

Travel Troubles In America Trivial Compared To China Say Recently Evacuated Pair

Editor's note: Here's a travel story. It doesn't have a thing to do with long lines at the ticket offices, overcrowded cars, the difficulty in getting reservations during the Christmas season. It's the story of one man's 21,000 mile trip with his wife and baby out of Free China, told by Karl Eskelund of the United Press who has just arrived in this country.

By Karl Eskelund
(United Press Correspondent)
New York, Dec. 14.—(U.P.)—My wife and 20-month-old daughter and I were warming our way through the crowds in the Grand Central station the other day at the end of our 21,000-mile journey out of China when he heard a woman's voice complaining:

"... Never had such a terrible trip in all my life. Travel in this country certainly is awful. And the hotels—my dear!"

My wife looked at me and I looked at her.

"Are you thinking of what I'm thinking?" she asked.

"The rats at Anhwa?"

"Right!"

Night In Anhwa

We wished we could have told the women in the Grand Central about the night we stayed at Anhwa so that she would appreciate, as we did, the magnificent railway and hotel accommodations of the United States.

It was a day in January, 1941, when we were beginning our journey which would bring us eventually to America.

We were escaping with the aid of Chinese guides through the Japanese lines into Free China.

At Anhwa the poor but hospitable farmers gave us the best room they had. It was small and drafty, with an earthen floor.

We knew there was bubonic plague in the area. There was plenty of evidence that on the floor were rats, which harbor the fleas which spread the plague. We huddled in all our clothes on the bed, a wooden board with two blankets—not a very comfortable resting place for an expectant mother.

Rats Take Candle

The farmer had given us a small candle to set on the chair beside the bed. After saying goodnight to my wife, I blew the candle out. Before I could place my head on the sand-filled pillow there was a sound of scurrying and squeaks. I struck a match. The candle had disappeared—carried off by the rats.

Our final lap to the United States was to have begun on October 13 on a China National Aviation corporation plane for Calcutta. We were notified at noon on the 12th to take a special plane leaving in two hours. That change may have saved our lives, for on the following day the Jap fighters fell among our transports in the Himalayas and brought down two out of six.

Little May was terrified by the takeoff but she slept all through a rainstorm that threatened to tear us to pieces all the way to Kunming, where I had spent many pleasant and adventuresome months covering the Flying Tigers. There were no hotel accommodations but an elderly lady friend took us in. May and I shared the floor while my wife slept on the only bed. We fought a seemingly-endless battle against mosquitoes.

Plane Ride Severe

We went over the hump of the Himalayas next day at 20,000 feet, with some of the passengers sick from lack of oxygen and from the severe buffeting the plane took in the alternate up and down drafts. It was bitterly cold.

Little May slept like a trooper.

We still wore our woolen underwear when we went through the passport ordeal at Calcutta next day in 90 degree temperature.

We had not eaten for eight hours but the officials were very careful about getting all the details which we had been at great pains to give their counterparts at Chungking. We were questioned for three hours while May bawled in her mother's lap.

Then began the search for a hotel room. The Great Eastern was to have handled our reservations but the army had taken it over and officers were sleeping in the lobby and dining rooms. We toured the city in a taxicab, so tired and miserable we hardly noticed the hundreds of ragged, starving Indians lying in the gutters awaiting the relief of death.

Finally my wife broke down. We had just been rejected by a small hotel. She collapsed in a chair with May bawling in her arms. The manager's fat wife rushed up, kissed the baby and asserted: "This poor darling should be in bed."

Within two minutes she had ejected three British officers from their room and we had it.

We can testify about train accommodations. We rode with eight persons in our compartment the long miles between Calcutta and Bombay, scrambling off at stops to get a little curry and rice.

Then came "heaven"—a hotel room at Bombay, the luxury of the ice cream, the butter, the cheese, which we had not tasted for two years, with which we gorged ourselves on the ship bound for America.

We debarked at San Francisco and were fortunate enough to obtain two berths on an east-bound train. Yes, the train service was slow. But what luxury—what unbelievable luxury—it was to us. We even had a supply of paper diapers for the baby!

COLBS IN HEAD

HIT HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood, Dec. 14.—(U.P.)—Hollywood was one big snuffle today, with many a multi-million dollar epic wheezing to a halt because the high-priced help had colbs in the heads.

Most of those movie stars still on the job either had just recovered or were beginning to feel ticklish in the nose, as Bob Hope reported—between sneezes:

"You're lucky if you can find a doctor at all; they're all down with the flu, too."

PEN SHAKEUPS DUE

Sacramento, Dec. 14.—(U.P.)—A general overhauling of California's prison system was indicated today by Gov. Earl Warren's announcement that he soon would call a special legislative session to consider prison matters.

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COAL LACK SEEN BEFORE SPRING

Washington, Dec. 14.—(U.P.)—The Office of War Information said today that coal supplies will be at a "dangerously low level" by March and warned that if above-ground stocks are not replenished during the summer, the situation next fall "will approach catastrophe."

In a report on the nation's coal outlook the OWI declared that consumers are facing an "acute" coal shortage now, and that all signs point to a still further deficit during the coming months. It based its report on information gathered from the War Production board and from the Solid Fuels administration, headed by Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes.

MEDCO MILL TO TAKE MONTH OFF

The Medford corporation sawmill will close down next week for 30 days to make repairs to equipment and machinery, according to Supt. Everett Gillespie.

The mill has been in almost continuous double-shift operation for the past two years leaving no time for needed mechanical repairs.

