

respective spheres of influence, prothe season.

Legendarily, the Christ Child blessed the huge pine which sheltered the Holy Family during the flight into Egypt.

A strange child was received hospitably into the hut of a poor wood cutter who lived on the edge of a great forest. At midnight the family was awakened: boking out of the window, they beheld the little stranger clad in gleaming radiance and surrounded by a choir of angels: the fir tree beneath the window was covered with silver nuts and lights, apples and threads of gold: and the Child revealed his identity:

"I am the Christking, bringing happiness to good children. This fir tree shall be my emblem."

The Druids were worshipers of Thor to whom the Thunder Oak was sacred. St. Wilfred, standing amid his Christian converts, felled the oak to symbolize the severance of all connections with heathen Druid rites. The old tree split into four pieces as it fell and, from its very center, a young fir tree pointed sky-

"This young tree," said Wilfred, "shall be your Holy tree tonight. Let it be called the tree of the Christ Child; gather about it, not in the wildwood, but in your own homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood but shall be surrounded with loving gifts and rites of kindness."

What the Christmas tree is to northern countries, the crib is to southern Europe and Catholic coun-

Christmas trees and cribs, within | of the masses to read and the prevailing lack of books during the midvide focal points for observances of | dle ages, the Bible was frequently interpreted by literal representation. In 1223 St. Francis of Assisi, hoping to inspire greater religious fervor among the faithful, received special permission from the Pope to present a tableau of the Nativity

> On Christmas eve of that year in Greccio, Italy, representatives of the Wise Men and other biblical characters (a young mother laid her "bambino" in the Manger), real, live animals, sheep and oxen, finally obedient after hours of tugging and shoving, took their place within the chancel of the village church.

> This first crib was such an immediate sensation that the presentation of the Nativity scene at Greccio became an annual event attracting many visitors to the heretofore obscure village. Famous cribs sprang up and were presented throughout southern and central Europe.

During the Renaissance, painted landscape backgrounds, and increasingly realistic figures, richly clad, elaborate shrines and processions endowed the cribs with the characteristics of highly ornate pageants. In modern Italy, the Praesepe or manger is seen in every church at Christmastime: In Germany, it is the Krippe: in Czechoslovakia, Jesliky. In Spain and other Catholic countries, the Nacimiento or Nativity scene is everywhere-in churches. public places and private homes.

America, being the melting-pot of Christmas customs and traditions, has taken the tree and the crib to its

ored to drive it in a contrary direc-

tion. The British Isles are rich in

Starting at eight o'clock Christ-

with drums, trumpets, bells, or per-

of the family, is always served.

The ancient custom of sword-danc-

ing at Christmas is kept up at Shrop-

ers perform their annual routine of

warlike evolutions, some accompa-

nied by imitations of the ancient

The pinata is the Mexican equiva-

lent of a Christmas tree. It is a

large clay water jug, decked in

papier mache ruff and feathers to

look like a turkey or peagock. After

being filled with toys it is suspend-

Ayfthe breaking of the pinatan The

game starts with a candlelight pro-

cession. All doors are closed as the

children march through the dark,

ened house until they come to the one

over which the pinata is hung. Each

child, armed with a stick, tries to break the jar, When the lucky blow

ed from a doorway.

Christmas customs

Christmas Customs Vary Around the World



Among the fancies that longest | point, while an adversary endeavsurvived in Europe, and even became naturalized in America was that at one o'clock Christmas morning, the cattle would turn their heads eastward, get down on their knees masieve, with bells ringing, the chiland worship the King who was born dren parade the streets of Yorkshire

of more recent date—during the haps with the poker and shovel taken Christmas season the barnyard from their humble fire. A furmety cocks crow with more than usual or yule cake, one for each member force and frequency.

The Christmas feeding of birds is prevalent in Norway and parts of Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed | shire. Grotesquely dressed dancon houses, trees and fences. The children save their money to be used to purchase bendles of oats.

During the early 19th century, some of the parishioners of the British Isles who paid vicarial tithes, claimed a custom of being enterafterneon, with four bushels of malt brewed into ale and beer, two bush-els of wheat inade into bread, and 50 pounds of cheese. Any food left it The Christmas game is followed over was distributed to the poor. At Culdaff, Ireland, about 1800, was started the forerunner of two

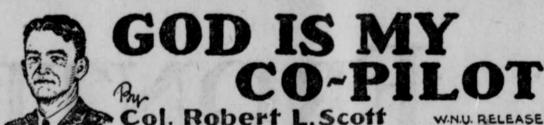
American pastimes, "shinney" and the "lottery." Previous to Christ-mas it was customary for the laboring class to sell chances on a raffle for mutton. The favorite game was described as kamman which con- is delivered the gay trinkets, bird sisted in impelling a wooden ball whistles or red and green candles with a crooked stick to a given tumble to the floor.

