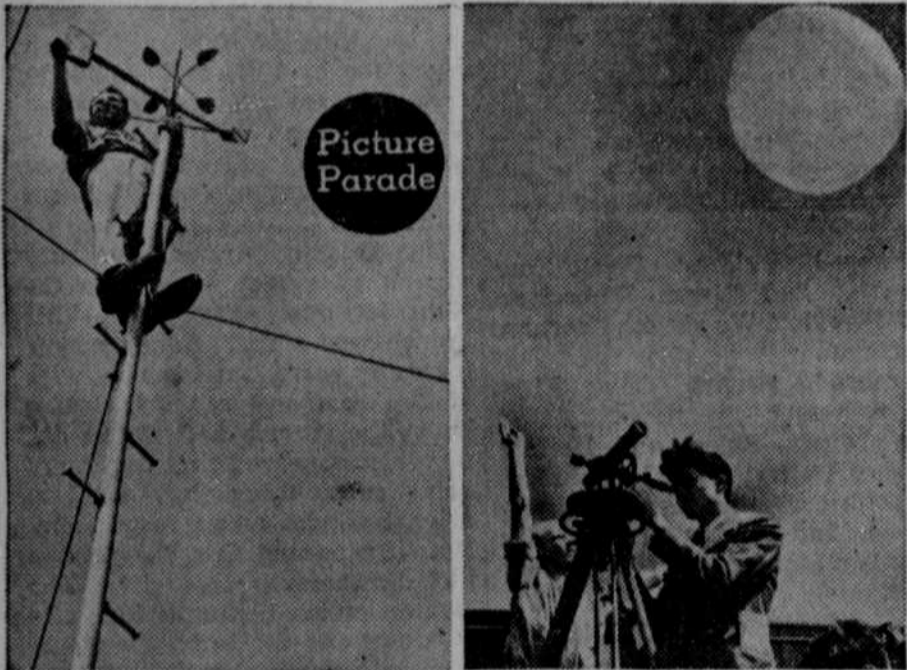


Army Weathermen

As the weather plays a vital role in war, Uncle Sam is taking steps to insure a supply of weathermen as a defense measure. At the department of meteorology in New York university thirty college graduates are learning the art of "doping out" the weather before becoming members of our armed forces. Part of the training consists in operating a weather station on a 24-hour basis.



CORN ON THE COP . . . John Quigley, chief cop and campus guard at the university, telling the young weather experts that he'll back his corn against all their gadgets as weather forecaster.



