



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
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NEW YORK.—A former political officer in the Near East recently told this writer that he considered the 1,000-mile Iraq to Haifa oil line as possibly the most vital military stretch in the world. Britain's second Lawrence of Arabia looks after it diligently, now and then lightly sideswiped in the news, with word that he has taken to planes instead of slow moving camels in making his rounds—as of today.

He is Col. John B. Glubb, commander in chief of the Arab legion, a quiet, stoop-shouldered, studious man, who is quite unlike the romantic Lawrence. His name might suggest as much. Lawrence's mystical fervor somewhat diluted his hard political realism. Nothing like that with Colonel Glubb. He is a calm, precise political functionary who has sunk 23 of his 45 years in the job of keeping the Arabs lined up amicably with Britain.

Britain has never for a moment underrated the danger of disaffection among the 250,000,000 of the Moslem world, from India to Morocco. Propaganda box scores haven't the finality or clarity of World Series returns, but in the pre-war years observers generally gave the decision to Germany and Italy as against Britain for a more persistent and sagacious radio penetration of the Moslem desert tribes. The former would give the shiek something like "My Desert Rose," with a bit of boogie-woogie arabesque mixed in and start them ragging happily in every oasis. Britain would counter with Big Ben—not so good, by all accounts. Then again, the Axis powers bribed lavishly and, when that didn't work, threatened menacingly.

Obviously Colonel Glubb had a difficult assignment. Lawrence, with Allenby, had the advantage of fighting an offensive propaganda war, moving in on the crackup of the Turkish empire. Colonel Glubb's long, lonely war has been defensive, not only against the Nazi-Fascist onslaught, but against the kickback of Lawrence's unfinished political agenda.

Integrity appeared to be Britain's answer to the opposing propaganda barrage. That is what Colonel Glubb, in person and in action, signifies, and even sharply critical accounts of Britain's propaganda agree that he has been singularly effective.

In the hills of Transjordan, the tribesmen call him Abou Heineik, the Man With the Jaw. That has to do with a scar on his chin, the mark of a bullet in the First World War, in which he doubled in shooting and politics, as he is doing in this one.

Last May, fighting insurgent tribes, he received two bullet wounds and reports were that he had been killed, but he recovered and on October 21 was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for keeping everything ship-shape in Iraq and Syria.

He is shrewd. When he took command of the Arab Legion in 1932, he didn't let everybody in. Realizing perhaps that the quite human Arabs like a little

Special Privilege. A dash of privilege along with their **Bright-Hued Outfits** and **Up Patrol's Zest** for liberty, equality and fraternity, like all the rest of us, he made it quite something to be tapped for membership in the Legion. Then when they got the pipe line camel patrol going, he let the boys shop around for bright red galabehs, with long white sleeves, scarlet cloaks, multi-hued shawls and rope crowns on their heads. He gave them the biggest and stately camels he could find, and they worked with both zest and showmanship.

You couldn't very well mount a gun turret on a camel hump and Colonel Glubb, recognizing this, worked in a degree of mechanization which already has been effective in checking forays of marauding tribesmen, incited by the Axis.

The colonel is a Cornishman, not an old school tie man, up in the army from the ranks. He is a diligent student of Arabian geographical and military problems. This is important in view of the fact that for a decade or more the Nazis have been luring young Arabs to Berlin and educating them in their schools of geopolitics, a blue print for world conquest which, according to current authoritative studies began to take shape more than 100 years ago. A good deal of world destiny eddies about the shoulders of Colonel Glubb of the pipe line patrol.

History in the News
By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Rogers' Rangers, 1942 Model
WHEN a party of United States Rangers went on a British Commando raid in German-occupied France recently, the ghost of doughty old Robert Rogers must have smiled grimly and appreciatively to his fellows in that Valhalla where wander the shades of mighty warriors. For these American soldiers, trained like the British Commandos to climb mountains and jump down high cliffs, speed noiselessly through dense forests and kill silently with knives rather than with guns, gave such a good account of themselves against the Nazis as to prove their right to be named for Rogers' Rangers and thus perpetuate, with their deeds, the fame of those rough-and-ready bushfighters of long ago.



MAJ. ROBERT ROGERS

Rogers was born in 1727 at Dumbarton in the English colony of New Hampshire. His youth was spent as a hunter and trapper in the forests of New England and Canada and there he learned the lessons in Indian warfare which were to make him invaluable in the French and the Indian war.

At the opening of that conflict in 1755 Rogers led a force of hardy woodsmen from New Hampshire to Albany, N. Y., where the British and Colonial forces were being assembled to attack the French forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Sir William Johnson, the great Colonial leader, knowing of Rogers' reputation, used him and his men as scouts. Making his headquarters at Fort William Henry, a new post at the south end of Lake Champlain, Rogers began a series of forays against the French and their Indian allies.

So valuable did these New Hampshiremen prove to be as scouts and fighters that at the opening of the spring campaign in 1756, their leader was given a special commission by the Earl of Loudon, British commander-in-chief, to raise a picked corps of bush fighters who were to receive the same pay as the regulars but who were to carry on their operations in their own way. Thus came into existence that splendid body of military irregulars, known as Rogers' Rangers, who were to become the terror of their enemies and set the pattern for fighting methods of American frontiersmen for the next century.

