

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

RABBITS & SKINS

WANT Live Rabbits 4 to 5 lbs., white 24c, colored 22c, old ones 10c. Want Rabbit skins, poultry, veal, Ruby Co., 335 S. W. Front, Portland, Oregon.

RABBITS

WANTED—4 to 6-lb. live rabbits, top prices. Sherwood, N. 7716 Smith, Spokane, Washington. Glen, 2335.

HELP WANTED

MAN WANTED—SELL in your home county. Old successful company. Large line of extracts, stocks and other farm products. Goods supplied on credit. Our free gift opens every door to you. Write today. The Lange Co., Box 175, DeFere, Wis.

WOMEN

LIGHT factory work in essential industry. Experience unnecessary. 5-day week, plus 5 hours Saturday at time and one-half if desired. Apply in person to AMERICAN CREAMER COMPANY, 1461 Elliott Avenue West, Seattle, Washington. Authorized referral required.

FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA DEEDED LANDS

Million Acres California State Deeded Lands now available for settlement; from 1/2 to 1/4 acre. State-wide; timber, grazing, agriculture, country and city locations. Home-seekers wanted, not speculators. For locations, descriptions, minimum prices, maps, filling blanks and instructions, send \$5 money order to STATE LANDS DEPARTMENT, U. S. Post Office, Box 462, Eureka, California.

300-ACRE turkey farm at Brownsville, Linn Co., Oregon. New, mod. 3-room hse. and mod. 3-room house; brooder and range equipment to care for 8000 turkeys; also range and buildings for 150 sheep. All fenced with double woven wire. Price \$20,000. Owner must sell on account of sickness. Will give possession on December 1st. N. E. Scoville, Real Estate, Brownsville, Oregon.

A GOOD BUSINESS, best location in city limits. Will retire. 10-room cement block house with 2 apartments, 3 greenhouses 6500 feet, 8000 feet. This is food enough to sell \$7000.00 worth a year. Sale price \$14,000.00, \$6,000.00 cash. Balance in 3 payments at 5% int. Fuchs Garden & Nursery, 1226 Chestnut, Clarkston, Washington.

FARM & GARDEN TRACTORS

Walking & riding models, no certificate or priority required. Ed Shore Farm & Garden Tractors, 5821 1st Ave. S., Seattle, Wash.

TRAPPER SUPPLIES

I TEACH COYOTE FOX TRAPPING, snaring, scents. Many independent professionals my students. Free trapper tips, circulars. W. N. Tyson, Midvale, Idaho.

WATERVILLE Hotel for Sale; 25 rooms, 5 furnished apartments, dining room, lobby, kitchen all complete and doing good business. Price \$17,000, half down, balance easy terms. C. C. Mayo, owner, Waterville, Washington.

FRUIT TREES—We accept requests. Save at N. W. prices. No limit on most profitable varieties. Write Farrell, Mabton, Wash.

FOR SALE—Good paying junk and second-hand business. Good reason for selling. Will stand investigation. Box 870, Kellogg, Idaho.

8000-ACRE Stock Ranch. Plenty improvements. Hay land, water; summer and winter pasture. Home of the big fat cattle. Terms: \$5 per acre. Box 52, Lewiston, Idaho.

HAMPSHIRE—Boars, gilts; open, bred. Send for free illustrated booklet. Tourtelotte, 403 White Bldg., Seattle, Washington.

22 ACRES, irrig. suitable for beefs, hay, veg. grain, etc.; school, mail, milk routes; elec. water piped to buildings. Good water right; \$5500 cash. F. W. Schram, Corvallis, Montana.

For Sale Miscellaneous

EDUCATIONAL

SHORTHAND—Intensive 90-day correspondence courses. THE MODERN SCHOOL, 55 North 11th Street, San Jose 12, California.

SPECIAL

We Pay Cash For Used BAND INSTRUMENTS. TACOMA MUSIC, 317 - 11th, Tacoma, Wa.

SPASMS OF BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

RELIEVED IN REMARKABLY SHORT TIME (USUALLY LESS THAN ONE MINUTE) BY ADVANCED VAPORIZER AND INHALANT. NONHABIT FORMING. DOES NOT WEAR OUT, PLEASANT AND EASY TO TAKE. NECESSARY WHEN USED ACCORDING TO SIMPLE DIRECTIONS. THE ADVANCED VAPORIZER IS REGIONS BEST OF RUBBER (BREAKABLE) MATERIAL. IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT HAVE MENTION PRODUCTS, WRITE THE NEPHRON COMPANY, TACOMA 4, WASH.

HEALTH TO YOU!