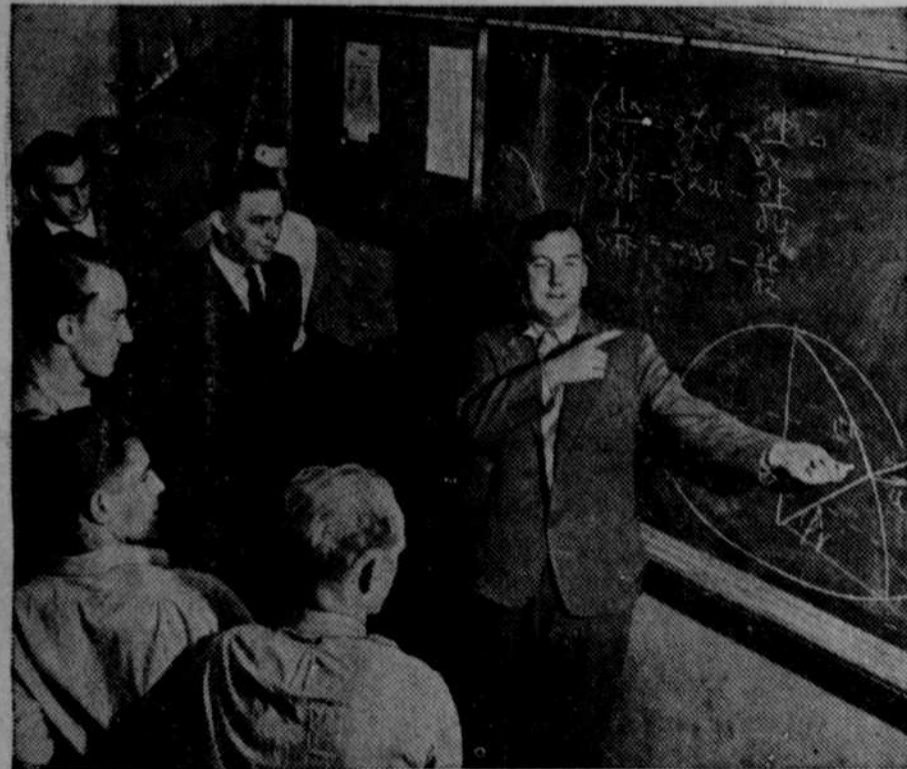
Picture Parade

HIGHBOY . . . The gentleman atop the pole is adjusting the cup anemometer and wind vane, a device for determining the speed of the wind.

Student weathermen taking observations. The balloon has just been released. Its flight is followed with the theodolite, and observations are taken and recorded.



Professor A. Spilhaus explains the operation of a radiometer-ograph to some of the student weathermen. Attached to a balloon, it is sent aloft to ascertain conditions in the upper air.



Now you'll have to take the prof's word for this. He is explaining the equations of motions of atmosphere to the class. If we knew more about it we'd tell you, or become a weatherman ourselves.



CURRENT FICTION

Elizabeth With Variations

By HOPE RIDER

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

AUNT BESSIE said: "No pie." She said it in a way that made me feel that pie was something outrageous. Aunt Bessie was like that. She had a way of saying things, not unkindly, nor very insistently, but definitely, so that they made you feel as if she was right and you were wrong.

It was a good pie—chocolate, with whipped cream on top. And because of what Aunt Bessie said, Jack said, with a glowering eye cocked sidewise at her, "Give me an extra large piece, Elizabeth. It's my favorite dessert." It isn't. As a matter of fact, Jack would rather have apple pie than any other. But chocolate pie fitted into my menu, so I had made it—and it's a lot of work—for this first dinner of Aunt Bessie's with us after her last trip abroad.

"Me, too, mama," said young John. "I want a double order." And that was true. Boy-like, my ten-year-old wants a double order of any pie.

Aunt Bessie looked down her nose at her grandnephew across the table from her. "I hope," she said, "you don't give the baby chocolate pie at this ungodly hour, Bessie?"

"Oh, no," I answered as easily as possible. "Betty, you know, is only three—hardly graduated into the pie class yet. She had her cereal and milk at half past five, in the approved modern fashion, and was asleep by six."

"Yet," said Aunt Bessie, "I don't know that your mother and I suffered because we were brought up in the old fashion, Bessie. We were husky enough. Of course, your mother died when you were a baby—but no kind of food could have saved her from being killed by a runaway horse. I always thought she was a reckless rider."

Well, we were off to a pleasant evening; I could see that. Jack was furious. He bit into his chocolate cream pie so hard that his teeth clicked. John looked eager. I could see that he was planning craftily to get Aunt Bessie to give him a detailed account of the awful accident that had killed my mother before I could really remember her. And I was annoyed, too. Aunt Bessie was in one of her less pleasant moods—she was calling me Bessie.

"Elizabeth," said Jack, sternly, "another piece of pie, please."

There's always been an Elizabeth in our family—in my mother's family, I mean. The name had fallen to Aunt Bessie in her generation, when Bessie was the usual form. I'd been christened Elizabeth, and had kept the name as it was. And we'd given the name to our baby, and of course called her Betty. My grandmother—the mother of my mother and Aunt Bessie—had been called Bess, and her mother had been Lizzie Holden. And there'd been a succession of Bets and Bessies and Lizzies with a Betsy in Revolutionary days—way back to the days of Elizabeth in England, when there had been a Bess Hardwick as one of the good queen's ladies in waiting. We were proud of that ancestor, of course. And it was fun to pass on her name. But I wondered, as I watched Aunt Bessie drink her cup of black coffee if the name had caused as much trouble in the past as it was causing us now.

I really loved Aunt Bessie. She'd been a darling to me always. My father had married again, and, as my stepmother had no place in her plans for a leftover daughter, I had spent my childhood in various schools. With Aunt Bessie as the bright fairy godmother who made life interesting. Summer holidays abroad or in the mountains with her—unexpected Christmas trips to Atlantic City or Bermuda—a convalescence one winter, in Florida, and a lovely winter, out of school, in California. Of course, I loved her. But she was a spoiled sort of woman, nevertheless. Too much money and too little to do.

