

Desert Warriors of U. S.

This series of pictures shows some of the training routine of coast artillery anti-aircraft units somewhere in the Mojave desert of California, with sidelights on the daily lives of our boys as they prepare to meet all comers on better than even terms.



Picture Parade

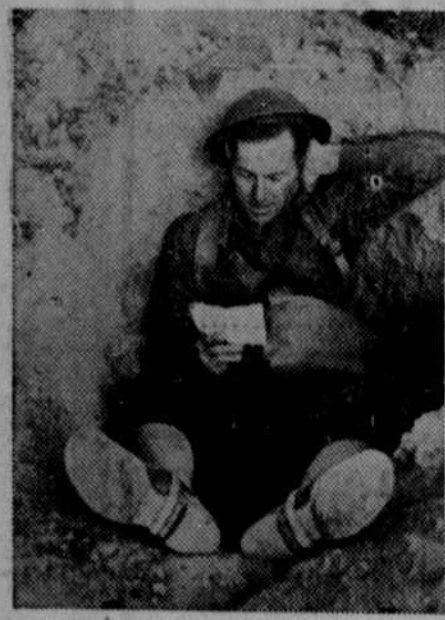
Leaving their base camp, this anti-aircraft regiment (top) pulls out across the desert to the anti-aircraft firing range. Lower photo shows the soldiers, after a rigorous day of drilling in the windswept 100-degree temperature of the desert, filing past the kitchen.



Here is Private Ralph Jacobsen, of Seattle, quenching his thirst from his canteen.



Private Lloyd Lammers of Fort Worth, Tex., uses his mess kit to dig a fox hole in shale and sand.



Private Ben Haddock of San Diego, Calif., tucks himself in his fox hole to read a letter from the girl friend. Right: PFC Roy Falls all of 5 feet tall, tries to convince Pvt. Maurice Whaley, 6 ft. 4, that all men are created equal.



Leaving the fox holes they had dug behind them, the soldiers charge (upper photo) to holes that were prepared and left by preceding troops. Below: A general rush as mail call is sounded in this lonely desert training camp.



Arriving on the range, the men unlimber the anti-aircraft guns and prepare to set them up for the day's maneuver.

History in the News

By FRED SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union)

Historic Tailor Shop

THE other day President Roosevelt took time out from his grave duties as Chief Executive of a nation at war to sign a proclamation which gave to America another "national monument." So far as looks are concerned, it is perhaps one of the most unimpressive of our patriotic shrines. For it is a simple, clap-boarded house with a big brick chimney at one end and it was once a combined home and tailor shop! But this little structure in Greenville, Tenn., is probably the most historic tailor shop in all these United States. For it was here that Andrew Johnson started on the road which was to lead him eventually to the White House in Washington and to a fame that is unique. Of him it has been said that he was "the most courageous and consistent statesman of his day" and "next to Lincoln, he did more to preserve the Union than any other civil official of his time."

Moreover, Andrew Johnson had one of the most extraordinary records of any citizen of the United States. It is doubtful if any other American, except possibly his fellow-Tennessean, Andrew Jackson, ever occupied as many different positions of public trust. During his 40 years of public life he held, with integrity and ability, every type of office under the Constitution—legislative, executive, judicial and military! Here they are: Alderman (1827-30); mayor (1830-35); state representative (1835-39); state senator (1841-43); United States representative (1843-53); governor (1853-57); United States senator (1857-63); brigadier-general (1862); military governor (1862-64); vice president of the United States (1865); President of the United States (1865-69) and United States senator (1875).

Such was the record of a man who never went to school a day in his life! Of all American "success stories" it is doubtful if any can be found to match that of Andrew Johnson. Born in Raleigh, N. C., December 29, 1808, Johnson lost his father when he was four years old and, by the time he was 10 years old and apprenticed to a tailor, he was the chief support of his mother and his younger brother. After serving six of the eight years of his apprenticeship Johnson and his brother ran away, whereupon the future President was branded in a newspaper advertisement as a fugitive from justice with a price of \$10 upon his head. A year later young Johnson returned to Raleigh, made a satisfactory adjustment with his bondsman and then, obtaining an old horse and wagon, took the family and their scanty household goods over the mountains into Tennessee.

At Greenville he set up his own tailor shop in the little house, which was recently made a national monument, and as he sat cross-legged on his tailor's table he hired the educated loafers of the village to read history to him. But it was not until he married Eliza McCardell in 1827 that he received any formal education—his wife taught him to read.

