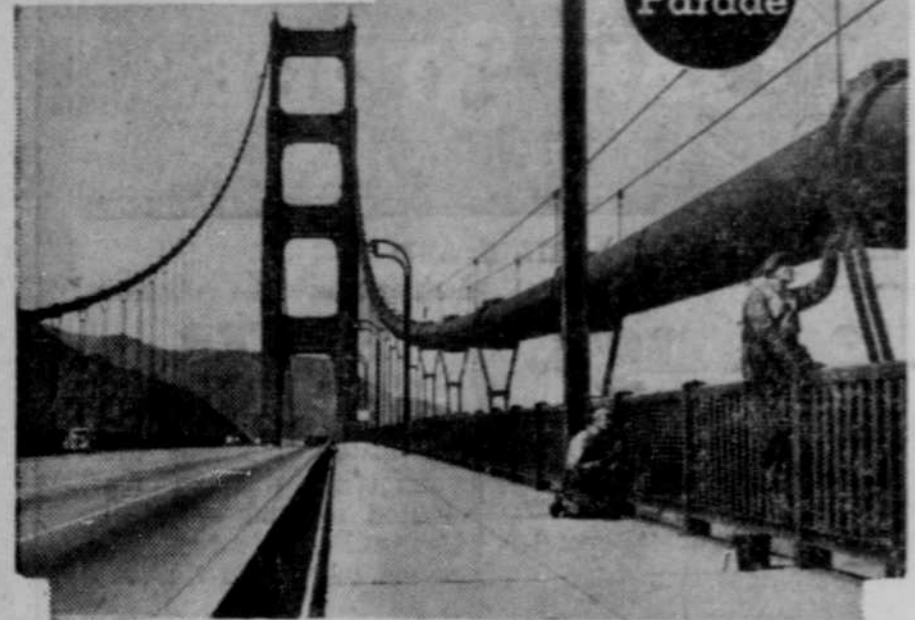


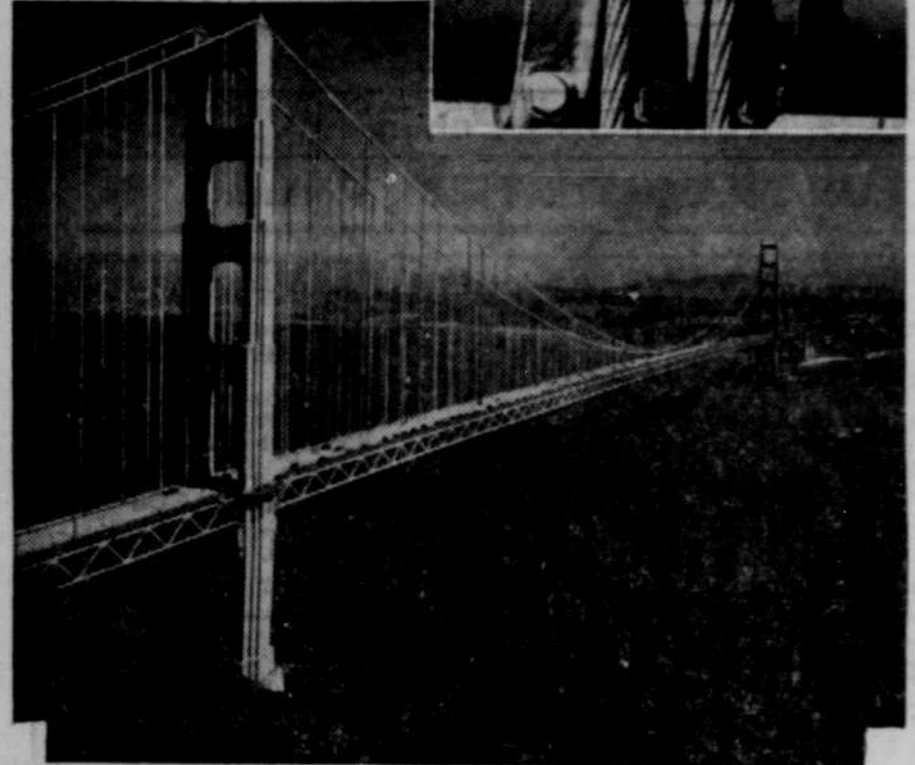
Eternal War on Elements

Protection against the ravages of dust, salt air, moisture and storm, is a never-ending battle for engineers of the spectacular \$35,000,000 Golden Gate bridge, which links San Francisco with northward Redwood Empire counties and the Pacific Northwest. The following series of pictures will give you an idea of the enormity of the undertaking.

