

Tank Maintenance

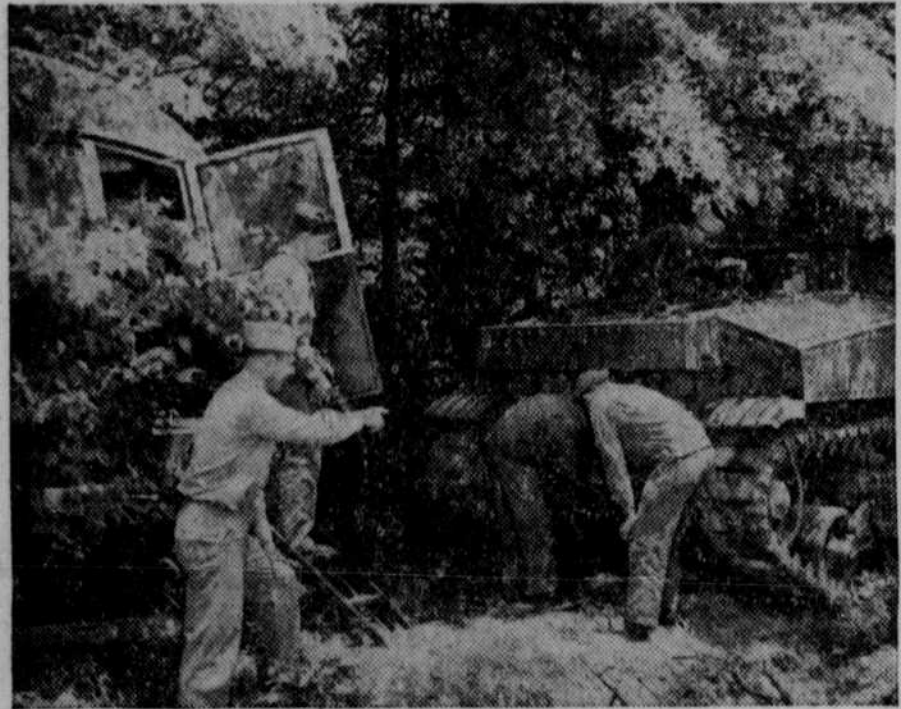
This sequence of photographs shows the operation of an ordnance tank maintenance crew training for their job.

Trapped in a swampy hole this medium tank (at right) awaits a salvage crew. The men are trained under combat conditions.

