

Wings for Glider Pilots



Victory Parade

Before a student makes his first solo flight in simulated glider landing an instructor carefully checks with him to make sure that he knows just what to do. Here an instructor goes over "dead stick" landing rules with the pre-glider student.

NEWEST winged warriors of the army air forces are the G-men of the air—glider pilots—who will guide our huge troop-carrying gliders in the face of democracy's great aerial offensive against the enemy. Gliding, until recently the sport of a few, has now become the serious war business of thousands of young men who are training to become glider pilots. Typical of the eighteen pre-glider schools now in full operation in the Middle West is the one located on the flatlands of Goodland, Kansas.

During the four weeks of preliminary training the student practices simulated gliding in small power ships, with the power switched off. He masters the technique of "dead stick" landing and in bringing his powerless plane down within a small marked area. In actual combat he will be called upon to cut loose from the towing plane.



Glider pilot students leaving the operations office of the school, with parachutes. The space marked reserved is for army air force's silver insignia wings with glider imposed.

This glider pilot training in the army air forces is open to men between the ages of 18 and 36, inclusive, who are graduates of civil pilot training schools, or who hold a civil aeronautics administration private air-man certificate which had not lapsed prior to January 1, 1941, or to former aviation cadets with at least fifty hours in army or navy type training planes, or veterans of at least two hundred glider flights.

Men who have had no previous flight training will be given an opportunity to qualify for glider pilot training if they are accepted for a complete special primary flight training in a civil aeronautics administration school.

These pictures depict stages of the training given at Goodland, Kansas.



Before the students are ready to make simulated glider landings, they are given meteorology and other subjects. Here students are shown the characteristics of a glider.



The idea is to land the glider as near as possible to this white marker. Here is how the marker looks to the student coming in for a dead stick landing.



Made from another plane flying alongside the students, this picture shows the training plane just as the pilot turned off the switch for approach to one of the auxiliary landing fields.

Library Romance

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
Associated Newspapers
WSFU Features

AFTER being snored in for two days at the Winter Haven Ski club, Ben Montgomery made two surprising discoveries. The first was that the clubhouse boasted a circulation library, set off in a little alcove behind a woofy display cabinet. And the second was that its attendant was a girl with natural curly hair, blue eyes and a nose that tended to turn up (attractively).

"Well, well," said Ben happily. "And once more well. What have we here?"

The girl, who had been leaning against a shelf, with her turned-up nose buried in a book that seemed absurdly too large for her to hold, looked up with a suddenness that indicated she had actually been reading.

"This," she said, "is a zoo. Please don't feed the animals." And her nose disappeared once more behind the book.

"You know," said Ben, grinning. "It's a joy as well as a surprise to find something in this joint besides skis and skiers."

"Help yourself," said the girl, inclining her head toward the bookshelves without looking up again.

"I won't," said Ben, "referring to the books."

The girl turned a page. Ben leaned against the edge of a desk and watched her. Life had become pretty boring during the past two days; it would take more than a mere snubbing to abate him. He said: "I would think you'd have a tough time trying to make a go of reading books with nothing but a lot of sking books to cater to."

The girl looked up and Ben grinned. "Oh," she said, "you would? Well, in another week



"This," she said, "is a zoo. Please don't feed the animals."

there'll be twice as many people here and . . ."

Ben shook his head. "You don't seem to get me at all. I was referring to the number of people who come to a place like this who can read."

"Oh!" said the girl pursing her lips in exaggerated enlightenment.

Ben nodded. "Catching on, eh?" He stood erect. "Well, don't lose hope. From now on I'll be your most loyal customer. By the way, I'm glad to see that you can read, too. If it weren't for the fact that you were reading that tripe . . ."

The girl's eyes blazed. "Tripe. Why, Bruce Kendall is considered an authority on the American drama. He's . . ."

Ben made a gesture of distaste. "Drama! Pacha! Why don't you read something with some originality to it, not what another man says about the efforts of his fellow!" His eyes swept along the row of books. "Ah! Now, here's something . . ." He flicked a volume out of its stall and handed it to her. "Something to set your blood tingling. Love! Intrigue! Adventure! Mystery! A real rip-snorting good novel by that master of fiction, Philip Stone."

The girl's nose turned up even higher. "Fiction! I assure you my interests go much deeper than that."

