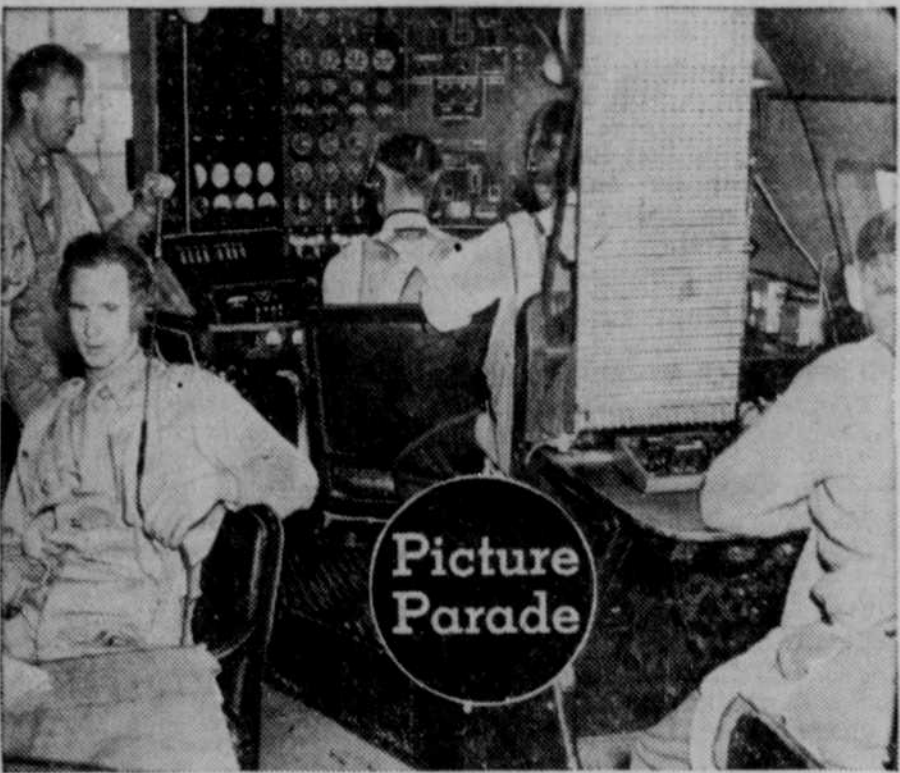


Uncle Sam's Aerial Giant, B-19

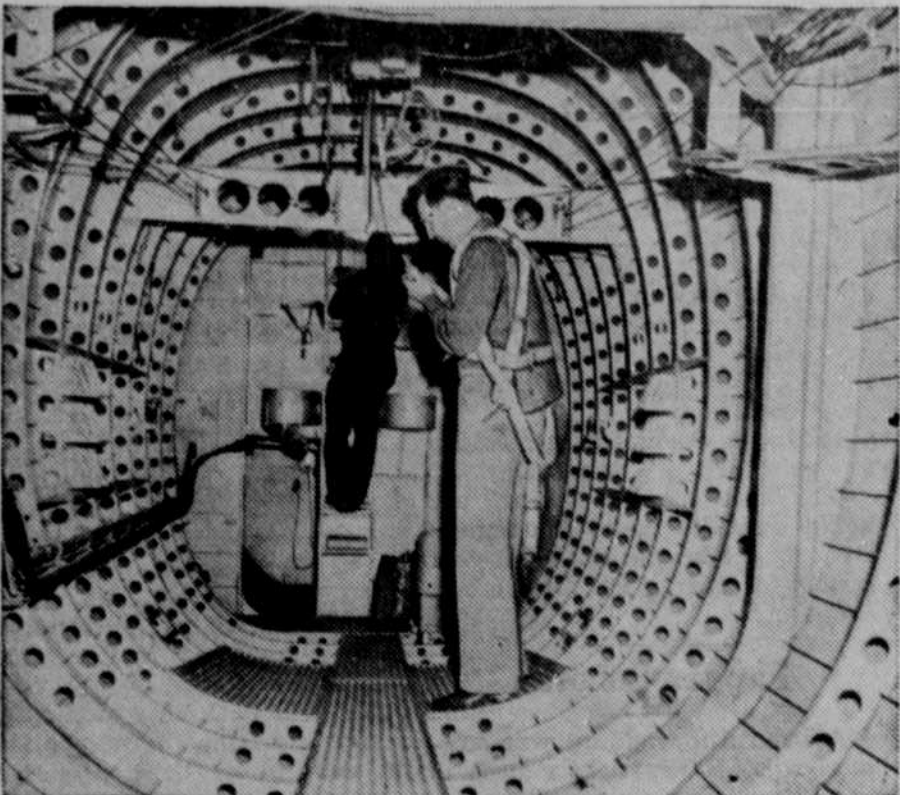
It is comforting in these days of air blitzes to know that Uncle Sam can boast the largest bombing plane in the world. It is the \$3,500,000 B-19, a four-engined Douglas whose engines produce a total of 8,000 h. p. The gross load weight of this aerial giant is 82 tons, and it has a wingspread of 212 feet. These pictures acquaint you with our new flying fortress.



