

All-Purpose Bulletin Board With Wide Trough Useful to Juniors or Seniors



are decorated with a pair of quaint birds and hearts.

NOTE: Pattern, which is available to readers, gives actual size cutting guide for scallops; paint formula; illustrated directions for decorations with stencils which require no special skill for perfect results. Color guide is included. Ask for Pattern 267 and enclose 15 cents with name and address. Send to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York

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HINT FOR HOME BAKERS

New Quick Roll Recipe—Easy and Good!

Make them with Fleischmann's yellow-label Yeast—the only yeast with those EXTRA vitamins

QUICK ROLLS

1 cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
3 cups sifted flour
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Scald milk, add sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water—and be sure it's Fleischmann's yellow label, the only fresh yeast with all those extra vitamins. Add to lukewarm milk. Add 1½ cups flour and beat until perfectly smooth. Add melted shortening and remaining flour, or enough to make an easily handled dough. Knead well. Shape into rolls and place in well-greased pan. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Bake in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Makes 12.

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WHEN PETER PAIN HITS WITH NEURALGIA PAINS...



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GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lieutenant, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, 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 gets a break. He flies a bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot but this does not appeal to him. After visiting Gen. Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. He is made commanding officer of the 23rd fighter group, taking over the AVG, and leaves for the Kweilin area to take charge of fighter operations.

CHAPTER XVII

The surprise was that another plane had now been found several miles from the bomber. It was supposed to be a fighter, being smaller, and it had burned upon crashing. I therefore received credit for two enemy planes destroyed on July 31. It had been my first aerial combat, and I felt very proud indeed.

We found the reported prisoner, but he was dead. While being questioned he had tried to escape, had killed several Chinese, had wounded others, and in turn had been mortally wounded. Lieutenant Cluck got to him before he died, but was unable to get any valuable information.

My first aerial engagement started a story in Delhi—I found out about it four months later. The story told there was to the effect that I had engaged an enemy bomber over China, and regardless of its escort of two Zeros, had shot it down. It had crashed into the ground, and when they located it, they also found the two Zeros, which had dived into the rice paddies at the tail of the bomber, one on each side. Thus had the embarrassed pilots committed hara-kiri, for they had lost face by having the ship that they were escorting destroyed.

Well, it was a laugh. But I'm fairly certain the one Zero didn't commit suicide—I'm prone to believe that some good, honest lead-poisoning from six fifty-calibre American machine guns had a lot to do with it.

Major Tex Hill was the Squadron commander of the outfit that I had come to live with at Hengyang. He was a blue-eyed Texan, lean and lanky, six-foot-two of fighting blood. I imagine if he had lived in the frontier days of the American West, he would have been a gunman over there around the Pecos River—but a gunman on the side of the Law. I used to shut my eyes out there, sitting on the alert in Hunan, and think about him. I could picture that drawing Texan walking slowly through a border town with two pearl-handled 45's swinging low at his hips. Walking with his arms stiff at his sides, and watching with his cold, blue eyes some "villain" that was approaching the other way. I could almost hear the hot lead spitting from those guns as the two shot it out, and I could always see the villain fall, with Tex standing there looking at his smoking guns. Tex would always have won, for he was the greatest fighter that I ever saw, the most loyal officer, and the best friend.

I'd seen Tex shoot down Japs in the sky and I had followed on his wing to learn the tactics of the AVG. I know that if there is any man I owe my life to during the months I fought in China, it is Maj. Tex Hill. Seeing what he did in combat, and how he handled his ship; seeing his coolness on the alert, and his keen desire for action. I can hear Tex now, after he had studied the plotting board that the interpreters were covering with little red flags showing the positions of the approaching Jap fighter ships. I can hear him saying: "Well, gentlemen, I think we'll take off." And he would smile as he pulled on his helmet and goggles.

