

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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WANT Live Rabbits 4 to 5 lbs., white 24c, colored 22c, old ones 10c. Want Rabbit skins, poultry, veal, Ruby & Co., 935 S. W. Front, Portland, Oregon.

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Gives Quick Relief for Scroptic Mange Get a bottle today at your nearest Feed Store or druggist or send \$1.00 for 4-oz. bottle which will be sent prepaid to you. SKIPPER'S REMEDIES 3980 N. E. 40th Ave., Portland 13, Ore.

CALIFORNIA DEEDED LANDS

Million Acres California State Deeded Lands now available for settlement: from 25c to \$1.50 per acre. State-wide; timber, grazing, agricultural; 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.

320-ACRE well and fully equipped dairy and grain farm. Flathead valley. All irrigated. 7-room mod. house; fine, large barn for 25 cows; milking machine; other bldgs; 31 head high-grade milch cows; tractor and horses; modern equipment. First-class going farm in A-1 condition—a cash producer. \$40,000.00. J. C. Morgan, The Realtor, Missoula, Montana.

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ELECTRIC HOT PLATES NOW AVAILABLE only \$12.95. Nationally advertised make. Slightly used. Double burner, sealed units, three heats. Guaranteed satisfactory. Mail orders promptly filled. Postage prepaid. Send check or money order to SMITH BROS., 72c N. 19th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.

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DAIRYMEN—Send for free sample copy of the Pacific Slope's new monthly dairy magazine, Western Dairy Journal, 4500 Downey Road, Los Angeles 11, Cal.

TRAPPERS

TRAP Fox and Coyote, on bare ground or deep snow. Learn modern tricks to out-wit the sly burrowers. Free illustrated circular. Q. Bunch, Welch, Minnesota, Box 71-D.

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

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Don't let lactic 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 Bath. Way at home, convenient, collapsible, full instructions, \$9.95 postpaid. Supply subject to war time limitations. Steam Bath Co., 13501 - 46th Avenue So., Seattle 88, Washington.

SPECIAL

SPASMS OF BRONCHIAL ASTHMA RELIEVED IN REMARKABLY SHORT TIME USUALLY LESS THAN ONE HOUR BY ADAMANT VAPORIZER AND INHALANT. NONHABIT FORMING. DOES NOT WEAR OUT, PLEASANT AND EASY TO TAKE. HARMLESS WHEN USED ACCORDING TO SIMPLE DIRECTIONS. THE ADAMANT VAPORIZER IS PRECISION BUILT OF PLASTIC (NONMETALLIC) MATERIAL. IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT HAVE IN STOCK PRODUCTS, WRITE THE REIFORH COMPANY, TACOMA 4, WASH.

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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT Col. Robert L. Scott W.N.U. RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lieutenant Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up pursuit flying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor in California and told he is too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals for a chance to fly a combat plane, and finally the opportunity comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and flies a bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot, which does not appeal to him. He visits General Chennault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and soon he is flying the skies over Burma. He gets his first Jap bomber, burns up enemy trucks and cuts a Jap battalion to bits.

CHAPTER XIII

Word had come now that the AVG, with General Chennault as Commander, was to be inducted into the Army Air Corps. Chennault, then a General in the Chinese Army but a retired Captain in the U. S. Army, was to be given the rank of Brigadier General to head the China Air Task Force. But from what I had gathered from the few newspapers we had received and from rumors that filtered through, I knew that not many of the AVG were going to accept induction.

There were officious men around the China-Burma-India theater who thought the AVG were unruly and undisciplined. To these statements I always remarked that I wished we had ten such undisciplined groups—they would have destroyed some three to four thousand enemy airplanes, and that would certainly have hindered the Japanese. There were others who claimed that the fighters of the AVG fought for the high salaries and the extra bonus of five hundred dollars for each enemy plane they shot down. That made me laugh, for I had seen the AVG fight, and later on I was to fly with them against the enemy. I knew those great pilots—I knew that they were great American adventurers who would have fought just as hard for peanuts or Confederate money—as long as they were fighting for General Chennault and were flying those beloved P-40's.

