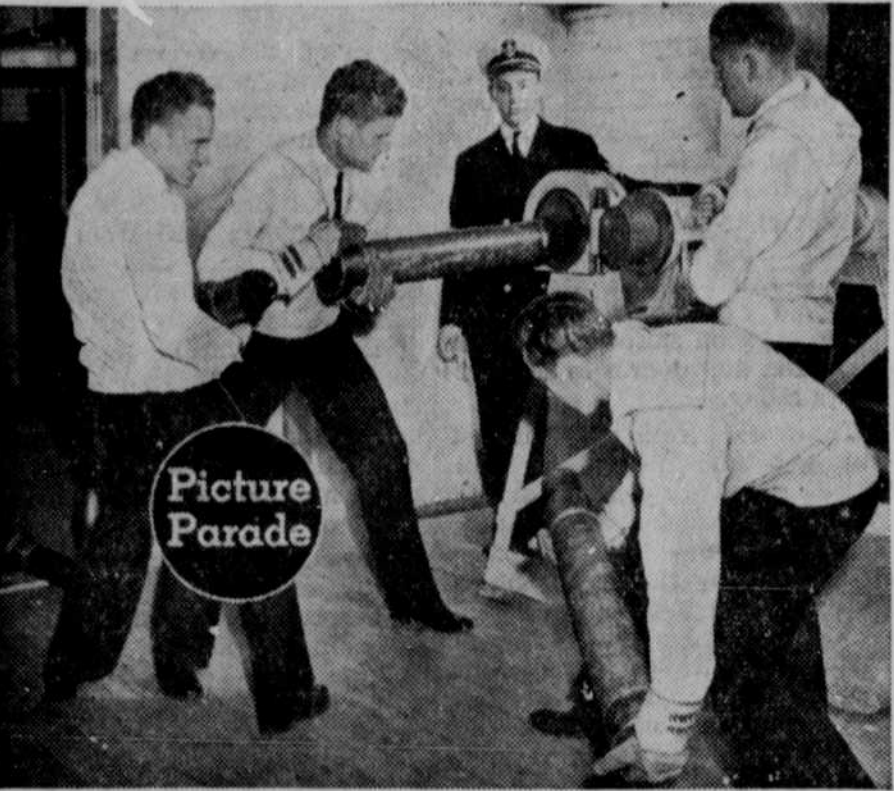


### Brown Boys in Blue

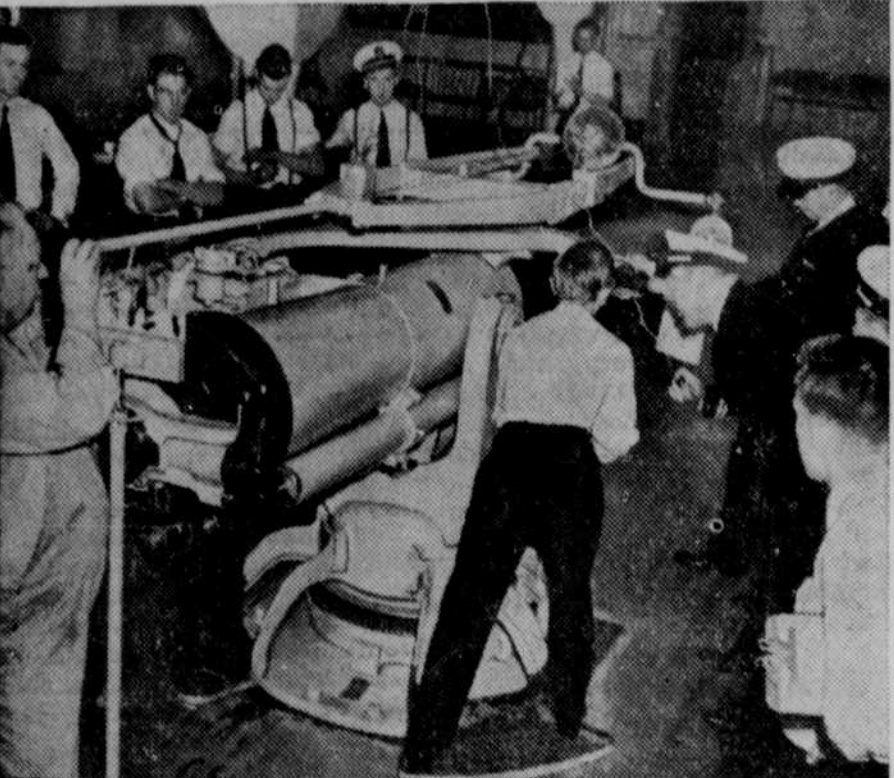
The navy department has established naval reserve officers training corps at various colleges throughout the nation. Typical of these is the unit at Brown university, Providence, R. I., where the navy has a key base at nearby Newport. These photos take you to Brown, and show you how the Brown boys in blue are learning the arts of the seagoing warrior to man the fortresses of floating steel that are our first line of defense.



