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Ill-Fated Chesapeake Has No Namesake in Navy

Owing to the misadventures of the first American naval vessel to be called the Chesapeake, the U. S. navy has never given this name to another combatant ship, says Collier's. In 1807, the captain of this frigate, unprepared to fight, struck his flag and allowed his vessel to be searched after being fired upon by H.M.S. Leopard.

Again in 1813, the crew of the Chesapeake, unwilling to continue a battle, surrendered and the ship was captured by the H.M.S. Shannon.

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Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Remember this . . . **ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special penetrating-stimulating action.** It's time-tested, home-proved, the best known home remedy for relieving miseries of colds.
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WNU-U 42-44

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging aches, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOANS PILLS

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, 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 flies a bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot, but this does not appeal to him. He visits General Chennault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and when he gets it he becomes a "one man air force" over Burma, doing much damage to the Japs on many a lone mission. One day he gets orders to report to Gen. Chennault in Kunming.

CHAPTER XV

These were led by five of the best men of the AVG, and there was one great ace-in-the-hole that only the General and the AVG could have arranged: Two squadrons of these Flying Tigers had agreed to stay behind for a two weeks' period to help the newly formed 23rd Fighter Group. I think this gesture by those men such as Bob Neal, Charley Bond, George T. Burgard, Frank Lawlor, John E. Petack, Jim Howard, and others who were suffering from combat fatigue and ill health, was one of the bravest and most self-sacrificing incidents of this war. In the two weeks that they remained, two of them gave their lives, and their sacrifice was beyond the call of mere duty. These men, with those five who stayed with us to lead our squadrons—Hill, Rector, Schiel, Bright and Sawyer—and the AVG radio, engineering, armament, and ground personnel, were our backbone and our inspiration. We of the 23rd Fighter Group salute you. That Fourth of July, as the over-confident enemy ships came in over Kweilin, they brought a new twin-engine fighter that was supposed to murder us. They came in doing arrogant acrobatics, expecting to strafe the Chinese civilians in the city without opposition. General Chennault watched them with field glasses from outside the cave and called directions to Bob Neal, Ed Rector, and Tex Hill, who were sitting with their ships "in the sun" high overhead, at twenty-one thousand. At his radio order of "Take 'em," the newly formed 23rd with the AVG attached dropped down and massacred the Japs. There were soon thirteen wrecked Zeros and new twin-engine I-45's around the field for the Chinese to celebrate over.

bombing Nanchang. While these four went down with their bombs, Hill was to stay aloft with the other four to act as top-cover—just in case some Zeros tried to surprise the dive-bombers. Ajax Baumler said that he saw the whole thing: Johnny Petack dove for his target, one of the gunboats on the lake, but as his bomb hit the boat the P-40 was seen to explode, evidently hit by ground-fire. Ajax followed the burning ship almost to the ground and saw it strike in a rice paddy near a Buddhist temple.

So Petack, one of the AVG who had stayed for the extra two weeks, was killed in action. It's peculiar how a man could fight all through those last nine months and then go down from a lucky anti-aircraft shot. John Petack had remained for the purpose of training the new pilots and his job was that of airdrome defense. He was killed on this offensive mission. It was one that he could have refused with honor; instead, he had volunteered for this dive-bombing flight and had been killed in carrying it out. It was the most inspiring thing he could have done.

I kept sweating out the organization of the Group, and finally on July 17, I received orders from the General to proceed to Kweilin area and take charge of fighter operations. I know my heart nearly beat my ribs to pieces, for I was at last being ordered to go out and lead the fighting. Just as I landed on this airdrome in the Kwansi province I saw the remainder of the AVG get



Major Ed Rector, AVG ace and squadron commanding officer, who took heavy toll of the Japs.

into a transport to begin their long trip home to the U. S. A. They called to me as they got aboard and I saw Bob Neal, their greatest ace, wave from the door as he stepped in. We were on our own now, except for the five AVG veterans who had accepted induction in China, and the thirty-odd groundmen.

As the transport got away and the dust settled down, I climbed out of my fighter and looked around at the country. I could but marvel at the geographical situation. Colonel Cooper and I—Cooper had been in the movie production business—used to discuss the peculiar beauty of the place, and he'd say that it would make the greatest location in the world for a moving picture.

It was a flat, tableland country, and over the ages it must have been under water. From the level plain rose vertical, rocky hills, like stalagmites. These were honey-combed with caves where water, when they were submerged, must have dissolved the limestone that had been in the pockets. Evidently the glacier period had planed the valley flat as the glacier moved South, but the jagged rocks had withstood the pressure. Then, as the glacier melted, the caves had formed under water. Now the gray pinnacles of lava-like rock pointed straight towards the heavens. These one-thousand- to two-thousand-foot sentinels gave the valley an eerie appearance that always subdued my general feeling of cheerfulness. As long as I went to Kweilin, I dreaded the extra nervous tension that I knew it would produce. Add to this a summer temperature of over 100 degrees, a humidity of almost 100 per cent, and a fine powdery dust that gagged you, and you can realize that Kweilin was not a summer resort.

There was just the single runway for the planes, cut there between those silent needles of stone. We had operations office in one of the natural caves, and the radio set in another. As I climbed out of my P-40, I could see neither.