Now, after an eighteen months' trip around the world, she had come to us for a six weeks' visit. We had really looked forward to it. Jack had planned trips to the theater and dinner in town—"We can't let her think there's nothing worthwhile in this country, Elizabeth," he had said. And I had rounded up a lot of her old friends and planned to have them for cards and luncheons. Little John liked company, and had mapped out picnics to some of his favorite haunts. And Betty seemed to have got it into her head that the aunt who was coming was coming, really, to see her.

"Did you make that pie, Bessie?" asked my aunt.

"Yes."

"Haven't you a maid?" It was an unnecessary question. Annie had been serving dinner, and very nicely, too. "Yes," I answered. "But she is not an experienced cook. So I do some of the cooking. You know, I learned how at school—at Miss Marken's. And then, I like it, and I've really become quite an expert."

"Oh," said Aunt Bessie. "I've always thought it was more important to learn to cook the plain things well than to waste time on fancy desserts. Pie, for instance—"

Fortunately, she went to bed ear-

ly. I couldn't get the conversation back to a pleasant tone. But she went to her room at nine—she's a wretched sailor and the crossing had been bad—with a cup of hot water and an electric pad and a magazine. Jack and I sat by the fire for a time, while Jack ate half a dozen soda mints. We didn't talk about Aunt Bessie—nor about pie.

After Jack had gone next morning, Aunt Bessie came downstairs. She looked rested and pleasant. But I really give the baby credit for the success of her visit—which turned out to be a great success.

I got up from my place and kissed Aunt Bessie as she came into the dining room. She likes a morning kiss. She always looks attractive in the morning, too. It's part of her routine to wear a crisp, fresh linen dress, always a soft blue, in the morning. Her laundry bills are huge, but she doesn't care. And getting her blue linen dresses laundered to her liking in the Pyrenees and the Andes, in South Africa or Arabia, in Hong Kong or Moscow, gives her something pleasant to worry about.

"Who's dat?" demanded the baby, pointing at her with a stubby cereal spoon. Betty loves blue.

"That's Aunt Bessie," I said.

"What's its name?" she asked.

"Aunt Bessie," I said.

Betty looked at her thoughtfully, appraisingly. "I yike her," she said after a while. "Dat's my name—Bessie. I want to kiss her."

"You darling," said Aunt Bessie, taking the baby into her arms. "You're my darling, adorable little namesake."

So that was that. Aunt Bessie and Betty became inseparable. Aunt Bessie would hardly leave her long enough to go to the theater and dinner parties we had arranged, and she always insisted that the baby be brought into show her friends at luncheon or cards. And she called the baby Betty, at first.

But it's strange, what's happened. "We're all calling the baby Bessie now. She won't answer to Betty. 'I'm Bessie,' she said, seriously. 'Yike my nice Aunt Bessie.'"

Aunt Bessie told me the other day she's written a new will and left all her money to the two children, half and half. "Of course, her name's Betty," said my aunt. "But you don't mind, I know—I'm calling her Bessie in my will. It's sort of sweet, you know, having her want to be Bessie, like me."

Jitterbugs Are Not Nuts, They Are Lower Animals

Jitterbugs are not crazy, wrote Animal Lover Ellsworth Jaeger in Nature Magazine recently. They merely carry on ancient dance patterns which lower animals developed eons before man appeared on the earth. Jive-Justifier Jaeger described jitterbug patterns of 16 animals, ranging all the way from "thread legged bugs" to caribou. Samples:

Sometimes at dawn turkeys go "high-stepping." With lifted wings they hop, jump up and down, then spring forward. During this "Turkey Trot," the hens sing "quit, quit," while the gobblers make high-pitched rattles "like a hard wood stick scraped rapidly along a picket fence."

At dusk, skunks often form in a circle for a dance, their noses touch, then they prance backwards into position again. This often goes on ten or twelve times with perfect rhythm until suddenly the skunks disperse, well satisfied.

Once Ellsworth saw an old male porcupine who was shuffling around, "emotionally upset." Suddenly he hunched up his back, drew his forefeet close to his body, stood on his hind legs and thumped his feet, clicking his teeth in fast tempo like castanets.