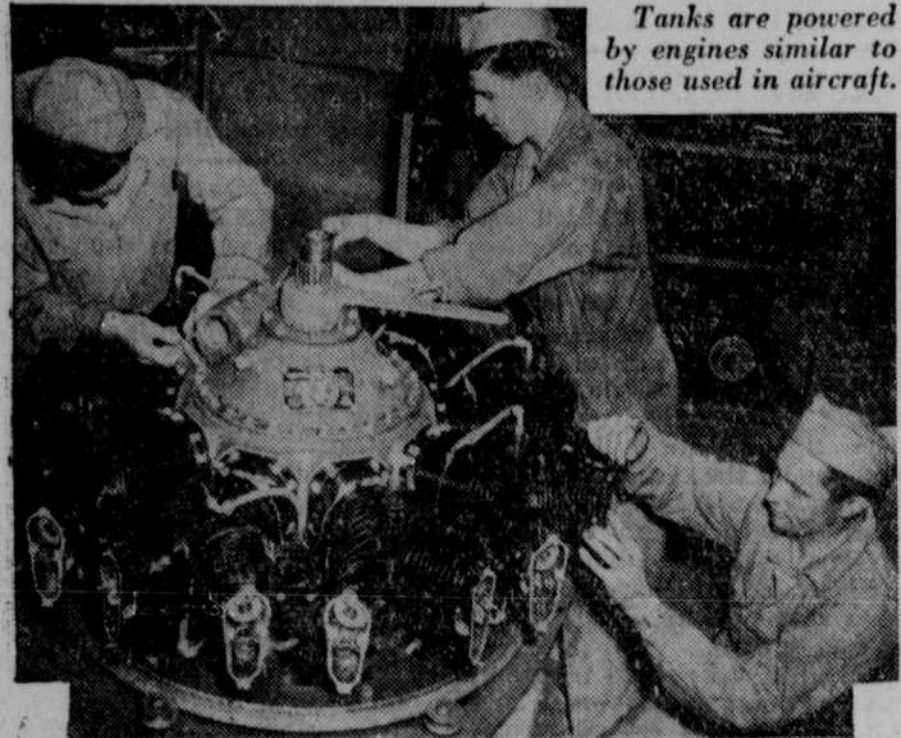


VICTORY PARADE

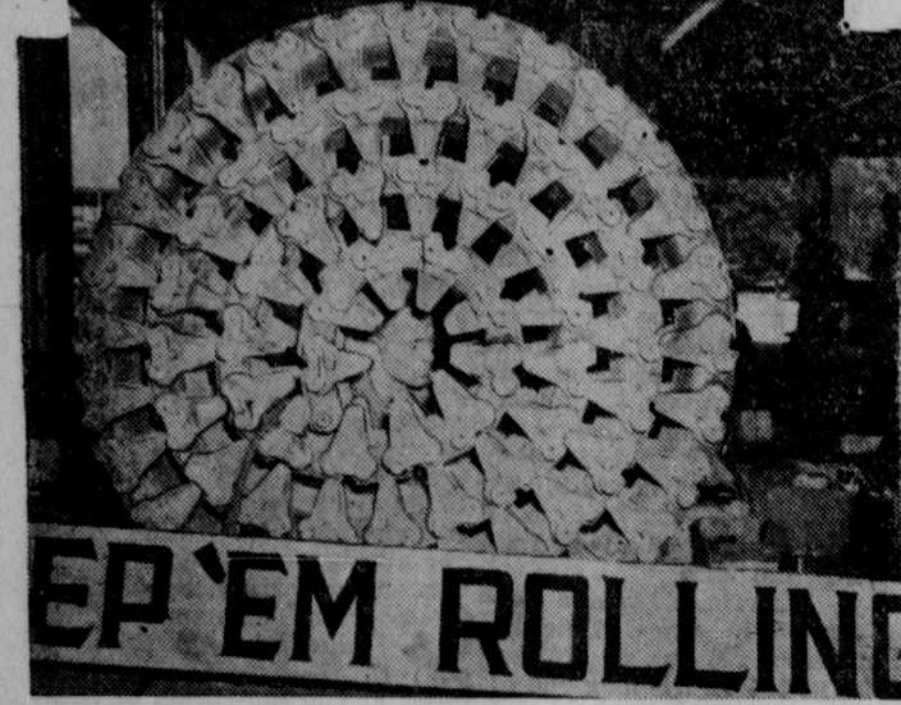
"Here she comes, boys!" A motor truck powers the winch.



An ordnance maintenance officer directs repair of the tank in a camouflaged position in the "combat" zone. The machine shop on wheels carries the tools, machinery and spare parts needed for repair.



Tanks are powered by engines similar to those used in aircraft.



EP 'EM ROLLING

This tank track is rolled up awaiting repairs. It's the ordnance soldier's job to do what the sign says.



A wall of water is "crashed" by this hard-hitting army tank.

A Bit of Trickery

By R. HILL WILKINSON Associated Newspapers, WNU Features.

IN ORDER to gain an end, Preston Mason had resorted to artifice. "Come on out," he urged the beautiful Ina, "for just a minute. I've something to tell you, and it's important, too." Ina yielded. Once outside, alone, away from the country club ballroom lights, Preston turned to her and smiled.

Ina eyed him coldly. "So! It was a trick! You didn't have anything important to say. I might have known. I might have remembered that you couldn't have anything important to say. You're not bright enough."

She started away, but Preston caught her arm. "Now, Ina, wait a minute. My real purpose was to warn you against David Rollins." "Warn me against him!" Ina stared.

"You've been seeing David a lot lately. Too much. First thing you know he'll simply take it for granted you're interested in him, and then you'll find yourself in a jam. David isn't the man you want to marry, in spite of his money. You're not his type. Besides, you're in love with me."

"Well!" Ina choked, groping for adequate words to express her rage. "Preston Mason, I think you're the most insolent, insulting, conceited person I've ever known. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last person on earth! You—you haven't even a sense of honor or self-respect, else you wouldn't have tricked me into coming out here."