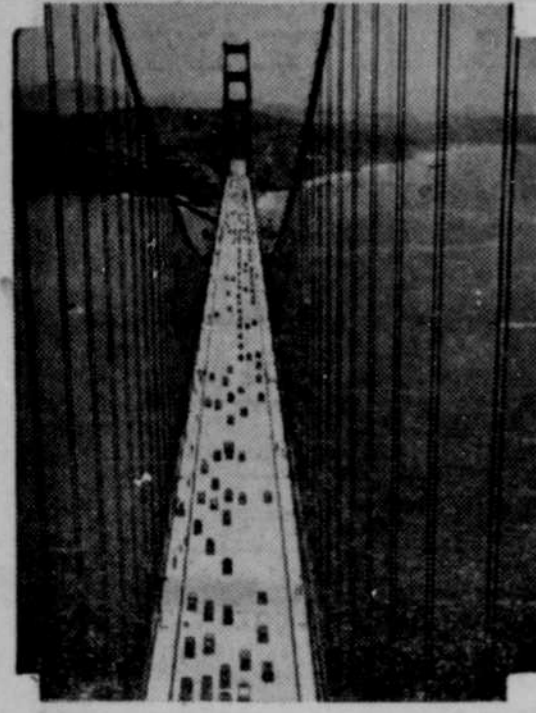


Picture Parade

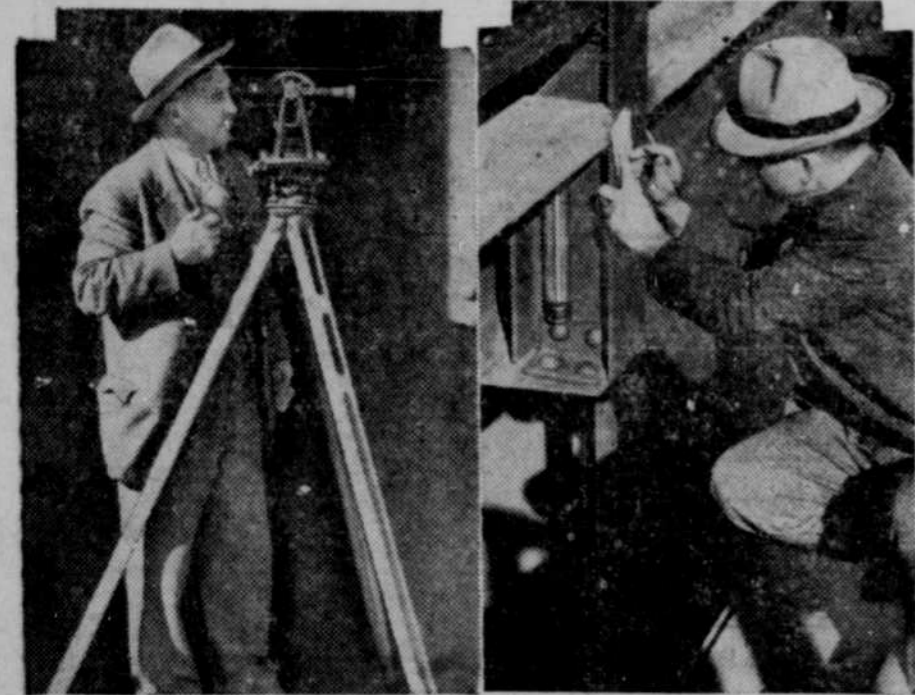
Above: Twenty experienced painters working daily daub 8,000 gallons of paint annually on 100,000 tons of structural steel and 80,000 miles of tough wire cables in an effort to prevent deterioration of the world's tallest and longest single span suspension bridge. Right: Seven hundred forty-six feet above Golden Gate, two men inspect main "saddles" and weatherproof shrouds of the 36 1/2 inch diameter steel cables.



