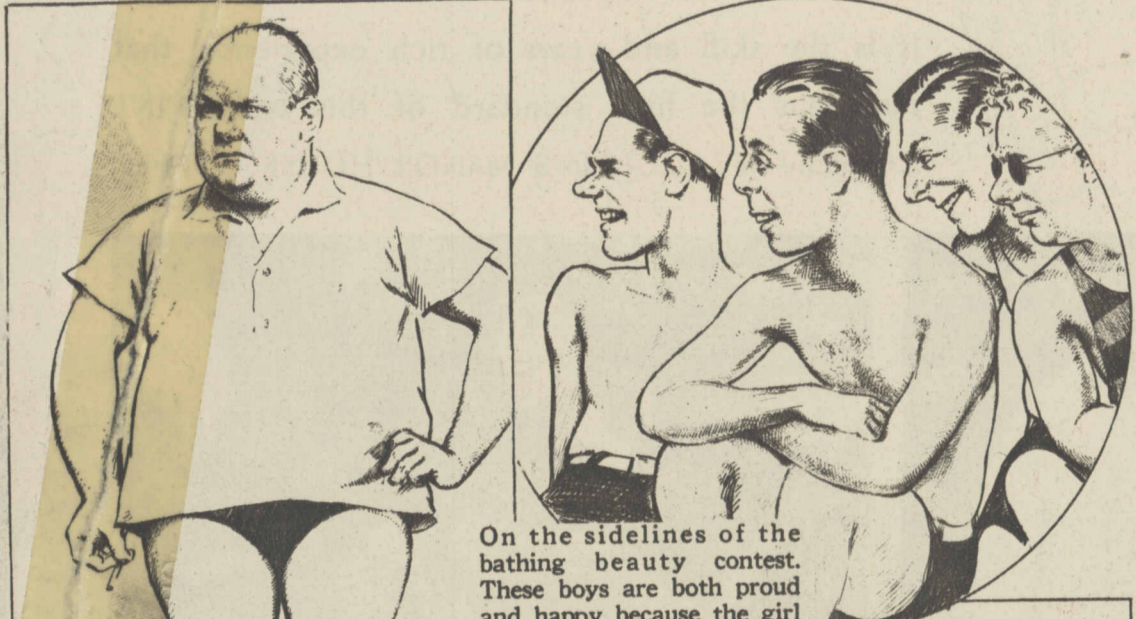


# THE WINTER BEACH BOYS

By W. E. Hill

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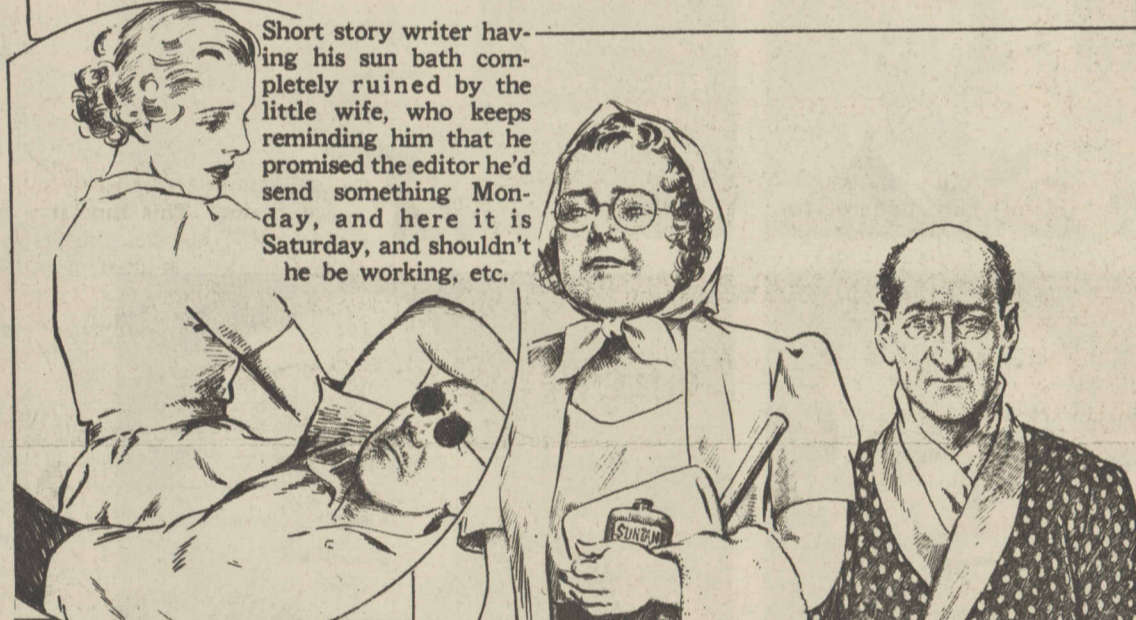


