught his class to fly; now the tables were turned and he would have to be the instructor for a while. Don't forget that as yet I hadn't flown a B-17E.

Introducing myself to my co-pilot, I said, "How about showing me how to fly this ship—I want to see how to work these turbos and such." He merely grinned at me in disbelief. "Aw, Colonel," he said, "you can fly the thing—why, you taught me to fly." I finally got him to give me some cockpit instruction by explaining that though I had many thousand hours in PT's, BT's, and other trainers, and knew lots about single-seaters and fast twin-engine medium bombers, I knew nothing about such planes as this big devil.

He showed me the approved method of starting the four engines, when to use the booster switches, how to set the turbos, how to lock the tail wheel—and generally how to pick up that fifty-seven thousand pounds of flying dynamite and take it around the field. I flew it for two landings that afternoon, and that night I climbed all over the Fortress, read the entire maintenance manual, and learned from scratch what made the big ship go. Next day I soloed it for over four hours, and after the twentieth landing I felt as if I was ready to start for war.

Then we tested everything—fired all guns at targets in the overglades, and the cordite from all those roaring fifty calibres gave even the swampy "glades" a sweet aroma. My gunners were eager to be on the way, and I soon found that they knew exactly what they were doing.

Private Motley was my tail gunner. During the entire trip I think he stayed in the tail ninety per cent of the time, just to get used to the way to handle the tail turret. I used to say of Motley that he just didn't care where he was going—he wanted to see where he had been.

Sergeant Aaltonen, the engineer, was charged with keeping the engines functioning properly, and in general the entire enlisted personnel was under him. He was a diligent Finn and one of the bravest men I have ever seen. I can see Aaltonen now, standing there behind my seat and the co-pilot's seat, unperturbed in the roughest of storms, from the violent currents of the equatorial front of the Hamadans to the Shimals of Africa and Arabia. Eternally watching the many instruments, waiting to correct the slightest trouble even before it happened. When we were lost over trackless seas he was never ruffled, but ready at all times with information as to fuel consumption and the best RPM's for cruising. Once when he was told that we would probably have to land in the Atlantic there was no change in the expression on his face; he simply began to move the provisions to a point where they could be quickly placed in the rubber boats. His job in case of attack was to man the top turret with its twin Fifms.

Sergeant Baldrige was the head radioman. His secondary duty was to handle one of the waist guns back aft of midships. Corporal Cobb was second radioman; he would leave that to enter the lower turret. The other waist gun on this flight was to be handled by a radio officer, Lieutenant Hershey.

The navigator was a Lieutenant whom I'll call Jack. He was a nifty kid who liked his job. I know that after our mission he made many raids as navigator to bomb the Japs in Rangoon.

We tested the bombardier and the bombsight, too, before we started the flight. Lean, lanky, six-foot-three Bombardier George—I never did see how he managed to wiggle into the nose of the Fortress. I can see him there now, tense over his sight, waiting for the bombs to go—ever with the cross-hairs on the target. George had a couple of fifty calibre guns up there in the nose with him, too. He was just the opposite of the tail gunner—he never did know where he had been but always got there first.

And so the eight of them made up my crew—eight good soldiers who had volunteered and who wanted to hurt the enemy. None of them worried about whether or not he'd get home—for he knew of bigger things that had to be done.

We had to test everything, for it was over sixteen thousand miles to Japan the way we were having to go; there couldn't be a slip-up on this mission, and so we didn't take a chance. When finally all was set

I was about nervous enough to bite my nails off, for my ship was to be last to leave the States. I had worried every minute of the time we had been waiting for fear that some brass hat would get my orders changed before I could get on my way. The other twelve ships had gone, with Colonel Haynes leading in his B-24. They all made their way to the East separately, with instructions to meet in Karachi, India, for final orders. And Karachi was 12,000 miles away.

As soon as we could leave the West coast of Florida, we loaded up and crossed the State. Going on East over West Palm Beach, I rang the alarm bell, putting all men on the alert, and we dropped down, with the crew firing at the white-caps out over the Gulf Stream. The guns were working fine but we couldn't take a chance. I had to learn right now whether the crew could work as a team, for once we started it would be too late.