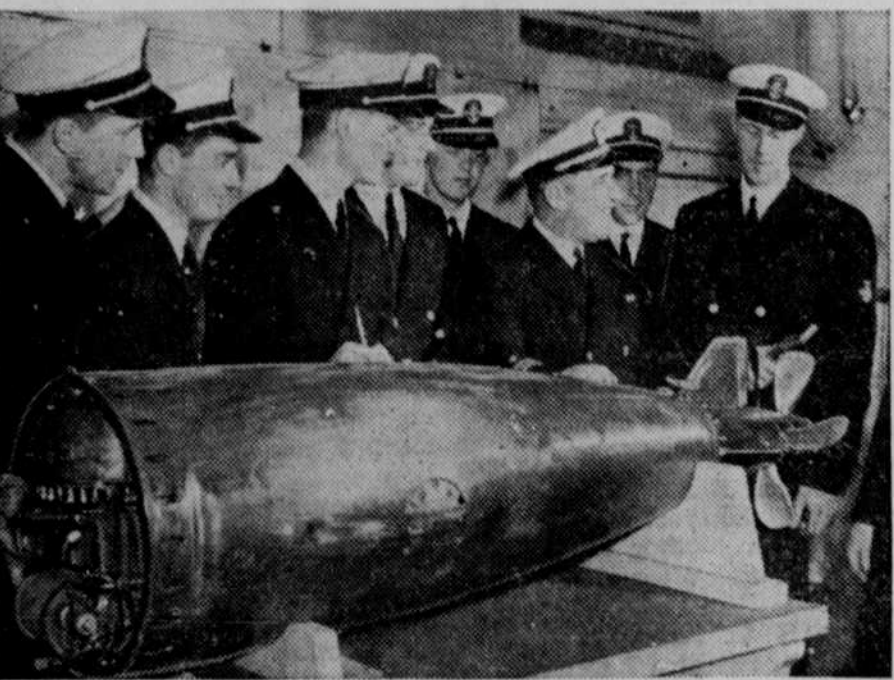
Like the generations of Brown sons who have fought in every one of America's wars since the Revolution, these young men are determined to share in America's victory effort.



Loading and firing of naval guns is practiced in this loading machine. Dummy shells are used. A job where teamwork counts.



Naval instructors who teach the Brown boys their gunnery simulate conditions at sea by means of a device that makes the target heave and toss.



"TIN FISH" . . . Studying the after part of a torpedo, one of the most intricate of naval weapons.



### CURRENT FICTION

#### Youthful Enthusiasm

By STANLEY CORDELL

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

BRENDA FOSTER is young and enthusiastic. Her interests are varied and admiration for successful artists, composers, baseball players, tennis players, actors and actresses and writers and others too numerous to mention, is fervent.

Brenda's favorite writer is Elliott Rice. Brenda especially likes the endings of his stories. He has a way of summing things up with satisfying completeness in a few brief concluding sentences. In a word Elliott Rice is a "trick" ending writer, and 90 per cent of his popularity is undoubtedly due to this characteristic.

Perhaps Brenda's passion for trick ending writers is due largely to her own fondness for clever solutions. Indeed, she had always thought that if she ever had the opportunity to talk with Elliott Rice she could provide him with a wealth of material of her own origin.