On the sidelines of the bathing beauty contest. These boys are both proud and happy because the girl who was chosen Miss Winter Park has favored them with a sweet little smile.

Big business in one of those snappy polo shirts, relaxing on the Florida East Coast.



Up-to-the-minute room clerk from the beach front hotel, wearing the very last word in bandana diapers. Winter resort room clerks have to be from one to six months ahead of the style.

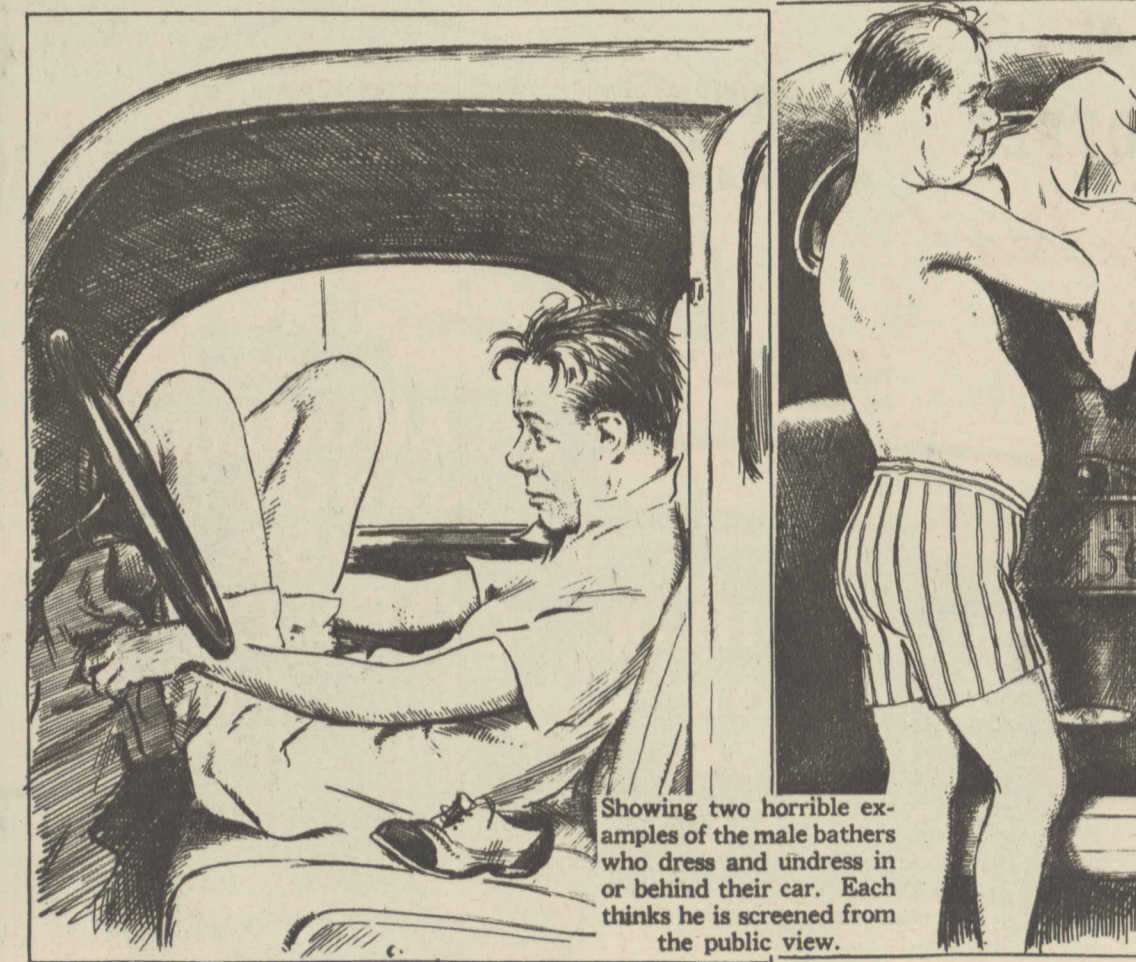


Short story writer having his sun bath completely ruined by the little wife, who keeps reminding him that he promised the editor he'd send something Monday, and here it is Saturday, and shouldn't he be working, etc.