Soon after the outbreak of the War Between the States, Johnson, at the request of President Lincoln, gave up his seat in the senate to become military governor of Tennessee. Two years later he was chosen as the vice presidential running mate for Lincoln in an effort to hold the border states. He became President after Lincoln was assassinated and when he tried to carry out the reconstruction policies of the Great Emancipator, he was bitterly assailed by the radical Republicans who were determined to punish the defeated Southern states for seceding from the Union.

Johnson resisted every move that they made until finally they used his removal of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, from his cabinet as an excuse for bringing a bill of impeachment. Happily for the country they failed to remove him from office—by the narrow margin of one vote in the senate—and when he finished his term of office in 1869 the state of Tennessee showed its faith in him by electing him to the senate again six years later. He died soon afterwards—on July 31, 1875—and his Tennessee neighbors buried him on a hilltop near Greenville, wrapped in an American flag, with a copy of the United States Constitution, which he had upheld so valiantly, serving as a pillow for his eternal sleep.

Johnson was one of the staunchest defenders of the common man who ever sat in the White House. When he was nominated on the ticket with Lincoln he is said to have exclaimed, "What will the aristocrats do with a rail-splitter for President and a tailor for vice president?" Once when talking to some of the Nashville aristocracy he said he believed mechanics to be better than other men. "Why, then, governor, did you make lawyers out of your two sons?" asked one of the aristocrats. "Because they had not sense enough to be mechanics," replied Johnson.

Definitely Suspicious

By JAMES FREEMAN
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

MEDICAL Examiner Lally finished his examination of Drake and stood up. "Killed instantly," he reported, "and by a bullet."

"You're sure of that?" Inspector Cy Morton rounded the edge of the couch on which lay Drake, and looked sharply at Lally.

"Positive. Probably suicide. There are faint indications of powder marks."

Morton stooped over and picked up the automatic that lay on the floor beside the couch.

"Recognize this?" he asked, turning to a middle-aged man who watched from a chair near the center of the room.

The middle-aged man Luke Patton by name, smiled. "Yes, of course. It belonged to Drake. He had quite a collection of guns—revolvers and rifles. Collecting them was a hobby with him—and with me, too. In fact, that's why I came up here tonight—to talk shop."

Morton strode over to the table near where Patton sat and picked up an ancient duelling pistol. He examined it. Presently he said: "It's a relic, isn't it? Worth considerable money?"

Patton arched his brows. "Considerable, yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, I'm quite a fancier of old firearms. Every policeman is, I guess. Fact is, I'd met old Drake on one or two occasions. He was always hunting around headquarters in the hope of picking up some discarded weapon. On his last visit he told us about locating a duelling pistol—like this one—to match one he already had. Said its owner wanted too much money. It seems there were several buyers."

Patton looked faintly puzzled. Inspector Morton seemed to be ram-



The middle-aged man, Luke Patton by name, smiled.

bling, something one is not apt to associate with police inspectors. But before he could reach a satisfactory answer to the question that had flashed into his mind, Morton had returned to the couch and pulled back the covers.

Drake was fully clothed, except that he wore dressing gown and slippers instead of shoes and jacket. His hands were clenched, as though in pain, and held rigidly by his side.

Morton studied the still form a moment, turning at length to confront Patton. "You found him?" he asked. "Like this?"

"Exactly. We had talked all evening. About midnight Drake said he wasn't feeling very well and lay down. He looked pale, I asked him if there weren't something I could do, and he suggested that I go to the kitchen and bring him a glass of water."

"It was while I was in the kitchen that I heard the shot. I hurried back here and found him as you see him on the couch. The gun was lying on the floor. I immediately called the police."

"You touched nothing after finding the body?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Inspector Morton reached forward and plucked a handkerchief from the breast pocket of Patton's jacket. He spread it out, despite its owner's angry protest, revealing several grease stains.

"I've been wondering," Morton said slowly, "how you account for these grease spots." He looked up suddenly. "You're quite sure you didn't use this handkerchief to wipe your own fingerprints from the automatic that was used in killing Drake?"

"Don't be absurd! Why in the world would I want to kill the old man! I used the handkerchief to wipe off that duelling pistol. You can see for yourself it's still pretty messy to handle, even now."

"I don't know," said Morton evenly, "why in the world you would want to kill the old man. Unless," he added, "it was because he wouldn't sell you the duelling pistol. It seems to be in great demand."

Patton stood up, his face convulsed with rage and indignation. "It seems to me, Inspector Morton, that you're carrying this thing a bit too far. It's preposterous to accuse a man of killing another over a useless old duelling pistol."

"Not when the useless old duelling pistol is worth considerable money, Patton. Sit down!"