Sentinel of the Pacific, perpetual tribute to modern engineering skill, the Golden Gate bridge (above) tests the ingenuity of man to combat time and weather. A mighty battleship passes beneath the majestic structure.



Left: Hundreds of feet below the tops of the main cable towers, the 6-lane motor vehicle, plus two pedestrian walks, carry a heavy volume of traffic, 266 feet above the water, to and from Redwood Empire counties.



Looking through engineer's transit to determine horizontal and vertical deflection—said to vary 7 feet during storms.

Thermometers record temperature which has a direct bearing on expansion and contraction of the bridge.



The Man Must Be Smart

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

A REMARKABLY pretty girl drove up to the curb across the street. Before she could get out of the car a group of admiring men appeared from nowhere and clustered about.

"That's Shirley Tucker, isn't it?" I asked Nate Randall. We were sitting on the veranda of Mercer's hotel where we had a good view of everything that went on along Main street of Mercersburg. "Daughter of Old Man Tucker, president of the Farmer's National?"

"That's her," Nate grinned. He looked at me sidewise. "And don't ask me what everyone else is asking. When is she going to get married? Let the girl alone, I say. She'll get married in good time. Soon's the right man comes along, or one smarter than she is."

"Smarter?"

Nate nodded. "Shirley's got sense enough not to marry someone who ain't any smarter than she is. That's bad, that is, marrying someone who's got less brains than yourself. For a girl it is. Usually means unhappiness and sometimes divorce."

Nate reached for his black stub of a pipe. "Reminds me of Helen Young," he went on. "Now there was a girl for you who had chances a-plenty to get married, and to the best that Mercersburg and all the other towns hereabouts had to offer, too. But she turned 'em all down. Even Marvin Baker, the banker's son, and John Merrill, heir to old Gran Merrill's millions. Helen's friends told her she was a fool. She was getting old, they said. When a girl reached twenty-four in those



And one night, when the moon was full and there was a soft breeze and the smell of flowers in the air, he proposed and Helen accepted.

days without hitching herself to a man she was considered out of the running.

"But Helen only laughed at all the warnings and admonitions. If, she declared, she couldn't find a man smarter than she, she'd rather die an old maid. Which was darn good figuring, though folks couldn't understand it."

"Helen wasn't conceited about it, but she knew she was pretty and she knew she was smart. And so she turned down John Merrill's offer and Marvin Baker's and began to keep company with young Elson Dearborn. Now Elson was a good-looking youth and was expected to take over his dad's box mill some time in the future. In short, he was considered quite a catch, and everyone nodded their heads sagely and said Helen had been wise to wait after all."

"Then, just when everyone figured it was time to announce the engagement George Dow appeared on the scene. George was a farmer's son, and he moved over here from Oxford with his family. He'd had some schooling at the State agricultural college and he was a hard worker and liked farming and planned to make it his life's job. But he was a homely cuss and he had the look about him that comes from working out-of-doors. No one even considered him as competition for the hand of lovely Helen Young."

"And that's where George proved how smart he was. He knew how folks felt about him and he knew how Helen must feel and he knew that being the son of a not too prosperous farmer wasn't much of a qualification, but he fell in love with Helen Young the first time he saw her, and so, despite all his handicaps, he decided to make a play for her hand."

"He asked her to dance one night at a Grange sociable and surprised everyone because of his audacity and because he danced so well. And he surprised Helen because he seemed self-possessed, (though inwardly he was trembling with excitement) and carried on an intelligent conversation and his voice didn't have a countryman's twang to it."

"The next time he saw her was after church on the following Sunday. He asked if he could walk home with her, and Helen agreed to let him. Yet even though she appeared to enjoy his company, folks couldn't believe he was serious. Her interest in George was beyond their comprehension, with Elson Dearborn so eager for her company."

"And so they gave no thought to George Dow, but continued to wait

for the expected announcement of Helen's engagement to Elson. And after a while it came. Or rather an announcement came. But it wasn't the announcement of Helen's engagement to Elson, it was the announcement of her marriage to George.