Influenza convalescent with his nurse (a practical one) all set for the bathing beach. A practical nurse differs from a trainee nurse in this respect—the family of a male patient feels he is reasonably safe with her. Not so much worrying for fear he'll marry her to keep her from leaving.

The blonde boy with the delicate pigmentation, who lay too long in the sun yesterday.



Showing two horrible examples of the male bathers who dress and undress in or behind their car. Each thinks he is screened from the public view.

# Dive Bombers Prove Value

By WAYNE THOMIS

DIVE BOMBING has almost been discarded by United States air forces. The practice, however, is due for a revival if reports from the Spanish war are to be credited.

Pilots who fought in Spain report that the dive bombers did the most accurate and destructive work against small targets. Objections here were that well trained troops could shoot down diving airplanes forced to hold a straight course for bomb launching, but in Spain, even against the best anti-aircraft guns, the dive bombers usually went unscathed.

Recently the rebels have introduced two new types of Ger-



Squadron of Hamburg Ha-137 bombers lined up in preparation for training flight simulating a war-time raid. (Acme photos.)



Henschel Ha-123 in action. Two sets of bombs have been released.



Before taking off, machine guns are fired at ground target.

man dive bombers, both said to be very fine types of machines. Both are depicted here. One is the Hamburg Ha-137, a monoplane, and the other is the Henschel Ha-123, an all-metal biplane. Both are single-seaters and are capable of carrying ten bombs weighing 22 pounds each or four bombs weighing 110 pounds each. And each machine can be armed with machine guns or quick-firing cannon.

The Henschel has a wing spread of 34 feet and length of 28 feet. The motor is a B. M. W. Hornet developing 800 horsepower. It has a constant-speed propeller. It weighs 3,312 pounds empty and carries a dis-

posable load of 1,672 pounds. Both fuselage and wings are covered with metal, and the single cockpit is open. The landing gear is fixed, with streamlined pants on the wheels. The Henschel is distinctive in that the only bracing between the wings is a single solid streamlined strut near the tip of each wing. The streamlining of this strut has been utilized to provide extraordinary strength. This single streamlined strut type bracing was first used during the World war, but generally dropped in recent years.

The Hamburg is an all-metal machine with a down-thrust center section wing to which tip

panels are bolted. The main spar in this plane is a single tubular spar that also is the fuel tank. The motor is a 670-horsepower V-12 liquid-cooled Junkers 210c type, fitted with controlable-pitch propeller. Four guns are carried, two beside the motor and two inside the wings just above the landing wheels.

Performance of both the Henschel and the Hamburg is approximately the same, each having a top speed of 210 miles an hour and cruising speed of about 180 miles an hour. Both machines are fitted with flaps to slow down speed in dives. Both of them land at about 65 miles an hour.



Flight practice and ground defense are combined in Nazi air raid rehearsals.

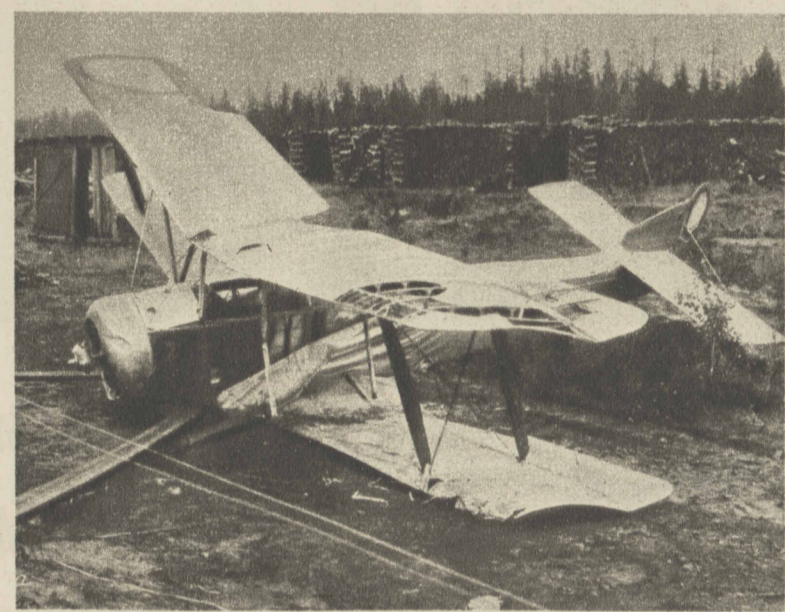
(Continued from page three.)