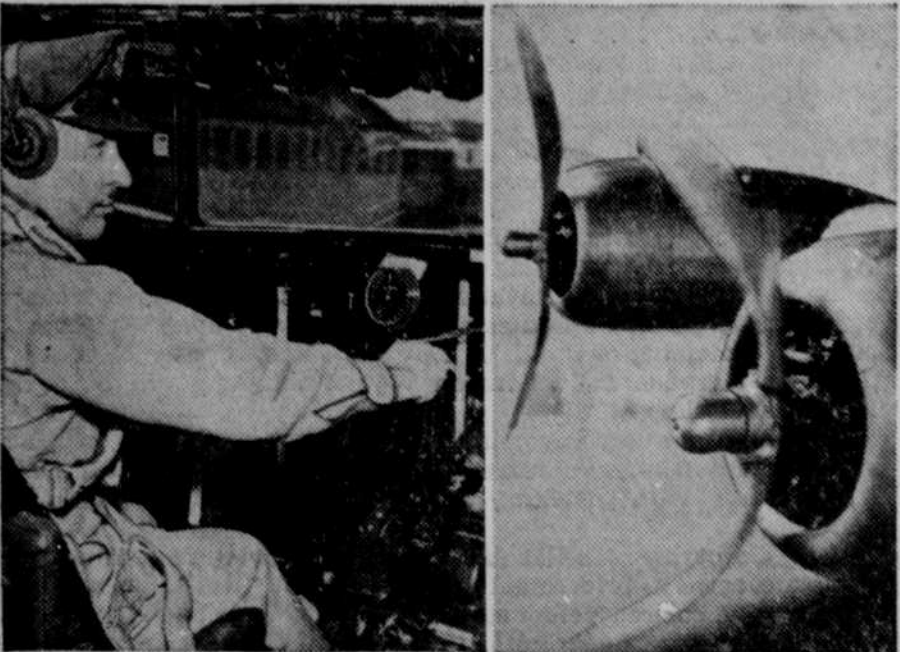
Snapped in flight over a river in southern California is the giant B-19. The picture was made during a test flight, with twenty persons aboard.



