

Ingenious London Pillboxes Deceived Even the Natives

London is now demolishing the many pillboxes erected in 1940 to defend the city against invasion, says Collier's. Although concrete fortifications, they were never detected by the aerial cameras of the enemy, being ingeniously camouflaged as newsstands, information booths and similar small structures.

For some time, they even deceived passers-by, despite having such facetious signs as: "Closed on Sundays; not open during the week."

CHILDREN'S COLDS' COUGHING quickly relieved by Penetro—Grandma's old-time mutton suet idea developed by modern science into a counter-irritant, vaporizing salve that brings quick, comforting relief. 25c, double size 35c. PENETRO BASE CONTAINS MUTTON SUET

Happy Relief When You're Sluggish, Upset



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 "i. rards", 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 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 wholesome relief from constipation. Even dinky child on love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

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KIL-RAT KILLS YOUR PLACE OF RATS—MICE—MOLES. 15¢ and 35¢. See Drug or Hardware Store, or write to KIL-RAT, 1500 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with a understanding you must take the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back. CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

When your typewriter looks like this...

Remember that Constipation can make all tasks look big! Energy at low ebb? Check constipation! Take Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Contains no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different—act different. Fully vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ Convenience Box today. All druggists. Caution: Take only as directed. NR TONIGHT; TOMORROW ALRIGHT ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE Nature's Remedy NR TABLETS-NR

ONE WORD SUGGESTION FOR ACID INDIGESTION—TUMS

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT Col. Robert L. Scott W.N.U. RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, 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. After appealing to several Generals he is offered an opportunity to get into the fight. On arriving in India he is made a ferry pilot, but this does not suit Scott, who talks Gen. Chennault into giving him a Kittyhawk for combat flying. Soon he is flying over the skies of Burma and becomes known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps knocking Jap planes out of the skies.

CHAPTER XXVIII It looked as if we'd get the chance very soon, too, for the field in western Yunnan had been selected by the newly formed Air Transport Command, which was superseding the Ferry Command, as the Eastern terminus of the route to China. For the purpose of security in future operations, I will not name our base in western Yunnan. But there was a big turquoise-blue lake less than ten miles away which the General and I called Yeching. To us that meant "good hunting," for ducks and geese abounded. The landmark for our base was just one of the many lakes in Yunnan.

Next morning I went out on Lake Yeching, and from the bow of a native sampan I soon shot eighteen of the biggest geese I had ever seen. Even if we were remote from the loved ones at home, we'd have meat for Christmas dinner that was filled with the vitamins we needed. I had hurried back to the field before taking off for Kunming with my report on the efficiency of the warning net, and was taking pictures of some little mongol-appearing Miaos who were holding my geese aloft—when we had an air raid alert. There was heavy engine-noise from the reporting stations over towards Burma. We tossed the eighteen geese into the baggage compartment, winding their necks around among the conduits of the radio so that the cargo wouldn't shift, and I took off for Kunming. Then as I heard more reports from the Southwest, I turned South, joined the other fighters on patrol, and looked for the enemy. In about forty-five minutes we spread out to cover more territory, and I caught sight of two enemy planes—Zeros I thought, at first sight. I called to the others and attacked. Even as I approached the Japs I knew they were too slow and too large for Zeros. Then I saw that they were single-engine reconnaissance-bombers. I caught the rear one and gave it a short burst, keeping my eye on the other. The first one went down with most of one wing gone. The next I chased down every valley on the Mekong, getting in several good shots, but I never did see him go down or crash. From the evidence of the thin trail of smoke that I last saw coming from it as I dove and circled to look around again, I claimed it as a "probable."

The first one I had confirmed as a "certain." The others in our patrol engaged four other planes and probably shot down two of them. The General had been correct as usual—the Japs were keeping the end of the ferry route under close surveillance.

Christmas night, while we were enjoying the geese, George Hazelett came in with his Squadron to report that the Japs had bombed our base near Lake Yeching with eighteen ships on that afternoon of Christmas Day, and the first warning the field had was the sight of the enemy bombers in the clear blue Yunnan sky. Luckily the bombing had missed the field and no ships were damaged, but many Chinese in the village had been killed. Definitely the warning net in western Yunnan made the operation of the Transport Command at Yeching hazardous. I could tell by the General's face that he had some plans he would tell me about in private. The General had been sick with a cold over Christmas and had a fever that night, when he told me what he had to do at Yeching. At dawn the next morning—December 26th in China, but actually Christmas Day in America—I took off with full instructions. When I left, the Doctor told me General Chennault was running a temperature of 103. All of us were worried about him, and knew that the defeats on Christmas Day hadn't helped his spirits. As I flew West towards Yeching, 145 miles away, in the half light I saw the coolies carrying drums of gasoline on wheelbarrows up the Burma Road. Some of these I knew would go on through Kunming to Chungking, 390 miles away by air. Trundling these crude wooden-wheeled vehicles of the ages gone-by, these patient workers would require seventy days of constant effort, at their dogged trot, to reach the capital at Chungking. The two-wheeled Peking carts with three drums would take a shorter time—44 days. I saw coolie boys plowing in the rice paddies halfway up the sides of the mountains—paddies built like steps from the top of the hill to the valley, so that the irrigation water could be used over and over I laughed as I saw the ancient means