The hummingbird when in love sways back and forth like a pendulum attached to an invisible wire, in an arc of some twelve feet, and makes a sound "like a bow drawn across cello strings."

Rebuilding the Navy

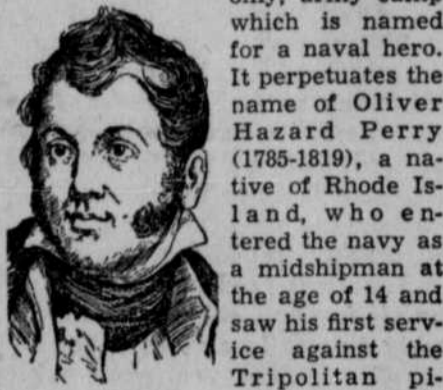
The United States had no navy worth mentioning from the close of the Revolutionary war until 1794. The Barbary pirates were attacking merchant vessels in the Mediterranean, and President Washington on March 3, 1794, directed the attention of congress to the depredations of the pirates. Congress thereupon ordered the construction of six frigates of not less than 32 guns, and the President signed the act on March 27. Arrangements were made for building the Constitution, the President, the United States, the Chesapeake, the Constellation, and the Congress. The act provided that if the trouble with the pirates should cease, the construction of the vessels should be stopped. In November, 1795, a treaty ending the raids was signed with the dey of Algiers, and the work was stopped. President Washington protested and congress ordered the completion of three of the warships. One of them was the Constitution, which was launched on October 21, 1797. This ship is preserved as one of the most interesting relics of the navy.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Camp Cavalade
SHADOWY figures in a cavalcade of American history—such are the men behind the names of the great army cantonments scattered all over the United States, where young Americans are learning to be soldiers in order to defend their country when the need arises.

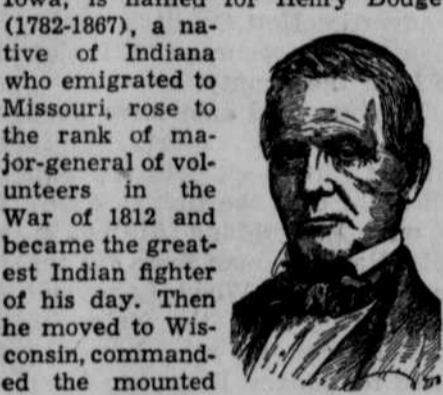
Camp Perry, near Port Clinton, Ohio, is one of the few, if not the only, army camp which is named for a naval hero.



O. H. Perry

It perpetuates the name of Oliver Hazard Perry (1785-1819), a native of Rhode Island, who entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of 14 and saw his first service against the Tripolitan pirates. During the War of 1812, he built a fleet of ships from green lumber and launched them on Lake Erie to fight the British fleet there. The result was the Battle of Put-in-Bay on September 10, 1813, after which Perry wrote his historic message to Gen. William Henry Harrison, commander of the American army in the Old Northwest: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

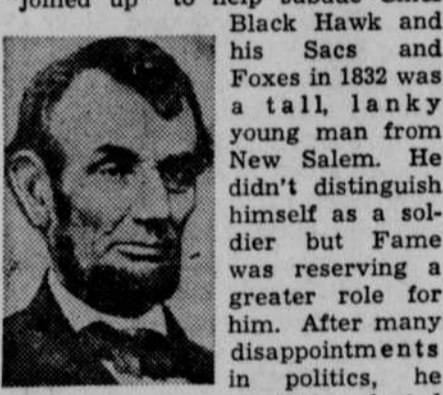
Camp Dodge, near Des Moines, Iowa, is named for Henry Dodge