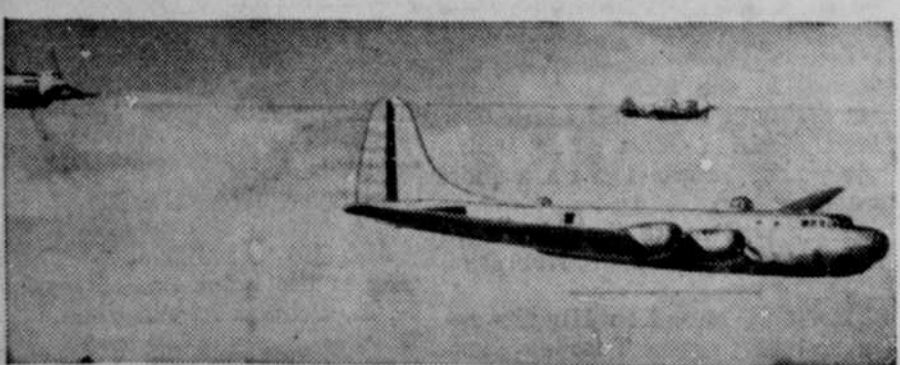
Looking aft from the pilot's cabin we see the radio and control panel which, with the pilot's instrument panel, comprise the "brains" of the world's mightiest plane.



A glimpse into the rear compartment of the B-19. Lt. L. J. Doyle, veteran test pilot, is shown at the inter-plane phone. Machine gun mounts (not shown) are on sides opposite the lieutenant.



Lieut. Col. Stanley Umstead is here pictured at the controls during a three-hour test flight.



The B-19 being escorted by two P-40 pursuit ships.

CURRENT FICTION

Something He'd Read

By JAMES FREEMAN
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"WHAT a break! Police Officer Spence Tuttle groaned as the short-wave radio in the patrol car began to bark their number. Officer Ken Johnson, Tuttle's companion, smiled sickishly. In just five minutes the pair would have been relieved of duty for the night. Tuttle glanced into his code book, holding it beneath the instrument board light. "Code 76." He repeated the number that had come from the short-wave set. "Murder," he read. "Man shot and killer has escaped."

Tuttle closed the book and grinned. "Well, that ain't so bad. Murders was always my meat and drink." Johnson, who was driving, spun the wheel sharply. They slued off the main thoroughfare and tore madly along a dimly lighted side street. Five minutes later the car drew up in front of a pretentious-looking apartment, before which a small crowd had gathered. The policemen pushed their way to the front door, ordered the liveried footman who was standing there to allow no one to enter and went inside. A greatly excited superintendent met them in the hallway.

"This way, gentlemen," thought you'd never come. He stepped into an elevator, and the officers followed. At the tenth floor they alighted and the superintendent pointed to the door directly opposite. "It happened in there, gentlemen. Harris, Mr. Wainwright's butler, will let you in. It was Harris who spread the alarm." Tuttle rapped loudly on the door and stepped inside the moment it was opened. Johnson followed. The man who confronted them was

him ragged by continually calling up for more margin? And it's true that Wainwright was just about out of funds?"

"I don't know. I know he received a good many calls." "And you know also his brokers called him this morning. You know he had to have money, and he asked you for what you had, promising to double the amount when he paid you back. You gave it to him—probably your whole life's savings. And tonight you discovered he'd lost it all. You were broke, without a chance of getting it back. So you waited for him to come in, intending to kill him, which you did! That's true, isn't it?"

For an instant Harris' eyes wavered. His expression was that of blank amazement.

Why—why—how did you—that is—he paused, staring helplessly into the officer's face. There wasn't much he could do. Tuttle had the whole story down to its minutest detail. It was too amazing, too shockingly true to be contradicted without fear of incrimination.

"Self-defense is your best alibi," Tuttle was saying as he snapped on the cuffs. "It's your only chance." His tone was not unkind. Later, once more in the patrol car, Officer Johnson let out a long whistle. "How," he asked, "in the name of all creation, did you dope it out? And me always thinking you were a dumb bloke."

Officer Tuttle grinned pleasantly. This was his moment of triumph, and he took advantage of it. "I don't know nothin' but what I read in the papers," he grinned. "Yeah! Well, get it off your chest. It's your night to crow."

Tuttle lit a cigarette. They were off duty now. "It was like this," he began. "I guessed it!"

"Sure. This evening I read how Wainwright was about ready to blow up, and his borrowing money from his butler seemed like the only logical solution. I took a chance, and made a bulls-eye. I'll bet Harris is still trying to puzzle out how I did it."