"Yes, sir, without saying a word to nobody, they had slipped off and got married by a justice of the peace up in Danesville. I tell you this here town fair rocked with gossip when the news got out."

Nate paused and whacked his pipe against the veranda railing.

"So George proved himself smarter than all the others, eh?" I asked, looking, I presume quite skeptical. "Just how did he succeed in doing that?"

Nate snorted in disgust and shoved the black stub of a pipe into his vest pocket. "Why, you nunny, because he got her to marry him without any engagement or flurry or fuss. You see, George was smart enough to size up the situation. He analyzed the methods and characters of all Helen's previous suitors and found out their trouble. It was in the courting. It must be, because that's as far as any of 'em got. Then he analyzed Helen's character and decided she wanted to be courted differently. So he set out to achieve that end. He didn't put the thing on a commercial basis, nor he didn't speak a word of love unless he had the proper setting. Daytimes when they were together, he'd talk about his ambition and the future. And night times he'd take her out in his boat or for a walk in the moonlight—always some place where there was a romantic setting. That's what turned the trick—a proper setting. George was smart enough to let nature help him in his courting. And one night, when the moon was full and there was a soft breeze and the smell of flowers in the air, he proposed and Helen accepted. It would have seemed almost sacrilegious to refuse and spoil that beautiful moment. And before she could change her mind, George bundled her off to Danesville and got a justice to tie the knot."

"Yes, sir, George outsmarted Helen in good shape. But she didn't realize it until later. When she got back home she told her mother she hadn't intended to marry George at all, but Elson Dearborn, as everyone thought. But George had changed her plans almost before she knew what was happening, but, by jingo, she was glad of it—glad she'd married a man who'd proved himself smarter than she."

"Incidentally, it all worked out fine, because you never saw a happier couple than her and George. And I guess that accounts for Shirley Tucker's attitude today. She's just waiting for some man to outsmart her, just as her mother did. Oh, yes, Shirley is George's and Helen's daughter. George's full name, you see, is George Dow Tucker."

Government Tells How To Sericulture Cocoons

The United States government is still optimistic about domestic silk production. Farm Bulletin 165, on the subject of "Silkworm Culture," by Henrietta Aiken Kelly, states hopefully that "Commercial silk culture requires a smaller outlay of capital than almost any other industry. The net gain the first year may well pay for an outfit that will last many years. Culture for production of the greatest yield of cocoons may be carried on by anyone of ordinary intelligence." The "outfit"—in case you want to raise silkworms—consists of light movable shelves, newspapers to cover them, small trays to remove worms, knives, baskets, perforated paper for changing beds, supply of brush or shavings, and a thermometer!

Perhaps it is this government optimism that has led Mrs. Frank J. Lewis, of Chicago and Palm Beach, to start the most recent revival of the silk industry in this country, foreseeing a new source of industrial wealth for the whole South. The Lewis silk farm is situated on 800 acres in Palm Beach county, Florida, irrigated by a cross-state canal. Thousands of small white mulberry trees have been planted there, and as soon as her mulberry trees are large enough Mrs. Lewis expects to show the Japanese what a real country can do with silk-worms.

In the meantime, nylon seems to be solving the problem of how to get along without silk! As long as the supply of coal, air and water hold out, stockings and parachutes won't be impossible. In 1938 one of the big chemical research companies announced the development of textile fibers that could be spun out at length, surpassing in strength and elasticity any previously known fibers. There are many different types of nylon, one of which makes stockings sheerer than chiffon, and much longer-lasting.

A nylon thread is a linear super-polymer made up of small molecules being joined end to end somewhat like a chain of microscopic paper clips. It is made by the reaction of a dibasic acid (derived from phenol which comes from bituminous coal) and a diamine, also made from coal with oxygen and ammonia. Since ammonia is made synthetically by causing hydrogen from water to unite with nitrogen from the air, it follows that your nylon hose are made from coal, air and water.