of cultivation—the boy, standing with his feet on the wooden scraper, was using his own weight to make it scratch the mud, but was holding on to the water buffalo, with his hand gripping the tail of the ponderous animal.

Landing at the threatened air-drome, I put the General's plan into immediate effect. I commanded the necessary transportation on Yeching field and placed it ready for the instant movement of pilots to their dispersed fighters, which were scattered to all parts of the air-drome. The P-40's were pointed in the direction of a run for immediate take-off. All this was to save even the barest minimum of lost time, for when the alert came we would have to move fast and furious. Every one of the thirty pilots was kept on alert, and constant patrols were begun at dawn. We sent two ships above the field at seven o'clock and doubled the number at nine. At eleven o'clock we doubled again and continually had eight high in the sky. The Jap had attacked the day before at 2:35 in the afternoon, or 14:35. The General had told me

many times of the propensity of the Japanese for the exact duplication of former military operations. We were going to get gradually more vigilant and stronger above the field for the expected blow. At the same time we were going as far as was commensurate with safety to conserve the invaluable aviation gasoline. Most of the fighters kept right over the field or slightly away in the direction of the expected attack from Burmese bases. Four fighters began to patrol from Yeching to the Mekong, on course to Lashio and seventy miles from where we were waiting.

At two o'clock I sent all planes into the sky except mine. I sat in that on the ground, listening for Harry Pike's expected report from his patrol to the Mekong River. I was within shouting distance of the ground radio operator, who would tell me of any developments on the weak-functioning warning net. The Jap would come today, I knew, between two and four—that's 14:00 to 16:00 hours. At 14:54 I saw the radio operator wildly running for my ship. He yelled, "Report from W-7 says heavy engine noise coming this way—the report is right recent." I was already energizing my starter when Harry Pike called excitedly: "Here they come—fighters and bombers—I'm just East of the river. I knew then that the Japs were close to fifty miles away; we had all we could do to get set and be waiting for them.

When Pike called in, as I got the engine started, I heard that the Japs were at seventeen thousand, and I called to him to take the fighters, for I hoped by that move to make the bombers come in unescorted. From Yeching at its level of 6500 feet I was climbing with full gun, climbing for all the altitude I could grab. I watched the temperature but drew all the boost I could without detonating too badly. At exactly three o'clock I reached twenty thousand feet and picked up most of my Group, which today was made up of Hazelett's Squadron. Just six minutes from the time I had given the ship the gun, I saw flashes reflected by Japanese windshields in the sun. They weren't far away, but I grinned—for they were below us. I heard from the chatter on our frequency that there was a fight going on towards were Pike had seen the formation cross the river. As the enemy ships materialized on the horizon, I knew that Pike had done his job well, for there was only one fighter with the bombers as escort—one fighter with nine heavy bombers. I think I knew then that we were going to make it tough for the Japs.

I called for the attack, in order to get the enemy before he could bomb the field. As I dove for the attack that I had always longed for, I saw one P-40 take the lone Zero head-on and shoot it down, and I knew from the way the shark-nosed ship pulled up in his channel of glory that Dallas Clinger had become an ace with his fifth enemy ship. We made the attack from three directions simultaneously. Lieutenant Couch led his ships on a stern attack that I did not see, for I was diving on the course of the bombers from the flank where the low sun was. I was going in for a full-deflection shot from out of that sun, for I had planned this method of how I wanted to attack a bomber formation long ago. On my wings were six fighters in two ship elements. In Couch's flight were four fighters, and Hazelett had four coming from above the Japs on the other flank. I had to dive from 20,000 feet to 17,000 feet to get on the level with the enemy formation, and when I got there I had plenty of excess speed over the Japs. I passed them rapidly from out of their range, but could see their tracers curving short of my flight. When I had overrun them a thousand yards, I turned right into the bombers and we went after the three Vee's of Mitsubishi bombers. By being on the same level with them I'm sure we caused part of the enemy formation to blanket out some of their own ships from firing at us. I opened fire from six hundred yards and led the enemy leader by at least a hundred yards; it must have been just right, for the tracers seemed to go into the top of the wing. I just held the trigger down and kept going into the sides of the Japs—they blossomed out of the sky at me, growing larger and larger, "mushrooming" in my windshield. As the bombers passed by, my bullets were raking them with full-deflection shots, and as fast as my formation turned the other five men were doing the same. I saw the lead bomber climb a little, then settle back towards the formation with one wing down.