As we came back towards the last field we were to land on in the U. S. A., something strange met my sight, something that made the blood pound a little harder in my temples. There, along the entire beach of Florida, was a jagged black line—the clean sand of Florida's beaches had been made black and terrible-looking by the oil from many tankers sunk by the Axis submarine war. It gave me a queer feeling, for along the beaches there

the temperature was comfortable on top of the haze at six thousand feet, down in the soup near the water we had difficulty breathing. Passing on over another river identified as the Rio Oyapok, we went out over the Guianas into Brazil at 9:55 a. m. Cruising low at eight hundred feet, we got some unforgettable views of the steaming Brazilian jungle.

Looking out to sea, we noticed that the blue color already was changing to the murkiness of the Amazon, though we were about a hundred miles from its mouth. Flying low, I noted that the hump of Brazil near the coast was flat and green and hot as hell—temperature ninety-six and humidity about ninety-nine per cent at 10:55 a. m. We reached the mouth of the greatest river in the world at 11:35 E.W.T. Here the width of the Amazon is about one hundred and fifty miles.

Boys will have their fun too, no matter if you are flying low over the greatest of rivers. As we crossed the equator—old Zero Degrees Lat. at 11:56 a. m., at West Longitude 49 degrees 32 minutes—I saw those of my crew who had been in the South latitudes before take paper cups of water and drop them on the heads of those who were uninitiated, thus making them subjects of the sacred realm of Jupiter Rex as identified from the realm of Neptune Rex on the sea. We crossed the Amazon, from just West of Point Grossa over Bahia Santa Rosa to Mixiana Island, thence to Isla da Marajo. This last island in the mouth of the river is one hundred miles wide and reputedly has more cattle on the single ranch than any other ranch in the world. Soon we came to Rio Para, crossed it in a thunderstorm, and were over Belem, where we landed in the blackness of a tropical rain at 12:40 E.W.T.

On April 4, we left Belem for Natal at 6:55 a. m., and climbed to ten thousand feet in order to top as much of the cumulus as possible. We had to skirt one great anvil-head reaching up into the sub-stratosphere near Bahia San Luiz. This storm covered about fifty miles, but we got around it without going into its turbulence. As we went on South of the equator the haze diminished gradually and the country became dry, making us think we were over western Texas. We landed at Natal, our jump-off point for the South Atlantic crossing, at 12:25 E.W.T.

This was to be a real day's flight. For we were not to be able to spend the night at Natal. Our run from Belem to Natal of nine hundred miles, then the crossing of nineteen hundred miles to Liberia, plus the run down the hump of Africa to a Pan-American base on the Gold Coast—this last almost nine hundred miles—had to be made without stops, except short ones for fuel. For all practical purposes, then, we had thirty-seven hundred miles to make in one day.

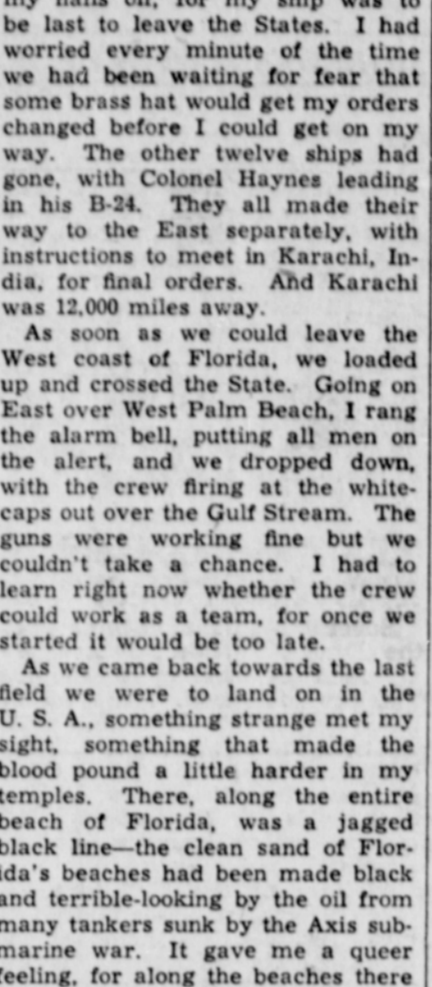
We got the big ship serviced and ready for the trip, then went to the Ferry Command Hotel. There we found two more crews of our thirteen heavy bombers. One group of these had turned back the night before with one engine out. The other, piloted by Col. Gerry Mason, had nearly come to grief on the way in from Belem. The rubber life-rafts in the Forts are carried in two compartments where the wing of the B-17 joins the big fuselage. This is to facilitate their automatic release upon contact with the water should the ship have to land at sea. They are of course tied to the airplane with strong manila rope, and it is on this hemp that the present tale hangs. In the flight down the coast some malfunction had caused one of these compartments to spring open—and out came the heavy, five-man boat. At the speed of two hundred miles an hour with which it struck the tail section as it went back on its rope in the slipstream of two engines, it nearly took the entire horizontal stabilizer off. Only by very skillful piloting had Gerry Mason managed to get the Fort and his crew of ten to Natal.

