

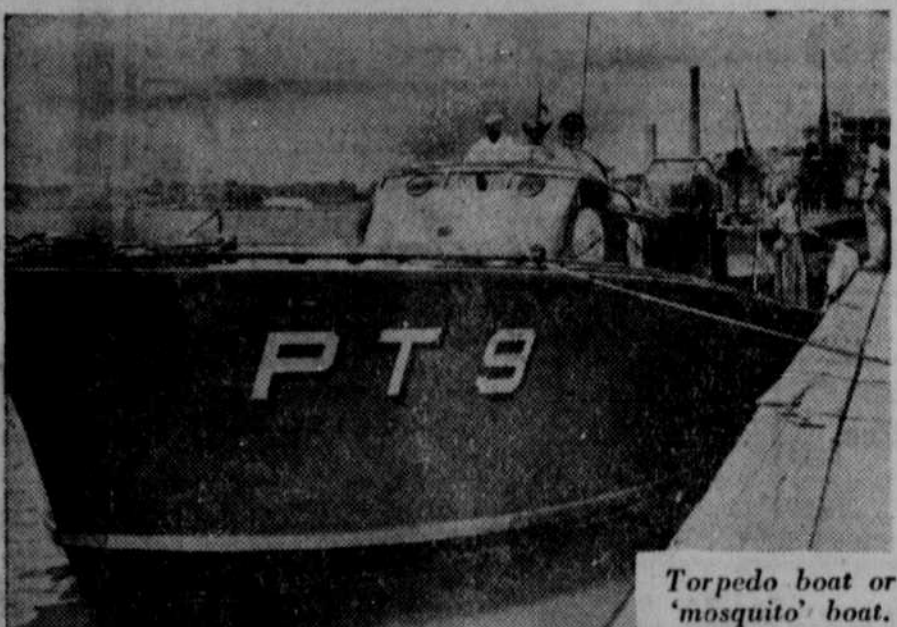
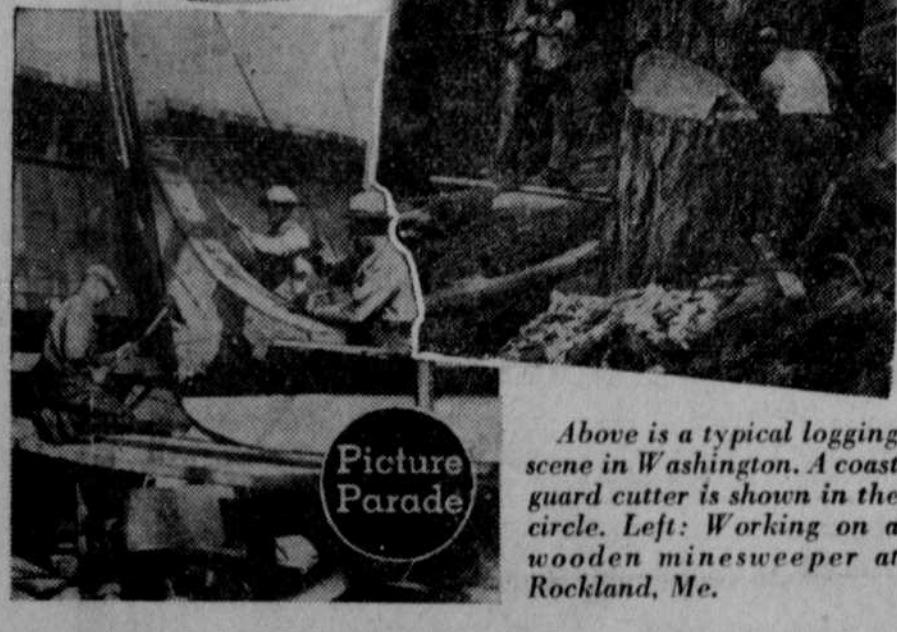
Wooden Ships That Pack a Punch

When steel became scarce, New England builders of fishing trawlers went back to wood. They convinced the navy they could build swift, useful auxiliary ships of wood. And now Uncle Sam's one-ton featherweight mosquito fleet—unarmored and made of plywood—have sunk transports and warships. It was a mosquito boat that got General MacArthur out of Bataan.