31 to be known in all Germany and in

translation in many other countries."

Country Priest and Schoolmaster Joined to Compose Silent Night' The Christmas Bymn, 298Hent by the Roman Catholic bishop of Night, was written by a German Salzburg in 1815, and when he wrote country priest and his friend, the the song was assistant at Lauren, schoolmaster of a neighboring vilon the Salza, near Salzburg. Later lage, for a Christmas now a cenhe he held pastorates in various other tury gone. After its first use in places, and died in 1846.

rigradually made friends until it came near Laufen, who wrote the music of this and a number of lesser known The author of the verses was Jos- Hochburg in 1787. He died in 1863 at eph Mohr, born in Salzburg, Austria, Hallein, near Salzburg, where he in 1792. He was ordained a priest was organist.



from West Point, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and is told he is now too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals and is finally given an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber into India, but on arrival is made a ferry pilot and this does not suit him. After paying a visit to Gen. Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk and soon becomes a "one man air force" in the skies over Burma. Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group but still keeps knocking down Jap planes. His "Old Exterminator" is badly mauled and he gets a new P-40E.

CHAPTER XXIII

It had been only recently, when he had been taken from his thirteen four-engine bombers on the way to blast Tokyo, that he had been assigned to transports. The Japs must have known just how to get under his skin, but in the end I think the knowledge worked against them.

Now he was getting back at them by having thousands of little leaflets printed in several languages, especially in Japanese. They read:

COMPLIMENTS OF THE OLD BROKEN-DOWN TRANS-PORT PILOT

He used to drop some of these on every bombing mission he led. He'd go out and tie some to each bomb; put them in the bomb bay so that they fell out when the doors were opened; even throw them out over the Japanese-occupied cities that he blasted. I knew now that he was getting a new supply ready for Hongkong.

Towards the end of October came the word we had so long been waiting for. Victoria harbor was filled with Japanese shipping. In deepest secret we got ready to go.

Our ships would leave from Kunming, but we would of course use the intermediate bases in the Kweilin-Hengyang section, 500 miles to the East. Hongkong, you will recall, is about 325 miles Southeast of Kweilin. It is protected by surrounding enemy fighter fields at Canton and Kowloon. Our objectives would be the shipping in the harbor. the shipping at the docks in Kowloon, and the ships at the drydocks in Hongkong.

Early on the morning of October 25 our twelve bombers took off from Yunnan for Kweilin, and shortly afterwards Hill, Alison, Holloway and I led the fighters off. We were all to infiltrate into Kweilin, a few ships at a time, so as not to alert the coast of eastern China.

For two weeks I had worried about this attack. I thought it would come any day, and because of the tension I couldn't sleep.

When I learned that word hadn't come, I'd spend another sleepless night. I got the doctor to give me something to make me sleep and I had a headache the next day. I knew "my wind was up," as the British say-but why in hell didn't we go on and get the attack over

But now I was on the way. I could see the shark-mouths of the P-40's all around, and the whole thing was easy-just what I had wanted all the time. We sat down at Kweilin at one-minute intervals at eight o'clock. The bombers were soon in, and the Chinese were busy servicing the field full of ships. They were the happiest people I had ever seen. They'd point towards Japan and point down with their thumbs and say, "Bu-hao."

All of us were proud to be going. But as I looked at those seven P-40's escorting ten bombers, I could not help feeling apologetic for that greatest country in the world that we were representing. Oh, God, if the day could soon come when we could go against this enemy with a thousand bombers, even a hundred bombers!

Maybe the small fighter force that we had made us lucky ones who were privileged to go resolve all the more that we would make up in quality what we lacked in quantity. Personally I felt like a veteran football player who has been on the beach and has now been called into the big game. Nearly a year before, when Hongkong had fallen to the Japanese attacks from the Asiatie mainland of Kowloon, I had sworn that I would see the first bombs hit the Crown Colony. I had no iden then that I would lead the fighters, that I would shoot down Japanese fighters in the raid, that we would be intercepted by a sul perior force of the enemy, but that in less than three minutes after the interception there would be only the ships of the U. S. Army Air Force over Victoria harbor

Now I had the familiar "wind up" feeling that precedes combat. The trousers I saw that the sweat was like mud; it had mixed with the red dust of Kweilin Eield through which we had taken off a W

Our altitude kept increasing to 20,-000 feet, while down below at seventeen thousand were the medium bombers in javelin formation: two Vee's of three, and the last element a diamond of four. We passed one of the river junction check-points

The story thus far: After graduating | bomber formation again, I felt | fighters that must be coming. proud of the crews of those perfectly spaced ships. This really was like a football game: the bombers were carrying the ball while we in the pea-shooters ran the interference.