Tex was the son of the Chaplain of the Texas Rangers. Before the AVG days he had been a Navy pilot flying off carrier decks, and in the Flying Tigers he had been second only to Bob Neal as the leading ace. Tex was the most truthful man I ever met—even his subconscious thoughts were truthful. He used to tell me that one day after Madame Chiang Kai-shek had pinned a medal on him for shooting down some Japanese planes over Tougong, she had asked him the next time he shot down one of those Japanese planes to please think of her and dedicate it to the people of China. Tex of course said, "Yes, Ma'am."

I imagine that most any man among us would have said "Yes" to the Madame, and the next time we shot down a Jap we would have told the great lady all about it. We would have remembered after the fight what we had promised her, and we would have gone in with a romantic story of how we had met the barbaric Japanese and had seen the Madame's face in the skies as we shot the enemy down. . . and had thought of her and the people of China. But not Tex Hill—he was too honest for that. He told me, "Colonel, I promised her that, and I really meant it. And I've shot down about twelve Japs since that promise four months ago. But you know I never can remember to think about her when I'm in a battle—I'm too busy."

Well now, you hold that picture of Tex Hill for a minute while I show him to you in another light.

One day over Hengyang, after we had broken the Japanese wave with our assault and support and there were some fifteen Zeros burning around among the pagodas of this Hunan capital, I saw an odd sight down below. There was one lone Jap, doubtless of the suicide Samurai school, for though his buddies had either been shot down in their attempted strafing attack or had turned for home, this arrogant follower of the Shinto Shrine was strafing the field—alone. Two of us rolled to go get him, but from the end of the field towards the river I saw a P-40 pull out of a dive and head for the Jap. It was Tex Hill.

As the two fighters drew together in this breath-taking, head-on attack, I saw their tracers meeting and for a second I didn't know whether the ships ran together or both exploded in the air. As the smoke thinned I saw the P-40 flash on through and out into the clear, but the Jap crashed and burned on the field of Hengyang. Hill and the Jap had shot it out nose to nose, and once again I thought of the days of Western gunplay.

Things kept right on happening at Hengyang, for after all there are Japanese bases fanning out in many directions—East, North, Northeast, South, and Southeast. Some of them were within an hour's flight of our field. Hankow was the one to the North on the Yangtze. The Japs



Maj. "Tex" Hill, AVG and squadron C.O. and Col. Meriam C. Cooper.

sent their bombers to worry us from up there, and before we caught on how to do it, they made life miserable for us. They had gotten tired of sending their day bombers down, for they lost too many; so now they had resorted to a period of constant night attack.

Just when the full moon in the clear sky would begin to light the ground like daylight, the telephone would start ringing, the Chinese interpreters would begin to stick the little flags into the Map, and we'd know that the Jap was on the way. We'd be just about to sit down to supper after a hard day's work on the alert. We'd leave the rice and fish and squash, amid the houseboys' calls of "Jin-bao—" (air raid), and we'd rush for our planes that had been assigned to night duty. Sometimes the attack was a harassing one only, and we'd return without seeing them and go wearily back in the moonlight to the hostel, get some tea and a cookie, and crawl in the bed.

Just about the time the head hit the pillow and the body felt a little comfortable the alert would go again. I'd hear the tinkle of a small dinner bell and the plaintive voice of one of the houseboys—"Jin-bao, Jin-bao—please get up, master—Jin-bao." Off we'd go again and into the sky. Sometimes the Jap would feint two or three times to make us use valuable gasoline. Sometimes he'd circle Hengyang by fifty miles and then go back to Hankow. We'd spend the night between the hostel and the alert shack; but after all, as we used to say, you weren't supposed to be comfortable in a war, and we were no exception.

Sometimes, though, the Jap didn't feint. General Chennault got us to pick the best and most experienced pilots for the night interception missions. We'd use two to four ships and place them at different altitudes over the field, and wait for the Jap in the light of the moon, with our lights out. On this particular night Johnny Allison was at 13,000 feet, and a thousand feet lower we had Ajax Baunler. I'll tell you about Johnny now, but we'll take up more on Ajax later—for this was mostly Johnny's fight.