Correct Rectal, Colon Ailments

Hemorrhoids (Piles), Fistula, Hernia (Bulge) destroy health—lead to semi-ability to enjoy life. Our method of treatment without hospital operation successfully employed for 33 years. Liberal credit terms. Call for examination or send for FREE booklet. Open Evenings, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 to 8:30

Dr. C. J. DEAN CLINIC

Physician and Surgeon, N. E. Cor. E. Burnside and Grand Ave. Telephone East 2918, Portland 14, Oregon

RHEUMATIC

Don't let laetic or sciatic congestions in joints and muscles, cripple you for life. Break it up, sweat it out nature's own way via the easy Steam Bathing Way, at home, convenient, collapsible, full instructions, \$9.95 postpaid. Supply subject to war time limitations. Steam Bathing Co., 13601 - 46th Avenue So., Seattle 95, Washington.

STOMACH ULCERS

Why suffer needlessly? You can get fast relief, know the joys of good health again quickly... with inexpensive, pleasant-tasting Medicine Rock Mineral Water. This is nature's own remedy, discovered in the mountains of Southern Oregon.

Get relief with MEDICINE ROCK MINERAL WATER

What it has done for others it can do for you! \$3.00 bottle. (Money back guarantee. Folder on request.) Medicine Rock Mineral Water Co., 2269 N.W. Monthrup, Portland 9, Ore.

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 war breaks out he is instructor at a California airfield, but wanting to get into combat making the request. Finally the chance comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and leaves for Florida, where he picks up his four-motor bomber and flies to India. Here for some time he is a ferry pilot, flying supplies into Burma. When Burma falls to the Japs he helps carry refugees to India. Soon he has an opportunity to visit General Chennault, and tells the General he wants to be a fighter pilot.

CHAPTER XI

I couldn't waste much time in practice, for after all Burma was just over the Naga Hills and the Japs were coming towards Myitkyina from the South and up the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy. It was open season and I needed no hunting license. Now I definitely knew that adventure was near.

On that afternoon of April 30, 1942, with a full load of ammunition and the shark-mouth seeming to drip saliva, it was so eager, I waited by my ship for an alert. Jap observation planes had been coming over at high altitude very regularly. If they came today I hoped to surprise them.

At two o'clock the alert came, but it was not observation. Many unidentified aircraft were reported by a British radio somewhere over the Naga Hills. I didn't ask for more than that scanty information—I was in my fighter and climbing over the "tea ranches," as Colonel Haynes called them.

High over the field at 22,000 feet, I cuddled my oxygen mask and circled, watching for enemy ships to the East, South, and Southeast—down in the direction of a course to Mandalay. I searched until my eyes hurt, but saw nothing. After about an hour, turning to a course that would take me in the direction from which an enemy had to come, I flew off to intercept—I now had barely two hours' fuel, and the farther away from my base I met them, the more successful my attack would be. Lord! the ego that I possessed! I honestly believe I thought I could shoot down any number of Japs with my single fighter. Again I say, more of the valor of ignorance.

After forty-five minutes I turned for home and began to let down to eighteen thousand. Thirty miles from the field I suddenly tensed to the alert. Off ahead of me was a dark column of smoke, rising high in the air right in the position on the world's surface that the home field should be. My tortured mind flashed back to other results of bombings that I had seen.

"My God," I moaned, "while I've been away looking for the bastards, they've slipped in here and bombed hell out of the home base!"

With tears in my eyes I nosed over and dove for the Zeros that should be strafing the field. (Later I was to learn a lot about this method too.) The smoke was from base all right, but I could see no enemy planes. The only thing in the sky was a single Douglas transport, making a normal landing on the runway. "Calling 'NR-Zero-NR-Zero,'" I asked what the fire was. The reply was muddled, but everything seemed to be in order, for I noticed two other transports clearing the field for China. I circled, then dove on the smoking ruins of the RAF operations "basha." That building had been the casualty, and it was a total loss. I could see the operations officer sitting out in the open, some hundred feet from the charred ruins, calmly carrying on his duties.

When I'd gotten my fighter parked again I went over and heard the story. No Jap attack had come, and I felt relieved—my single-ship war and I had not let the station down. But as I heard the embarrassed operations man tell his story I remember choking discreetly and leaving before I laughed myself to death.

When the alert sounded, "Opps"—the operations officer—had hurried to the window of the thatch and bamboo "basha" to see me take off in the "bloody kite—that Kittyhawk." Seeing a transport from China about to land, and fearing that the Japs would bomb it on the field, he had then fired a Very pistol out of the operations window: the red Very light would be the signal for the transport not to land but to fly in the "stand-by" area. The Very light had gone nonchalantly out of the operations window, into the wind, had curved gracefully back into another window, and had burned the bloody building in five minutes. Operations was being carried on as usual from operations desk, which was located in front of the site of the former office. Bloody shame, wasn't it?

Well, it was tragic, but I guess it was better than a bombing. And so my first mission ended.