"You go to the devil! I'm on my way home. You can reach me there if you like. I don't intend to stay here, subjecting myself to your childish abuse."

"Sit down!"

There was something in the ring of Morton's voice that impelled obedience. Patton, with an indifferent shrug, resumed his seat.

Morton turned to Examiner Lally, who had been a silent witness to the drama.

"Lally, you are positive that Drake was killed instantly?"

"I've already told you—"

"Answer my question!"

"Yes, I'm positive," Lally was irritated. "I'm inclined to agree with Patton, however, in regard to your attitude, Inspector Morton. It's entirely uncalled for."

"I'm not asking for your opinion regarding me, Lally," Morton whirled, pointing toward Patton. "Patton, I accuse you of the murder of Drake. Better come quietly and save trouble!"

"Why, you idiot, you're crazy!" Patton's cheeks were suddenly void of blood. He drew away, as Morton approached, holding handcuffs in readiness.

"Maybe," said Morton, "maybe I am crazy." He took a quick step forward. There was the rattle of metal and a clicking sound. Patton stood, securely handcuffed.

"I don't get it," Medical Examiner Lally was saying later. "What evidence did you have?"

"Plenty," Morton was in an irritable mood. He hadn't liked the way Lally had sided with Patton. "But for your information, mister, I'll explain some things that you, with all your wisdom, didn't notice." He paused and pointed toward the corpse.

"When I pulled back the covers I found Drake's hands clenched and held rigidly to his side, under the covers. If he had shot himself, and died instantly as you declared he did, his hands couldn't have been under the covers when Patton discovered him."

Children's Ideas, Hopes

Revealed in Recent Poll

U. S. children are thinking about their country first, and themselves second these days, according to a poll for children sponsored by a Chicago candy manufacturer.

That would win the war today and there would never be another is the heart's desire of 42 per cent of the boys and 32 per cent of the girls who were asked what one wish they would make if they had a magic ring! Other unselfish wishes included: That they had all the money in the world to give to the poor; that everyone in the world would be happy; and that "my mother would win the money at the Grand theater."

A canny 10 per cent wished that all the wishes they might ever make would come true. A surprising number of the children wished they could be invisible; several wished they could go to Mars. Others wished variously to become aviators, see a fairy, live in a manor house; "have a red, white and blue velvet dress"; get a baby sister; and that "Mr. Anderson would love me."

To the question asked which country they would prefer to visit after the war, most of the children named England, Germany or Japan. Interest in Axis countries was centered on seeing "What's left of it after we get through with them."

One boy wrote he wanted to go to Germany to slit Hitler's throat. A large number wanted to go to Switzerland for the skiing; and many others voted for Hawaii, not to see the scenery and grass skirts.

Fifty-eight per cent of the children said they own defense savings stamps or bonds.

That the war will last for more than three years is the belief of 32 per cent of the children. The Gallup poll reports only 22 per cent of the adults expect so long a war. Fourteen per cent of the children expect the war to last less than two years; 29 per cent expect a two-year war; and 21 per cent a three-year war.

Seventy-nine per cent of the children are still keeping them, as compared with an estimated 3 per cent of adults who are keeping their resolutions.

Just Press the Buttons

And There's Breakfast

One of the latest inventions is a mechanical cook which turns out pancakes or coffee piping hot, according to which of two buttons you press.

And wonderful things are to follow. The inventor has already perfected a ham-and-egg machine. Press the button. Crack goes the egg whist a slice of ham falls into the pan. As soon as it is cooked to a turn the machine delivers the dish.

A great future opens up for the invention. No longer will young husbands be reduced to nervous wrecks by the burnt offerings of meat, the flint-like cakes, the soggy pastry of young wives whose culinary ambitions outrun their skill. Many a promising marriage has been wrecked on the rocks of home-made buns. But all these tragic happenings will soon be things of the past. Returning to a home provided with a multi-button cooker, Edwin, having embraced a smiling Angelina, will plan out a dainty menu. Then buttons will be pressed and in a few moments the most wonderful meal will be served.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Congressmen Worried By Public Attitude Toward Necessary War Measures . . . FDR and Willkie Both Interested In New York's Election.
Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

WASHINGTON.—There is much uneasiness among members of the house, and among the senators facing renomination and re-election this year. It is due to increasing evidence of popular resentment—resentment not leveled at the conduct of the war itself, but what so many people think is amateurish bungling.

As it comes to individual congressmen (always remembering that your average congressman is the best listener at the keyhole for what his own constituents are thinking; that he is a professional at this business, not an amateur) the irritation is not over the fact that sacrifices are imposed, but at what individual citizens regard as lack of intelligence in imposing them.

