



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If lemon juice is squeezed over bananas and apples after they are sliced, they will not become dark.

Try drying your wool sweaters on a window screen. It allows free circulation.

When the fabric of your umbrella is completely worn, take the frame to be re-covered—or do it yourself. Use the original as a pattern and stitch up a cover of waterproof or firm, tightly woven material. Usually a yard of 39-inch fabric will be sufficient.

Do not clean the enamel top of an oven with a wet, cold cloth as the enamel is apt to crack. Let it cool first.

Soak an old chicken in vinegar and water for a few hours to make it tender.

Do not place hot or warm foods in the refrigerator to cool. The warmth will raise the temperature and the food is likely to spoil, owing to the sudden change in temperature.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

Persons now engaged in essential industry will not apply without statement of availability from their local United States Employment Service.

LUMBER HANDLERS and sawmill men with rain clothes, board and room available. JONES LUMBER CO., 5500 SW Macadam Ave., Portland, Ore. (Take Williams bus, south bound).

Home Study Courses

MAKE WRITING FOR RADIO your profession. Comprehensive home study course prepares you. Details: BOX 1114 Beverly Hills, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

BE LUCKY. Wear a genuine Seminole Indian doll. Servicemen like to carry 'em too. Colorful. 3c. HITCHING POST RANCH, HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA.

Convalescent Home

HOME FOR AGED conv., best food, kind treatment; warm rms., efficient nursing; lower rates. McFALL REST HOME, 472 E. Washington St., Hillsboro, Ore. Ph. 1672.

TRAPPER'S SUPPLIES

Edwards' Wolf and Coyote Extensor Capsules and Bait. One night that brought \$121.50. Free formulas and instructions. Get Edwards' real Coyote Scent. GEORGE EDWARDS, LIVINGSTON, MONT.

RECAP TIRES

RECAP TIRES, any quantity, wholesale, 30% off OPA ceiling, C.O.D., F.O.B. Los Angeles. Will ship on certificate or OPA authority without certificates. Resident salesman wanted. ACME TIRE & RUBBER CO., 515 East Washington Blvd., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

Buy War Savings Bonds

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION For Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

WOMEN IN '40's

Do You Hate HOT FLASHES?

If you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, nervous, a bit blue at times—all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

WNU-13

46-44

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 night, 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 wise. Doan's—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 all the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a West Point graduate, begins pursuit training at Panama after winning his wings at Kelly Field, Texas. When the war comes to us he is an instructor in California, and fearing he will always be an instructor he writes to many generals pleading for a chance at combat flying, and at last the opportunity comes. He says goodbye to his wife and baby and leaves for Florida, where he picks up his Flying Fortress. He flies to India where for some time he is a ferry pilot, flying supplies into Burma, but he does not like this job. They fly over bombed and burning Chinese towns as Burma falls. After Burma is in the hands of Japs he meets General Stilwell and his party.

CHAPTER X

Back at the field I found that Payne had loaded the transport with forty sick or wounded Gurkhas. In fact, we had to keep more from getting aboard by threatening them with our guns, for after all, we had the same small field for taking off we'd had for landing. Johnny swung the ship into the wind and we were off in some six hundred feet. We went in many times again, after the Gurkhas had lengthened the runway slightly, and we finally moved out most of the soldiers before the monsoon rains ran us out. But I'll never forget Captain Payne's feat in that first landing of a transport at Fort Hertz.

Following the defeat of the Allied armies down in southern and central Burma, the refugees poured to the North and to the Northwest. Those to the Northwest tried to walk out by the Lido Road, which was nothing more than a game trail. Many of them died, and of those who came out many died after entering India. I heard stories of bodies by the hundreds, almost buried in the mud, all along the trail from Burma to India. Those who kept coming North from Shwebo up the railroad to Myitkyina finally wound up on Myitkyina's small field, anxiously waiting for aerial transportation over the remaining one hundred and ninety miles to Dinjan.

Some of the loads that ferry pilots packed into those DC-3's would have curdled the blood of the aeronautical engineers who designed the ship. The C-47, or DC-3, as the airlines called the Douglas transport, was constructed to carry a full load of twenty-four passengers or six thousand pounds. The maximum altitude was expected to be about 12,000 feet—but we later went a minimum of 18,000 across the hump, and sometimes we had to go to 21,500 to miss the storms and ice. Carrying the refugees, we broke all the rules and regulations because we had to. There were women and children, pregnant women, and women so old that they presumably couldn't have gone to the altitude that was necessary to cross into India. There were hundreds of wounded British soldiers with the most terrible gangrenous infections. At the beginning we used to load the wounded first, those who were worst off; but later, when we realized that with our few transports we'd never get them all out, we took only the able-bodied. That was a hard decision to make, but we looked at it finally from the theory that those must be saved who could some day fight again.

