

Birth of a Bombardier

Would you personally like to bomb Berlin and Tokyo? From towns, cities, farms, factories and colleges thousands of American youths are answering "yes" and swarming into the world's largest bombardier college at Midland, Texas, to learn the technique.

Scientifically selected to operate the secret, deadly U. S. bombsight, bombardier cadets are trained in 12 weeks to be the "most dangerous men in the world."

Where they are going is a military secret.

The tyro bombardier becomes familiar with his thrilling job with the bi-motored AT-11 training bomber. He watches mechanics who "keep 'em flying." At the bomb-loading dump, brawny ordnance men carry the kind of bright blue 100-pounders used for practice.

Each cadet drops as many as two hundred bombs during training—the equivalent of forty real raids. A scale model of Tokyo's waterfront industrial section provides a realistic target for bombardment, and really gives the boys something to shoot at.

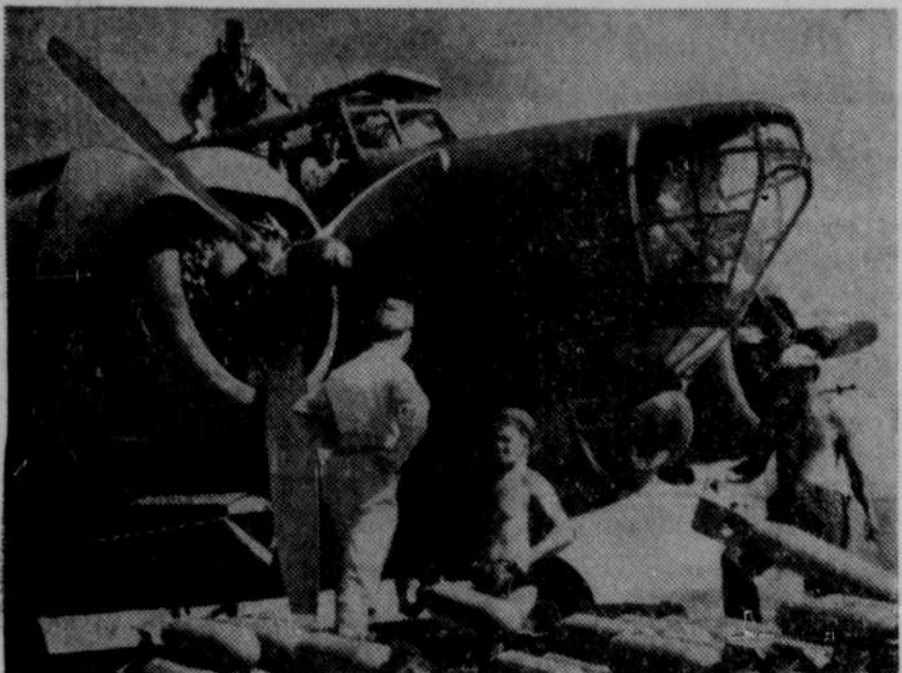
These pictures tell how cadets from all corners of the U. S. become "lords of the bombsight."



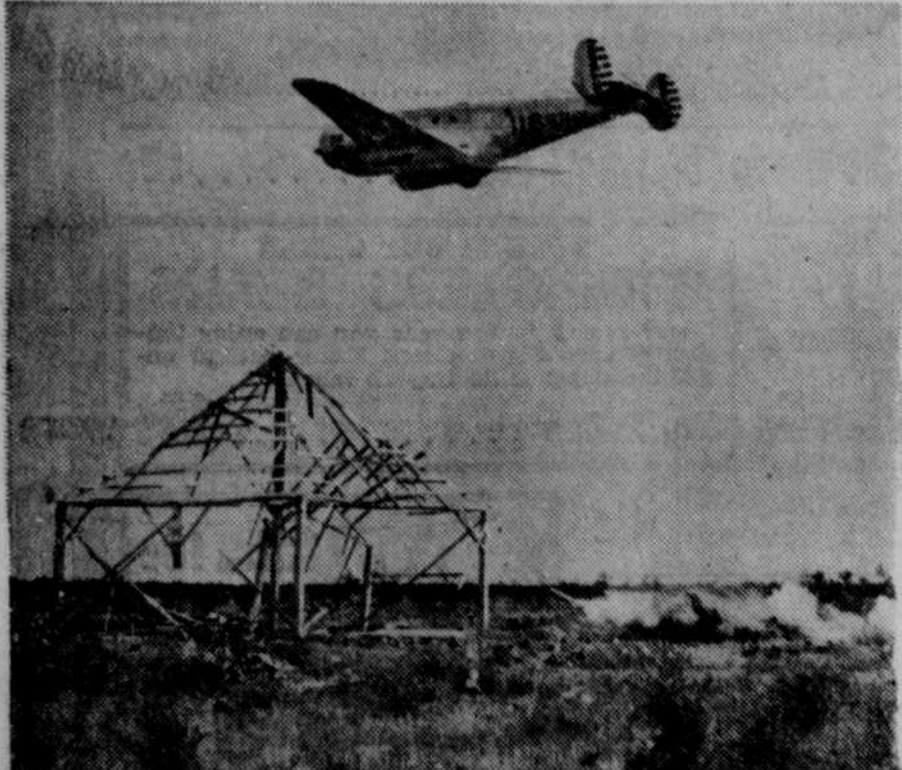
Physical fitness is the prime requisite for cadets. Here they use practice bombs for "bombardier build-ups."