But it's going to take an awful lot of coal, air and water. American women last year bought 43,000,000 dozen pairs of silk hose.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Trooper Par Excellence

RECENTLY a war department communique reported: "Several of the specially built barges which the Japanese used in attempted landings on the west coast of Bataan have been captured. In them were lifesaving and other equipment marked 'United States Army Transport Merritt.' This equipment was part of the relief supplies given to Japan by the United States after the disastrous earthquake in 1923."

Thus was brought back into the news for a day the almost-forgotten name of a man who had one of the most unusual careers in the history of the American army—Gen. Wesley Merritt. Born in New York June 16, 1836, Merritt was graduated from West Point in 1860 and by the time the war between the states ended, he was a major-general of volunteers and brevet-major-general in the regulars.

Later, when he was sent West for frontier duty, he added to his Civil war laurels by becoming one of the greatest leaders of Uncle Sam's hard-riding, hard-fighting horsemen in their innumerable campaigns against the Indians. Two of Merritt's "endurance rides" are classics in the history of the old army.

In 1876 he was appointed colonel of the Fifth cavalry which was sent to join General Crook's expedition against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes in Wyoming. On July 15, while the regiment was camped on the Fort Laramie trail at Rawhide creek, word came from the Red Cloud agency in Nebraska that 800 Cheyenne braves had jumped the reservation.

Merritt was confronted with a difficult decision. If he continued his march to Fort Laramie, as he had been ordered to do, this force would join the hosts of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse and Crook might suffer the fate that had befallen General Custer on the Little Big Horn three weeks earlier. If he marched toward the reservation, 65 miles away, it



GEN. WESLEY MERRITT

would simply hasten the Indians' departure. There was but one thing to do—throw his force across their path and drive them back.

The leader of the "Fighting Fifth" set out immediately for the point where the great Indian trail from Red Cloud crossed War Bonnet creek—85 miles away. With only brief halts to water their horses and snatch a bite to eat, Merritt's dusty troopers pushed on and within 31 hours had reached their objective ahead of the enemy. Moreover, every man and every horse was fresh and fit for a fight. When the Indians appeared the next morning there was a sharp skirmish which sent the Cheyennes scurrying back to the reservation.

Three years later Merritt led the Fifth on another historic "endurance ride." He was stationed at Fort D. A. Russell in Wyoming when word came that the Utes in northwestern Colorado had gone on the warpath, killed their agent, ambushed and were besieging a force of five troops of the Fifth led against them by Captain Payne. Again Merritt acted quickly. Within an hour four troops of the Fifth were speeding over the railroad toward Rawlins, where they detrained and set out to rescue their comrades 170 miles away. That was on noon on October 2, 1879. At dawn on October 5 Payne's beleaguered troopers heard a sound that was music to their ears. It was a bugle call that told them help had arrived. In less than 65 hours Merritt had led his men over 170 miles of the most difficult mountain trails on the continent with only three men dismounted on account of exhausted horses.

After the close of the Indian wars, Merritt was appointed superintendent of West Point and served there from 1882 to 1887. Promoted to brigadier-general in the army in the latter year, he was advanced to major-general in 1895. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he was sent to the Philippine Islands to command the American forces there and made an outstanding record during that brief conflict. He remained on duty as commander of the department of the east until his retirement from the service in 1900. He died on December 3, 1910.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What color is the bottom stripe of the American flag? And the top?
2. According to the 1940 census, what percentage of the U. S. population lives in urban centers?
3. A frugivorous man subsists on what?
4. While France spent \$250,000 on the construction of the Statue of Liberty, how much did the United States spend on its erection?
5. A man who works per diem, does so by what?
6. What is the singular of "dice"?
7. What is meant by the astronomical term Penumbra?
8. In what year was the Dominion of Canada established?
9. How great does the temperature of the oceans vary?

The Answers

1. Red on top and bottom.
2. A total of 56.5 per cent.
3. Fruit.
4. The United States spent \$350,000 on the pedestal and erection of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.
5. By the day.
6. Die.
7. Partial shadow.
8. 1867.
9. The Fahrenheit temperature of the oceans varies from 27 to 88 degrees, while that of the air varies from 130 below to 149 above zero. Thus the natural temperature of the air can become 157 degrees colder and 61 degrees hotter than sea water.

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