As it stood now: after long hours of combat the men were tired; they had been out of the United States under the most trying conditions for nearly a year. They were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. Some of them were combat-weary and ought never to be risked in combat again.

Furthermore, the induction of the AVG had hit a snag, from poor judgment on the part of one man. It seems that someone had lined the boys up for a fight-talk on the glamour of induction into the Army, and had used very little tact. He recited newspaper stories intimating that the AVG fought for the high pay of Camco—between \$600 to \$750 a month, depending on whether or not the pilot was a wing man or a squadron leader. This salesman went on to state that he sincerely hoped the AVG would accept induction, because if they didn't, and when their contracts with Camco expired, they would probably find their draft boards waiting for them when they stepped off the boat that carried them back to the United States. In that case, they would of course be inducted as privates rather than commissioned as officers.

A large percentage of the AVG are reported to have got up and walked out on the speech. After all, they were high-strung fighter pilots who had fought one of the greatest battles against superior odds that has ever been reported. In this case, they were being threatened without complete knowledge of all the facts involved. I know that from that day on they taught the Chinese coolie boy on the refueling truck jokes about that reverse sales-speech. One involved an expression that of course was never permitted to reach its destination. The boy was trained by some of the AVG—who were leaving China—to run up to every transport that landed, and as the passengers got out, to repeat for their benefit an unprintable American expression aimed at the speech-maker. The gas-truck coolie would religiously meet every C-47 and with bland countenance would repeat the sentence. Most of the AVG used to make sure that he never reached the transport unloading the right man, but several times it took the best of American flying tackles to stop him in time.

Handled in another way, I believe that every one of the AVG who was physically able would have stayed. As it was, only five pilots remained, and some thirty ground-crew men. We had wanted to divide them into two groups—those who from a physical standpoint badly needed rest in the United States, and those who could stay out in China for six months longer without impairing their health. We were to permit the first group to go home on July Fourth (the day their contracts with Camco terminated) and to remain there on leave for no less than a month, after which they were to come back to China. It is my opinion that at least ninety per cent of the AVG would have accepted this offer. But as it was, five of the greatest pilots in the world stayed with the group when their contracts expired. And those five were enough.

I went back to India and continued my single-ship raids on the Japs. After my flights with the AVG,

the burning of the train in India, and the news of my one-man war in Burma, the story got to the war correspondents. I began to hear from home in the States that I had been written up as "The One-Man Air Force." From an egotistical standpoint I felt the thrill that a normal person would, but by this time I was beginning to realize that one man and one ship in this type of warfare meant very little.

In the days that followed I sank barges filled with enemy soldiers, bombed enemy columns and strafed enemy soldiers swimming in the water from the barges I had sunk. But when I went back next day there were more and more Japs surging northward into upper Burma towards India. No, the title was an empty one—for even I, with my egotism of success in combat, knew by now that one man could make no real mark on this enemy that we were fighting. I had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that I was learning things. I had the experience of ten years of military flying, and I knew I was a good pilot. The day was going to come when that knowledge of mine, learned the hard way, would help train the new units that would come from home. There is no substitute for combat. You've got to shoot at people while you're being shot at yourself.

For the time being, though, there was just the one ship, and I nursed it like a baby. Flying it constantly, I had begun to feel a part of it. Sometimes at night I'd think of my wife and little girl, but never in combat. Sometimes, coming home after striking the enemy, I'd think of them and they seemed far, far away. Towards the last of May, after I'd flown just about two hundred hours



A Jap bomber is shot down in Col. Scott's first aerial combat.

in combat and had gathered about a hundred holes in my ship, I think I must have wondered if I'd ever see them again. I carried a Tommy gun with me in the cockpit of the ship, for at straining altitude there would probably be no time to bail out with the chute anyway, and I knew that prisoners taken by the Japs receive very harsh treatment, especially those who have been strafing the capturing troops when shot down.

