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WITHOUT NARCOTICS



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OR OTHER
HABIT-FORMING
DRUGS



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UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink wisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Don's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait, try Don's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, large, economy size and save money. Get Don's Pills today!

Gene Kelly

(Continued)



Shortly after noon, I slouched into seat 1d, on the aisle, way up front behind the forward lounge.

This was my first jet flight. I was awed by the tremendous size and roominess of the plane, and I felt completely at ease.

The take-off was magnificent. At first the long monster didn't seem to get off the runway; when it did, the climb was steep and steady. A thrilling feeling.

However, I was disappointed when the pilot announced that due to inclement weather we'd have to land at London and Gander, Newfoundland, for refueling. It meant delays I hadn't counted on. But thanks to the delectable food and drinks served aloft, my annoyance soon gave way to a marvelous feeling of peace and contentment as we streaked through the air, far higher than I'd even been before.

It was such a pleasant, smooth flight that I soon dozed off. Naturally I had no seat belt on. Nor did Harry Kurnitz, who was sitting two seats behind me.

SUDDENLY, without warning, it happened. Later I was told that we spiraled down to almost sea level. I don't know. All I knew was that we were heading straight down. At least that's what I thought. There was an excruciating pain in my ears as I was pinned back in my seat, unable to move. It was like being in an elevator with the cables snapped, plummeting to the ground.

All the other passengers were in the same position, but members of the crew, including the captain who'd been in the lounge, were knocked to the floor and pinned there by centrifugal force, unable to move.

My first reaction was one of anger—at myself. Why did I have to take that plane? Why did I change my ticket? Why? WHY? WHY!!!

I was convinced we'd never pull out of the dive, that we'd crash into the sea within seconds. No one would ever know what had happened, or how it happened.

My ears felt like someone had pierced the drums with hot needles. I wanted to lift my hands to hold my nose so I could pop my ears, but I couldn't get them up. They were glued to my sides by the downward force of the plane. Even if I got out of this, I told myself, I'll never hear again. At best I'll have ear trouble for the rest of my life.

I had no idea if seconds or minutes went by till my mind took another turn. Get your seat belt fastened, I told myself. If you crash, you might get out alive.

But I still couldn't move my arms against the pressure, nor my hands, nor even my fingers.

I thought I saw the pilot (afterwards I learned it was indeed he) pitched to the floor, and then slowly pulling himself toward the cockpit with superhuman effort. I don't know how he made it.

Meanwhile, I edged my fingers along my pockets, up to my waist, and slowly toward the seat belt. In what seemed like hours I fastened it at last.

The downward pull continued. There were no screams, no hysteria on the plane. At least not in the forward compartment, where I was. With effort I turned my head toward the window. It was pitch-black outside. Just a few more seconds, I thought.

Then I felt my seat shifting into a more level position. There was no sensation of pulling out of a dive, just a gradual leveling off that eased the pain on the ears a little, but not the fear. While the downward plunge had

stopped, I was not at all convinced the pilot could keep the plane at whatever altitude we'd reached. Till later, I had no idea we had pulled out at 6,000 feet.

The captain's voice broke in over the loudspeaker. He said he was sure we'd be okay, but they were too busy up front to go into details. Our instructions from the crew were to put on our life jackets and get ready to ditch. I took off my tie and shoes and was ready to put my forehead against my knees and hug them with my arms. As I glanced around, I realized that the crew was functioning calmly and efficiently.

Then I thought, if we ditch at this time of year, we won't last three minutes in the icy waters of the Atlantic, even if we get out of the plane before it sinks!

Again I scolded myself. This time for having eaten and drunk so much that my mind was still hazy. I feared that if anything happened now, I couldn't be of much help, to myself or anyone else.

I started to turn around to look for the escape hatches. I thought there were just two places to get out once we hit the water—the front and rear of the plane. Actually there were three; one in the center, too.

ALTHOUGH I was still frightened, reasoning started to take hold. I began to think about my insurance, which was paid up, thank God, and my will, which was in order. My daughter and my mother would be well taken care of if I was killed, I reasoned.

Maybe we did have a chance of getting out of this alive after all, I told myself. I remembered another close call a few years back, when we circled around St. Louis for an hour because the landing gear didn't operate properly and the wheels wouldn't go down. On the field below I could see the emergency trucks, or as another passenger referred to them, the blood wagons lined up alongside the runway. But the pilot finally managed to lock the wheels in place, and we made a safe landing. If we made it then, why not now?

Reassuringly, the pilot's voice came over the speaker again. He said we were climbing back to cruising altitude, and that we would land at Gander.

I'm glad he told us. There was no way of knowing how closely we skimmed the inky water by looking out at the pitch-black sky.

A few of the passengers were ill and were given oxygen. I took a few whiffs myself, hoping it would ease the pressure on my ears. It didn't. I looked at the man next to me. We both forced smiles; they weren't convincing. We still weren't sure we'd make it.

The plunge had occurred at 5:14 p.m., I found out later. We reached Newfoundland at 6:51 p.m. It seemed like days later when we finally glided in for a landing, with the emergency chutes ready. No one knew for sure what to expect. But nothing happened.

In Gander we changed planes and arrived in New York late that night in a conventional plane.

My earache lasted two more days, then subsided gradually. So did my fear of jets.

This was my first flight on a jet, but not my last. I suppose things can go wrong with any means of transportation. Yet I was encouraged by the calmness and efficiency of the crew and the performance of a huge plane which could dive nearly 30,000 feet without being torn apart. Maybe the automatic pilot needs adjusting. The rest of the plane couldn't be built better.