THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

Matching Cornice And Radiator Shelf

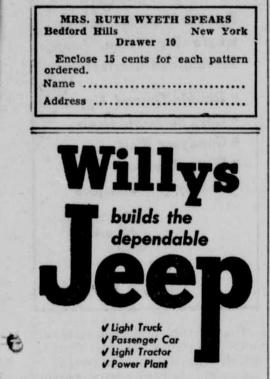
THIS winter as last we should remember that the purpose of a radiator is to radiate heat and that we are not getting the maximum from fuel if we box the radiator in with a tight cover. The shelf shown here is built well above the radiator and curving up under the shelf is a metal heat reflector which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





The story thus far: After graduating | the burning of the train in Indo- | ship, I would begin to pull out slowly from West Point as a second lieutenant China, and the news of my one-Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly man war in Burma, the story got to Field and takes up pursuit flying. When the war correspondents. I began the war breaks out he is an instructor to hear from home in the States in California and told he is too old for that I had been written up as "The combat flying. He appeals to several One-Man Air Force." From an ego-Generals for a chance to fly a combat tistical standpoint I felt the thrill plane, and finally the opportunity comes. He says goodby to his wife and child and that a normal person would, but flies a bomber to India, where he beby this time I was beginning to realcomes a ferry pilot, which does not apize that one man and one ship in peal to him. He visits General Chenthis type of warfare meant very litnault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and tle. soon he is flying the skies over Burma. He gets his first Jap bomber, burns up

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 the China-Burma-India theater who is no substitute for combat. You've got to shoot at people while you're being shot at yourself.

undisciplined. To these statements I always remarked that I wished we For the time being, though, there had ten such undisciplined groupswas just the one ship, and I nursed for they would have destroyed some it like a baby. Flying it constantly, three to four thousand enemy air-I had begun to feel a part of it. planes, and that would certainly Sometimes at night I'd think of my have hindered the Japanese. There wife and little girl, but never in were others who claimed that the combat. Sometimes, coming home fighters of the AVG fought for the after striking the enemy, I'd think of high salaries and the extra bonus of them and they seemed far, far away. five hundred dollars for each ene-Towards the last of May, after I'd my plane they shot down. That flown just about two hundred hours 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.

enemy trucks and cuts a Jap battalion to

CHAPTER XIII

Word had come now that the AVG,

with General Chennault as Com-

mander, 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 Briga-

dier 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

There were officious men around

thought the AVG were unruly and

accept induction.

bits.

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 combatweary 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

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

tackles to stop him in time.

Handled in another way, I be-

lieve that every one of the AVG

who was physically able would have

stayed. As it was, only five pilots

crew men. We had wanted to di-

vide them into two groups-those

who from a physical standpoint bad-

ly 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 con-

tracts with Camco terminated) and

to remain there on leave Br no less

than a month, after which they were

to come back to China. It is my opin-

ion that at least ninety per cent of

the AVG would hve accepted this of-

fer. But as it was, five of the great-

est pilots in the world stayed with

the group when their contracts ex-

pired. And those five were enough.

I went back to India and continued

my single-ship raids on the Japs.

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-twothree-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 for."

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



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

They're Standard

Joan-Did you work very long hours down on the farm? Japser-No. Only the regulation length-60 minutes each.

FARM FOR SALE

ONE SECTION WHEAT AND STOCK ranch for sale or trade. ALBERT LAR-SON, KIMBALL, NEBRASKA.

Had to Be One

"Bobby," said the teacher stern-"you know that you have ly, broken the Eighth Commandment by stealing John's apple?"

"Well, Miss," replied the unrepentant boy, "I thought I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as break the tenth and covet it."

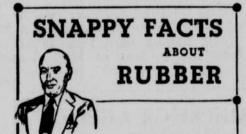


Mentholatum. Speed-ily it (1) Helps thin out thick, stubborn mucus; (2) Soothes irritated mbranes; (3) Helps reduce swollen pas-sages; (4) Stimulates local blood supply,





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



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





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 sur-

faces like a warming poultice. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Remember-**ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this spe**cial double action. It's time-tested, home-proved . . . the best-known home remedy for reliev-ing miseries of VICKS children's colds.

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, expired, they would probably find for at strafing altitude there would their draft boards waiting for them probably be no time to bail out with when they stepped off the boat that the chute anyway, and I knew that carried them back to the United prisoners taken by the Japs receive States. In that case, they would of very harsh treatment, especially course be inducted as privates raththose who have been strafing the er than commissioned as officers.

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 to reach its destination. The boy the 180 miles to Homalin, I let down was trained by some of the AVGthrough the overcast, hoping that who were leaving China-to run up the mountains were behind me. Luck to every transport that landed, and, was with me, as it usually was in as the passengers got out, to repeat my single-ship war, and I found for their benefit an unprintable the overcast barely a hundred feet American expression aimed at the thick. I couldn't see Homalin and speech-maker. The gas-truck coomy target area, but I kept right up lie would religiously meet every C-47 against the cloud ceiling and circled and with bland countenance would warily. I knew that I was in luck: repeat the sentence. Most of the I could drop the bomb and then AVG used to make sure that he climb right back into the overcast, never reached the transport unloadno matter how many Jap fighters ing the right man, but several times came to intercept. it took the best of American flying

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 remained, and some thirty groundclouds 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 bomb: ing 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-After my flights with the AVG, sight passed under the nose of my

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 wor-

ry me, for I never knew exactly when to let down. Almost every day, however, if I worked my takeoff 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 Brahmaputraand 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-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.

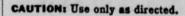
I cussed about the cap and loaded the ship for another run on the bridge. As I came in from another direction this time, and very low, I saw bodies of the enemy from my first strafing, but the Japs were still working on the bridge. I strafed the working-party in two passes from different directions,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

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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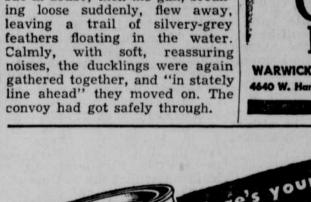
MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin. INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S-the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that whole-some relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.





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





simply disappeared from view,

while the gull was seized in the

Only for a moment was the is-

sue in doubt; then the gull, break-

beaks of the enraged ducks.

NADIU

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