"Preston Mason, I think you're the most insolent, insulting, conceited person I've ever known."

"If you didn't care," said Preston easily, "you wouldn't have let yourself be tricked."

Which remark stung Ina to the quick. She whirled, white with rage, and left him standing there. Inside she saw David Rollins, and she went to him. "Take me home, David. I've—I've a headache."

David was delighted. He got her wraps and helped her into his \$8,000 roadster and tucked a robe about her slippers, for the night was chilly. His concern regarding her alleged headache was thrilling. So thrilling, in fact, that when they reached the drive at Ina's home she did not at once offer to get out. Instead, in reply to his questions she admitted that her headache had vanished and she felt quite fit.

Whereupon David reached into his pocket and produced a little box. Ina gasped when he opened it at the sight of the diamond that sparkled there.

"Darling," he said, "I know I shouldn't expect you to love me so soon, but tomorrow I'm leaving for Chicago on a two weeks' business trip. I thought if—would you wear it until I got back. Sort of—on approval. It would make me tremendously happy, and you would have two weeks to think things over."

He waited hopefully, his eyes pleading. Ina's thoughts were chaotic. Presently she thought of Preston Mason and the episode on the club veranda. She thought of this and she thought of that. And in the end she held out her hand and David slipped the ring on the proper finger and then kissed her.

Three days after David's departure Ina gave up trying to drive thoughts of Preston from her mind and quite openly began to wonder why he hadn't called. It wasn't like Preston not to call. That was what had always annoyed her about Preston. He had always taken it for granted that she wanted him to call, that she was interested in him, that she even loved him. His attitude went against her grain. If he only weren't so irresponsible, if he possessed a sense of honor or scruples or was willing to admit that her winning required an effort, she might—well, she might even like Preston.

Obviously Preston had changed. She hadn't seen him since that night at the country club and he hadn't called by phone. Not like Preston at all. Almost with a feeling of horror she wondered whether he had ceased being interested in her. She wondered, too, what he would be like, if such were the case. Finally, she decided to find out. It was as good an excuse as any to see him.

The next day she went for a walk, returning on the Bristol road at about the time Preston was due to come along, en route home from his duties in the neighboring town. She heard the familiar chug of his ancient automobile before it reached her, and despite herself her heart began to pound. She knew a feeling of relief when the chugging slowed down and a familiar voice asked her if she wanted to ride.

During the drive back to town Preston talked about the weather and about the country club dance and even touched on the general chaotic condition of the world. When he deposited her at her own doorstep Ina was furious. He hadn't even mentioned her ring, or their quarrel, or the fact that he was contemplating suicide because of her engagement. The insolent thing!

It was four full days before Ina cooled off enough to inveigle another ride from Preston. During that period he hadn't called, and she had been wholly miserable because of his neglect. This time she suppressed her pride by sheer willpower and phoned him.

"Preston," she said, "I have to get over to Oakland tonight and the folks are using our car. Would you drive me over and back?" "Why," said Preston, politely enthusiastic, "I'd love to."

And in ten minutes he was out front. Midway to Bristol the car of ancient vintage gave a couple of fitful coughs and died. Preston looked concerned and apologetic. Of all times to have this happen! Would there be serious consequences if she didn't reach Oakland within the hour?

Oh, no, Ina told him, it wasn't important. And she blessed the fact that Preston wasn't rich, because if he were rich he could afford a car that wouldn't break down.

There was nothing to do but wait until another car came along by which they could send word to the nearest garage. Ina made herself comfortable. Preston lit a cigarette. There followed a period of silence. Presently Preston sat upright with a start.

"What is it?" asked Ina in faint alarm. "Heavens!" said Preston. "I just thought of something." Without warning he leaned over and kissed her. "There."

"Preston Mason," began Ina angrily, but Preston interrupted. "Now don't start lecturing about my sense of honor. I've a clear conscience. It just occurred to me that if you had no moral sense of honor than to go out with me while you're engaged to another man, there's no reason for me to be bothered by scruples either."

"I'm not engaged." "You're wearing David's ring." "It's only on approval and—"

"To teach me a lesson," Preston finished. Ina bit her lip. "Oh, Preston, everything's so confused in my mind. I don't know what to do. I really didn't have to go to Oakland tonight. I—"

"Well, the car isn't really broken down, either. I can start it any time. Shall I?" He turned on the ignition switch.