Came May Day, and I began the greatest month in my life. I flew every day in that long month, sometimes as many as four missions a day. By putting in a total of 214 hours and 45 minutes, I averaged over seven hours a day for the month. Most of this was in fighter ships—my little old Kittyhawk and I learned a lot, and we were very,

very lucky. When I had come in from my first sortie, the day operations burned down, my pal Col. Gerry Mason kidded me a bit. We got pretty confident, the transport boys and I, for I used to go with them across Burma, and Joplin and some of the other daredevils would try to lure the Jap in to attack them. Jop would call over the radio, in the clear: "NR-o from transport one three four—I'm lost near Bhamo—give me a bearing."

Up there, some three thousand feet above them, I'd be sitting with my fighter, just praying that my "decoy" would work and some luckless Jap would come in for the kill. Then I'd imagine myself diving on his tail, my six guns blazing. But the ruse never worked. Sometimes I think the "Great Flying Boss in the Sky" was giving me a little more practice before he put me to the supreme test.

May the fifth was one of the big days in my life. Waving good-bye to Gerry Mason as I taxied out, I saw him hold his thumb up to me to wish me good hunting. I waved back and was in the air on a sweep towards central Burma. I went straight to Myitkyina; then, seeing nothing, I swung South along the Irrawaddy over Bhamo. Continuing South I went right down on the Burma Road, North of Lashio, and searched for enemy columns. North of the airport at Lashio I saw two groups of troops in marching order. I would have strafed them immediately, but I was afraid they might be Chinese; after all, there were two Chinese armies coming North somewhere in Burma. I made as though to ignore them and they partially

scattered to the sides of the road. Twelve trucks in the column kept rolling to the North.

Then I momentarily forgot about the troops—for in the northwestern corner of the field at Lashio was a ship. From my altitude of 2500 feet I saw at once that it was a twin-engine enemy bomber, later identified as a Mitsubishi, Army 97. It was being serviced, for there were four gasoline drums in front of it and a truck that had evidently unloaded the fuel. My gun switches were already on, and had been since I had seen the troop column. Now I was diving for the grounded bomber and getting my "Christmas Tree" sight lighted properly.

Hurriedly I began to shoot. I saw men running from the truck and jumping into the bushes to the side. My first shots hit in front of the plane, probably striking the fuel drums, for heavy dust covered the enemy ship. I released my trigger as I pulled out of my dive, just clearing the trees behind my target. As I looked back I saw the red circle on one wing, but the other was covered by the body of a man who either had been shot or was trying to hide the identifying insignia.

Keeping the ship very low, I turned 180 degrees for the second attack. This time I did better. I saw my tracers go into the thin fuselage and then into the engines. At first I thought that what I was seeing was more dust; then I realized it was smoke pouring from under the ship. It was on fire. Foolishly then, I pulled up to about six hundred feet; if there had been anti-aircraft fire, I know now they would have shot me down. Again I turned and shot at the truck and the gasoline drums, and once more I saw the tracers converge on the enemy ship. Smoke was floating high in the sky—I could smell it over the odor of cordite that came from my own guns.

Keeping very low again, I turned East and found the Burma Road, turned up it and started looking for the columns which I now knew were Japanese. I approached them from the rear, fired from about a thousand yards, and the road seemed to pulverize. The closely packed troops appeared to rush back towards me as my speed cut the distance between us. I held the six guns on while I went the length of the troop column and caught the trucks. There were only six now, but I fired into all of them and two I saw burn immediately. On my second pass, as I "Sed" across the road, I shot at each truck individually, then turned for the troops again. The road was so dusty that

I could barely see the bodies of those I had hit on the first pass. I suppose the others were hidden in the brush to the side. As I pulled up, I could see the black plume of smoke to the South—my first enemy ship was burning fiercely.

I made as though to leave the area, then came in again from the South on the troops after the dust had settled. They had reformed but were not as closely packed as before. Again I strafed them, but this time I saw that they were firing at me. The trucks couldn't get off the road, and I exhausted my ammunition on them—in two more passes. One truck that I caught dead center with a full two-second burst seemed to blow up. When I left, I knew that four of the trucks were burning, and farther to the South I could still see the smoke of my first Jap plane rising high above the trees of Burma.

Straight back to base I went, feeling very intoxicated with success. At last I'd been able to see Japs and draw blood. In this case they had been treated just as they had been treating Allied ground troops, and I was happy.

That afternoon I went back on the second mission. I found the wrecks of four trucks and baggage, and objects that could have been men, scattered all over the road. The place where I had caught the troop column showed about forty dead men. The grounded plane had burned, and with it had burned about ten acres of the jungle. I fired a long burst into the truck and into the four fuel drums in front of the debris of the enemy bomber, but they didn't burn; I guess the morning fire had finished them. I searched the country to the North for more troops, but didn't intercept any.