In ground school, a group watches an instructor using a model U. S. bomber and models of Japanese warships to illustrate a point.



Ready for bigger things, a cadet sits in the shark-nose of a B-18 bomber, awaiting the loading of the bomb bay by ordnance men.



Skimming low over a 30-foot target shack, a cadet at Midland army flying school sends missiles skimming into the ground whence they ricochet, rocket-like, into the pyramid-shaped structure.



Tyro bombardiers become familiar with the AT-11 training bombers.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

AT NINE O'CLOCK on the night of Tuesday, September 1, every theater in the land is expected to stop its program and stage a "Salute to Our Heroes"; it's planned as one of the features of the treasury's billion-dollar war bond and stamp drive. Patriotic airs will be played as a color guard marches down the aisle, a one-minute speech will be made, the audience will give three cheers and then sing the national anthem. If every movie theater is filled, 11,000,000 people will participate.

Bobby Breen, once famous as a child singing star, who retired from the screen in 1939 at the age of 13, is coming back to it. In Republic's "Johnny Doughboy" he will play himself, a passe movie star, appearing with Jane Withers and Patrick Brook.

During the past year Ginny Simms has been working for RKO, under the usual six-month contract, with options. There's been no big publicity build-up. But recently she



GINNY SIMMS

signed as the singing mistress of ceremonies for the new "Johnny Presents" radio show, starting September 8—immediately she was cast for three important films, and two other studios that wanted to borrow her were refused!

Orson Welles has given us another superb picture; "The Magnificent Ambersons" rates right along with "Citizen Kane." He makes a story really come to life. And he has done us all a service in bringing Dolores Costello back to the screen.

Dorothy Lamour has a brand-new makeup for "White Cargo," but it sounds like one of those things that one would rather do without. She wears five successive layers of a fluid foundation that combines cream with powder; each is applied all over her body with a sponge and allowed to dry before the next is applied. Then she's sprayed with a film containing gold dust!

"The War Against Mrs. Hadley" has been selected by the Kate Smith radio hour for a nation-wide salute on September 25. It features Edward Arnold, Fay Bainter, Spring Byington, Richard Ney, Jean Rogers and Van Johnson. Quite a way to launch a picture, as the Kate Smith hour is broadcast over 104 stations, and is said to attract more than 30,000,000 listeners.

Susan Hayward can thank her stars that she's a good screamer. Few actresses can scream convincingly, but Susan let out such a good yelp when testing for "Reap the Wild Wind" that C. B. DeMille promptly signed her up for the second feminine lead. As a result of her performance, those in the know are predicting stardom for the pretty little redhead within a year.

Joan Davis can thank broadcasting for furthering her movie career. Though she's such a clever comedienne, her roles just seemed to be getting smaller and smaller. Then Rudy Vallee asked her to guest star on his program a few times, and she was such a hit that he made her a regular. Whereupon the film studios began to wake up to what they'd been missing, and she's in demand once more.

Lesley Woods, who stars in Columbia's "Joyce Jordan" every afternoon, likes to remember when she and Tyrone Power were on the payroll of the Motion Picture Exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition in 1938. She says they stood around and tried to look like movie stars and ate ham sandwiches.

ODDS AND ENDS—When Jacqueline White reported on the set of "Skyway to Glory" she was handed a telegram wishing her good luck, signed "Uncle Frank"—meaning Frank Knox, secretary of the navy . . . Dave Elman, the "Hobby Lobby" man of radio, has been so busy that he hasn't been able to catch up with his own hobby for months; he's a stamp collector . . . Meyer Davis heads a committee of bandleaders to collect musical instruments for American prisoners of war—the Y. M. C. A. will distribute them . . . William Powell and Hedy Lamour teamed so well in "Crossroads" that they'll be starred in "Starlight."

Nightly Walk

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

ON OCCASION of my frequent walks through the woods about Monson and along the shores of Taggart Lake, I had met Thornton Miles once or twice, always alone, always striding along with head bent and hands clasped behind him as though in meditation.

The folks in the town had told me of him. They didn't think he was exactly crazy, but they felt he was queer. Folks let him alone; they felt uncomfortable in his presence.

At first they had tried to make sport with him, tried to amuse themselves at his expense. Small boys had flung taunts after his stooped and bent figure. But long since, young and old alike had given up; they might have saved their breaths.

For some inexplicable reason I pitied him, though twice we had passed within a scant ten feet of each other and he had neither spoken nor looked in my direction. I resolved to cultivate the man's acquaintance.

During the week that followed my decision it rained, so it was not until the following Monday that I again encountered Thornton Miles. I had spent the past six days indoors, laboring over a partly completed novel, and it felt good to be out once more. I was in the best of spirits.

Thornton Miles came along the path that skirts the northern edge of Taggart Lake, and at sight of him I remembered my resolve. I slowed my pace, waiting for him to come up, and when he was several feet away I said pleasantly, "Good evening, sir."

He did not stop or look in my direction, but continued walking with his head lowered. And so I repeated my greeting, this time louder.

"Good evening. This is certainly fine weather we're having." He was almost up to me and unless I had stepped to one side we



"She's dead," he replied mildly. "Or they think she is."

would have collided. Something must have attracted his attention—possibly my shadow fell across his path. He stopped abruptly and lifted his head.

"Eh?—Oh, I beg your pardon." He would have passed me by, and I was sure he had not heard my voice. Acting wholly on impulse I fell into step beside him. "It seems good to see the sun once more so long a rain," I said. Unconsciously I spoke loudly, and he glanced at me as if startled, then looked down again.

"It makes no difference to me," he said, "whether the sun shines or not." His answer not only surprised me, but left me wondering, recalling what the townspeople had said about his queerness. Yet I was more than ever intrigued.

"Do you mean," I asked him, "that you walk along here every evening whether it rains or not?"

"Of course," he said, with faint resentment in his tones.

"But—but I should think you'd be afraid of catching cold."

"Cold?" He looked at me in astonishment. "Why, stranger, don't you know you'll never catch cold if you don't think about it?"

"I suppose you're right," I said, wondering what to say next. We strode along in silence for a few minutes.

"Do you always walk—alone?" I asked, fearing that too prolonged a silence might make him melancholy once more.

But apparently he had been listening. "Sometimes alone," he said, "and sometimes not."

So that was it. Somewhere along the lake here he was in the habit of meeting someone. The thought was not without its humorous aspects. First, Thornton Miles was old and decrepit, hardly a fit subject to participate in heavy romance. And secondly, he had so completely fooled the townsfolk that it was ludicrous.

I was about to excuse myself and leave him alone, not wishing to intrude upon his rendezvous, when he said unexpectedly: "Margaret usually walks with me. Tonight she did not come."

I sensed that he wished to talk. "Margaret?" I asked. "My wife." "Oh." I chewed over this awhile. Why would a man walk out into the woods on a stormy night to hold a tryst with his own wife? "She— isn't living at home?" I inquired.

"She's dead," he replied mildly. "Or they think she is." I swallowed and looked around. The sun was dropping behind Pine Mountain. The stillness of evening had settled over the land. Somewhere on the lake I heard a loon call. It was a lonesome sound and I felt a slight chill.

Thornton Miles stopped abruptly and looked at me. It was the first time I'd seen his eyes and sight of them gave me a queer sensation. "They think she's dead," he repeated. "And they think I'm queer. Look here, stranger, why do you walk in the woods alone? I've seen you a dozen times."

The question startled me. So he had seen me, after all! I looked around again. "Why," I said, "I just like to get out in the open. I'm somewhat of a naturalist, I guess. I—I like to be alone with nature."

"And no one thinks you're queer?" "Why, no," I laughed. "That is, I hope they don't. You don't call a man queer, simply because he walks alone in the woods."

"Exactly," he said. "Yet they think I'm queer."

"But—but—" I stammered "You said—you weren't alone."

"Nobody knows about Margaret. I've told no one but you. I thought you might understand, because you walk alone, too."

I lit a cigarette. The taste of the smoke was good. It was something I knew and could explain. "Tell me about—Margaret," I said. I wanted to understand.

"There's nothing to tell. She died a year ago. We used to walk along the shore here of evenings together. We walk together now. Margaret and I." He paused and looked past me toward the lake. I had an uncomfortable feeling there was someone there. "She always leaves me there—at the point."

I did not turn. I would not admit but what the world was the same, or yield to the impulse of fear. "But why haven't you tried to explain this to—your neighbors?" I asked.

He gestured helplessly. "They'd laugh. Some of them would pity me. They'd call me crazy. They'd put me away. Even you think I'm lonesome. And yet you walk alone, and you're not lonesome; you do not even feel alone."

This was an argument for which I could find no answer. Yet I knew we were different. His solitude and mine were not the same. He was living in a world beyond my comprehension; I existed among things that were real, a world that you could see and feel and touch; something easily understood and explainable. I tried to grasp his point of view, and only partly succeeded.

Soon I left him, followed the shore of the lake back toward the village where there were buildings and lights and people, things with which I was familiar; things I accepted and did not need explaining. And yet, sitting on the porch of my boarding house that night and looking across the slope where several hundred people were jammed in a compact little hall, swaying and swinging to the strains of an orchestra, I could not bring myself to admit that Thornton Miles was queer.

Soldiers in Battle Carry Anti-Infection Crystals

To guard against infection, every American soldier going into a theater of operations will be provided with a package of crystalline sulfanilamide to sprinkle on wounds, the war department revealed. This is an addition to sulfanilamide tablets for internal use.

Five grams of sulfanilamide, the most effective chemical agent to prevent infection known to modern medical science, is contained in a newly developed envelope package with a shaker top to be carried in each soldier's first aid packet.

The envelope is marked "for external use only" and carries instructions to sprinkle the sulfanilamide evenly over a wound before applying a first aid dressing.

Medical officers explained that the soluble sulfanilamide provides a strong local concentrate of the chemical agent which is highly bactericidal, killing the germs which cause infection.

The crystalline form of sulfanilamide was selected for this use after tests had revealed that when the chemical is finely powdered it tends to cake in the container and so may not be sprinkled evenly.

In addition to this envelope of sulfanilamide, each first aid packet also contains a special spill-proof metal box containing 12 sulfanilamide tablets for internal use.

Personnel of each unit to which the drug is issued receive instructions as to its proper use from the attached medical officer, and careful checks are made periodically to verify its possession by each soldier.

Fruit
Total fruit production in the 1942-43 season will be nearly as large as the bumper 1941-42 production, according to latest estimates of the department of agriculture.

Farm Topics

Wilted Method for Silage Is Suggested

Experiment, Extreme Care Needed to Make It Work

By C. W. BENDER
(Professor Dairy Husbandry, Rutgers University.)

In view of the high price of molasses and the scarcity of phosphoric acid for preserving silage, the wilting method of ensiling legumes, grasses and cereals—a method requiring practically no preservatives—sounds good.

The wilting method will work, but it also takes experimental control and extreme care to make it work.

Moisture Content Excess.

Farmers experienced at making grass silage know that mold accumulations, caused by air pockets or air leakage in the silo, often occur



even when the silo is filled with material having a moisture content of 72 to 78 per cent.

Yet materials with this amount of moisture pack more readily and develop more pressure than grasses with lower moisture content, and the wilting method calls for wilting down the green material to a moisture content of only 65 to 68 per cent. Thus there is a greater danger of mold when the wilting method is used.

Secondly, some type of apparatus is necessary to determine the exact moisture content of the green material.

How long it takes to wilt the material down to the proper moisture content cannot be determined in advance. One thing is certain: There will be many delays in filling the silo, thus increasing the danger of mold and high temperatures, both of which tend to destroy nutrients.

Fill Silo Three-Fourths.

The silo must be filled more than three-fourths full with wilted green material within two days. The material must be evenly distributed and well tramped. Filling should be continued on the third day, using high moisture grasses or legumes to which a preservative has been added so that sufficient pressure is generated to exclude the air from the partially wilted mass. Delays in filling beyond this period may ruin the silage, a fact which has been learned by many farmers.

Furthermore, the wilting of a green crop destroys carotene. The longer the period of wilt the more carotene is lost, an important consideration in producing milk of excellent quality.

Trap That Hornfly

Dairy cows will not produce at maximum when infested with hornflies.

The flies cause loss in milk production because they suck cows' blood, and their annoyance often causes cattle to refuse to graze. Hence, they do not get their fill of grass which is the best milk producer, and it takes a part of the feed which otherwise would go to production of milk to replace the blood.

Some investigators claim that during seasons of abundance hornflies are responsible for losses of one-quarter to one-half of the normal milk production. More-over, annoyance by the flies during milking might lead to contamination of the milk with consequent lowering of its quality.

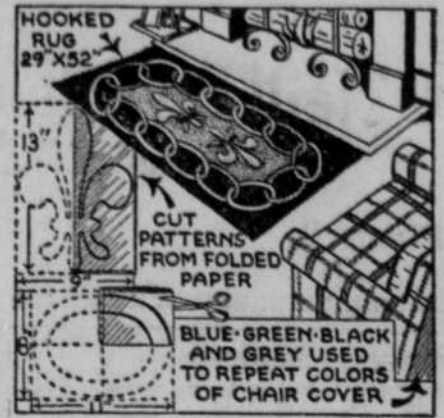
Sprays, which many dairymen use, will keep flies off cattle during milking and for an hour or more afterward. But this does not prevent loss in milk production. However, a cattle fly trap used as a gateway to and from water, feed, or other frequented places, has been found effective for the control of hornflies on many dairies, farms and ranches.

Farm Notes
Hens that have started to lay have a large, moist vent and a soft pliable abdomen.
New York ranks fourth to Texas, Wisconsin, and Missouri in the egg-drying industry, with 18 million pounds produced in five plants.
Goats respond well to good pasture if the land is reasonably dry. They also do well on rough ground if enough feed is present.

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS is another design in the series planned to use up odds and ends of woolen materials to make lasting floor coverings. The design is very old and was made by other women during other wars. Dimensions are given in the sketch for making your own patterns for the links and the fleur de lis. The shaded parts of the



diagrams show a half and a quarter of the design drawn on folded paper. The dotted lines show how the pattern will appear when the paper has been cut. The design is outlined on the burlap by drawing around the cut-out pattern with wax crayon. The rug colorings have been planned to repeat tones in the room color schemes.

NOTE: There are suggestions for preparing hooked rug materials and for making original designs in BOOK 5 of the series which Mrs. Spears has prepared for readers. Book 6 contains directions for a hooked rug that any beginner can make easily and quickly. Booklets are 10 cents each. If you order both booklets you will receive a pattern and directions for the Add-A-Square Rug. Be sure to request it with your order. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 10 cents for each book desired.
Name.....
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Summerless Year

The New England Yankee called the year 1816 "Eighteen Hundred and Froze to Death." There was frost and snow every month during 1816 in New England, according to reports. January of 1816 was only slightly colder than normal; February was warmer than usual. But Maine got a heavy snowfall in April, with farmers planting their crops while wearing earmuffs and mittens. The ice did not go off Lake Erie until May 10. On May 15, it was freezing in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The abnormal cold of 1816 also hit Europe.

All summer prayers for warm weather to save the crops were offered up in Swedish churches. It was cold even in northern Africa in the summer of 1816.

To Relieve MONTHLY FEMALE PAIN
If you suffer monthly cramps, backache, nervousness, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once! Pinkham's Compound is one medicine you can buy today made especially for women.
Taken regularly throughout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. Worth trying!
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

War and Peace
Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every new year find you a better man.—Benjamin Franklin.

Kidneys Must Work Well—
For You To Feel Well
24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood.
If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling.
Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS
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MERCHANDISE
Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised
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