Ina blinked. "Preston Mason, you just haven't a sense of honor. However, since we're already stopped—" "I get it," Preston grinned. And he turned off the ignition switch, and put the key into his pocket.

University Initiates Eye-Conscious Class STATE COLLEGE, PA.—Prospective Johnny Doughboys with weak eyes won't flunk the army physical examination at the Pennsylvania State college under a new "eye-conscious" program originated by the school of physical education and athletics.

A compulsory vision clinic has been established for freshman hygiene classes in order to make potential draftees more "eye-minded." The clinic will be conducted by H. R. Jones, chairman of the Pittsburgh division, Illuminating Engineering Society of America.

Uncle Sam's future soldiers will be instructed in three phases. The students will be taught by lecture and demonstration concerning the proper care of eyes; preliminary examinations will be made by the student health service and college reading clinic; and students will be guided to the right type of eye specialists for correction. If financial assistance is needed, college authorities will direct them to available loan funds.

"We believe that students must feel responsible for preparing themselves now, not when they get in the army," Dr. Arthur F. Davis, associate professor of physical education in charge of the program, said. "This clinic prepares students mentally and helps them beat the gun."

Dr. Davis said that the college would also teach the future draftee and volunteer about preventive eye-strain. Advice will be given on eye rest, adequate illumination, eye cleanliness, study habits, protection from infectious diseases, fatigue, nutrition, and light evolution. Two surveys will be made. There will be a study of lighting conditions in dormitory and fraternity rooms, and another group will determine laboratory lighting where concentrated work is done. "If the army and navy want men who can see clearly, students must be taught to prevent instead of waiting to cure eye conditions," Dr. Davis said.

History in the News

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

The Wagon Box Fight

AUGUST 2 of this year marks the 75th anniversary of one of the most remarkable engagements in American military history. That was the Wagon Box fight on Little Piney creek near the present town of Story, Wyo., and it is noteworthy for several reasons.

With the possible exception of "Custer's Last Stand" on the Little Big Horn river in Montana in 1876, no other Indian fight has been more written-about nor inspired more fiction masquerading as fact. Certainly no other event in Plains warfare ever resulted in more extravagant statements as to the number of Indian opponents and losses inflicted upon them, even though the white man invariably exaggerated both in telling or writing about his battles with the red man.

The Wagon Box fight is so named because it was fought in and around a small fortification composed of 14 wagon boxes set on the ground, end to end, to form an oval corral. Into this flimsy protection fled a detachment of 30 soldiers of the Twenty-seventh infantry, commanded by Capt. J. W. Powell and Lieut. J. C. Jenness, when, on the morning of August 2, 1867, they were attacked by a force of nearly 1,000 Sioux and Cheyenne warriors.

The soldiers had recently been supplied with new breech-loading rifles, a vast improvement over the old muzzle-loaders of Civil war days and they had nearly 7,000 rounds of ammunition for these weapons. But, despite this fact, it seemed like a forlorn hope for them, for they were outnumbered 300 to 1 and the memory of the disaster which had overtaken Capt. W. J. Fetterman and his 80 men the previous December was fresh in their minds.

Resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, they immediately opened fire on the savages who began riding in an ever-narrowing circle around the corral and for the next three hours they fought off repeated attacks by the Indians, both mounted and on foot, until they were rescued by a relief party from Fort Phil Kearney, six miles away. One of the remarkable features of this fight was the number of charges made by the Indians and the determination with which they pushed

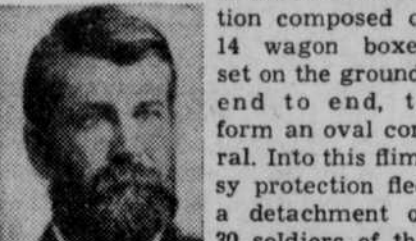
home their attacks in the face of the incessant fire from the breech-loaders of the defenders of the corral. Both were unparalleled in the history of Indian warfare.

In view of these facts, the wonder is that the Indian casualty list was not larger than it actually was. After the battle Powell reported that his men had killed 60 Indians and wounded more than 100 while suffering a loss of three soldiers killed, including Lieutenant Jenness, and three wounded. Some of his men later boosted the Indian losses to 300 killed and wounded.