RATION BOARD JANITOR HAD TOO MANY COUPONS

Los Angeles, Dec. 14.—(U.P.)—Leon Russell, 43, former janitor at an Inglewood ration board, today faced two years in jail for illegal possession and transfer of ration coupons good for 750-

000 gallons of gasoline. Russell was accused of selling 2700 C ration books to Willie Hawkins, a Hollywood service station operator, for \$7.50 each. Hawkins, who said he sold the books for \$10 apiece, previously was sentenced to 90 days in jail.

The number of degrees conferred at the University of Oregon in 1942-43 was 601.

NOW EVERYBODY'S SHOUTIN'



AT THE FOUNTAIN 5¢

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

Franchised Bottler: Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. of Medford

ALBERS Corn Meal Recipe #18

CORN BREAD MEAT ROLL-UPS

2 cups sifted flour	4 tbsps. shortening
4 tbsps. baking powder	1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt	1 1/2 cups chopped cooked leftover meat
1 cup Albers Corn Meal	

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, stir in corn meal, then work in shortening (bacon drippings may be used) as for baking powder biscuits. Stir in milk. Roll out on floured board to make a long rectangle. Spread with meat, season, roll up and cut into 12 slices. Bake in greased pan in hot oven (425° F.) about 25 minutes. Serve with creamed peas or other vegetable, or meat gravy poured over. Serves 6.

Albers Corn Meal, both White and Yellow, is wholesome, fine-flavored, fine-textured—"just right" for perfect cooking results!

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WARDS RAYON HOSE ARE SO FLATTERING 69c Pair

That's why you should give her several pairs of these crystal-clear, sheer stockings for afternoon and dress wear! They're 75-denier, 42-gauge rayons with reinforced tops and feet, and they're as perfect as man and machinery can make them! See their dainty hairline seams, their becoming colors! They're useful gifts that she'll appreciate deeply!



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So you may be sure she'll like this one... box-pleated front and back! A change of blouse makes a new dress of it. Spun rayon in black, red, green, brown, navy, powder blue. Sizes 12 to 20.



IF SHE HAD HER CHOICE.... 49c

...she'd pick these knit rayon briefs and panties! They wear well, wash like stockings and need no ironing! Tailored, or trimmed with dainty laces. Sizes 34 to 44 in the arour.

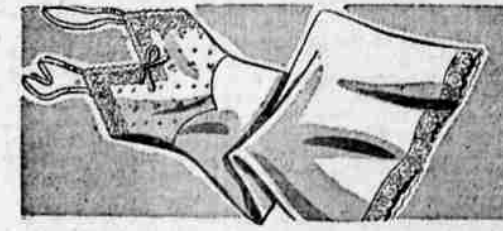
VISIT OUR CATALOG DEPARTMENT—for items not carried in store stocks. Shop the Catalog Way—in person or by phone!

GIVE YOUR BUDGET A LIFT—with our Monthly Payment Plan! \$10 purchase opens an account—for store or catalog orders!



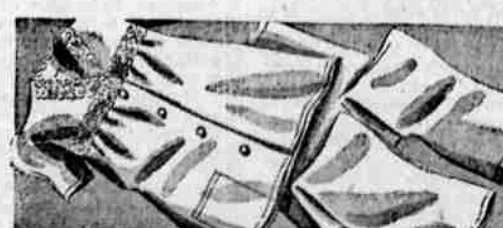
SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS WITH GAY CHENILLE D'ORSAYS 2.98

For this practical, wartime Christmas, give her a gift she'll use... give her these warm, comfortable d'orsays! They're styled to please the most finicky feminine taste, and they'll keep her feet warm as toast when the thermometer drops low. Cuddly soft chenille in blue or raspberry with felt lining, thick padded leather sole and heel. They're not rationed, either!



GIVE HER Dainty NEW SLIPS 1.69

Really glamorous gifts, these lovely rayon crepes and satins with their dainty trimmings! Fully cut and beautifully tailored to give flattering fit. All seams strongly sewn. Sizes 32 to 44.



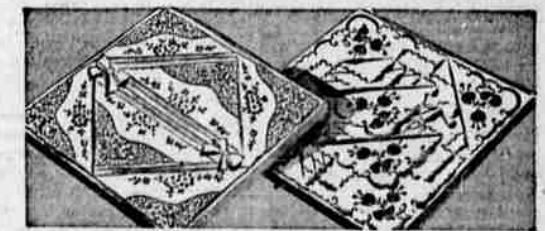
LOVELY GIFT PAJAMAS—ONLY 3.98

Delight her on Christmas morning with these fine rayon crepe and satin pajamas! The latest styles, full cut to our exacting specifications. Trimmed with dainty laces. Sizes 34 to 40.



A LOVELY QUILTED ROBE TO KEEP HER WARM! 12.98 to 19.98

She won't mind the chilly grayness of early winter mornings when you give her a robe like this! And she'll love to relax in it after a busy day. Soft and shining and so sweetly feminine... of quilted rayon satin, light as can be, but so warm! White, tearose or blue ground, lavishly scattered with gay red roses. Such a value at this price! Sizes 14 to 44.



6 LOVELY HANKIES... IN A BOX 98c

Wonderful solution for your gift-problems—low-priced at Montgomery Wards! Sheer, snow-white cotton handkerchiefs, lavish with lace or embroidery, and Mail Order Only.



STUNNING HANDBAGS AT WARDS 3.98

At this price your new handbag can be in genuine leather! Or, if you prefer, choose one of the gay fabrics pictured. We've fine felts and smooth broadcloths in your pick of new colors.

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