Your average voter is likely to be a little unreasonable as well as not too strictly confined, in his mental process, to logic. For example irritation on the part of many Easterners on the gasoline rationing—because the folks close to the oil wells can have more despite the fact that the only trouble about gasoline is not production, but transportation. So the only valid reason for restricting gas consumption close to the wells is to save rubber, not fuel.

But, the mail to congressmen shows, too many people are getting sore over too many details of government administration for the good of candidates this year, so the boys on Capitol Hill are worried.

New York Battle Has National Aspects

Franklin D. Roosevelt and Wendell L. Willkie are beyond doubt the two men most interested in New York's gubernatorial battle this year who are not themselves candidates for the office. Yet each of them, desperately anxious for HIS party to win that contest, is putting obstacles in the way of that development.

President Roosevelt would regard the election of a Republican governor in New York this fall as little short of a calamity. It would distress him not only as a sort of midterm repudiation of his national administration by his own state, which happens to be the most important state from the standpoint of electoral votes, but because such a "repudiation" might be misconstrued abroad.

Not only in Germany, Japan and Italy but in Britain. The British learned a lesson about American politics from that League of Nations experience, when they paid no attention to the Republican off-year victory in 1918, and then saw what happened to the Versailles treaty. So it could be that they would err in the other direction by overestimating the importance of a "repudiation" of the President in New York this year.

With this very sound premise in mind, one would figure that the President, if he took any active part in the selection of the Democratic candidate to succeed Governor Leachman, would be interested only in choosing the strongest candidate possible—the man MOST likely to be elected, almost regardless of everything else.

But that is precisely what the President is NOT doing. He IS taking a very active interest, and he is thumbs down on the two men most New York political leaders think would be the strongest candidates.

These two are James A. Farley, right bower politically of FDR right up to the third-term episode, and States Attorney General John J. Bennett. The President is reliably reported to prefer Owen D. Young, former head of General Electric, and, failing there, Sen. James A. Mead.

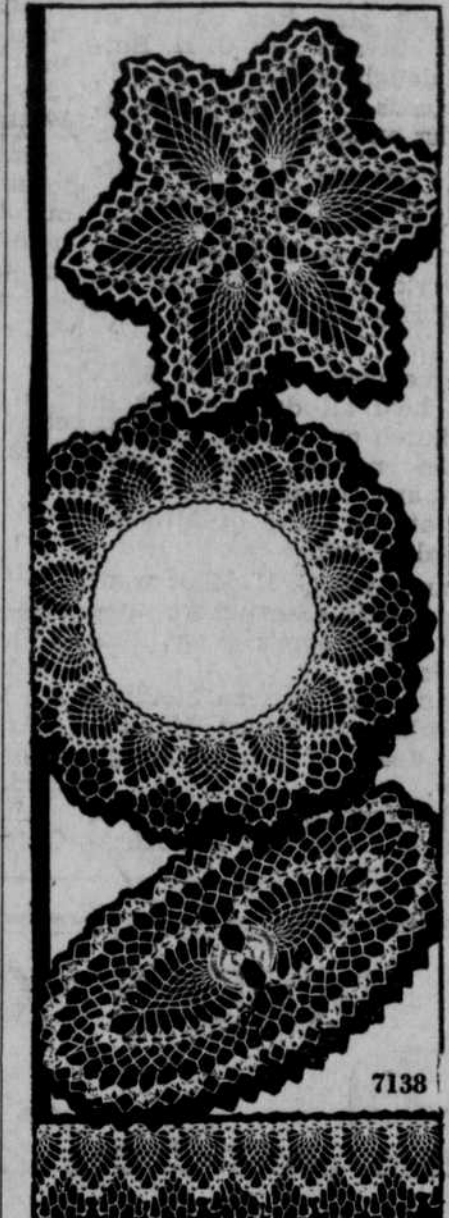
Mead's Advantage

The big advantage of Mead's candidacy is that, not being up for re-election as senator this year, he need not risk his chair at the Capitol, while, if elected, he could be counted on to appoint a 100 per cent administration supporter as his successor.

The President is by no means certain that Farley, if elected, would be so compliant should a vacancy occur in the senate. Nor could there be any such sureness as to what the state administration in New York might do with respect to the Democratic national convention of 1944.

All of which would seem to indicate that FDR is very sure the Democrats can carry New York this fall even if they do not nominate the best vote getter available. Senator Mead has no illusions that HE is. He has confided to many that he is glad he is not running for re-election this year, figuring that his vote for a pension for congressmen would make him a rather vulnerable target.

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NR TO-NIGHT; TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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