I remember one of the bravest men I have ever seen, who helped us load and control the refugees on the field at Myitkyina. He was a big, bearded Sikh officer, one of the aristocratic British colonials. He must have been six-foot-two, a fine looking man. He worked religiously with the refugees and soldiers, always efficient, always trying to send those out who should have gone. I can see him now, standing there in his tattered uniform, with his turban perfectly placed on his dark head, his beard waving in the wind from the idling propellers. He would patiently herd the passengers into the transport, sometimes holding hysterical people back physically, and in more crucial times pulling his pistol, but never becoming flustered or excited. I sometimes think he was the greatest soldier I have ever seen. Day after day, as the Japs moved North and ever closer to Myitkyina, he would be there, doing his thankless job.

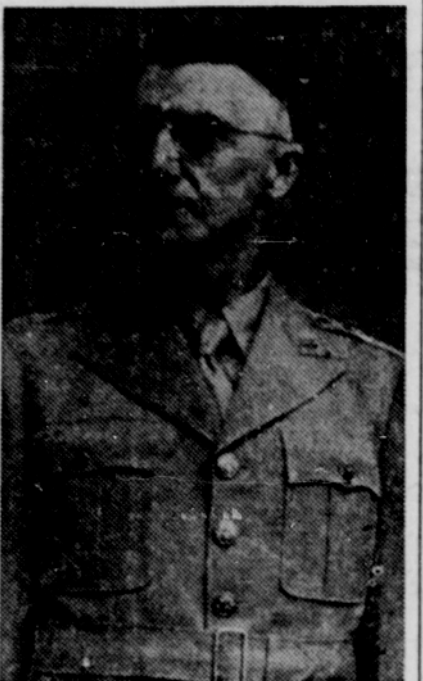
When the end came, and I knew that the field would be taken in the next few hours, I went to him and explained the situation. I found, however, that he knew more about it than I knew myself. The refugees had told him, he said, and he knew this was the last day we could land there. So I asked him to get aboard my ship and leave for India; after all, he was an officer and could best be used when once again the British entered Burma.

The Sikh officer refused with majestic pride. His orders had been to stay there and supervise the evacuation of those refugees, and he considered that trust sacred. We had to leave him, and when I last saw him he was herding the ever-increasing numbers of stricken people on to the North, towards Fort Hertz and the blind valley that led inevitably to the impassable mountains towards Tibet. I guess the Japs finally got him. But I know how he must have died, with that pistol in his hand, and finally just the knife—and I know that several Japs died before they killed him.

The winds from the Indian Ocean grew stronger, and the monsoon season began. And oh boy, the rains

came! The clouds built up so black and high and thick that you could no longer go around them or over them—you had to just get on instruments and bore through. In some ways, though, it was a relief—there in the safety of God's elements the Japs couldn't bother our unarmed ships. Many times I heard the remark that there was always something good in everything—even bad weather. I can hear still some of those pilots griping, saying they never thought the day would come when they'd be out looking for bad weather. But it was the truth. With the Jap fighter ships all over Burma now, it was comforting to know that there were rain clouds to dodge into with the transports.

On April 26, the AVG finally had to leave Loiwing, due to the failure of the air-warning net to the South. They moved on back to Paoshan by Mengshih, and finally to Kunming. One day about that time I went over to see General Chennault, for I had a question I wanted to ask him—one that I'd carried on my mind ever since I'd been shanghaied off the "dream mission." I still wanted to fight. Though this Ferry Com-



Lieut. Gen. Joseph ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, one of the most popular generals in the United States army, who has seen a lot of fighting on the Chinese front.

mand was important, I'd been trained for a fighter pilot. And here I was, just sitting up there in a transport, like a clay pigeon for the Japanese.