As I saw the second Jap in front of me—the left wing man of the leader—I realized I'd have to dive under the enemy very soon or I'd run into them. Things hit my ship now, and with noise like a wing coming off, the side glass of my windshield was shot out. I was three hundred to two hundred yards from the second bomber when I got my long burst into it. There was a flash ahead, and I dove as fast as I could shove the nose down. As I went under the smoke and orange flame, I thought that the Jap I was shooting at had caught fire, but as I pulled around, back to the direction the formation had been going, and climbed, I saw what had happened. There was only smoke above, and the formation had broken, for I knew the bomber had exploded—the bombs had been detonated by the fifty-calibre fire. Behind, over the trail the Japs had come were four plumes of smoke where their bombers were going down. Below there were bomb bursts all over the paddy fields where bombs had been jet-tisoned in the unanticipated interception. I pulled up behind one of the lone bombers that I could see and began to shoot at it methodically from long range. Over on the left were three more, and I saw P-40's making passes at them. Over the radio I could hear happy American English, with unauthorized swear words aimed at the Jap that the individual pilot was shooting at, and by the tone of the pilots I knew that we were winning this battle and that the General was also going to be very happy. From 800 yards I'd squeeze out a short burst at one engine, then skid over and aim carefully at the other engine and throw out another short burst. The Jap ship was diving with all the speed he could get, but the P-40 kept moving up. I think all their ammunition was gone, for I saw no tracers. In my second burst on the right engine I saw some gray smoke—thin, like gasoline overflowing a tank and blowing back into the slipstream. The next time I came over behind that engine from closer range I saw two red dots near the engine, two dots that became fire. The flame ran to the engine and to the fuselage, but by that time I was over shooting at the other engine again. I last saw the bomber diving, with flames that were orange against the green of the mountains below. There were no more bombers to be seen, but I saw seven P-40's. Clinger came over and got on my wing; as I recognized his ship I slid my hatch-cover back and waved at him. Even before we landed I thought that we had gotten all the bombers. As we circled the field, with me trying to dodge the cold air that was knifing through the hole in my windshield and bringing a particle of glass against my face every now and then, I realized why we still had to wear goggles in fighter ships in combat. Below on the Yunnan hills, I saw eight forest-fires that could have been started only by burning airplane wrecks, for they had not been there when I took off. I kept some of the planes up for top-cover while we landed those that were shot up or low on fuel. Later, when I had the combat reports made out before the pilots could talk the battle over between them, the "cer tains" out of the nineteen that came in—nine fighters and nine bombers and one observation plane—were fifteen. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

I'M GOING to leave my Hollywood beat this time in order to share with you a letter from "Spec" McClure, formerly of my staff and now serving with our army in Belgium. I have found no finer expression of what our soldiers think about and their hopes for the post-war world. The army nurse to whom Spec pays tribute in this letter was Frances Slanger, who was killed by a German shell October 21, 1944, just a few hours after she had mailed to Stars and Stripes her open letter expressing her appreciation of the fighting men she served. Spec's letter follows: "Dear Miss Hopper: It is late afternoon, and here the earth is relatively quiet—as quiet, one might say, as the army can ever be—a thrum of distant motors; perhaps a friendly if loud argument or two; perhaps a lone G.I. grievously addressing his Maker over the latest exasperation. . . . "I have intended writing you something of entertainment here, but since morning I have been thinking of a dead girl whom I never knew but whom I, doubtless along with countless others, felt I knew. "She was an army nurse, and a few weeks ago, in answer to the blessings the wounded and dying had heaped upon her kind, she wrote an open letter to the men. It appeared in our Stars and Stripes. And it was a model of a selfless devotion, a humanity, and an integrity one thinks extinct. . . . "She wrote as a G.I. Jane to a G.I. Joe deeply involved in a bloody business called war, asking not for understanding, expecting no mercy, but giving to her limits in both. "Comradeship "And we knew there wasn't a false word in the letter. . . . We knew it for our world, and we grinned in appreciation, knowing that we read the letter of a girl already dead, and her words fixed beyond alteration. They were sealed with her blood. "During this war, as both civilian and soldier, I've seen ideals trampled in the mud by those who most profess to uphold them. I have seen this too often to have much faith left. And I have seen, as all who make an honest effort must, a thousand forms of betrayal and stupidity. And in weariness I have told myself a thousand times nothing remained to believe in—that the ancient enemies of mankind—greed and ignorance—were too great for our mortal strength to conquer. But now I know that this is not altogether right. . . . "One Ray of Hope "For somewhere in the sordid, selfish, shameful business that makes up most of our petty lives there is a nobility that will not perish. And men declaring that nothing is worth fighting for are known to die with their faces to the enemy, refuting by their action the words their lips have shaped. "And I have seen too many graves of those who, loving life as dearly as I love it, nevertheless died in order that something might keep on living. . . . "They say this war is won and the victor is ours. I believe it is. They speak of winning the peace. That remains to be seen. But this I do believe: If the common attitude is not changed, if greed is not uprooted and sincerity restored to life, if a man's ideals are less than his purse, and the graves are forgotten, we will not have won the war; we will have rather lost the world. . . . My love, SPEC."

