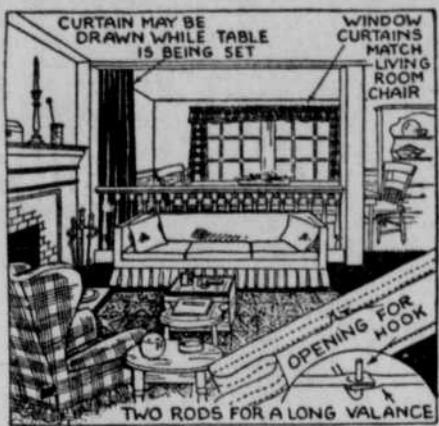


Removing Partition Between the Rooms

HAVE you ever thought of removing the partition between your living and dining room but feared the ceiling would sag if supports were removed? Or, perhaps you have considered the idea and decided that after all it might not always be convenient to have the two rooms in one? Here is an answer to both of these questions.

The sketch shows the partition removed to give a greater feeling of space but the main supports have been left in. A balustrade



division without spoiling the light between the two rooms makes a airy effect and a draw curtain matching the living room draperies make it possible to shut the dining room off when desired. By the clever use of curtaining throughout the two rooms are drawn together though they are still separate units.

NOTE—Here is news for homemakers. This sketch is from a new booklet by Mrs. Spears called MAKE YOUR OWN CURTAINS. This 32-page book is full of smart new curtain and drapery ideas with illustrated step-by-step directions for measuring, cutting, making and hanging all types from the simplest sash curtain to the most complicated lined over-drapery or stiffened valance. Whatever your curtain problem here is the answer. Order book by name and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for book "Make Your Own Curtains."
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Wonderfully quick a little Va-tro-nol up each nostril opens nasal passages—makes breathing easier—when your head fills up with stuffy congestion! Va-tro-nol gives grand relief, too, from sniffling, sneezing, distress of head colds. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Since 30 years ago, its—
PAZO for PILES
Relieves pain and soreness

For relief from the torture of simple Piles, PAZO ointment has been famous for more than thirty years. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas, relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's performance with Piles makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.

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If you suffer from Arthritis, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago or any form of Rheumatism ask your druggist for a free booklet on NUR-OVO, or write to Nur-Ovo, Inc., 412 S. Wells St., Chicago 7, Ill. for YOUR FREE COPY.

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AT FIRST SIGN OF A
COLD
USE 666
Cold Preparations as directed

WNU-U 41-44

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous to relieve periodic pain and accompanying nervous weakness, tired-out feelings—when due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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 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 becomes a ferry pilot, which does not appeal to him. He visits General Chennault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and soon is flying the skies over Burma in a shining Kittyhawk. He gets his first Jap bomber and goes out on many lone missions over enemy territory.

CHAPTER XIV

But I had seen enough. Even though this bridge was being built of bamboo, they were making it very strong, for the abutments were of heavier lumber and of stone. The Japanese were evidently planning to transport trucks, tanks, or some other heavier equipment North. I went right back to Dinjan and had Sergeant Bonner strap on a nice 500-pound bomb with a delayed action fuse. At any rate the armament men told him it was a ten-second delay fuse. This type of target had to be hit exactly, and if I were to glide in for a dead shot I'd surely get shot down by all the anti-aircraft. So I made up my mind long before I got there to turn it loose just as low as I could fly. Even if I missed the bridge by only fifty yards, which is close for dive-bombing in ships not made for that type of work, I'd knock a lot of leaves off the trees, make a big noise, and maybe kill some gunners. But the abutments of the bridge had to be hit just about dead center if I was to make the Japs stop work.

I came in to the target from the West, with the sun right at my back. I flew so low that I was afraid the little windmill on the nose of the bomb would get knocked off by the bushes. And then, as I saw the bridge, I let the bomb go. All hell broke loose. When I got back home I looked at "Old Exterminator" and I couldn't see why it hadn't spun in right there over the N'umzup. There were holes as big as footballs in the fabric flippers and in the metal stabilizers of the tail section. There was a hole in the fuselage and five holes in the wing. But I guess the hill just East of the target had saved me. As the June days passed, Colonel Haynes was moved to China to head the Bomber Command under General Chennault, and I was left alone as Commanding Officer of the Ferrying Command. On the day the cheerful Haynes left, I felt as if I had lost my best and last friend. For this meant that I'd have to stay on the ground more, and work the administration as well as the operations of the ABC, which was getting tougher and tougher with all the rice we were having to drop and the passengers we were having to haul.