I went back home highly elated—I had drawn my first blood. I felt that the world was good again. With pride I radioed General Chennault that his "shark" had been in use, that I had caught lots of rats walking along the Burma Road, and that one Army 97 bomber would fly no more for the Japs.

When Myitkyina fell, I went over there every day to burn the gasoline that had been stored in tins in the woods to the Northeast of the end of the runway. I had found out its location from British Intelligence, but the RAF Group Captain had exacted from me a promise that I would not fire into it until he gave me the word.

It seems that he was afraid that the firing and the burning of the fuel would excite the native Burmese who were in the village. I couldn't see what difference that would make, for after all the Japs would capture the thousands of gallons of aviation gasoline, and the natives were more than likely helping them anyway. Though I held off, every time I saw the shiny four-gallon cans in the trees my finger itched to burn the cache before the enemy could use it. I passed the three days of waiting in burning three barges on the Irrawaddy, South of Bhamo, and in setting a fuel barge on fire down on the Chindwin. In this last raid my ship picked up a few small holes; evidently some Jap sympathizers got my range.

Later in the week, the RAF Group Captain told me that his Commandos in Myitkyina were going to knock holes in all the fuel tins with picks before they left the field to the Japs. Nevertheless I kept watching the gasoline stores while the Japs moved to the North. On May 8, when I got in my ship and started the Allison, my friend the Group Captain ran across the field to tell me that the Japs could not get the gasoline—it had been destroyed without fire, and thus the villagers would not be panicked. Over the roar of the engine I yelled that in that case it would not burn when I fired into it. For I had waited long enough; the Japs were in Myitkyina and I wasn't taking any chances on their acquiring over 100,000 gallons of aviation fuel less than two hundred miles from our base.

When I came over the field at Myitkyina, the enemy fired at me while I was yet ten miles away; I could see the black bursts of the 37 mm AA in front and below me. I started "jinking" and moved to the Northeast, so that I could come from out of the sun and be as far as I could get from the field. With my first burst the whole woods seemed to blow up—I have never seen such a flash as that which came when that veritable powder-train of high octane fuel caught fire from the tracers. I also fired at two of the gun installations on the field. But the bursts from the Jap guns were so close to me that I decided to let well enough alone, and turned for home in Assam.

Next day, May 9, I made four raids into Burma. On the first of these I escorted two transports piloted by Sartz and Sexton to Paoshan, where they were going to land to pickup the baggage of the AVG, who were going on to Kunming. I waited for them to land and take off again, and then called goodby. They were going on East within the air controlled by the AVG, and I wanted to look for Japs to the South anyway. Two hours later Paoshan was badly bombed by the Japs; and so I missed a good party by not staying around. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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Curtaining Your French Doors to Harmonize With Window Treatments

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



valance shelf or a cornice box placed high enough for the bottom of the valance to be just above doors that open in.

NOTE—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 book 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." Name: Address:

HOW to make French door curtains harmonize with the window treatment in a room is a question that always arises. Frequently, over-draperies are omitted for the doors even though they are used for windows. The same glass curtain material is then used as for the windows but a heading and rod is used both top and bottom. However, over-draperies add dignity.

Either a wooden or a metal rod extending well beyond the sides of the door frame may be hooked in place as shown here in the diagram. This permits the doors to open without interfering with draperies.

It is not necessary to repeat window valances over doors though it may be done if desired by using a

Jones Found There Were Not Enough Comers - In!

Jones decided to enter business, and so he bought an establishment from an agent.

After some months he failed, and, meeting the agent some time later, he said: "Do you remember selling me a business a few months ago?"

"Yes," replied the agent. "But what's the trouble? Isn't it as I represented it to be?"

"Oh, yes," said the other. "You said it was in a busy locality where there were plenty of passers-by."

"Well!" queried the agent. "What's wrong with that?"

"There were too many passers-by."

Great Way to relieve stuffiness, invite Sleep if nose gets "stopped up" Tonight! It's wonderful how a little Va-tro-nol relieves transient congestion that stuffs up the nose and spoils sleep. Quickly your nose opens up—breathing is easier! Also relieves sniffly distress of head colds. Follow directions in folder.

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

IF PETER PAIN SHOOTS YOU FULL OF HEAD COLD PAIN... BEN-GAY THE ORIGINAL ANALGESIQUE BAUME

..RUB IN Ben-Gay QUICK Gently warming, soothing Ben-Gay acts fast to relieve cold symptoms. Ask your doctor about those famous pain-relieving agents, methyl salicylate and menthol. Ben-Gay actually contains up to 2 1/2 times more of these famous ingredients than five other widely offered rub-ins. No wonder it's so quick-acting! Get genuine Ben-Gay!