Allison was a superior airman, fighter pilot, and officer, and was the ideal combat leader. A Florida boy, he knew the Allison engine well enough to have designed it. He knew the P-40's better than anyone I have ever seen, for he had instructed the British in their use in the United Kingdom and then had gone over to show the Russians how to fly and repair them near Moscow. Tonight he was about to carve his name with his six fifty-calibre guns in such a manner that few of us would ever forget it, and certainly

no Chinese in the city of Hengyang would ever forget the night.

We got our four ships into the air at staggered altitudes. We heard the radio reports from Richardson giving the latest positions of the Japs. Reported over Changsha. Then North of the field. Then all was silent while we waited. In our positions over the field we placed ourselves down-moon—that is, where the bombers would have to fly between us and the moon and thus silhouette themselves against the full orange light.

Then I saw the five bombers against the moon. They were at 13,000 feet. I know I swore because they were below me, and I could imagine the cursing of every one of the others who were at the wrong altitude, for we could not change altitude until the first attack. But they were at Johnny's height, and I listened for him to say that he saw them. Down the field they told us later that you could hear the moan of one Allison engine as a P-40 moved in for the attack, could hear it above the sound of the ten radial engines on the enemy bombers.

The seconds dragged, and then we heard Johnny say, "Okay, I see 'em." And now we saw their exhausts, looking like ten bushel-baskets of blue fire. For a full second, as the enemy bombers moved towards the target that was our field, all was quiet, and I wondered if Johnny had lost them in the darkness. Then I saw him, so close to the enemy ships that he seemed to be in formation with them—and clearly over my radio I heard Johnny Allison say, "Watch the fireworks."

Six lines of tracers went into one of the bombers and glowed brighter than the two bushel-baskets of exhaust fire. The first Jap bomber trailed fire, slowly turned on its back, and spun crazily towards Hengyang, right over the town. Below, I could see a few flashes from the exploding enemy bombs, but most of them seemed short of the target area and very scattered. Johnny's tracers were still going into the enemy ships and I could see their return fire now, but it seemed to go in no certain direction. I had moved in closer, trying to get to the altitude of the fight.

On the ground the mechanics and the Chinese interpreters had a grandstand seat for one of the best moving pictures that has ever been—except that this was real. They too had heard Johnny say, "Watch the fireworks," and had seen and heard the heavy guns of the P-40. They could see pieces of the bomber coming off and going back into the slipstream, reflecting the glow of the fire that came with the explosion. Then the whole sky lighted as the first one plunged to the earth, with the fire making a queer sound as the wreckage fell.

The lone fighter now was sliding over behind the other bombers, and the second one was exploding and turning over. The third one tried to turn, seemed to hang for seconds against the full moon, then dove in flames in a pitch that got steeper and steeper. Several thousand feet below our level it exploded and burning gasoline fell with it. The light of the three burning bombers combined with the brilliant moonlight to make the night like day.

The number four enemy ship had turned back now, with an engine shot out, but Ajax Baunler got it ten miles North of the field. The last enemy dove out and turned for home when he saw his three leaders burn, but Baunler followed him thirty miles North and shot him down in flames.

From the ground, the watchers told us later, they could hear the fifty-calibre guns above the noise of the smaller calibre Jap guns. Within seconds after the attack, there were three ships burning around the city walls, and none of the formation got home.

But something was the matter with Allison. We could see his ship and it was not flying normally. Every now and then it would stream fire that was more than just a backfire. On the ground they could hear his engine missing badly.

Allison called in that he was hit, but would try to land his ship on the field.