On the one day that I stayed on the ground, it seemed to me that every time I looked up from the desk that I was "flying," some long, lanky tree planter would be standing there in the door in sun-helmet and shorts. With his bony knees sticking out, he'd ask me in cold clipped accents: "I say old chap—do you have transportation for Calcutta?"

From over near Sadiya, we had gotten eight elephants, tame ones, and were working them to move some heavy timbers to be used on the warehouses of the new field. There was an old Southern sergeant who took good care of the pachyderms. He must have been a muleskinner in either the first World War or the border war with Mexico, for he did everything in his power to keep the eight elephants dry and well-fed and content. Even when he tied the chains to their legs at night, he would wrap the links with cloth to keep them from chafing the thick skin of the big beasts.

Another sergeant, from about the same section of the country that the old elephant caretaker hailed from, came by one day and looked the stalls over with a quizzical eye. "Say, Micky," he called back as he left, "you're taking too good care of those elephants. You're going to get 'em so comfortable that the Yankees will come down here and free 'em."

Bob Layher, one of the AVG pilots, came over for several days, and we drank good Scotch whiskey at night and flew our planes across into Burma in the day—when I didn't have to get passengers on the freight ships. I learned a lot, flying on his wing. We'd go over for a look at Myitkyina, and it would amaze me how effortlessly, without apparent forethought, Bob would get our ships into the sun before we came within sight of the field we were to observe. I picked up little things like that as I flew with him, and they helped me later.

On the twentieth of June, members of the Army Board that had been appointed to induct the AVG passed through Assam, and my hopes faded of ever getting over to work under General Chennault. I knew that out of those Colonels, the powers-that-be had surely picked some lucky one to get the greatest job in the world. This was of course that of commanding the AVG after that of commanding the AVG after that it came into the Army, with its nucleus of old AVG personnel and the new pilots as replacements from home in the States. General Chennault was to be the Task Force Commander and was to be over the Fighter Group and the Bomber Force.

If the Scotch hadn't given out, I would have got drunk that night. But instead I went on another strafing raid in the late afternoon, and had to land after dark. So I took it out in action. I bombed Homalin and the railroad yards at Mogaung the next day, and strafed the field at Myitkyina coming back. During the ensuing days until the 26th of June, I carried out attacks on barges near Bhamo, and on one trip went to Shwebo and almost to Mandalay, making a round trip of nearly nine hundred miles. I strafed the field at Maymyo, caught a train on the railroad North of town, and set it on fire. It was anything for action—and the engine of "Old Exterminator" got pretty rough at times, for by then I had three hundred and sixty hours on it and my mechanics had had little experience with Allisons.

That night, when I got home from my trip into Burma, I was handed a radiogram that saved my life. As I read it my face must have turned white; I know that tears came to my eyes, for I felt them burn. But I didn't care. I was ordered to report in Kunming, China, to General Chennault, as Commanding Officer of the 23rd Fighter Group which was to be activated from the AVG on July 4, 1942. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked out on an improving world. I could hear the birds singing again, and people were laughing; I knew I was the luckiest man in all the world. I carefully folded the radiogram to show my grandchildren when the war was over and went out to look at my ship. For I had something else on my mind too. I was going to go into Burma the next day on four of the damnedest strafing and bombing raids the Japs had ever seen. It would be my swan-song from Assam and I had to celebrate in some way or other. I told my crew to load a 500-pound HE on "Old Exterminator," and I walked around looking the old ship over. Somehow I figured that Kittyhawk had had a lot to do with getting me the greatest job in the war. It's not every man who finally gets what he has always wanted in the Army—after being pulled out of fighters for being too old, after being an instructor for four years, after being shanghaied into being a Burma-roadster, important as the job had been. Well, I had got what I wanted and I felt as though I could jump over the moon. I patted the leering shark's mouth on old 41-1456, and caressed the prop that had taken me in and out of many messes. Then I left, while they pulled the belly tank and put the big, fat, yellow bomb under the belly, and tightened the sway braces. The sight of that bomb made me feel pretty good.

