

AAF Learns Art of Camouflage

AT FORT BELVOIR, VA., where the engineer board is training officers from all over the country in the gentle art of making things look like what they ain't, much knowledge is crammed into a two-week's course.

Three busloads of officers, ranging from second lieutenants to lieutenant colonels under the direction of two first lieutenants, set out each morning to a special sector three miles from the post. In a field of about five acres are Curtiss P-40 pursuits staked down amid a group of pines. No airplane, one concludes, could land in such rough terrain. However, these planes are carefully constructed dummies, made of plywood.

These "mock-ups" serve to misdirect the enemy while the real planes, hidden a short distance away, are camouflaged and safe.

One of the lieutenants says: "Captain Blank will take ten men with strong shoulders, pick a likely spot and get going. You'll find ample supplies over there—tools, brushhooks, pickaxes. Pull your plane to your spot, find drapes, and try to conceal it."

Officers, lieutenants and lieutenant colonels alike grab the 300-pound dummy plane and carefully haul it to the appointed spot. Chips fly, stumps are razed and the ground smoothed out. In no time at all the space is cleared. The plane is pulled into position, and the officers swarm over the ship like the Lilliputians over Gulliver.

When the job is done the students return to their instructor to report. He criticizes the job from every angle. They do the job over and over again until it is done right.

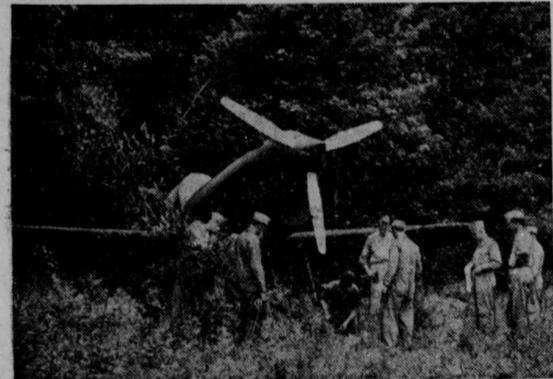
The following series of pictures show you the camoufleurs at work.



Student officers from all parts of the country plot positions for camouflage and emergency fields on a relief map.



Studying turtles, one of nature's best examples of camouflage.



Officers cover the plane with trees after hauling it to a wooded area.



A green netting is placed over the plane.



These dummy planes look like the real thing from ground or air.

Vain Ambition

By
R. H. WILKINSON
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

"IF A HEN," said Eben Langley, "having muddy feet, were to walk across a clean white sheet of paper, the impression inscribed thereon would be more intelligible than Harold Brickell's writing."

And with this, Eben began to carve around the inside of the bowl of his pipe with a jackknife, the blade of which testified to many previous carvings, and to chuckle softly.

"It couldn't be laid to inadequate schooling," Eben continued, tamping freshly cut plug into the cleaned bowl, "for despite the fact that Millstown was at that time little more than a clearing in the woodlot, we had a schoolhouse and a right smart schoolmaster. Harold's folks believed in education and the lad attended all the grades up to the ninth. No, it wasn't lack of schooling. It was simply that his fingers were the kind that looked more at home around the handles of a plow.

"Strange as it may seem, Harold was endowed with an imagination and a vague desire to do something besides pitch hay all his life. (Which fact, incidentally proved to be even more vague than we at first thought, for in the end, Harold made farming his life work and was contented.)

"It may have been because of a certain obstinacy which developed in Harold when nearing his 20s, or it may have been because of Schoolmaster Caleb Ricker's desperate at-

tempts to improve the lad's penmanship, that led to the boy's ultimate decision.

"Three years after Harold terminated his attendance at school, he announced that he was going to be a writer. The announcement was astounding. At first Millstown's populace was inclined to ridicule the idea. A picture of Harold Brickell, who couldn't even write his name in legible style, earning his living writing stories, was quite beyond their grasp. And yet, when Harold persisted in stating that that was his chosen profession there were a few of us who displayed a certain amount of interest.

"After all, Millstown was considered a backwoods settlement then; we had sent no brilliant sons into the world to bring honor and fame to our community. And the mere fact that at least one among us was endowed with even an ambition to achieve some end besides raising an extra good crop of potatoes was something to get excited about.

"Our hopes, however, were short lived. Schoolmaster Ricker, who naturally was better equipped to predict the possibilities of such an ambition, looked at Harold with scorn and contempt; was by no means hesitant in stating emphatically that the remoteness of success was something about which we could laugh very heartily without fear of having the tables turned.

"As a matter of fact when we who had at first displayed interest in Harold's ambition, were shown a sample of the boy's penmanship and faltered after an hour's close application (even though we made allowances for our own illiteracy) to decipher a single line, we were inclined to cast a vote in favor of the schoolmaster, agreeing to forget the incident.