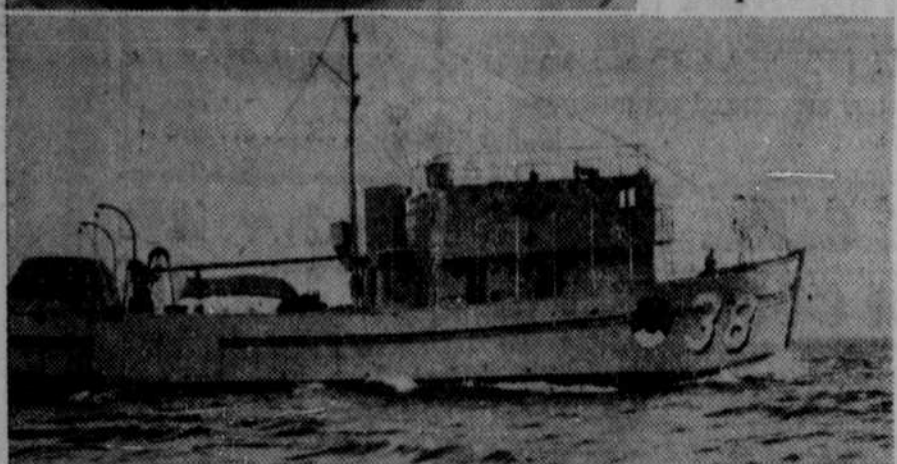


Picture Parade

Above is a typical logging scene in Washington. A coast guard cutter is shown in the circle. Left: Working on a wooden minesweeper at Rockland, Me.



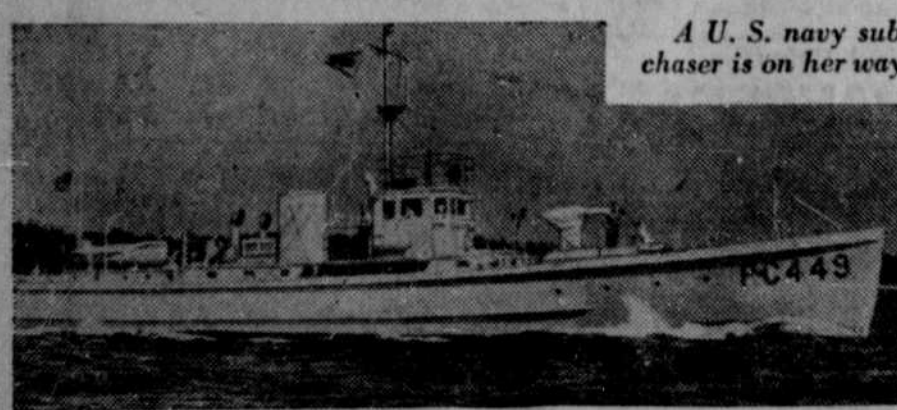
Torpedo boat or 'mosquito' boat.



Picture at top shows a coastal minesweeper. Below: coast guard cabin picket boat, 38 feet in length.



Stretch of virgin timber in Washington on which logging operations are just starting. Mt. Rainier is shown in background.



A U. S. navy sub-chaser is on her way.

Dreams Come True

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

IMAGINATION can be a pleasant thing, but sometimes when one has allowed himself to dream dreams, the return to a prosaic everyday life can be shockingly bitter.

Osborne Lincoln experienced these sensations rather regularly and fortunately he had a true and understanding wife who also was given to dreams and fond hopes and longings. In fact, their dreams were mostly about the same sort of thing—mainly of living the life of westerners.