after time," wrote our unknown soldier, "the infantry, after gallant success, was shelled out of position, while our own guns were silent because outraged. The effect on the morale was most disastrous." The unreliability of the rifles the Americans had was another serious point. "These weapons had never been targeted by the Americans, and their sighting systems were calculated in Russian paces instead of yards. They had a low velocity and were thoroughly unsatisfactory."

The signing of the armistice and the ending of hostilities in France was another disheartening factor, for with this seemingly hopeful news came word that the unrelieved soldiers of north Russia "would continue at their tasks to the end," thus proving that the war in Russia was not related to the World war and giving the soldiers at the advanced posts the feeling that they not only were fighting for no reason but that they had been forgotten by the rest of the world. "Life became a very stale, flat, drab thing in the vast stretches of cheerless snow reaching far across the river to the murky, brooding skies and the encompassing sheeted forests, so ghostly and so still, where death prowled in the shadows and the sinking realization came home of no supports or reserves along the 200 miles of winding winter road to Archangel.

"Week follows week, and November goes by, and December, and no word comes from the war department. . . . In the dismal huts of the village soldiers are packed with the crowded moujiks like herded animals, where the atmosphere is dank

## Tragedy at Archangel!



Bolshevik airplane captured by American forces during engagement at Obozerskaya, Russia, September, 1918.

and pestilent, with an odor like stale fish. . . .

"In December and January there are only a few hours of feeble shadowing light, then tragic blackness blots out the snows and the mournful woods and the skies of melodrama. With night the tiny windows are shrouded with board coverings, a candle flickers in the low-ceilinged room. . . . Through the long, dark, unwholesome hours the Americans sit and think thoughts more black than the outside night. . . . Black thoughts of their country and the smug, pompous statesmen who with sonorous patriotic phrases had sent them to exile."

Sometimes it seemed as if bolshevism had tainted their souls. The Reds had certainly tried to accomplish this. They had for months been strewing the forest

trails near the Allied posts with thousands of pamphlets, manifestoes, and appeals in the characteristic eloquence of communist propaganda. Appeals to "Lay down your arms, comrades, and come over to our side, the side of the working people." But the men from America were not seduced by these Red wiles, and they held to their positions through the black winter despite all assaults of printed word and high explosive. They were heartened by the appointment of a new commanding officer in Poole's stead, the British general W. E. Ironside—"a great tower of a man, the embodiment of soldierly force and resolution. He directly announced that all ideas of a further offensive were abandoned and that all fronts from thenceforward would be content to hold their ground."

And so the brave men played the game of war all winter until the April thaws forced the enemy to withdraw his artillery before it became mired. During that time there were moments on most of the six little isolated fronts when total annihilation seemed almost a certainty. The brilliant General Trotzky himself directed the Reds in some of the battles, spurring his now well equipped and well trained divisions to their most furious attacks.

The Americans, with their British and French comrades in arms, who had been glibly called the equal of twenty times their number of bolsheviks, now really had to make that snobbish, imperialistic assumption come true. That they did so can be no more convincingly proved than by the words of one of the Red prisoners, captured by Americans on the river front near Berezniuk:

"Our losses are terrible. The commissars cannot understand your resistance. We are twenty to one and have many guns. Our commander expected to take Berezniuk in three days, but the soldiers will not attack any more over the snow against your awful machine guns."

In May, 1919, at last came word that the "American expeditionary force, north Russia," was to return to America, seven months after the armistice. It did so in June—remorseful that its orders forced it to abandon the other Allied troops, leaving them more exposed than ever to the triumphant bolsheviks—and sailed away with a record of 2,485 casualties on the chief surgeon's report and its soldiers' minds still speculating as to what the war had been about and their hearts thankful at least that their bizarre service to their country was at an end.