"Fine. But you must have had something to arouse your suspicions. You just couldn't accuse a man like that without a bit of evidence."

"Oh, that!" Tuttle flicked his cigarette. "Well, that's where the secret lies. You see, when I examined that screen I found a hole in it, just like Harris said I would. Only the bullet that had made the hole was shot from the inside, as was indicated by the fact that the pieces of wire were forced outward. I figured that Harris had shot that hole through the screen just to make it look like some one standing outside had killed the old man. And when he swore that no one else had entered the room, I knew I was on the right track. That's why I took a chance on hatching up the rest of the story."

"Oh, I see." Officer Johnson spun the wheel and brought the car to a stop before the curb at headquarters. "Well, that just goes to prove what I get for not reading the papers. I knew you couldn't have doped it all out yourself."



"In that event," said Officer Tuttle sternly, "we'll have to charge you with the murder of your employer!"

obviously Harris, the butler, and a badly frightened butler, too, Tuttle thought.

They could see the figure of a man lying on the floor in a room just off the entrance hall. Tuttle bent over the body. The victim had been shot squarely between the eyes. The officer knew vaguely that Edson Wainwright was a prominent financier, and was reported to have lost heavily in the stock market.

Tuttle stood erect and eyed the butler. "What happened?" he asked.

Harris gulped. "I don't know, sir. I was in the pantry, preparing a sandwich and a glass of milk for Mr. Wainwright, who had just come in. I heard a shot, and rushed into the living room—to find this." He paused, staring helplessly at his dead master.

"Know where the shot came from?"

"It must have come from over there—through that window."

"What makes you think so?"

"It sounded sort of muffled. Besides, there's a fire escape there. A man could have been standing outside and made good his escape."

Officer Johnson had reached the window in his rounds, and now Tuttle turned to ask him a question. "How's it look, Ken?"

Johnson grunted. The window in question was open and the policeman was tugging at the screen. Suddenly he stopped, seemed to examine something with unusual interest.

"Harris is right," he said, joining the others in the center of the room. "There's a fire escape there and it would have been easy for the murderer to turn his trick and get away."

Tuttle looked abruptly into Harris' white face. "You been here all evening?"

"Yes, sir. Since early morning."

"And no one else was around? No one came in or went out?"

"No one except Mr. Wainwright."

"In that event," said Officer Tuttle sternly, "we'll have to charge you with the murder of your employer!"

Harris gasped. "Why—I don't understand. I—that is, you can't accuse me without proof."

"That's true," Tuttle gasped. "Listen, Harris, we know you killed Wainwright so you might as well come clean."

"You know! How? You haven't any proof!"

Tuttle leaned close. "It's true that Wainwright lost heavily in the stock market, isn't it?"

"Yes."

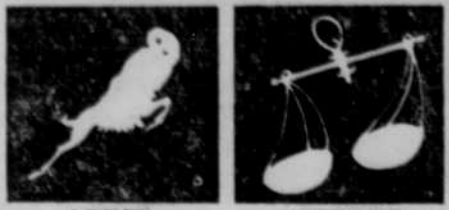
"It's true his brokers have run

Signs of Zodiac Had Significance In Middle Ages

The peculiar figures constituting the signs of the Zodiac are generally looked upon merely as a curiosity today, but they once were credited with strange powers.

During the Middle Ages the 12 signs were supposed to influence human life. As a result each sign was connected with a different part of the body in addition to being associated with various months of the year. The Zodiac itself is an imaginary band in the sky within which lie the apparent paths of the sun, moon and major planets.

Unlike the present calendar which will begin the new year 1942 on January 1, the Babylonian year began in April. Because rams were sacrificed to the gods during this month, it was associated with Aries, the ram.