To cope with this longing they saw all the western movies they could. It was after seeing an especially good picture of this type that Osborne took the bull by the horns so to speak.

"Listen, honey," he said to Sally. "Let's do it. Let's chuck things here and go out west. I've always wanted to, always wanted to realize at least one of my dreams, and now that I know you like the West—"

He waited for her reply, breathless, fearful. But Sally dispelled his every doubt at once. "Darling, I'd love to! Honest! We're still young, and if we don't make a go at it, we can always start over."

And so they did. They bought a ranch, stocked and furnished, sight unseen, from a real estate agent in Salt Lake City. It took most of their savings, but they were doing what both wanted to do, and neither had a moment's regret. Even sight of the "ranch" didn't cool their ardor.

"What if it is only a shack!" Sally exclaimed. "We can fix it up. I'll plant a garden out front and you

can paint the place and—and we'll make a home of it!"

Identifying an establishment as a home depends upon its occupants. To the Lincolns the shack on the flat, desolate plain was a home. They were delighted with it, and if they weren't they never admitted it to each other. They called it the X Bar L ranch, which sounded real western. Osborne went to town and had a branding iron made and proceeded to rebrand his stock (thirty steers all told) with the X Bar L imprint, and felt pretty proud when he'd finished. Then he did the paint job Sally had spoken about, and Sally planted her flowers. By and large they were kept busy for a month or so.

But when these things were done, both began to wonder what to do next. The thirty steers didn't require much attention. Osborne wished his herd numbered into the thousands. Then he could employ cowboys, and maybe someone would rustle a few head and a posse would have to be formed to track down the "varmints." But it would be a long, long time before the X Bar L herd would number even into the hundreds, and this fact was faintly disturbing.

Despite their best efforts, life on the "Ranch" began to pall a little. The scenery wasn't anything to gasp over and their nearest neighbors lived ten miles away. Once a week they drove to town for the mail and provisions, and this was the only day they saw anyone besides themselves. Osborne continued to hope that something would happen: shooting, rustling, even a storm. Anything to break the monotony. He wished he owned a horse, even a plug, let alone a spirited black charger. He wished, also, that he knew how to ride.

Three months passed and then one day Sally came back from town in a state of high excitement. "Osborne, I've just found the darriest little place for sale, right on the edge of town! I—I think we ought to buy it."

"Buy it? Why? What's wrong with the X Bar L?"

"Nothing, really. Only this place is more like what we had in mind. It's prettier and we could have a milk cow and some chickens and a vegetable garden, and we could get along very nicely. Besides, it's nearer town where things are going on."

Osborne laughed. "Going on? Holy smoke, does anything ever go on around here? Why, I haven't

seen a person who even remotely resembles a cowboy. I've hardly seen a man on horseback. No one carries six-shooters and there aren't any desperadoes or anything at all that I expected to find. Honestly, I'm getting kind of fed up."

Sally looked at him forlornly. "It's usually like that," she said. "About trying to realize your dreams, I mean."

"Like it? Oh, I suppose I do. The country's about what I expected. It's a good, clean, wholesome life, and I guess that after awhile we could make a fair living. Only—well, there's something lacking."

Sally smiled and squeezed his arm. "That's the way I feel, too. If it weren't for the gap, we'd both be happy. Well, I think I know how we can fill in the gap. But first we've got to buy that little place near town."

Osborne couldn't see the point of it, but the next day he rode into town with Sally in their second-hand car, and looked at the cottage. It was really quite attractive, with trees around and a flower garden already started, a large barn and about fifty acres of land. "The real estate agent said he'd take the X Bar L as the first payment," Sally said. "He can always sell it to other suckers like us." She grinned and Osborne grinned back at her—and agreed that they ought to own the cottage.

And so the Osborne Lincolns moved into the cottage near town which they named the X Bar L after the old ranch, and were much happier. Within a month they were well established, and then Sally told him they'd better begin filling in the gap, before life on the new X Bar L began to pall.