My greatest bombing day came late in the month of May, when I dropped four 500-pound bombs at Homalin, down on the Chindwin, where the Japs seemed to be concentrating. Early in the morning I headed South with the heavy yellow bomb, slowly climbing over the Naga Hills and through the overcast, topping out at 15,000 feet. As I continued South on the course to where the Uyu met the Chindwin River, the clouds lowered but the overcast remained solid. In one hour, computing that I had made the 180 miles to Homalin, I let down through the overcast, hoping that the mountains were behind me. Luck was with me, as it usually was in my single-ship war, and I found the overcast barely a hundred feet thick. I couldn't see Homalin and my target area, but I kept right up against the cloud ceiling and circled warily. I knew that I was in luck: I could drop the bomb and then climb right back into the overcast, no matter how many Jap fighters came to intercept.

Soon I saw my target—and sure enough, there were loaded barges coming out of the broad Chindwin and heading for the docks of Homalin. I continued circling against the clouds at 11,000 feet.

For I had a plan. Dive-bombing from a P-40 is not the most accurate in the world; you can't dive very steeply or the bomb might hit the propeller, and also in too steep a dive it's hard to recover in the high speeds that are built up. It seemed to me that the type of bombing one had to do in order to keep the speed under control and to miss the prop, was more in the nature of glide-bombing. Most beginners, however, are always short with their bombs. That is to say, the projectile strikes before it gets to the target on the line of approach, rather than over it. From my practice bombings on the Brahmaputra, I had developed a rule of thumb: I would dive at some forty-five degrees; then, as the target in my gun-sight passed under the nose of my

ship, I would begin to pull out slowly and count—one count for every thousand feet of my elevation above the target. Then as the ship came almost level, if I was at two thousand feet when I reached the count of "two," I'd drop the bomb.

I let the four barges get almost to the makeshift wharf; then I dove from my cloud cover. As I got the middle two barges on my gun-sight, I made a mental resolution not to be short—for even if I went over I'd hit the Japs in the town. As I passed three thousand feet the nearest barge went under me, and I began to pull out and count: "One—two—three—pull"—putting in the extra count to insure me against being short. I felt the bomb let go as I jerked the belly-tank release, and I turned to get the wing out of the way so that I could see the bomb hit.

The five hundred pounds of TNT exploded either right beside the leading barge or between the barge closest to shore and the docks. As the black smoke cleared, I saw pieces of the barge splashing into the river a hundred yards from the explosion. I went down and strafed, but the black smoke was so thick that I could see very little to concentrate on; so I climbed to three thousand feet and waited for the smoke to clear. Then I dove for the two barges that were drifting down the river. I must have put two hundred rounds into each of them. I got one to burning, and from the black smoke it must have been loaded with gasoline.

On my second raid I dropped a five-hundred-pound bomb on the largest building in Homalin, which the British Intelligence reported the next day had been the police station. They said that two hundred Japanese were killed in that bombing, and that between six hundred and a thousand were killed in the series of bombings. Many bodies were picked up about thirty miles down the Chindwin at Tamu and Sittang. All four of my bombs had done some damage, and I was quite satisfied.

In British Intelligence reports I read that Radio Tokyo had mentioned Homalin. One bombing had taken place, it seems, with very slight damage, and that only to the innocent Burmese villagers, but the Imperial Japanese Army had evacuated Homalin because of the serious malaria that was prevalent there. Anyway, I always like to think that my four trips to Homalin with four 500-pound packages of good old American Picatinny TNT had something to do with the monkey-men's deciding that the malaria was too bad along the Chindwin.

My raids with "Old Exterminator" continued through May and into June. Some days I'd climb out of India through the rain clouds of the monsoon and fly on into Burma. The trip back would then be one to worry me, for I never knew exactly when to let down. Almost every day, however, if I worked my take-off time properly I'd get back from the mission as the storm clouds were breaking, and I'd have a nice, welcome hole to dive through. On other days when I wasn't so lucky, I'd just have to roll over and dive for the valley of the Brahmaputra—and that's where I always came out, or I wouldn't be here to tell about it.