APRIL Aries, the Ram



OCTOBER Libra, the Balance



MAY Taurus, the Bull



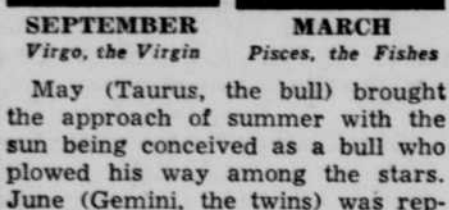
NOVEMBER Scorpio, the Scorpion



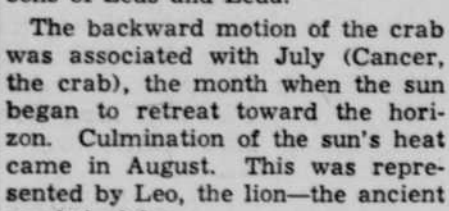
JUNE Gemini, the Twins



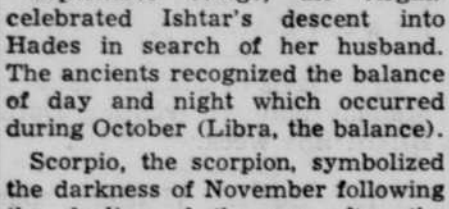
DECEMBER Sagittarius, the Archer



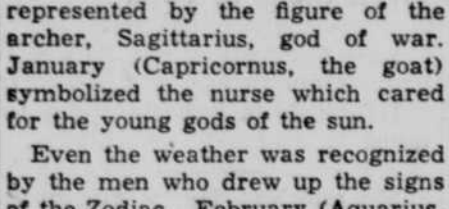
JULY Cancer, the Crab



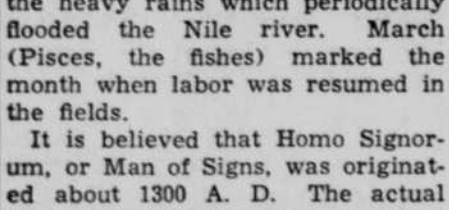
JANUARY Capricornus, the Goat



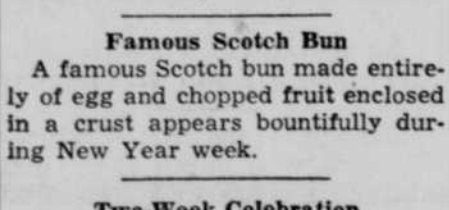
AUGUST Leo, the Lion



FEBRUARY Aquarius, the Waterman



SEPTEMBER Virgo, the Virgin



MARCH Pisces, the Fishes

May (Taurus, the bull) brought the approach of summer with the sun being conceived as a bull who plowed his way among the stars. June (Gemini, the twins) was represented by Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Zeus and Leda. The backward motion of the crab was associated with July (Cancer, the crab), the month when the sun began to retreat toward the horizon. Culmination of the sun's heat came in August. This was represented by Leo, the lion—the ancient symbol of fire. September (Virgo, the virgin) celebrated Ishtar's descent into Hades in search of her husband. The ancients recognized the balance of day and night which occurred during October (Libra, the balance). Scorpio, the scorpion, symbolized the darkness of November following the decline of the sun after the autumn equinox. December was represented by the figure of the archer, Sagittarius, god of war. January (Capricornus, the goat) symbolized the nurse which cared for the young gods of the sun. Even the weather was recognized by the men who drew up the signs of the Zodiac. February (Aquarius, the waterman) was associated with the heavy rains which periodically flooded the Nile river. March (Pisces, the fishes) marked the month when labor was resumed in the fields. It is believed that Homo Signorum, or Man of Signs, was originated about 1300 A. D. The actual signs of the Zodiac, however, were known for many centuries before.

Famous Scotch Bun A famous Scotch bun made entirely of egg and chopped fruit enclosed in a crust appears bountifully during New Year week.

Two-Week Celebration Fourteen days are needed in Japan to celebrate the coming of the new year. During the festival streets are made lively by stilt-walking, top-spinning, jumping, ball-playing and rope-pulling.