I imagined General Haynes, down there in the lead bomber, grinning as he thought of dropping a few hundred more of his leaflet souvenirs to the Japs, "Compliments of the old broken-down transport pilot"-along with at least sixty 500pound bombs. Big "Butch" Morgan, the best bombardier in the Air Force, had probably wormed his huge bulk through the tunnel into the nose of Haynes' bomber and was even now intensely interested in his pet bomb-sight.

Now I could even smell the freshness of the Pacific. The sky had never been so blue. The beauty of the day and the beauty of those weapons flying so smoothly under us made me forget the scratching of the oxygen mask on my sunburned neck. It was a joy to look back and see the six shark-mouths on the other P-40's grinning at me. Some day, I thought, Jap mothers were going to frighten their children by referring to them and reminding the brats of Nippon that their fathers had more than likely had that view of an American P-40 for a last memory.

As we got closer to the target, we split our formation of fighters automatically. Tex Hill, Hampshire, and Sher stayed with me; Marks took the other three on the opposite flank of the bombers. The country below had become lower in elevation but was green and still hilly. Over the radio, as we reached a



The men were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. They were tired out by almost constant alert without relief for twenty-one days. Many of their flying mates had been killed in action, and this helped to lower their morale.

point North of Macao, came the jabbering of Japanese voices on our frequency, and we knew from its ominous sound that they were warning of our attack.

I tensed a little and looked about for enemy planes. Far to my left could see the three rivers meeting at Canton, could see two fields from which I knew Zeros were taking off to intercept us. We had bypassed Canton purposely by thirty miles. I saw the bombers changing course: we were around Canton now, and were going to steer straight for the North of Kowloon peninsula. The blue Pacific looked friendly, reminding me of the southern California coast. The old, familiar fog banks that should have been covering San Clemente and Catalina were shrouding instead the Ladrones Islands, with only their hilltops visible, sticking out from the fog on the China Sea.

We were turning over Macao, where the Clippers used to land. To the South I could see another Jap field, Sanchau Island. Now to the right was Hongkong Island, shaped like a kidney and mountainous, just about nine miles long and three or four miles across. I could make out the indentations of the romanticsounding bays whose dames I knew -Sandy, Telegraph, Kellet, and Repulse. There were points of land jutting towards the mainland-Quarry Point, with its Navall Drydock and Shek Tong Tsui, the point over which we would fight our aerial bat. tle. Reaching towards the island like a finger was Kowloon peninsular separated from it by the blue waters of Victoria harbor. Near the end of the spit of land closest to Hongkong, I saw the large modern Peninsular Hotel. All of us knew that Japanese Generals, and staff officers slept there with their wom-

I crossed around and over Gen. eral Haynes and his formation, watching vigilantly. Far below I

that enabled me to compute our white puffs. As I dove almost to the straight down, stream flames for a ground speed. In fifty minutes I level of the bombers, I could feel distance the length of the airplane could see the glint of the sun on the ack-ack rock my fighter ship. I behind. the Pacific Ocean. As I saw the kept S-ing to watch for the enemy

I saw the yellow bombs begin to fall in long strings, imposed on the dark green of the world below. They got smaller and smaller as the noses pointed slowly down. Remembering my movie camera. I tried to take pictures of the explosions. The

bombs seemed to take years to fall, and I began to think they were all duds. The ack-ack burst closer as the Japs got the range while we went straight in. I know I was never more excited in all my life. I yelled, "Okay, Hirohito-we have lots more where those came from!" I kept looking behind and under us for the bombs to burst.

And then I saw the first white explosion-right on the docks of Kowloon. After that they came so fast you couldn't count them. I let my camera run as the explosions turned from white to black-there were oilfires now. I could see the flash of the anti-aircraft guns from the North shore of Hongkong Island, as we continued across Victoria harbor. I risked another look at the target; it was covered with smoke from one end to the other. Then I got my eyes back to searching for enemy interceptors.

Why in hell didn't the bombers turn for home? They had dropped the damn bombs, but they were still going on endlessly towards that point of Shek Tong Tsui. All of us were keyed up. But then the long javelin of B-25's began to turn to the right. Mission accomplished - now they had the down-hill run to base, and I began to get that old feeling of relief. Then, somehow, I felt cheated. Where were the enemy fighters? I raised my camera, sighted again, and took the formation as it swung over the burning docks.