To land a crippled fighter in daylight is quite a feat but to attempt to land one at night, one that has been shot to pieces and may burst into flames any second, is more than that. We knew why Johnny was taking the chance: we needed that ship if he could get it on the field, even if it was shot to bits we needed the parts that could be salvaged. It would have been perfectly all right if the pilot had gone over the side as soon as that engine began to fade out that night. Whether or not he had shot down three bombers, he could have "hit the silk" and floated to safety in his chute. But Johnny must have said, "The hell with that, we need this ship—we always need ships." To keep old P-40's that we flew in flying condition we had to rob parts from every airplane that we could salvage after a crackup. This is called "cannibalizing" in the lingo of field depots in the Air Corps, and covers a multitude of sins.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SENATORIAL CIGARETTE INVESTIGATION

Senator Wibble—As I stand here doing my part in the great battle for the preservation of that thing which is so dear to America, the cigarette, I sometimes wonder if my colleagues fully appreciate the part played by it in the life of our glorious country. What, I ask, would civilization be without it? What would democracy be with no smoke-rings curling above it? What would a free world be with no ashes on the rugs?

Senator Bunkum—Does the Senator contend that the world could not survive on the old-fashioned clay pipe of our forefathers?

Senator Wibble—We have passed beyond the era of pipes. They are a relic of the days before mankind, and womankind, reached that stage of development where the very home was built around the cigarette. With the last drop of my blood I will hold the fort against those reactionaries who would plunge our wives, mothers, and sisters and kiddies back into those dark ages when nicotine-stained fingers were the privilege of princes and prelates, when the great blessing of blowing smoke through the nose was unknown to the masses, and when that great blessing to all mankind, the ashtray, was almost unknown.

Senator Toopsey—In my grandfather's time they had to use old saucers for trays.

Senator Bunkum—I remember my grandfather going around the old home looking in vain for something to empty his pipe into, and finally using grandma's ginger jar.

Senator Wibble (resuming)—My friends, this is one of the gravest hours in history. This country must face that great question, can our people get all the cigarettes they need, and upon which their lasting happiness depends. Deprive us of our cigarettes and you strike a blow at the very foundation of liberty. Would Thomas Jefferson stand idly by today and watch long lines of mothers and daughters waiting patiently before the store offering but one pack to a customer? Would Jackson submit to cigarette rationing? Would Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley and the great Teddy Roosevelt have stood unmoved by the suffering involved when thousands of our school children were obliged to reduce their cigarette quota by as many as two smokes per day?

Senator Toopsey (getting into the spirit)—The important place of the cigarette in our civilization is plain to all. With it we conquer, without it we fail. I have a few statistics here marking the extent of the crisis now confronting us. In 11 of the northern states 60 per cent of the women and children haven't been able to inhale in weeks. In 8 western states over 80 per cent of the wives and mothers do not know where their next smoke is coming from. In 4 border states the nicotine stains are fading fast.

A strong Democratic senator—Let us here and now place the blame for the cigarette shortage where it belongs, at the door of Herbert Hoover.

A Left Winger—Right! But let us not forget that the forces of reaction as represented by Wall street, the capitalistic system and the United States chamber of commerce are also to blame.

A Republican—There was no cigarette shortage under Hoover!

Senator Earake—There probably was, but it was concealed by the Tory press.

Senator Bunkum—Are we sure there is a shortage? I listen to the radio and all the big cigarette companies are filling the air with sales talks for their product. Why do they do this if they are out of cigarettes?

Senator Earake—They are building up good will.

Senator Duffer—Would it be possible at this time for the senate to take up the arms shortage on the western front? It seems to me to be more important.

(Cries of "Throw him out" and "No! No!")

Senator Duffer—Is it not advisable that we look into the matter of getting more shells to General Patton, stopping the drift of workers from war factories and focusing the attention of the American public on the more vital aspects of the world situation?

Chorus of Voices—What! And make cigarettes a secondary issue! (The session ends in disorder.)

The Gotham Taxists Don't See: To this writer's mind one of the sights of New York worth seeing, yet seldom mentioned by the guides, is Washington Market. A combination county fair, food show, Elks picnic, carnival and home town "general store," it is one of the town's big shows. During the noon hour, when thousands crowd into it to lunch at its unique clam, sandwich, fish and quick-lunch bars, it is at its best. Pete's Chili Bar... Hotloof's Seafood Bar... Charlie's Oyster Bar... The Hotloof Bakery Bar... and many others... with, in most cases, the five-cent cup of coffee still reigning like something out of bygone days!