While the youths are enjoying the outdoor sports, the older people write New Year's poems or play games. After two weeks of revelry the festival is brought to a close by burning the kado-matsu and other decorations put up for the celebration.

History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

That 'Brave Engineer'

FOUR o'clock of a November morning in the year 1941. North of the little town of Vaughan, Miss., the Panama Limited, crack train of the Illinois Central, slows down, then comes to a stop at a switch. Down from the observation platform on the rear car steps a little group of men. They are members of the American Railway Magazine Editors' association, en route to New Orleans, for their annual meeting.

A moment later they are joined by a few passengers rubbing the sleep from their eyes. They group themselves across the roadbed, around the V-shaped switch. Then



CASEY JONES

In the hush of the "darkness just before dawn" they raise their voices in this song:

Come, all you Rounders, I want you to hear
The story of a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the Rounder's name,
On a high right-wheeler, he rode to fame.

Caller called Casey about half past four;
He kissed his wife at the station door.
Climbed into the cab with orders in his hand,
Saying, "This is my trip to the Holy Land."

Through the South Memphis yards on the fly,
He heard the fireman say, "You got a white eye."
All the switchmen knew by the engine's moans,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

It had been raining some five or six weeks;
The railroad track was like the bed of a creek;
They slowed him down to a thirty-mile gait—
Threw the southbound mail about eight hours late.

Fireman says, "Casey, you're runnin' too fast.
You over-ran that signal the last station we passed."
Casey says, "Yes, I believe we'll make it though,
For she steams a lot better than ever I know."

Casey says, "Fireman, don't you fret,
Keep knockin' at that fire-door; don't give up yet.
I'm going to run her till she leaves the rail,
Or make it on time with the southbound mail."

Around the curve and a-down the dump,
Two locomotives were bound to bump.
Fireman hollered, "Casey, it's just ahead!
We might jump and make it, but we'll all be dead!"

Around the curve he spied a passenger train.
Rousing his engine, he caused the bell to ring.
Fireman jumped off, but Casey stayed on.
He's a good engineer—but he's dead and gone.

Poor Casey Jones was always all right,
For he stuck to his duty both day and night.
They loved to hear the whistle of ole Number Three,
As he rolled into Memphis on the ole I. C.

Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain—
They ain't apart from a railroad train.
Stories of brave men—noble and grand—
Belong to the life of a railroad man.

And thus it was that, 40 years later and on the scene of his death, tribute was paid to that "brave engineer," the immortal Casey Jones. He was an engineer in the passenger service of the Illinois Central. On April 30, 1900, he took another man's run and made up an hour and a half's lost time on a three-hour dash of 174 miles. His engine crashed into the caboose of a freight train that had just failed to clear the main line at the "north switch" near Vaughan and "Casey" Jones became a folksong hero.

Born in Hickman, Ky., on March 14, 1864, John L. Jones gained his famous nickname from the fact that at one time in his youth he had lived in the town of Cayce, Ky. (pronounced "Kay-see"). When he applied for his first railroad job he gave Cayce as his home town and during his six years in train and engine service on the Mobile and Ohio, it was natural that his fellow-workers should call him "Casey" Jones. He entered the service of the Illinois Central as a fireman in March, 1888, and was promoted to engineer in February, 1890.



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Kindness Is Greatness

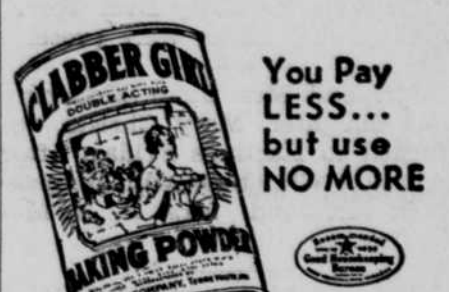
Kindness is always an evidence of greatness. Malice is the property of a small soul. If anyone is glad you are here, you have not lived in vain.—G. F. Hoffman.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

As Man Wants It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

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