Henry Dodge

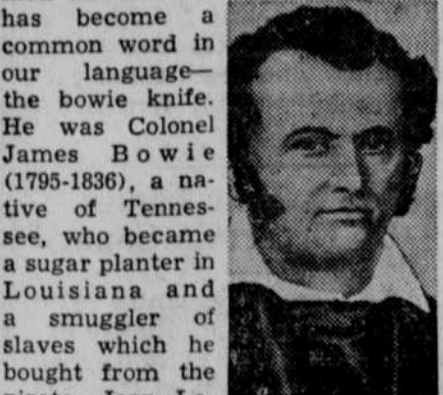
(1782-1867), a native of Indiana who emigrated to Missouri, rose to the rank of major-general of volunteers in the War of 1812 and became the greatest Indian fighter of his day. Then he moved to Wisconsin, commanded the mounted forces in the Winnebago war of 1827, was made colonel of the Michigan volunteers during the Black Hawk war and won the decisive Battle of the Bad Axe river on June 15, 1832. Commissioned a major of the United States Rangers, then colonel of the First U. S. Dragoons, he led two successful expeditions against the Indians on the western frontier for which congress voted him a sword and the thanks of the nation. Later Dodge distinguished himself as governor of the Territory of Wisconsin twice, delegate to congress and United States senator from the new state of Wisconsin after which he retired to private life in Burlington, Iowa, where he died.

Among the Illinois volunteers who "joined up" to help subdue Chief Black Hawk and his Sacs and Foxes in 1832 was a tall, lanky young man from New Salem. He didn't distinguish himself as a soldier but fame was reserving a greater role for him. After many disappointments in politics, he



Abraham Lincoln would be elected President of the United States and as commander-in-chief of the United States army, lead his nation to victory after four years of the greatest civil war in history. Camp Lincoln, near Springfield, Ill., his "home town," bears his name.

Camp Bowie, near Brownwood, Texas, perpetuates the fame of a man whose name has become a common word in our language—the bowie knife.



James Bowie

He was Colonel James Bowie (1795-1836), a native of Tennessee, who became a sugar planter in Louisiana and a smuggler of slaves which he bought from the pirate, Jean Lafitte. A vigorous, muscular six-footer, he roped and rode giant alligators for fun and won a fearsome reputation as a duellist and a fighter with the long-bladed knife which bears his name. There was a bowie knife in his hand when he perished gloriously in the defense of the Alamo during the Texan War of Independence.

Origin of Army Unit Names

The word company comes from the French word for bread (pain) and the Latin "con" (together). Men of a company eat bread together. The regiment is the unit under the "regime" of an officer. A brigade is a crew of many together. A corps means a body (Latin "corpus") of men. A division was originally a "part" of an army, now of an army corps. A platoon is a "ball of men," a squad, a "square of men"; and a battalion "a square of troops in battle-formation."

ASK ME ? ANOTHER ?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. How often do twins occur in the United States?
2. What is meant by the title of the book "Quo Vadis"?
3. Where are Plimssoll lines seen?
4. To what committee of the United States house of representatives do all bills for raising revenue go?
5. Which of the following is not a ruminant—buffalo, kangaroo and camel?

6. A gammadion is a symbol associated with what?
7. Who was king of France at the time of the revolution?
8. How many American women have become members of Britain's house of commons?
9. Which of the following would be most interested in an artifact—a magician, archeologist or a machinist?
10. The famous battle of Borodino took place in what country?

The Answers

1. One in 87 births.
2. "Whither Goest Thou?"
3. On a ship (load line marks).
4. Ways and means committee.
5. Kangaroo (a ruminant is a mammal which chews the cud).
6. The Nazis (same as swastika).
7. Louis XVI.
8. Two (Lady Astor and Mrs. Beatrice Clough Rathbone, who took her seat on March 19, 1941).
9. Archeologist (a product of simple aboriginal art).
10. Russia (Napoleon against the Russians under Kutusov in 1812).

Carnegie Hero Medals

Since it was established in 1904, the Carnegie Hero Fund commission has received 39,500 applications for awards, but only 3,200 were granted, 2,627 being bronze medals, 554 silver medals and 19 gold medals, says Collier's. The only gold medal awarded in the past 25 years went to the family of Charles Coe of Burk Burnett, Texas, who rescued one child but died attempting to save another in a fire in 1923.

"In any kind of weather it's the Self-Starters Breakfast* for me!"

says ROBERT CURRIE, American Airlines Meteorologist.



Wiser Daily I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.—Abraham Lincoln.

Departing Guests To the guests that must go, bid God's speed and brush away all traces of their steps.

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Tearing Down Goal Posts

by enthusiastic spectators at football games began about 1876 when teams were reduced from 25 to 11 men and the game began to become a popular spectator sport.

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JOIN THE CIRCLE READ THE ADS