Some of the flights into Burma were just a waste of gasoline; I would see nothing. It follows that I have written of the more exciting ones. There's nothing so monotonous as to fly for four hundred miles with plenty of ammunition, or sometimes for two hundred to three hundred miles with a heavy bomb attached, and find no place to drop it. I'd have to come back then, and gingerly letting down through the dark monsoon clouds, land the 500 pounds of TNT as if I had a crate of eggs aboard. After all, we didn't have bombs to waste.

Early in June I did have one exciting trip. From reports of the ferry pilots I heard that the Japs were building a bridge over the river N'umzup, some forty miles North of Myitkyina. The very afternoon the report reached me, I went over and strafed the engineers at work on the bridge. And I nearly got shot down, for the anti-aircraft had moved in their anti-aircraft with the bridge crew. When I landed at the base I helped the ground crew count the thirty small-calibre holes in my ship. My cap had one hole in it, though luckily it had not been on my head but back in the small baggage compartment of the Kittyhawk. That was pretty bad, though, for it was the only cap I had, and for months I had to wear it with all the felt torn from the crown by the Jap ground-fire. I remember that later one of the young bomber crew men asked Maj. Butch Morgan—it was when we stepped from our ships after bombing Hongkong—whether or not I'd had that cap on when the bullet went through.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT Gay Accessories Made of Felt



MAKE this season the gayest ever—for accessories! Get out those old felt hats... cut 'em up into beanies, belts, lapel ornaments, slippers.

You'll have lots of fun making felt "gee-gaws." Instructions 706 contain patterns of all pieces; directions for articles shown. 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 Needlecraft Dept. Box 3217 San Francisco 6, Calif. Enclose 16 cents for Pattern No. Name Address

Battle Photos Via Air

For the benefit of news syndicates as well as the war and navy departments, as many as 1,100 battle photographs are transmitted monthly to the United States from abroad over the 15-station Radio-Telephoto Network of the U.S.A. Signal Corps, says Collier's.

Many of the machines are of the latest type which can send or receive a 7-by-9-inch picture within seven minutes, over thousands of miles and with such fine lines (100 to the inch) that only an expert, in many cases, can distinguish the original from the transmitted copy.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Never leave pieces of cut-up chicken in water. Some of the good juices and excellent flavor leaches out and is lost.

To prevent the gloss from coming off white paint, wash with milk and very little soap.

If water is spilled on the page of a favorite book, place a blotter on each side of the page and press with a hot iron. This should remove all moisture without damage to the book.

If the leg of an old stocking is cut and stretched over the new broom down to a short distance above the end of the straws, it will prevent broom from wearing out so quickly and at the same time make it better for sweeping.

If you have had trouble in making your whitewash stick to trees, fences or basement walls try using sour milk or buttermilk instead of water to mix the lime. The casein in the milk acts as a glue with the lime.

Prevent picture marks on the walls by placing thumb tacks in each of the lower corners of the frame. Let tacks extend partly, keeping frame from wall.

When turning the mattress, also turn it around, that is, place the end that was at the head of the bed at the foot.

Chimney soot can be kept down by throwing dry salt on a bed of hot coals, once or twice a week. Dry fuel and good draft helps to check soot and creosote in pipes and chimneys.

Oh, Success!

The corpulent, self-complacent Irishman sank into his most comfortable chair and remarked to his wife, "Well, Kate, me dear, life to me seems to have been one long run of prosperity. First I was plain Hooley, then I married you and became Mr. Hooley; then I was made Committeeman Hooley, and later Alderman Hooley. "To cap the lot, as I went into church yesterday, all the congregation with one accord rose and sang, 'Hooley, Hooley, Hooley.'"

Place a handful of starch in the water when washing tile floors. It will leave a nice shine.

Boil the wick of a kerosene lamp in vinegar before using to keep it from smoking.



—Buy War Savings Bonds—

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

The size of the country's synthetic rubber production may depend not only upon technical progress, but also upon policies adopted for disposal of government-owned plants, in the opinion of John L. Collyer, president of The B. F. Goodrich Company and a pioneer in synthetic development.

Authorities expect that about 32,500 tons of natural rubber will reach the U. S. from the Amazonian region this year. Our synthetic program is now geared to produce 836,000 long tons a year of this substitute for crude.