Here in Kweilin I first had explained to me the air-raid warning system on which we depended. It was of course a working dream that General Chennault had developed. Many times it has saved our fighter force in China, and without it our chances there against the Japanese would have been hopeless.

It seems that the General had always known that Japan was our natural enemy. When he was retired from the Air Corps, instead of staying on his farm in Waterproof, Louisiana, for the rest of his life and living an easy life shooting ducks and fishing, he had gone to China. Here, in a rugged exist-

ence, he had told his story to the Generalissimo. With the approval of high Chinese officials he had built this air-warning net, had caused to be constructed many strategic airdromes in China, and had preached the doctrine of pursuit aviation.

The warning net is of course secret and cannot be discussed in detail. But if you imagine two concentric circles, one with a radius of one hundred kilometers and the other of two hundred kilometers, around each of most of the fields and large cities in Free China, you have a general picture. In these circles are thousands of reporting stations—some within the enemy lines, some right on the enemy fields themselves. There may be a coolie sitting on a city wall watching for airplanes or listening for engine noise and reporting it with a visual signal. There may be a mandarin in a watch tower; a soldier in a field with a walkie-talkie radio. All reports finally get in to the outer circle, where some of the information is refilled, and finally it goes to the plotting-board in our cave or operations shack. There Chinese interpreters get the reports and move little pin flags along the map of China—and we know where every enemy ship is in our territory and can see where ours are. The net works so efficiently in certain areas that we don't take off until the Japs are within the one-hundred-kilometer circle; this gives us more fuel with which to fight.

When the Japs come we know at what altitude they are approaching and from exactly what direction. We know their speed and their numbers. It's kind of a joke, too, that in several places we know when the Japanese roll their ships from their hangars or revetments, when they start their engines, and when they take off. Also it not only works for the obvious purpose of defense but has permitted us in many cases to locate lost pilots, for the navigation facilities in China are not the world's best.

Of course the locating of lost, friendly ships took another element besides the warning net. It required the existence of intelligent radio operators who knew the country and had common sense. These men, like Richardson, Mihalko, Miller, and Sasser, with others, stayed out there with us, and if you count the AVG aces as the first factor that permitted us to carry on in a manner that didn't discredit the Flying Tigers, then these men who helped us by radio were the close second factor.

Suppose that one of our pilots, returning from a flight, loses his position on his map because of a cross-wind, because of unfamiliarity with the country, because of his own stupidity—which we call a "short circuit between the head-phones"—or just because the maps of China are very inaccurate. In many such instances we would have lost an airplane worth virtually millions in our combat zone, and perhaps the pilot too.

The pilot who is lost calls the radio station that he thinks is closest to him, and in code tells the trouble. The radioman tells him to circle the next town he passes for a few minutes. Down in that town, marked on his map with an unknown Chinese character, some member of this warning net sees him and reports one P-40 circling. In a few minutes the radio operator gets the report and tells the pilot: "You're reported over Lufeng—fly fifty-eight degrees at two hundred miles an hour and we'll have supper ready—we've got grits tonight—yeah."

One amusing but near-tragic instance of this orientation by means of the air-warning net happened about the time the AVG induction board came to China. Another fighter group commander had waited for several days over in India to come into China with a large flight of P-40E's. He finally came over on a transport and eventually got tired of waiting for the fighters. He didn't know that the weather was very bad in Burma, and that the monsoon winds from the South could take them so far off course in a few minutes that the entire flight might easily get lost.

After a long wait he came back to Assam in the transport and led his pilots towards Kunming. First of all, he corrected too much for the southerly wind, and in a very short time he was fifty miles South of his course and near two Japanese fields. His unashamed deputy leaders herded him to the North. And then the monsoon wind from out the Indian Ocean began to work on his navigation, and in another hour he was lost far to the North of the course. Night was falling, and the hills of North China were rising threateningly.

Then the net, if it hadn't justified its existence long before, would have begun to pay for itself. The leader called Kunming, and the operator there, a tough old former Navy man, heard him and gave the instructions: "Circle the first town you see." The group commander began to argue at once—said he didn't have enough gas to waste circling; but the AVG radioman talked him into doing it. Then the net reported, and Kunming operator said, "You're over Yangpi—fly 240 degrees for twenty minutes and you'll see the lake Kunming is on."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What You Should Know About Frills

SO MANY women have learned to run intricate machines in the last few years that it is doubtful that ruffler or hemmer will ever seem awesome again. If you have a power machine and have learned to use the attachments there is quite a saving in making your own frilled curtains, dressing table skirts and bed valances. If you do not have a power machine or the use of one, by all means buy your frills. Sometimes an extra pair of curtains makes a skirt for a dressing table with very



little waste. Curtains that are ruffled all the way around may often be split for bed valances. Also, it is possible to buy ruffled material by the yard. Avoid skimpy fullness.

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:

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Leave It to the Irishman To Find a Bright Side

Two Irishmen, employed in a stone quarry, were blasting with dynamite when one of them was killed by an unexpected explosion. His mate was given the unpleasant task of conveying the news to the newly created widow. Slowly and thoughtfully he plodded to her home.

"Mrs. Flanagan," he began, when she opened the door, "isn't it today the collector will be calling for your husband's life insurance payment?"

"Sure it is, but what is that to you?" replied Mrs. Flanagan.

"Then 'tis yourself that can be snapping your fingers at him," the man responded cheerfully.

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