Just the same, in my attempted nap that afternoon, I grinned at the thought that we in old "Hades Ab Altar" were passing ahead of two more ships of the flight. Boy, I dreamed, they'll have a hell of a job getting me back there into the training center now! It's four thousand miles back to Florida and in the morning I'll be across the Atlantic.

We climbed out of the Fortress and stepped upon Africa at 11:05 G.M.T. Our crossing from Natal had been made in thirteen hours. Leaving the natives at work under Royal Air Force bosses, we hurried on to Operations, where we arranged for clearance down the coast. Then we were led into a thatched-roofed dining hall for good hot food. If I hadn't been so hungry and tired from the extra tension I had been subjected to, I think I'd have "gawked" at those wild-looking tribesmen who were serving us. In one night we'd left the hotels of South America, and here we were, having our plates brought by jet-black bush Negroes with rings in their ears and noses, jabbering away in a West Coast dialect. To them we were "Bwana," the food was "chop," and dessert was "sweet." (TO BE CONTINUED)

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

Col. Scott's superior officers, Gen. Joseph Stilwell, left, and Gen. Claire Chennault.



was also the beached wreckage of several ships. This war was meaning more and more to us as we prepared to shove off for the first stop out of America.

Now we were poised for our flight to Puerto Rico. In our two-day wait for technical changes on the engines I worried more than ever, for the other twelve ships were gone and I was getting frantic lest something might change the orders. Finally, after having to wait during days of perfect weather, we took off in heavy rain for Borinquen Field, P. R.

The take-off and first two hours of the flight were "instrument," as we were flying through a moderate tropical front. We finally broke into clearing weather over Long Island Key, British West Indies. This was on March 31, 1942.

Just after noon we sighted Hispaniola at the point of Cape Frances Viejo. Sergeant Aaltonen passed out some hot coffee from the thermos jugs. Our spirits were high, for now that we had passed the bad weather this was like a picnic. The big ship was handling like a single-seater. We turned from the dark, mysterious Hispaniola, crossed Mona Passage, and landed at Borinquen Field at 15:07, just three minutes off our E.T.A. (Estimated Time of Arrival).

Two of our flight's Fortresses were waiting in Puerto Rico for minor repairs, so we felt a little less lonesome. Just in case the authorities in Washington decided to stop the last ship or the last two ships in our mission, I got my crew up long before daylight next morning, and we soon were heading South for Trinidad, ahead of the other two.

A real night take-off from Trinidad—we were airborne in the darkness at 5:20 a. m. As the wheels left the ground I realized very quickly how great a load we were lifting. This was the first time we had taken off with full load of fuel, and it seemed to me that I almost had to break my arms to keep the tail from going all the way back to the jungle—for all practical purposes the Fortress tried a loop. (It must have been that case of Scotch, added suddenly to the other sixty thousand pounds.) Finally we got the ship rigged properly and climbed on top of the clouds at eight thousand feet. Later we had to go higher to keep from going through the heavy tropical thunderheads; with our overload, neither Doug nor I wanted to risk the turbulence that we knew was there.

As the sun came up we could look down through holes at intervals and see the dark Atlantic near the Guianas.

Over Devil's Island at 9:20, I saw by our chart that we were only five degrees North of the equator. Coming down lower to look at the French penal colony, we found that although

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Pattern No. 5640

SO MANY readers have asked that I design a "large-size" vestee which could be easily knitted that I've done this one especially for sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44. Made in maroon or wine-colored yarn it's just the sort of winter vestee which is most popular. Button the lapel over for added warmth under your coat—wear the vestee for comfort in a too

### Ill-Fated Chesapeake Has No Namesake in Navy

Owing to the misadventures of the first American naval vessel to be called the Chesapeake, the U. S. navy has never given this name to another combatant ship, says Collier's. In 1807, the captain of this frigate, unprepared to fight, struck his flag and allowed his vessel to be searched after being fired upon by H.M.S. Leopard.

Again in 1813, the crew of the Chesapeake, unwilling to continue a battle, surrendered and the ship was captured by the H.M.S. Shannon.

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