Of course her immediate family and many of her more intimate friends had ridiculed the idea, as they are apt to ridicule most of Brenda's plans. They think her too enthusiastic and self confident.

However, last summer the miracle happened. She was presented to Elliott Rice at a party at the Mountain View Country Club.

Brenda, in company with her mother and father and two brothers, were on a motor trip through the mountains and had stopped off at the club for the night. Elliott Rice had arrived the week before for a fortnight of golf. It was before the season was well under way, and comparatively few guests were at the club. But among the few was



"You know, Mr. Rice, I have several ideas for stories I'm sure you could use."

one, Anson Reynolds, an old business associate of Brenda's father, who had struck up an acquaintance with Elliott Rice. Mr. Reynolds insisted on giving a dinner party for his old friends the Fosters, to which he invited the famous author.

The Fosters were quite thrilled, though they were aware of Brenda's devotion for Mr. Rice and the anticipation of how she might react to personal contact with him, was, especially to Mrs. Foster, faintly disturbing.

"Remember," she admonished, "don't ask him a lot of silly questions and don't try to give him ideas for stories. Whatever notions you might have would never do as story material."

Brenda nodded and smiled knowingly. She had her own ideas on the subject, and she didn't intend being deterred from carrying them out.

Elliott Rice proved to be an oldish man, rather thin and tired looking. He wasn't the least bit romantic looking and there was a perpetually bored expression in his eyes. Brenda contrived to sit next to him at the table, and seemed not at all distressed because of his age or his lack of beauty. Her eyes watched him adoringly; she hung on every word he uttered, seemed timid about expressing an opinion of her own. In fact, by the time the last course had been served Mrs. Foster's fears that her daughter might embarrass the entire family were practically dispelled.

They were idling over their coffee when the thing happened. Brenda turned abruptly to Elliott Rice and said: "You know, Mr. Rice, I have several ideas for stories I'm sure you could use."

A faintly annoyed look came into Elliott Rice's eyes and he seemed to sigh. Across the table, Mrs. Foster tried desperately to get Brenda's attention. Mr. Foster and the boys shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

But Brenda was oblivious to the lack of response on the part of those present, and went ahead with the telling of her idea. She finished and Elliott Rice stood up, excused himself hurriedly and left with a suddenness that brought the color to Mrs. Foster's cheeks. Had it not been for the presence of Anson Reynolds, Brenda would then and there have been told a thing or two.

The party adjourned to the club lobby a few moments later and en route, behind Mr. Reynolds' back, Mrs. Foster glared darkly at her daughter, a glare that was far more impressive than speech. Brenda felt guilty and might have considered escaping to her room, had it not been for the fact that at the moment Elliott Rice joined them. He

seemed to have reconsidered and forgiven Brenda her boresome conversation.

Unfortunately, however, Brenda's enthusiasm was not the kind that is easily suppressed. She is too vivacious and wholeheartedly sincere. Twice more during the evening that followed, she managed to get within speaking distance of Mr. Rice, and each time gave voice to one of the ideas she was "sure he could use in one of his stories." And on both occasions Mr. Rice arose, as though fearing Brenda would begin again, and excused himself, returning several moments later.

At length, Mrs. Foster, chancing detection, drew Brenda aside as casually as possible and ordered her to her room. "You've insulted the man three times," she said. "I declare, your father and I are embarrassed to death."

"But, mother—" "Go to your room at once," Mrs. Foster hissed in a fierce undertone. And Brenda went.

On the following day the Fosters departed. They left early, thankful to be off before other guests were astir so that Brenda could not further insult Elliott Rice with her silly ideas.

Poor Brenda. She was still young, and disillusionment was a bitter pill to swallow. Being a temperamental soul, she spent the remainder of the journey brooding and condemning herself for being such a trial to her parents, though as yet she could not understand the cause of their irritation.

Two months later the Fosters were home and the incident at Mountain View practically forgotten. Brenda was once more her enthusiastic self, though her family were now more than ever conscientious about suppressing the child's silly notions.