Then the myth-makers got busy. It started with Col. Richard I. Dodge in his book "Our Wild Indians," published in 1882. He set the number of Indians at 3,000 and their losses at 1,137 killed and wounded. Later "historians" repeated his figure of 3,000 warriors but reached a new height of absurdity by placing their losses at 1,500!

Indian participants tell a vastly different story. They say their losses were six killed and six wounded. This is a bit too conservative, especially for the number wounded, but it is probably much nearer reality than the usual accounts by the white man.

In his biography of Chief White Bull, who was in the Wagon Box fight (published under the title of "Warpeth" by the Houghton Mifflin company), Stanley Vestal, who is probably the best authority today on the Sioux wars from 1866 to 1891, points out that Indian losses rarely ran to more than 1 or 2 per cent and that the highest known casualty list in all Sioux history was only 15 per cent. Therefore, says Mr. Vestal, "even Captain Powell's estimate is fantastic." Certainly the claim of a 50 per cent loss is preposterous.



Capt. J. W. Powell



This inconspicuous "monument" (a section of iron pipe capped with a brass plate) marks the site of one of the fiercest battles in Indian warfare—the Wagon Box fight.

ON THE HOME FRONT



together at the corners. Use half-inch metal angles as shelf supports, or make grooves for a neater job.

NOTE: Here is news for the man with hammer and saw. Whether you have a coping saw from the dime store or an expensive band saw, you may now make cut-out scallops for any purpose desired. Pattern No. 207 includes scallops from one and a half inches to nineteen inches; together with numerous illustrations of their use in home decoration. The lady with needle and thread will want pattern No. 202 with ten hot iron transfers of the Morning Glory design. Patterns are 10 cents each. Order by number and address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 10 cents for each pattern desired. Name Address

WHATEVER the limitations that priorities may place on new bathroom fixtures there is no limit to the gay color and good cheer that you may have with brightly painted cupboards and towels decorated with pieces from your scrap bag. In this bathroom a morning glory applique design is used for towels of two sizes and for curtains.

The hand towel and lotion cupboard is painted white outside and morning glory blue inside. The sides, top and bottom are screwed

Household Hints Sheets and other linens should be ironed in different folds each week so the creases will not break through.

To keep bread in the best condition, store it when cool in a clean, well-aired, covered, ventilated container and keep in a cool, dry place.

Rancidity in lard can be prevented by keeping it away from air, light and warmth. Store in tin or crockery containers in a cool place.

Onion juice should be added after a mixture is cooked rather than cooked with the mixture if the best flavor is desired.

Food bought in season will help to keep that part of the budget within reason.

Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

Sweet corn, green string beans, green peas, pumpkins, squash, celery and greens are best vegetables for home drying. Apples and berries are adapted to drying in the home among fruits.

To protect garden shoes keep them well greased or oiled with neat's-foot oil or cod or castor oil, tallow or wool grease. Let dry in a warm place.

HOUSEWIVES: ★★ ★ Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives

TURN 'EM IN! ★★ ★

Friendly Books

He who loveth a book will never want for a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.—Isaac Barrow.

To save shopping trips Buy more oranges at a time—they keep You don't have to cut down on fresh foods just because you shop less often these days. Simply buy oranges in larger amounts. They're naturally good keepers! They give you protective vitamins and minerals you need, especially vitamin C. They satisfy your sweet tooth—save sugar. Those stamped Sunkist are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.

Sunkist Best for Juice and Every use!

SPLIT-SECOND SPECIALIST! JOHNNY STEGER, famous sports photographer, leads a hectic life chasing action shots all over the country. He says, "Night and day I'm on the go. And I've found that one way to help stay on my toes from early morning to noon is to eat a good breakfast. I like a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk. Tastes swell and what a Self-Starter!"

HE'S A "SELF-STARTER" Kellogg's CORN FLAKES plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that tastes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat. Use the most for lunch, supper, bedtime, too. Also ask for it in hotels, restaurants, dining cars.

CONSISTENT ADVERTISING When advertising is carried on for a long enough time, the name of the product advertised becomes a part of the daily life of the household, a trusted and respected thing. No thing can be consistently advertised unless it is worthy of that trust and respect.