"But our indifference and scorn in no way undermined Harold's decision. If one was to be a writer, he said, one must not be discouraged by the opinions of a few inexperienced, illiterate imbeciles. He did not, he further stated, expect the co-operation and support of his fellow townsmen. They could not possibly understand, simply because the scope of their vision was narrowed by routine to the extent of an acre of potatoes and perhaps a like area of silo corn. Most artists were forced to lead a lonely life, which, after all, was stimulating to the creative instincts.

"And thus having unburdened himself in a commendable fashion, Harold set about the task of making of himself a writer. He spent his

idle moments scrawling signs and symbols on paper, which, when offered to curious acquaintances for perusal, proved meaningless and undecipherable. Yet to Harold the signs and symbols seemed to represent the expression of an inner genius that bubbled and boiled and sought an outlet. For in spite of everything he kept doggedly at his task and continued whenever opportunity offered to expound in detail about his career, and predicted for himself a great future.

"After awhile Harold's expounding became a little tiresome. Especially when the novelty of the idea had been tried and found wanting, and after we had conscientiously attempted to decipher three of the boy's completed manuscripts, succeeding only in starting an argument among ourselves over the possible meaning of certain signs that had a vague resemblance to English words. We began to suggest as gently as we could that Harold cease boring us with recitals concerning his wondrous genius and turn his efforts to the more remunerative subject of potatoes and corn.

"Unruffled, Harold continued to scrawl out his so-called stories and to berate us with predictions of what the future held in store for him. And at last, as a means of protection, Ned Feeley lost his temper and advised poor Harold that it was high time he snapped out of the state into which he had let himself fall, that his opportunity of becoming a writer was nil when you considered that there wasn't an editor in the world, including the most experienced translators of foreign languages, who could decipher his penmanship; and that every one in Millstown was fed up on hearing about it. Ned ended his little speech by offering to bet Harold that the boy would never make a cent out of writing, if he lived to be a thousand.

"This last remark served to silence Harold. He stood in the lobby of the post office, looking from one face to another, as though it were only now that the realization of how his fellow townsmen felt about it all, was brought home to him. There was a silence, during which some of us shifted uneasily and knew a sense of regret of Ned's condemning tone.

"But presently Harold shrugged his shoulders and turned away. At the door he paused and looked back, a hurt expression in his eyes, a grim determination about his mouth. 'I'll take the bet, Ned,' he said. 'And we'll make the time limit a year instead of a thousand.' Then he went out.

"For a time the bet between Ned and Harold stirred up no little excitement. Of course we all knew that Ned's money was safe, yet there was that hurt expression in Harold's eyes and the grimness about his mouth to remember and wonder at.

"However, a week later Harold Brickell was seen through the day plowing the lower lot on his farm and sowing it to corn. And it was generally noised about that the would-be author had conceded the bet.

"Of course we had no way of knowing that during the time Harold was following along behind the plow, his mind was at work. None of us were artistically inclined and we could not be blamed for not suspecting that it is at just such times as this that geniuses give birth to their most astounding inspirations.

"And when, three months later, the excitement over the bet having died down and everyone having practically forgotten about Harold's ambition, it was noticed that the lad was not hoeing corn in his lower lot for three days' running, no one guessed what he was up to. They attributed his absence to such things as pains in the stomach, or sun stroke.

"Little did we know that Harold in the very act of extracting a jungle weed from a potato hill, had been smitten with the idea of ideas promptly dropped his hoe, returned to the house and for three days thereafter labored with pen and ink in giving expression to the inspiration that he was sure was going to make him famous and win Ned's \$200 bet.

"At the end of three days Harold emerged from his abode, a stubble of beard on his chin, his eyes red, and a carefully wrapped manuscript under his arm. He went once to the post office and dispatched his precious burden by the evening mail. Then he sat down to wait, confident, triumphant, elated."

Eben paused in the telling of his tale and chuckled. And I urged impatiently: "Well, what happened? Was the story a good one? Did Harold win the bet?"

Eben shook his head. "Harold won the bet, but no one knows to this day whether the story was good or not. You see Harold was so positive that his yarn was a masterpiece, so afraid that it might become lost, that he insured the package for \$100. Dave Sampson, the postmaster, managed with Harold's help, to read the address on the envelope, and dispatched the thing to New York. However, that was as far as it ever got.

"No one in New York could read Harold's writing hence the package was lost and Harold collected his \$100 insurance money. He also collected his bet from Ned Feeley, because Ned was a good sport and after all, it couldn't be said that the lad hadn't made money from his writing. There was another inducement, too. Harold promised to go back to farming, which he did, and has been doing so every since."