Even after the letter arrived and was read, they were still for many minutes, due, of course, to habit, a good deal septical.

The letter was from Elliott Rice, and accompanying it was a check of three figures, made out to Brenda Foster. The letter read as follows: "My dear Miss Foster: I was so disappointed last June to learn that you had left Mountain View. You seemed to have such a fund of ideas for good stories. I had hoped to see more of you. When a writer gets as old as I, you know, he is apt to find himself in dire straits oftentimes for fresh material. Frequently, when meeting people such as you, who have ideas, I find myself embarrassed. Most folks, you know, are inclined to think of a writer as somewhat dramatic. I therefore always leave the company to jot down my notes in private, rather than make a show of it when others are about, and in so doing frequently obviate embarrassment. I was afraid that the ideas you had given me might escape my memory if left to simmer."

"I feel that the enclosed check is rightfully yours. Thank you for your efforts in my behalf. Please try and call on me sometime when you are traveling in this vicinity. Gratefully yours, Elliott Rice."

#### Plastic Autos Taking Shape Quite Rapidly

Plastics compose only about 2 per cent of the sleek 1942 model cars, but the percentage will rise gradually, according to a Detroit designer. Eventually the all-plastic car will predominate.

"By using plastics we not only save valuable materials," he said, "but we also achieve durability and beauty at the same time."

The car you're driving doubtless has a plastic steering wheel, a semi-plastic instrument panel. The grille work on the radio you tune as you press down on the accelerator is plastic. So is the receptacle into which you tap your cigarette ashes.

Approximately 40 per cent of the instrument panels of some cars now are plastic.

Although plastic reduces weight by one half, the designer said, it's a mistake to assume that the material lacks toughness. Suppose you banged a plastic fender in trying to squeeze into a tight parking space. What would happen? Walker said the plastic would bound right back into shape and you scarcely could notice the dent.

If you were driving a car with a plastic body and smashed against a telephone post, it would be a different situation entirely. For one thing, the plastic would break. But the job of replacing it wouldn't be "too difficult."

You'd just have it patched up with new plastic panels, and no one would be able to tell the difference.

Plastics have great potentialities when it comes to color. Color can be an inherent part of plastic, and that means it won't chip or scratch. The color schemes? Dark reds, browns, tans, greens, blues and black. Pastel shades, popular with women motorists, would have to be painted over the other colors.

Probably the first large-scale use of plastic in automobiles, the designer said, would be in the top. A clear plastic top would give the driver better vision, admit healthful ultra-violet rays and keep out harmful infra rays.

### History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

#### That American 'Devil'

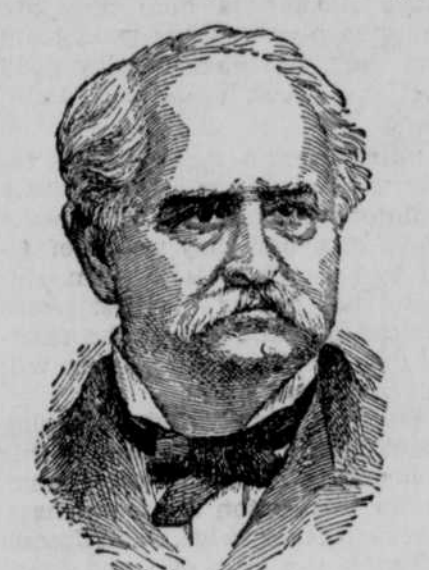
THE war now raging in the Far East is not the first time that American and Japanese armed forces have been pitted against each other. Seventy-odd years ago they fought a fierce naval battle and thereby hangs a tale of American daring and American heroism which compares favorably with the stories that have recently been coming out of Hawaii, Wake and Midway islands and the Philippines.

This battle took place in the summer of 1863 during the Civil war. Among the United States naval officers, who were detailed to patrol the high seas in search of armed Confederate vessels that were preying upon Union commerce, was David Stockton McDougal, commander of the steam frigate, Wyoming.