Osborne was still puzzled, but he dressed up as directed that evening and they drove to town. The first thing that greeted Osborne's eyes was a string of new bright lights.

"What in heck is going on?" he asked, remembering that the last time he'd been in town was the day they had visited the real estate agent's office, and that that was his only visit in two months.

"Tonight," said Sally, with a little laugh, "they're christening the new movie theater. It's the first they've ever had, and they're going to hold shows four nights a week. Moreover," she added, "they're planning to specialize in westerns, because the people out here like westerns—to fill in the gap."

Osborne looked astonished, but suddenly he grinned because he knew what she meant. A good rip-snorting western was all they needed once a week or so to be completely happy.

Old Tavern Keeper Was Thought to Be a Killer

Tales of gold, murder and mysterious disappearances still haunt Lake Juson, Miss. The ghoulish reputation attached to this acre-large lake both attracts and repels residents of the section.

The lake itself holds fascination, for its fresh water apparently comes from nowhere, nor does it seem to have an outlet through which to flow—yet it remains constantly cold.

Recorded in history for more than a century, it received its name from Juson, a Frenchman whose first name long has been lost. Near the water which bears his name he built his trading post in the 1830s, strategically located on the original Jackson Military highway.

Down this road came caravans from north Mississippi, carrying crops of the pioneer planters to Mobile. Juson's trading post served a few of them as a hotel. Legend says that he had only an Indian companion, and as darkness descended many of the travelers fell into a sleep into which they never awoke.

Gold which these wayfarers bore, tradition says, was hidden in Juson's tavern. Bodies of the travelers went into the lake.

Over a long period Juson is said to have become fabulously rich, but old age apparently brought penitence, according to legend, and one night he and his companion threw two sacks of gold into the water.

When the Indian turned to follow back to the trading post Juson is supposed to have thrust a long knife into his servant's heart and to have thrown the body into the lake.

Value Medical Facilities

The potential value of a local medical center in communities not having access to city hospitals, can not be overestimated. Wounds, bruises, dislocations, fractures, infections, and shock can be treated immediately in such a center; X-rays can be taken, indicating whether or not a given individual should incur the expense of going some distance to a large hospital; and farm and small-town mothers, who would otherwise lack suitable care can here receive essential maternity and pre-maternity attention.

Community Autumn Festivals

As a project designed to foster neighborliness and the best traditions of the American way of life, few possible activities are superior to the autumn festival. There is a spirit in a typical autumn or harvest home festival—in the annual celebration of garnered crops and full granaries—that appeals to something racial and primitive in all men; and a spirit, too, which is conducive to co-operation and charity and true gratitude for the bounty of Nature.



By LEMUEL F. PARTON
Consolidated Features—WNU Features.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

NEW YORK.—Anton Adrian Mussert is the little man who gets the poison ivy garland as the Netherlands quivering. There has been

Dutch 'Quisting' Is a Pint Flask Of Pure Poison

keen competition between Mussert, Himmer's man, and Ross von Tonningen, a protege of Goering, for the above supreme dishonor. Late dispatches indicate that Mussert has definitely won.

Clinical historians will, as they examine Mussert's career, find a classical pattern of the origins and incitements of Quistingism. The scrubby little boy of the lovely village of Werkendan in south Holland was a short-ender in everything he tried, and in addition to that had a gift for getting himself disliked by his schoolmates. Furthermore, he suffered from a delusion that he was a reincarnation of his great-grandfather Reus Mussert. Reus was a giant who smacked everybody down for miles around and became a sort of Paul Bunyan in the Low Countries. Little Anton made many miscalculations in trying to be like Reus. He became like Horace's "even-tempered man"—always mad.

His aunt paid for his education in civil engineering at the University of Delft. His wife wanted to be a grand lady, perhaps co-ruler with him of a subjugated Holland, and she and the aunt were always fanning up his frustrated power mania. He did well enough in the university but when he finished they fled him away in a grubby little civil service job.