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White House Wedding

WHEN Harry Hopkins, adviser to President Roosevelt, and Mrs. Louise Macy, New York fashion writer, were married in the White House recently, it marked the 15th time that the halls of the Executive Mansion had resounded to the strains of the wedding march. The first was back in 1811 during President Madison's administration and the last was 103 years later while Woodrow Wilson was President. Here is the chronological record:

1811—Thomas Todd, associate justice of the Supreme court, and Lucy Payne Washington, the widow of George Washington's nephew and the sister of Dolly Madison, the President's wife.

1812—Congressman John J. Jackson, a greatnephew of Gen. T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson, and Anna Todd, a cousin of Dolly Madison.

1820—Samuel L. Gouverneur and Marie Hester Monroe, daughter of President James Monroe.

1828—John Quincy Adams, son of President John Quincy Adams, and Marie Helen Jackson, niece of Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

1829—Alphonse Joseph Pageot, a member of the French legation, and Miss Delia Lewis, daughter of a member of President Jackson's "kitchen cabinet."

1831—Lewis Donaldson, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and Emily Martin, niece of President Andrew Jackson.

1835—Lucien B. Polk, related to James K. Polk, and Mary Easton, niece of President Andrew Jackson.

1842—William Waller and Elizabeth Tyler, daughter of President John Tyler.

1874—Algernon C. F. Sartoris, an officer of the British legation, and Nellie Grant, daughter of President U. S. Grant.

1878—Russell Hastings, United States army officer, and Emily Platt, niece of President Rutherford B. Hayes.

1886—President Grover Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom.

1906—Congressman Nicholas Longworth and Alice Roosevelt, daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt.

1913—Francis B. Sayre and Jessie Woodrow Wilson, daughter of President Woodrow Wilson.

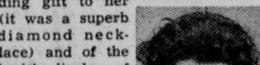
1914—William Gibbs McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, and Eleanor Wilson, daughter of President Wilson.

Of all the weddings that have taken place in the White House, the ceremony on June 2, 1886, was outstanding. For on that date Grover Cleveland, one of our two Presidents who entered the White House as a bachelor but the only Chief Executive to be married there, was wedded to Frances Folsom, the daughter of his former law partner. The beauty of the bride and the advance newspaper accounts of the President's wedding gift to her (it was a superb diamond necklace) and of the lavish display of flowers which were to decorate the Blue Room, where the ceremony was to be held — all combined to create great public interest in the event.

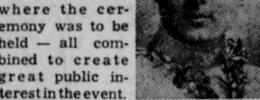
According to a contemporary newspaper description, "the fireplaces were filled with red begonias to represent burning fires, with centaureas scattered at their base to imitate ashes, while blossoms were laid below in the form of tiles. One mantelpiece was banked with dark pansies, bearing the date in light pansies; the other with red roses."

Although only a few relatives of the bride and high public officials were invited to the ceremony, a vast crowd gathered around the door of the White House to hear the music of the United States marine band when the ceremony began. It was still there when the newlyweds tried to slip out the back door of the White House and it showered them with rice and old slippers. Grover Cleveland may have been President of the United States but on that day he was a bridegroom and American democracy insisted upon exercising its traditional right of treating him as one!

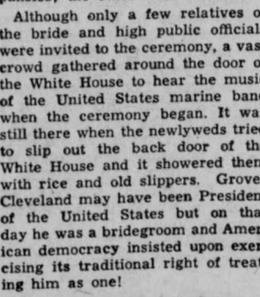
President Cleveland's Wedding.



Frances Folsom

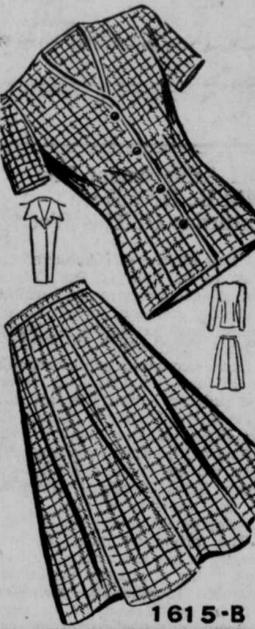


President Cleveland's Wedding.



President Cleveland's Wedding.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



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Stickler for Good Diction Meets Stickler for Facts

Several men were seated around a table, reminiscing. One fellow, who had been trying to tell his story, finally broke in:

"On the day on which my wedding occurred—"

"You'll pardon the correction," broke in the correct dictionist, "but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners, and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only such things as calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction, I am sure."

The "corrected" one thought for a moment, then replied: "Yes, I see. As I was saying before I was interrupted, on the day on which my wedding occurred—"

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