Then, as I glanced about, I saw them, silhouette after silhouette, climbing terribly steeply towards the bombers. I know now that they had got there from Kai Tak below in four minutes; they had made the sixteen thousand feet in that short time. I felt my camera drop to my lap, hit my knee, then drop to the metal floor of the fighter. I was fumbling now for the "mike" button on the throttle; then I was calling: "Bandits ahead - Zerooooos! At eleven o'clock." Fumbling again for the throttle quadrant, shoving evclimb the enemy ships were maintaining. I called: "Zeros at twelve o'clock," to designate their direction clock-fashion from us. I heard Tex Hill reply: "Hell, I see 'em." I could hear the jabber of the Japs still trying to block our frequency.

I was diving now, aiming for the lead Zero, turning my gunsight on and off. a little nervously checking again and again to see that the gun-switch was at "on." I jerked the belly-tank release and felt the underslung fifty-gallon bamboo tank drop off. We rolled to our backs to gain speed for the attack and went hell-bent for the Zeros. I kept the first Zero right in the lighted sight and began to fire from over a thousand yards, for he was too close to the bombers. Orange tracers were coming from the B-25's, too.

Five hundred yards before I got to the Zero, I saw another P-40 bearing the number 151 speed in and take it. That was Tex Hill. He followed the Zero as it tried to turn sharply into the bombers and shot it down. Tex spun from his tight turn as the Jap burst into flames. I took the next Zero-they seemed to be all over the sky now. I went so close that I could see the pilot's head through the glass canopy and the little tail-wheel that was not retracted, and I knew it was a Navy Zero-the little wheel was built for the arresting-gear of a carrier. My tracers entered the cockpit and smoke poured back, hiding the canopy, and I went by,

As I turned to take another ship below me, I saw four airplanes falling in flames towards the waters of Victoria harbor. I half rolled again and skidded in my dive to shake any Zero that might be on my tail. I saw another P-40 shooting at a Jap, but there was a Zero right on his tail. I dove for this one. He grew in my sights, and as my tracers crossed in front of him he turned into me. I shot him down as his ship seemed to stand still-dn the vertical bank. The shipdwas sthree or tour hundred wards from me and If fell towards the water for a time that seemed ages An explosion came, and there was only black smoke; then I could see the ship again, falling, turning in a slow sain,

I sadrao everylning tosaul some times it was just a short burst as the Jap went in for our bombers Some times I fired at one that was turnban ing, and as I'd keep reefing back on my stick, my ship would spin, and I'd recover far below. Lebot down saw dust on Kai Tak airdrome, and panother ship that didn't see me I knew that enemy ships were taking got it with one short burst from di-off to attack us. My throat felt dry rectly astern, a no-deflection shot, and I had trouble swallowing, I in this attack I could see the Japaturned my gun switch off and on nese ship vibrate as my burst of nervously Now I saw the bomb bay doors just shook, then one wing went up. opening, and I couldn't keep the I saw the canopy shot completely tears of excitement from burning off; then I went across it. Turning my eyes. Anti-aircraft was begin, back in a dive to keep my speed, I ning to dot the sky with black and watched the enemy ship, as it dove

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Grace and Dignity in This Dress Jumper Frock a Figure-Flatterer



Afternoon Frock

THIS graceful and dignified afternoon frock for the matron will be perfect for all those occasions when you want to look nicer than ever. The softly gored skirt and scalloped finish on collar and sleeves are pleasing details.

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Jumper Frock

THE jumper dress is a figureflatterer for every age. This attractive model has broad shoulders and trim waist to give you that popular new T-square look. Use novelty buttons for the clever shoulder treatment and side-buterything as far forward as I could, I ton closing. A smartly tailored blouse is included in the pattern.

> Pattern No. 8712 comes in sizes 11, 12 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, jumper, requires 17's yards of 54 inch material; blouse, short sleeves, 134 yards of 35 or 39 inch

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So help me fuok barris aquo The inmost right knoodsash odd 1/2 teaspoon salters I monw he itea Kon Arte in Arte of the last of % cup lukewarm waterd verit and tablespoon melted shortening Sift together flour, sugar and salt. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. shortening. Dough will be soft. knead quickly and lightly intil smooth and elastic Roll out with sinds thick Curwith flowed bisout cutter. Place on grained walk let rise utail doubled in bulk, about 19 hour. Prick tops with fork Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 20 mHrutes. Makes 16 two-inch biscuits.

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