Ben wagged his head. He felt a little wave of triumph. He had succeeded in arresting the girl's attention and engaging her in conversation. He must take care to maintain her interest. "To me fiction is the very spice of life. It offers something that this material world we're living in can't provide. Anybody could do what Bruce Kendall is doing. It's easy to criticize, you know." He paused. The girl was watching him coldly, and he feared that what little advantage he had gained was slipping. "Anyhow, everyone to his own tastes. I don't suppose you'd mind if I rent this book for a week or so?"

"If you think," said the girl, "that I mind if you climb to the top of Old Baldy and jump off the other side even, you're greatly mistaken." Which observation failed in its designed purpose, for Ben became more chummy than ever before.

The storm continued for two days longer, and when half a hundred people are forced thus into close contact, depending on one another for diversion, an atmosphere of intimacy and mutual sympathy is bound to pre-

vail. Thus it was that before another twelve hours had passed, Ben not only learned that the girl's name was Susan Getchell, but he was calling her "Susie," and she seemed not to mind it a bit.

The fact of the matter was that Susan and Ben were the only two young people at the club, this being a pre-season outing and a pre-season blizzard, and were performing glad of each other's company. They discovered that they each had a good many common interests, besides books, such as believing that sking shouldn't be taken nearly as seriously as all the Winter Haven club members seemed to consider it, but only as a casual pastime.

Yet for all her congeniality Susan's attitude toward Ben bore a vague reserve, a fact which puzzled him profoundly. Indeed, it wasn't until the evening when the storm began to abate that he was given an inkling of its cause and nature. They were sitting in the little bookshop, smoking an after-dinner cigarette. Ben nodded toward the copy of Bruce Kendall's American Drama and grinned.

"It seems ages ago that I came in here and found you reading that thing. Honestly, when I think of it, I actually have a feeling of benignity for the old book."

Susan's eyes flashed. "It doesn't seem so long ago to me but what I can remember how insulting you were. I still maintain that Bruce Kendall is much higher type of reading than . . . than . . . Philip Stone."

Ben, on the point of laughter, suddenly checked the impulse.

"Listen, Susie, I didn't know you were taking it so seriously. I'm sorry. Honest. If you say Kendall's the last word in literature, I'm for him. That's the way I feel about you."

"Perhaps I've been a little unfair. Perhaps I should have explained that I'm Stone. Philip Stone, the guy who wrote that novel I spoke about. I don't like to use my own name, because if anyone finds out who I am . . ." He gestured distastefully.

"So that's it? You just can't stand popularity, eh, Mr. Stone?" She laughed scornfully. "You seem to have forgotten that so one up here can read; or according to your ideas they can't. Well, let me tell you something. You're not so smart as you think you are. In the first place I'm not the attendant at this circulating library. It isn't even a circulating library. It's free. And besides, I don't have to make my living renting books."

"I happened to be here when you appeared because I like to read and wanted to be alone. So there! And I don't care if you're Philip Stone or William Shakespeare. I still maintain that Bruce Kendall writes much better literature."

"Good. And now that that is over with and we've both had our little fun surprising the other, answer me one question." He swung her around to face him, held her firmly by the shoulders. "Will you . . ."

"Wait a minute. I'm not through with my surprises. I've one more, and when I tell it perhaps you won't want to ask me a question."

"Try me," said Ben.

"All right, I'm Bruce Kendall." Ben swallowed and blinked. But he recovered himself with nice technique. He grinned. "All right," he said. "That makes it even. I'll bet our children will never want to look at a book. What do you bet?"

"I'll bet," said Susan, contrarily and with conviction, "they will." Which, of course, was the right answer.

Joyce and Joyce Can't Rejoice Over Difficulty

Even Einstein wouldn't be able to divide a name into two numbers and get an answer. But the army did in the case of Pvt. James Joseph Joyce, 31, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Pvt. James Joseph Joyce, 31, of McKeesport, Pa., who are both stationed at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss.

Privates Joyce and Joyce started life uneventfully about the same time in neighboring states, and there weren't more than the average afflictions during their youth. But when both were sent to the army air forces technical school at Keesler Field, Miss., their troubles really began. And when both were assigned to duty as MPs on the same day, July 1, assigned to the same squadron and quartered in the same barracks, they found themselves in an inextricable state of confusion.