Thanks That Count Following is part of Frances Slanger's open letter to Stars and Stripes, written just before the shell-ing began which took her life: "For a change, we want the men to know what we think of them. . . . I'm writing this by flashlight. The G. I.s say we rough it, but we in our little tent can't see it. We wade ankle deep in mud. You have to lie in it. . . . We have a stove and coal. We even have a laundry line in the tent. Our G.I. drawers are at this moment doing the dance of the pants, waltzing precariously, the rain beating down, the guns firing. "Sure we rough it. But you, the men behind the guns, driving our tanks, flying our planes, sailing our ships, building bridges, and the men who pave the way and the men who were left behind—it is to you we doff our helmets. "Frances Slanger is buried in a military cemetery, flanked on either side by the fighting men she served. Precautionary For the closing scene of "Love Letters," Joe Cotten and Jennifer Jones walk into the sunset. William Dieterle kept saying, "Put a little more feeling into it, Joe." Just then an electric cord started burning, and Dieterle said, "What smells?" Quickly Cotten replied, "Don't anybody answer that!" . . . Joan Spring, that fine little actress that Warner signed up on a long term contract, goes into "Three Strangers," with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS Well-Fitting Slip for Larger Figure



Slenderizing Slip AN IDEAL slip for the slightly heavier figure. This well fitting slip has darts to give it figure-hugging lines, and built-up shoulders that stay put. Nicely tailored panties make an attractive ensemble.

Extravagance Old Lady—Here's a nickel, my poor man; tell me how you became so destitute? Tramp—Because ma'am, I was like you, always giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.

How to make enemies: "So your boy's won a scholarship. Your wife must be a clever woman."

Quite Logical 'Adam and Eve were naming the animals of the earth when along came a rhinoceros. "What shall we call this one?" asked Adam. "Let's call it a rhinoceros." "But why a rhinoceros?" "Well, because it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet."

Smart Aleck Joan—Do you know Mr. Hook? Al—Hook and I are old associates.

Pattern No. 8738 comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, slip and pantie, requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material. 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. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT., 530 South Wells St., Chicago. Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. . . . Size . . . Name . . . Address . . .

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SH-H-H-H Don't talk—don't spread rumors. Don't cough—don't spread germs. Smith Bros. Cough Drops, Black or Menthol, are still as soothing and delicious as ever—and they still cost only a nickel. SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

GEE—SHE LOOKS OLD TODAY DUE TO MUSCULAR PAINS! SORETONE soothes fast with COLD HEAT ACTION in cases of MUSCULAR LUMBAGO OR BACKACHE due to fatigue or exposure MUSCULAR PAINS due to cold SORE MUSCLES due to over-exertion MINOR SPRAINS YOU BET you show it when those cruel pains shoot through arms, neck, back or legs. Do something. Rub on SORETONE Liniment. Get the blessed relief of Soretone's cold heat action. Quickly Soretone acts to: 1. Dilate surface capillary blood vessels. 2. Check muscular cramps. 3. Enhance local circulation. 4. Help reduce local swelling. Developed by the famous McKesson Laboratories, Soretone is a unique formula. Soretone contains methyl salicylate, a most effective pain-relieving agent. For fastest action, let dry, rub in again. There's only one Soretone—insist on it for Soretone results. 50¢. Big, long-lasting bottle, \$1. MONEY BACK IF SORETONE DOESN'T SATISFY "and McKesson makes it"