A little dash of printer's ink lanced the boil of his suppressed hatreds, and headed him toward his great betrayal. In 1929, there was a row on between Holland and Belgium over a joint canal project, and, tearing loose with some wild invective, he hit the headlines. He formed a new political party, patterned on Mussolini and Fascism, and began recruiting the less literate section of the country in public yelling matches against "decadent parliamentarianism" and "capitalistic plutocracy." Hitler sent him an "atta boy!" message and there was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

His domineering aunt made him divorce his wife and marry her. Then she caught him philandering with his pretty stenographer and jerked him out of the management of the new party. Holland was vastly amused by the tough-talking little dictator being owned and operated by his wife, but underestimated his gifts as a germ-carrier—until he helped let the Nazis in.

JOHN MASEFIELD'S cargoes of "pigiron and old tin trays" are apt to take wings before this war is over. A friend of this writer, a designer of aircraft, just told us about great air freighters coming through soon, built quickly and stoutly of plywood, capable of long flights with a heavy load, and with production costs so low in manpower and materials that quantity production will be swift and easy. It wouldn't take many of them to do the work of a fair-sized ship, said my friend, taking into account their greater speed. He is lit up with the idea that here is the answer to the submarine problem, and he says it is, right now, a lot more than a blueprint.

Back in March, 1932, Walter H. Beech resigned as vice president of the Curtiss-Wright corporation, to design and build commercial planes. He has had some tough going, but his decade of chance-taking in the commercial free-for-all, has blossomed into a whale of a plant at Wichita, Kan., making wooden planes, trainer planes to be sure, but right in line with coming air argosies of plywood and pre-fabricated mahogany. The side of a plane is slammed together and attached to the fuselage in only a few minutes. The plant business, in dollar accounting, has risen 4,000 per cent in the last 18 months. All fears of a financial forced landing are past.

Mr. Beech has never hesitated to take a sharp turn off the main road. He resigned from the army air corps, in 1921, eager to try out some new ideas, and organized the Swallow Aeroplane company. Then came his Travel Air Manufacturing company, building the famous "Mystery S" in which Capt. Frank Hawks outwitted the crack army ships. His Beech Aircraft corporation turned out the plane which won the Macfadden Trophy race from St. Louis to Miami last January. He is always experimenting, with the sky as his laboratory.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Nazi War Losses in Russia Not Surprising To U. S. . . . Churchill Expects Germany's Collapse by Christmas . . .

WASHINGTON.—Official Britain has been greatly surprised by what it regards as the lack of interest in the United States in that part of Winston Churchill's recent broadcast, which related to German casualties in the Russian campaign.

The men around Mr. Churchill, according to reports just received here, had expected to see headlines six inches high on the front page of every American newspaper on this feature. When the first U. S. papers telling of the broadcast arrived in London you could have knocked them over with the proverbial feather. They even cabled their embassy in Washington to find out what had happened. Had the all-important paragraphs been smothered by static or what?

The item in question here is Churchill's statement that Nazi losses on the Russian front already had passed the total German losses in World War No. 1. He did not mention the number. A few American writers and commentators dug up the fact that German killed, alone, in World War No. 1, numbered more than 1,700,000. So that if more than 1,700,000 German soldiers have been killed in Russia since June last it is tremendously important.

Officials Disappointed

Now let's look at the background to the tremendous disappointment in British officialdom that the United States newspapers did not run to big front-page display on this. Actually the British officials knew that Mr. Churchill was exploding a bombshell. Yet so far as America was concerned it was a dud.

They probably thought that by this time their own painstaking habit of checking and rechecking before making any claim, and the obvious understatement which this process produces, would have been properly appraised in America. It has been reported here by virtually every returned correspondent. But it hasn't been fully appreciated.