The army serial numbers present only a partial solution to the problems which increased and grew since their arrival here. Private Joyce of Brooklyn has 32322910, while McKeesport Private Joyce's number is 33070887. Besides, there are 21 other Joyces at Keesler Field. Sergt. Robert Kerns, chief clerk of the post security section, has dubbed the Brooklyn Private Joyce, "Junior." However, this doesn't solve the situation, it just helps a little. In getting pay, laundry, mail, passes, furloughs, assignments and the 101 things in which a name is used, their perplexity continues.

They have taken steps to clear up the mail confusion by receiving it together and opening all "border-line" letters in conjunction. Even then, in much of the correspondence, the doubt as to whom a letter was sent remains. If you want to do them a favor, don't send them any fan mail!

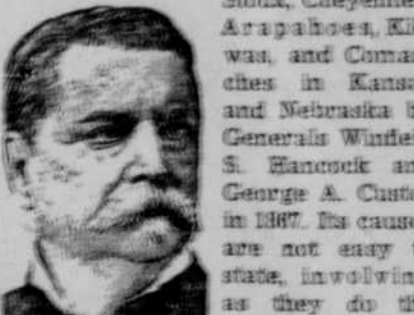
History in the News

Released by Western Newspaper Union

We Lost This "War"

IF WE Americans are given to boasting that "we have never yet lost a war," we'd better not look too closely into the records of one which Uncle Sam was fighting just 75 years ago. For the fact is that we actually did lose this one in the sense that we failed to whip the enemy and, having thus failed, were forced to resort to peace negotiations to end it. Moreover, it was probably one of the costliest wars we ever waged—in terms of the total cost in relation to the forces engaged and the "per capita cost of killing an enemy."

This all-but-forgotten conflict was the campaign waged against the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches in Kansas and Nebraska by Generals Winfield S. Hancock and George A. Custer in 1867. Its causes are not easy to state, involving as they do the usual elements of treaties broken by land-hungry white men and

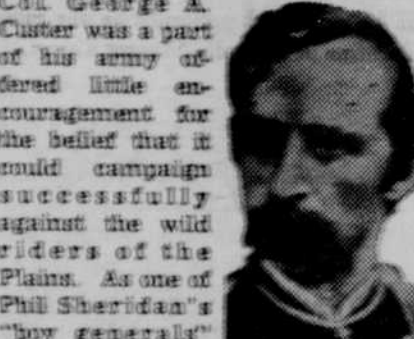


Gen. W. S. Hancock

raids against the settlements by ambitious young warriors whom their chiefs could not control.

When Hancock set out from Fort Leavenworth in April, 1867, he had a force of 1,600 men—in infantry, cavalry, artillery and a pontoon train—the largest army that had yet been sent against the Indians of this region. With this necessarily slow-moving force, he started out to fight the most mobile type of light cavalry in the world—the Plains Indians who had been mounted warriors and buffalo-runners for generations.

Even the fact that four troops of the Seventh cavalry under Lieut. Col. George A. Custer was a part of his army offered little encouragement for the belief that it could campaign successfully against the wild riders of the Plains. As one of Phil Sheridan's "boy generals" in the Civil war, Custer had been



Gen. G. A. Custer

an outstanding cavalry leader, but he was new to Indian warfare. His troopers—most of them raw recruits from the East—were poor stuff to send against such adversaries as the Indians soon proved to be.

By his heroic conduct during the Civil war, the commander of the expedition had justified his right to the title of "Hancock the Superb." But he was considerably less than that in dealing with the Indians and the net result of his blundering methods was to bring about a war instead of preventing one. At a council with the Kiowas at Fort Dodge he blustered and threatened but failed to frighten their chiefs into promising to make their warriors behave. He was equally undiplomatic in a council with the Sioux and Cheyennes near Fort Harker and when the Cheyennes abandoned their village as his army approached, he burned it to the ground.

Naturally the Cheyennes went on the warpath, killing settlers and employees of the stage line while Hancock's army slowly crawled over the hot prairies in futile pursuit of an enemy that couldn't be caught. Nor did Custer's cavalry fare any better. For, no matter how hard they tried, they could never catch up with their elusive foe.

By July the charge was made in the United States senate that "the war is now costing daily at least \$150,000 and if it lasts through the summer (and at the present rate will certainly do that) it will cost us \$100,000,000 without having accomplished anything." The war did last through the summer and, according to George Bird Grinnell in his book "The Fighting Cheyennes," Hancock's command, "while he was in the field and later, in four months of active campaigning, had killed just four Indians." If the senate estimate and Grinnell's statement are correct that meant that it cost the United States more than \$4,000,000 to kill each of those four warriors! That is why it was one of the most expensive wars Uncle Sam ever waged, and by no stretch of the imagination can it be said that he won it. It was not until the Medicine Lodge treaty was signed the following October that peace returned to the Plains.

One little-known fact in connection with this little-known war is that it almost resulted fatally for the military reputation of one of its leaders. For Custer, driven almost frantic by the frustration of his efforts to win a victory over the Indians, was led into a series of rash acts that ended in a court-martial and his suspension from rank and command for a year. However, his victory at the battle of the Washita in 1868 restored him to favor of the authorities and started him on his successful career as an Indian fighter.

ASK ME ? ANOTHER ?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

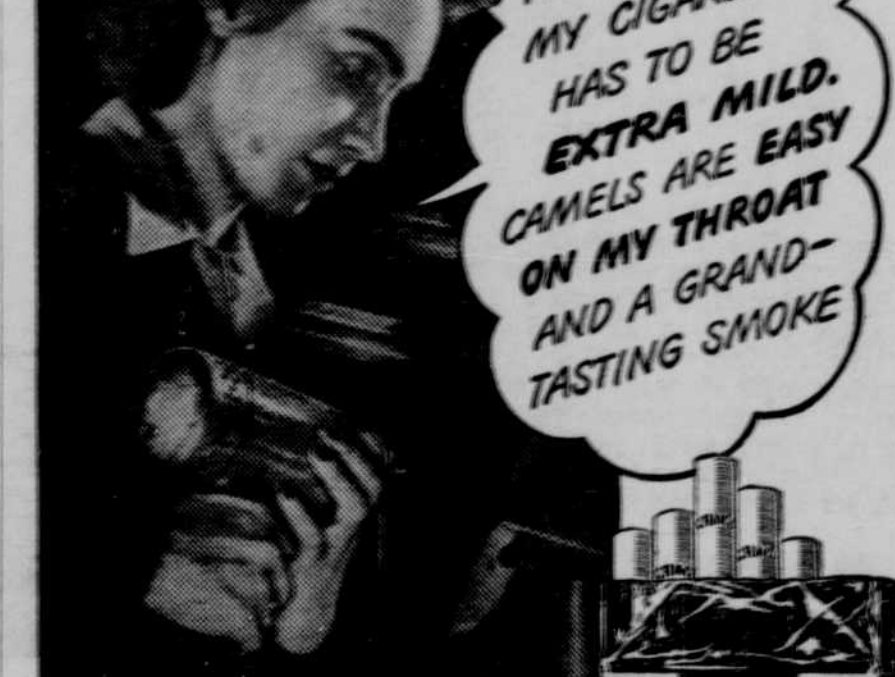
- The Questions
1. Which does sound travel faster through, air, water or glass?
 2. How many signatures appear under the Declaration of Independence?
 3. What monster in literature had a hundred eyes?
 4. Who was the youngest President ever to take the oath of office in the United States?
 5. The treaty ending the war between Japan and Russia in 1905 was negotiated in what city?

The Answers

1. Glass.
2. Fifty-six.
3. Argus.
4. Theodore Roosevelt. (He was forty-two.)
5. Portsmouth, N. H.

WOMEN AT WAR

SHIRLEY OSBORN, Aircraft Worker of San Diego, California, says:



WITH MY NEW WAR JOB, MY CIGARETTE HAS TO BE EXTRA MILD. CAMELS ARE EASY ON MY THROAT AND A GRAND-TASTING SMOKE

AND NOTE THIS: The smoke of slow-burning CAMELS contains LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



My Creed

I BELIEVE in nationally advertised brands. They are trusted friends in my house, for national advertising is a pledge of quality . . . a guarantee of the maker's good faith.

I believe that manufacturers who win millions of friends through advertising will never betray these friends by lessening quality . . . demanding unfair prices . . . or by substituting inferior ingredients.

I am going to show my approval by observing Nationally Advertised Brands Week*. I urge you all to join me in asking for nationally advertised brands that week . . . and every time you go into a drug store. It is the surest way to safeguard the health and happiness of your family.

*NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK
October 2-12
VISIT YOUR DRUG STORE AT LEAST ONCE DURING THAT WEEK