Ordered to cruise in Asiatic waters, McDougal arrived in the Orient to find that danger from Southern raiders was not the only threat to the safety of American shipping. For the mikado of Japan had issued an edict expelling all foreigners from the Flowery Kingdom, and fanatical Japanese clansmen already had made several attacks upon American and other foreign vessels in the Straits of Shimonoseki.

McDougal proceeded immediately to the scene of hostilities and on July 16 steamed into the straits. Ahead of him were bluffs from 50 to 150 feet high, on top of which were fortifications whose guns could sweep the waters of the straits. Besides these land batteries, there were three native vessels in readiness to repel any invader.

It was a situation which might have daunted the bravest captain that ever trod the deck of a man-of-war. "McDougal was the type



COMMANDER D. S. McDOUGAL

who didn't know what fear was, which, combined with a clear insight into the motives for action, made an ideal officer," says Maclay in his "History of the Navy."

"Making directly for these vessels, he shook out his colors, but reserved his fire, intending to attack the vessels first and give his attention to the batteries afterwards. The sight of the American flag seemed to act like oil on the fire, for now the Japanese opened from other batteries with savage ferocity. McDougal's shift from the main channel somewhat disconcerted their plans, as seen by the fact that most of their shots took effect in the Wyoming's rigging."

The American vessel was now engaged with the three Japanese ships. By a well-directed fire the American gunners succeeded in sinking two of them, despite the fact that the Wyoming had run aground and was in danger of being rammed by the third. But the fire of the frigate soon drove that enemy ship off and silenced her guns.

Then McDougal concentrated on the shore batteries and, while deliberately retracing his course through the straits, kept up a most effective fire. The Japanese clansmen, fearless as they were, were greatly impressed by McDougal's boldness. They believed that he possessed more than human nerve in thus running the gauntlet of fire which they had prepared for him and long afterward they spoke respectfully of the "American Devil" who had defeated them in the Straits of Shimonoseki.

An even higher tribute was paid to him by a fellow-American. Theodore Roosevelt said "Had this action occurred at any other time than during the Civil war, its fame would have echoed all over the world." But the memory of Gettysburg and Vicksburg was fresh in the minds of the people of the North. So it was easy for them to overlook the valor of an obscure sea captain winning a minor battle on the other side of the world, heroic though his achievement had been.

Born in Ohio in 1809, Stockton entered the navy at the age of 19 and served as a midshipman on the sloop, Natchez, in the West Indies squadron from 1829 to 1831. After several years' service in the Orient he was commissioned a captain in 1864 and placed in command of the steam sloop, Powhatan. In 1870 he became commander of the south squadron of the Pacific fleet and in 1873 he was made a rear-admiral. He was then placed on the retired list after nearly half a century in the service. He died in San Francisco on August 7, 1882.

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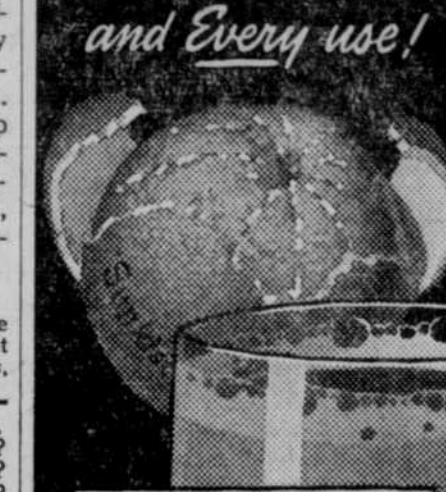
#### ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz

- The Questions
1. In the name of the extinct dinosaur, what is the meaning of dino?
  2. When a Scotsman speaks of "Auld Cloutie," who does he mean?
  3. What federal department includes the Children's bureau?
  4. Which of the following are most likely to be skilled in homiletics—druggists, clergymen or artillerymen?
  5. How many countries touch Peru?
  6. How long did it take Thomas Gray to write his famous "Elegy"?
  7. Where is the sting of the bee?

#### The Answers

1. Terrible.
2. Satan.
3. Department of labor.
4. Clergymen (art of preaching).
5. Five (Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, Chile, and Bolivia).
6. It took him 13 years to write the poem containing 32 four-line stanzas.
7. In its tail.

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