So here's a tip to Mr. Churchill for any future statement he may make which he expects to electrify America. This is the way he should have expressed that point which the U. S. papers played down:

"You have not known what to believe about what was happening in Russia. You have been highly skeptical about both Nazi and Soviet claims. But the British government, which never claims a Nazi plane has been shot down unless somebody BESIDES the flier who did the shooting SAW and REPORTED it, has checked the figures. The British government, through its own sources exclusively, and with triple checking to see that no dead Nazi soldier was counted twice, can inform you that more than 1,700,000 Nazi troops have been killed, and proportionate numbers captured and wounded, in Russia since the Nazi invasion of that country began last June."

That statement would have gotten headlines. Although Mr. Churchill would express it much better, it is an accurate statement of the facts before him at the time.

Which, considering how skeptical some of us have been about the Soviet claims, is the best news yet.

Can Germany Face Another Winter of Fighting?

Putting together two of Winston Churchill's statements in recent speeches, it is a rather simple deduction, that he really hopes for the war to end by Christmas, so far as Hitler is concerned. THIS Christmas. Not the end of the war by that time—Japan will remain to be dealt with—but the collapse of Hitler.

The first of these two statements was in his broadcast, when he said that Nazi losses in Russia alone so far had exceeded total German losses of World War No. 1. He mentioned no figures, but more than 1,700,000 Germans were killed, not counting wounded and captured, in World War No. 1.

The second was that while he had not yet reached the crest, we were in sight of it.

The "crest" is when Germany faces another winter of fighting in Russia! That will smash morale behind the German lines. Mr. Churchill believes, when the cold of next November turns into the bitter frigidty of December along that Russian battle line. Mr. Churchill is assuming, in this premise, that he will reach the "crest" now in sight. That means he does not believe there will be such a Nazi victory in the warm weather of this summer as to prevent the collapse of German morale when cold weather sets in. In short, he does not believe the Germans will win through to the oil fields of the Caucasus this summer.

Otherwise, we would be driven back out of sight of the "crest" in the next few months.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA
Week Starts FRIDAY
JUNE 12
On the STAGE
IN PERSON
PHIL HARRIS
and his ORCHESTRA
ALL NEW REVUE
ON THE SCREEN
"Butch Babies"
with BRUCE CHAWORTH

J. Fuller Pep
By JERRY LINK
Talkin' to a fellow the other day, I couldn't help thinkin' that lots of folks claim they have an open mind when the fact o' the matter is it's only vacant.
Which reminds me that if you really think straight about vitamins, you'll see why I keep tellin' folks about KELLOGG'S PEP. An' that's because this swell cereal is extra-rich in the two vitamins most often short in ordinary meals—B₁ and D. And believe me, PEP is a mighty sick-tastin' cereal. Why don't you try it tomorrow?
Kellogg's Pep
A delicious cereal that supplies per serving (1 oz.): the full minimum daily need of vitamin B₁; 1/4 the daily need of vitamin D.

If You Bake at Home . . .
We have prepared, and will send absolutely free to you a yeast recipe book full of such grand recipes as Oven Scones, Cheese Puffs, Honey Pecan Buns, Coffee Cakes and Rolls. Just drop a card with your name and address to Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.—Adv.

GAS ON STOMACH
What many Doctors do for it
When excess stomach acid causes gas, sour stomach or heartburn, doctors prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Heilans Tablets. No laxative. If your very first trial doesn't prove Heilans better, return bottles to us and get double your money back, etc.
Work in Sight
Banish the future; live only for the hour and its allotted work . . . For surely our plain duty is "not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—Osler.

CORNS GO FAST
Pain goes quick, corns speedily removed when you use this, soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Try them!
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Destination Known
The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows where he is going. But take time to get there. Patient years must be spent in preparation. Take time enough.—David Starr Jordan.

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 thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. Worth trying!
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

That Nagging Backache
May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
Modern life with its hurry and worry irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS