

Matching Cornice And Radiator Shelf

THIS winter as last we should remember that the purpose of a radiator is to radiate heat and that we are not getting the maximum from fuel if we box the radiator in with a tight cover. The shelf shown here is built well above the radiator and curving up under the shelf is a metal heat reflector which also covers the wall back of the radiator. The front end of the shelf are



trimmed with cut-out wooden scallops repeating the curves of those used for the cornice shelf above. The cornice fits over the top of the window frame but is considerably wider to allow the overdraperies to hang straight at the sides of the radiator which is the width of the window. The sketch at the left shows how nails hold the box-like cornice in place and how the draperies are held inside with cup hooks.

NOTE—The attractive chair beside the radiator shelf is made with pattern No. 265. Scallop pattern No. 207 illustrates the steps in making cornices and also gives actual size pattern for scallops for cornice and edging of the shelf. Patterns are 15 cents each. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern ordered.
Name
Address

Willys

builds the dependable

Jeep

- ✓ Light Truck
- ✓ Passenger Car
- ✓ Light Tractor
- ✓ Power Plant

Shoulder a Gun—
Or the Cost of One
☆ BUY WAR BONDS

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Rationing of tires and gas has its headaches, but government agencies estimate that it has been responsible for cutting in half the annual scraping of used cars.

In 1941 the U. S. consumed some 766,000 long tons of natural rubber, an all-time peak, but in 1944 the country is expected to use only 164,000 long tons. Added to that, of course, is an enormous tonnage of synthetic rubber.

Talking of tire conservation, city driving, with "stop and go" conditions, causes seven times as much wear on tires as 25-mile-per-hour driving in rural sections. Also misalignment of wheels may cause 10 times normal tire wear.

Jerry Shaw

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

NIGHT COUGHS

due to colds are eased, sticky phlegm loosened up, irritated upper breathing passages are soothed and relieved, by rubbing Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Blessed relief as VapoRub PENETRATES to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors, STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Remember—**ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special double-acted.** It's time-tested, home-proved... the best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds.

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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—for 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 Indo-China, 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 Sittiang. 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 efficient Japanese 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-caliber 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.

I cursed about the cap and loaded the ship for another run on the bridge. As I came in from another direction this time, and very low, I saw bodies of the enemy from my first strafing, but the Japs were still working on the bridge. I strafed the working-party in two passes from different directions, so low that the anti-aircraft couldn't shoot at me effectively.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUST BEHIND

Positively Bad
Private Hambo—I sure don't like our new top kick! They say his reputation is questionable.
Private Sambo—Questionable? Say, there ain't no doubt about it!

That's a Relief
"Uncle Ferdinand has just died and left me all his money."
"Thank goodness! Now we shan't have to name the baby after him."

We figured that we would retire this year, but our rationing board thinks otherwise.

Up for Grabs
Young Man—So Miss Nellie is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?
Little Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but Pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.

Said the well-fed hen to her owner: "You're the guy I'm laying for."

They're Standard
Joan—Did you work very long hours down on the farm?
Jasper—No. Only the regulation length—60 minutes each.

FARM FOR SALE
ONE SECTION WHEAT AND STOCK ranch for sale or trade. ALBERT LARSON, KIMBALL, NEBRASKA.

Had to Be One
"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "you know that you have broken the Eighth Commandment by stealing John's apple?"
"Well, Miss," replied the repentant boy, "I thought I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as break the tenth and covet it."

QUICK RELIEF FOR HEAD COLD MISERY

When nostrils are clogged, nose feels raw, membranes swollen, reach for cooling Mentholatum. Speedily it (1) Helps thin out thick, stubborn mucus; (2) Soothes irritated membranes; (3) Helps reduce swollen passages; (4) Stimulates local blood supply, right to "stuck" area. Every breath brings relief! Jars, tubes, 30¢.

MENTHOLATUM

When Your "Innards" are Crying the Blues



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards", and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use senna preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE
CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

Help Youngsters GROW STRONG VIGOROUS HUSKY!

GOOD-TASTING TONIC
Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains natural A & D Vitamins often needed to help build stamina and resistance to colds and minor ills. Helps build strong bones and sound teeth, too! Give good-tasting Scott's daily, the year-round!

Recommended by Many Doctors
TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK Gift Item in Pansy Design



5695

Worked in Cross Stitch
COLORFUL big pansies—three inches across—done in shades of purple, lavender, pale yellow and a touch of lipstick red make stunning designs on linen pillowcases, hand towels or on pale green, lavender or yellow tea cloths. Design is completely worked in cross stitch so that even an amateur embroiderer can't help but have them turn out beautifully. A grand gift item!

Mother Nature Was First One to Think of Convoys

An observer was watching the "convoy system" adopted by a couple of eider ducks in defense of their young ones. He saw a pair of mother ducks with a combined family of seven youngsters swimming along—the parent birds at the ends of the miniature "battle line."

Suddenly the enemy, a big gull, swooped down with every intention of attacking one of the ducklings. In a split second the small ones simply disappeared from view, while the gull was seized in the beaks of the enraged ducks.

Only for a moment was the issue in doubt; then the gull, breaking loose suddenly, flew away, leaving a trail of silvery-grey feathers floating in the water. Calmly, with soft, reassuring noises, the ducklings were again gathered together, and "in stately line ahead" they moved on. The convoy had got safely through.

To obtain transfer designs for two pillowcases, color chart for working, amounts of materials specified for the Pansy Design (Pattern No. 5695) send 15 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

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.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
539 South Wells St. Chicago.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. _____
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Take orders for miracle value \$1.00 Christmas card assortment from friends, neighbors, also Religious, Gift Wrapping Birthday, Servicemen's assortments \$1.00. Up to 10% profit. Samples on approval. Special offer.
PAUL McCARTY
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-DAY, and YOUR NEW RADIO

And what a delight it will be to have the set you want—farm set, table model, portable or combination—when it carries this magic name!

Clarion RADIO

WARWICK MANUFACTURING CORP.
4440 W. Harrison Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

Here's your BEST guarantee of PERFECT Baking Results

CLABBER GIRL
The Double Acting Baking Powder

BALANCED DOUBLE ACTION... tested and proved in the mixing bowl and the oven

ASK MOTHER, SHE KNOWS...

CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder

IF PETER PAIN CLUBS YOU WITH RHEUMATIC PAIN...

Ben-Gay QUICK

Get this speedy, soothing, wonderful relief from the pain and discomfort of rheumatism! Fast-acting Ben-Gay contains up to 2 1/2 times more methyl salicylate and menthol than five other widely offered rub-ins. These famous pain-relieving agents are known to every doctor. Make sure of getting genuine Ben-Gay!

BEN-GAY—THE ORIGINAL ANALGESIQUE BAUME
Also For PAIN DUE TO NEURALGIA AND COLDS
THERE'S ALSO MILD BEN-GAY FOR CHILDREN