I still remembered that for nine years I had been too young; then when war came I was suddenly told I was too old to be a fighter pilot. When had I been the right age? I wanted to tell General Chennault that story. At the great age of thirty-four, I just didn't consider that I was too old to fly fighter planes and with his help I meant to prove it. Even with only one fighter ship in the sky with our transports, I knew I could give the boys in the transports just a little more confidence. Besides, I kind of thought I had a date with destiny, so to speak—or at least a date with a Jap somewhere over there in Burma. I desperately wanted to slide in behind one of those enemy bombers or fighters and shoot him down.

Finally I had my chance to tell the story of my ambitions to General Chennault. Busy as he was, he listened to my case, and even as I talked I admired the great man more and more. Here, I knew, was a great officer and leader as well as a great pilot. Here was an American who was a General in the Chinese Army, held by the Chinese in admiration and respect—a soldier who could see the problems that his modern war imposed on land armies as well as on navies and air power. Here, I knew, was genius.

I told the General that I wanted one single P-40 to use in India and Burma. I knew they were scarce, but I would promise him that nothing would happen to it, and the instant he needed the ship I would fly it back to him in China. The General smiled. I'm sure he was thinking back and wondering whether, if he were in my position, he wouldn't have begged for the same chance. He didn't give me some excuse that he well might have used—that the P-40's belonged to the Chinese Government, that it would have been against regulations, and so forth. General Chennault knew that I would use that "shark," as we called the P-40's, against the Japs. He made his own regulations then; what did it matter who killed the Japs and who used the P-40's so long as they were being used for China?

By the twinkle in his eyes I knew that I had won my case. The General said, "Some Forties are on the way from Africa now. You take the next one that comes through. Use it as long as you want to." That's the way I got the single fighter plane that was to work out of Assam.

With anxious eyes I waited, looking to the West for the next "sharks" to come to India.

Three P-40E's or Kittyhawks came to us from Africa on April 29. Two went on to Kunming for the AVG, but Number 41-1496 stayed with me. It was mine, and I was as proud of it as of the first bicycle my father had given me. All through the night

I read the technical files and learned every little item about the Allison engine and the engine controls. I memorized the armament section of the book, and by morning I was ready to put theory into practice and test it out.

That morning I found a painter, buying red and white paint from the village, I had him paint the shark's mouth on the lower nose of the Curtiss Kittyhawk. On that afternoon of April 30, I remember that as I waited for the paint to dry, I walked round and round my ship, admiring the graceful lines, a feeling of pride in my heart. I glided in the slender fuselage, in the knife-like edges of the little wings. The sharp nose of the spinner looked like an arrow to me—the nose that sloped back to the leering shark's mouth. At sight of the wicked-looking blast tubes of the six fifty-calibre guns in the wings, I felt my chest expand another inch. This was shark-nosed dynamite, all right—but even then I did not quite realize what a weapon this fighter ship could be when properly handled.

I don't know how long I walked around the fighter admiring it and caressing its wicked-looking body. I know the paint on the shark's mouth hadn't dried yet—but I'd held the suspense as long as I could. This was as if I were rolling old sherry around on my tongue; sometime I had to really taste it. Now, stepping on the walkway of the left wing, I threw first one leg and then the other over the side of the fuselage and slid into the little cockpit of the fighter. As I adjusted the rudder pedals and fastened my safety belt, I primed the engine a few shots. Turning on the toggle switches, I energized and engaged the starter with my foot, and now I heard the Allison break into a steady roar as I moved the mixture control from "idle cutoff." Out in front of me—a long distance, it seemed—the heavy, eleven-foot, three-bladed prop became a gray blur in my vision. An Allison, or any high-powered engine, doesn't have to warm up, and idling will soon foul the plugs. I was taxiing almost as soon as the engine settled down to the steady roar.

Very proudly I taxied out for my first take-off in the new Kittyhawk. All around me on the airfield I could feel the jealous eyes of every American and British pilot, even those of the earth-bound coolies—or at least my ego thought it felt their looks.

During the test flight over the dark green acres of Assam tea gardens, sweeping low over the Brahmaputra and then climbing steeply for the Naga Hills, I contemplated with keen anticipation the wonderful days that lay ahead. Here was no defenseless transport, no lumbering and unwieldy four-engine bomber—here was a fighting weapon, with a heart and a soul like the other combat ships. But more than that, here was an instrument of war with a distinct individuality, a temperamental devil of the skies. Truly like a beautiful woman, it went smoothly and sweetly at times; and then, as speed increased, it might yaw dangerously as the pressures built up. Again, it could become completely unstable. It had to be flown every second of the time; ignore it for one second and there was no automatic pilot to keep it on course, no co-pilot to help you—it would fall away and very soon would be out of control. Yes, like a beautiful woman, it demanded constant attention. There were no extra members in the crew to worry about, and here in Assam there were no other fighter ships to worry about. We were both isolated individuals.