Next morning before dawn I was in the air, my course set for Homalin. As I climbed out above the clouds I began to recite poetry in rhythm with the engine. To the verses of "Gunga Din" I dropped my first bomb of the day on the docks of Homalin. Then I flew back home with the words of the "Galley Slave" going out over the radio in a private broadcast to the world. On my next trip I dropped a five-hundred-pounder on a barge at Bhamo and came back and strafed the much-abused Myitkyina. My third attack was on the railroad station at Mogaung and I strafed the empty freight-cars in the yard. I had to use a belly tank on the fourth trip, and so I couldn't take a big bomb. But I loaded on six eighteen-pound frags and set sail for Lashio. I remembered to drop the belly tank before I went down into the anti-aircraft, and I dropped the six little frags in two of the big green warehouses by the railroad tracks. I shot up the field but saw no planes, and I finished my ammunition by strafing the main street of the town. I saw two plate-glass windows spatter across the street like artificial



Skim Milk Fights Costly Pig Parasites

Experiments Prove Value of Diet Plan

Internal parasites that attack pigs may be largely eliminated by liberal feedings of skim milk, according to department of agriculture investigators. During recent experiments some pigs received skim milk daily and others were given it as their only feed for three days at intervals of several weeks. Severe exposure to parasites was avoided. In a 57-day test, the pigs getting milk daily made an average gain of 50 pounds, and those fed grain exclusively gained only 40 pounds, on the average. Examination of carcasses of the milk-fed groups showed less than half as many parasites as the grain-fed pigs, and some of the milk-fed pigs were practically free of such pests in spite of the severe exposure.

A second experiment of 98 days duration, under similar conditions except that intermittent skim-milk feedings were two weeks apart, confirmed the first. The milk-fed pigs gained from 83 to 115 pounds, on the average, and were found to be free from parasites or to have only a few. The grain-fed pigs, similarly exposed to infection, gained a fraction less than 32 pounds in the 98 days and at the end of the experiment were heavily infested with intestinal worms.

It is pointed out that under practical conditions, sanitary practices



and general good management should be used to protect animals against exposure to parasites as far as possible. When the presence of parasites is suspected, however, and skim milk is available, beneficial results may be obtained from the latter's use as a parasiticide as well as a feed. Satisfactory gains, the scientists declare, and freedom from severe parasitism can be attained by feeding milk moderately each day or by giving large quantities for a few days at intervals of two or three weeks.

Application of the results of the "skim milk" experiments in war time should be governed by relative current needs for milk and pork. It is pointed out that in the central western area, where most of the country's hogs and many of the cattle are raised, the usual farm practice is to separate the milk, selling only the cream for butter making. Large quantities of skim milk are thus made available.

Landing at my old base, I waited until dark, and then had the numbers on the ship that I had flown in exchanged with those of my old fighter. For morale purposes alone, we had to have that ship in the 23rd Group. All this change involved was a stenciling operation to put 41-1456 on the ship that I had flown from China, and another to put on "Old Exterminator" the serial number of the fighter that I was leaving in India.

So, early the next morning, July 3, 1942, "me and the old Kittyhawk" wended our happy way across the hills and jungles of Burma to Kunming and more adventures together. From that moment, we left the Air Corps number 41-1456 on that insignificant ship in India, and for all practical purposes the old P-40E that I had used for sixty-three days over Burma became another number, but it would always be "Old Exterminator" to me. In those two months we'd flown together 371 hours over enemy territory and we were more than friends. That is somewhat over eighty thousand miles, and in combat that's a long, long way.

Everything has happened fast in this war, and the organization of the 23rd Fighter Group was no exception. There was no holiday, even if it was activated on the Fourth of July. There was no time for celebration. Radio Tokyo started right off with a bang, and we definitely knew hard work was ahead. On the night of July 3, Radio Tokyo—the one program we could ever hear in China—warned the new American fighter group that they would quickly annihilate them, for it was common knowledge that the experienced AVG personnel were leaving for America. But Tokyo had reckoned without the strategic brain of the General, or the loyalty of those great pilots of the First American Volunteer Group.