When I had landed and had taxied back to my niche in the heavy jungle trees surrounding the field, I climbed out and reverently patted the ship on the cowling. The P-40 was fast becoming a personality to me.

Next day I tested my guns and dropped aluminum-powder practice bombs, bombs that leave a splash of aluminum paint on the ground or an aluminum slick on the water where they hit, in order to show the pilot how near he has come to the target. I aimed at the black snags in the river with the guns, then came around again and tried to dive and glide-bomb the snags with the little bombs. I was trying to train myself, trying to make up for the four years that I had been away from pursuit aviation and from tactical training in the art of killing. I needed a lot of this gunnery and bombing, for my life was very soon to depend on it.

I'll never forget the first time I pressed the trigger of my guns and heard the co-ordinated roar of the six fifty-calibre machine guns. Just by pressing a small black button below the rubber grip on my stick I could make three lines of orange tracers from each wing converge out ahead of my fast-moving fighter and meet on the snags in the Brahmaputra. Nearly a hundred shots a second those six Fifties threw out, and the muddy river turned to foam near the targets. The sense of their power impressed me as the recoil slowed me many miles per hour in my dive; I could feel my head snap forward from the deceleration. Sometimes when the guns on only one side would fire, the unequal kicks from the recoil would almost turn the ship.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAY DREAMING

A tough looking man walked into a lawyer's office in Boston and wanted to know: "Do you respect confidential information given by a client?"

"Yes, of course," replied the lawyer.

"Well, then, exactly what is the number of years you can get for holding up a government mail truck?"

The lawyer consulted his books: "Ten years," he answered. "When did this crime take place?"

"Oh, it's still in the planning stage," the gangster replied.

Clock Watcher

Harry—How did Brown happen to lose control of his car just as he reached the railroad crossing?

Jerry—Well, you know Brown. He's the kind of a fellow who always drops everything as soon as the whistle blows.

SINGLE BLISS



Joe—Do you think it's unlucky to postpone a wedding?
Bill—Not if you keep on doing it!

For Quick Cough Relief, Mix This Syrup, at Home

No Cooking, No Work, Real Saving.

Here's an old home mixture your mother probably used, but, for real results, it is still one of the most effective and dependable for coughs due to colds. Once tried, you'll swear by it. It's no trouble at all. Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments until dissolved. No cooking is needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Now put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle, and add your syrup. This makes a full pint of truly splendid cough medicine, and gives you about four times as much for your money. It keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

And you'll say it's really amazing, for quick action. You can feel it take hold promptly. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Thus it eases breathing, and lets you sleep. Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well-known for its prompt action on throat and bronchial membranes. Money refunded if not pleased in every way.

Headed For It!

She—I'll love to share all your trouble.

He—But, darling, I haven't any. She—I mean wait till we're married.

Small Fry

Johnny—What makes that kid down the block so tough?
Jimmy—His mother feeds him marble cake, rock candy and brick ice cream!

ANNOUNCING

Market Week Association's Biggest Showing

NEW WASHINGTON HOTEL

SEATTLE

NOVEMBER 26 - 27 - 28

(In conjunction with the Seattle Women's Apparel showing at Olympic Hotel)

America's Favorite Cereal! Kellogg's CORN FLAKES. "The Grains are Great Foods"—K. Kellogg. Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food elements of the whole grain declared essential to human nutrition.

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder. Here's your BEST guarantee of PERFECT Baking Results. BALANCED DOUBLE ACTION. ASK MOTHER, SHE KNOWS...

WHEN CHEST COLDS COME AND PETER PAIN ATTACKS... ..RUB IN Ben-Gay QUICK. Ben-Gay acts fast to relieve cold symptoms. Ask your doctor about those famous pain-relieving agents, methyl salicylate and menthol. Ben-Gay contains up to 2 1/2 times more of these ingredients than five other widely offered rub-ins. Mild Ben-Gay was especially developed for children's delicate skin. Get genuine Ben-Gay! Also For PAIN: RHEUMATISM, MILD BEN-GAY, MUSCLE PAIN, NEURALGIA, DUE TO, THERE'S ALSO, FOR CHILDREN.