The General was expecting an attack on Independence Day anyway, for the Japs had always shown an affinity for raids on our holidays. When the Japs arrived over Kweilin, expecting to find green and inexperienced fighter pilots, they found many American boys who for weeks had been flying with the AVG.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Suit for the Matronly Woman Crisp, Practical House Dress



and trim it with three rows of bright ric-rac on the notched collar and pocket top.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1205 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material; 2 1/2 yards ric-rac trim.

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THE sort of house dress which is a perennial favorite—it's so crisp looking, so easy to get into, so easy to launder! Make it of gay flowered percales or seersucker

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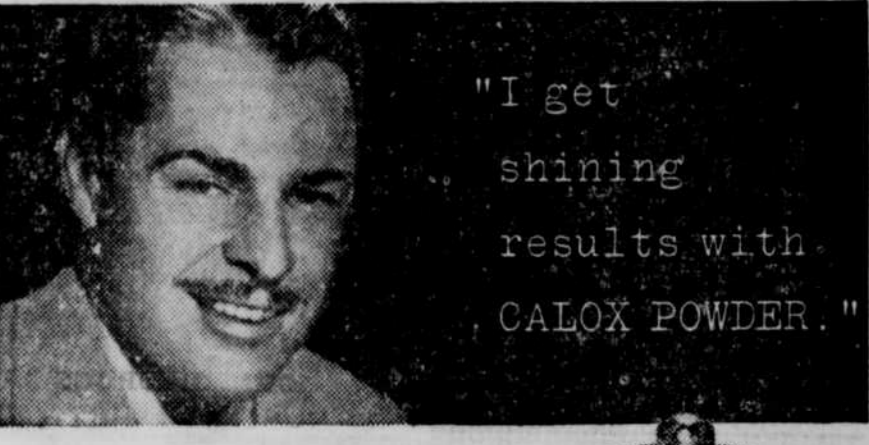
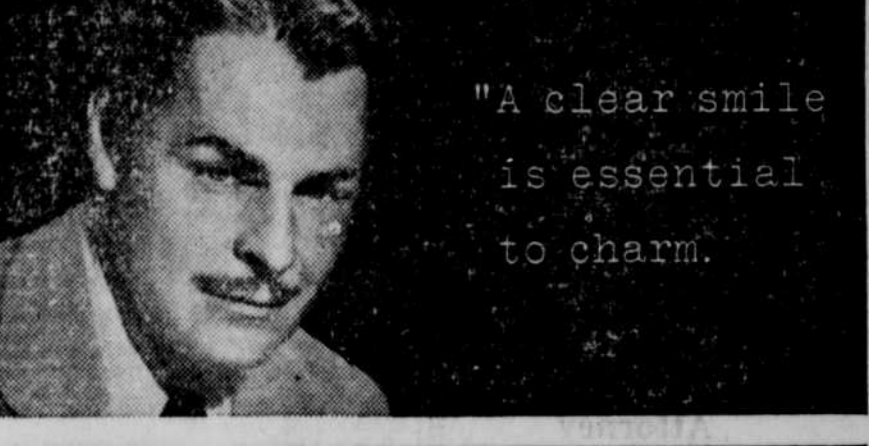
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Agriculture In the News

Money in Feathers.
The discovery that chicken feathers contain 100 per cent protein promotes them from a fertilizer to an excellent material for plastics and other articles of commerce.

Machines have already been perfected for the conversion of feathers into protein and plastics. The value of feathers as a soft, warm producing material has long been recognized. Many of the Russian army coats are lined with feathers. In the U. S. a my feathers have proved of great value in the work of camouflage.

Other feather products include a substitute yarn, a plywood adhesive for planes and PT boats, insulation material and a plywood material. The plastic can be used for sewing up wounds, its great advantage being that as the body heals, it absorbs the stitches. Serious attempts are being made in various countries to convert feathers into human food.

Tractor Faults

If the tractor lacks power the fault may lie in lack of compression, improper ignition timing or faulty carburetor setting. Leaky or broken piston rings, evidenced by lack of crankcase and undue hissing in the crankcase, causes serious loss of power. The spark plug gap setting, spark timing and carburetor adjustment should always be in accordance with instruction book of recommendations furnished by the tractor manufacturer.