Some of their adventures and their exploits make those of the dime novel heroes seem tame by comparison. When Kenneth Roberts came to write an historical novel about Rogers' Rangers, it wasn't necessary for him to draw upon his imagination to make it thrilling. All he had to do was tell the facts—as anybody who saw the movie "Northwest Passage" can testify.

Rogers' reward for his service was small. He visited England and suffered from poverty until he borrowed money with which to print his Journal. He presented this to the king and in 1765 was appointed commander at Michillimackinac. Accused of dishonesty he was sent in irons to Montreal and court-martialed. He went to England again but was soon imprisoned for debt.

Later he returned to America and at the outbreak of the Revolution found himself suspected by both the Patriots and Tories. Arrested by orders of Washington, he was later placed on parole but he was so embittered by this treatment that he broke his parole and openly joined the British.

Banished from America in 1778, he went to England where his later career was described as "wild, improvident and extravagant." He died some time after 1800, "a victim to his evil habits." Thus ended in anti-climax the life of this "first-class fightin' man."

Among those who served as Rogers' Rangers were two who were destined for future fame as leaders in the Continental army during the Revolution. One was another New Hampshireman, John Stark, later the victor at the Battle of Bennington, a "curtain-raiser" to the decisive battle of the Revolution—Saratoga. The other was from Connecticut and he was associated with Rogers in some of his most daring exploits against the French and Indians. His name was Israel Putnam—"Old Put" of Bunker Hill and Long Island battle fame.

Household Hints
by Lynn Chambers



Pack a Lunch That Gives Them a Lift
(See Recipes Below.)

Victory Lunch Box

How's the vim, vigor and vitamin content on the put-up lunches for your school children and defense workers? You may not realize it, but the three "v's" have an important bearing on their intelligence quotient, for good, well balanced food makes both child and adult fit for whatever the day may bring. A poorly nourished body isn't receptive to learning exposure, nor is it capable of meeting the intensive requirements of physical or mental work.

Lunches should pull no punches. Just because they are compact, and it's difficult to have as much variety and hot food as when you are preparing the lunch in your own kitchen, is no reason for skipping over the lunch lightly, in the hope you can make up these shortages at dinner. This meal in the middle of the day should take care of a third of the day's food requirements and as such is not a matter to be considered lightly.

Yes, it's a challenge, homemakers! You may bake the best cake in miles around or turn out a roast that's proud to behold, or a dessert that's purely ambrosial, but if you don't put up a lunch that your child or defense worker husband eats with gusto, you won't get my vote for excellence.

Now, let's get to work! Sandwiches are a standby, but let's make them something more than peanut-butter and jelly or cheese between a couple slices of bread.

Sandwich Ideas.

- Sliced or chopped hard-cooked eggs, combined with pickle and moistened with salad dressing.
- Sliced tongue or ham with mustard or horseradish.
- Liverwurst, mashed and seasoned with catsup.
- Chopped ham, chopped hard-cooked eggs, minced green pepper, cooked salad dressing.
- Cream cheese, grated yellow cheese, chopped pimiento, chopped green olives, salad dressing to moisten.
- Ground corned beef, chopped pickle, and chopped ripe olives blended with mayonnaise.
- Peanut butter and honey or cream cheese and lettuce.
- Meat loaf, lettuce, rye bread.

Have a hot dish, too. This makes for top-notch efficiency besides giving the luncheon a hearty and substantial angle that your children or defense-plant husband will welcome.

How to do? Simply use a thermos bottle for soup or a hot drink or unwarmed paper cups and containers for hot foods. Packing the kind of lunch your family can work on should be your aim—an aim, which is fast gaining prominence because hours lost out of the plant or by children from school by illness, mean sabotage on the nutrition front.

LYNN SAYS:

Ideas in a Box: Surprises are as welcome in a lunch box as on a birthday. Try adding a few stuffed prunes (with cream, cheese, honey and peanut butter or dates) just as an extra. It will go over big, as will a few salted nuts, a bit of stuffed celery and whole carrots.

Dress up lunch with a perky salad. They'll like cooked or canned green beans with cooked or canned carrots with lettuce and French dressing. Shredded cabbage with shredded carrots, strips of green pepper; grated carrots, diced pineapple and raisins; canned peas, chopped onion, hard-cooked egg. Devilled eggs are nice, too—with a touch of paprika for color.

Creamed meat or fish in the hollow of a bun which has been scooped out, and the top of the bun held on together with a toothpick is good. Try creamed dried beef, creamed sausages, tuna fish or salmon salad, or creamed stuffed eggs.

This Week's Menu

- Lunch Box**
*Vegetable Soup
*Tongue Sandwiches
*Grated Cheese Sandwiches
*Grated Carrot-Pineapple Salad
*Devilled Eggs
*Fresh Pear
*Honey Brownies
*Recipes Given

Do you ever realize how much the family raves over your good homemade vegetable soup? Yes, they do, and it will be especially welcome in the lunch box:

- *Vegetable Soup.
- 1 soup bone
- 2 quarts cold water
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 1 cup sliced okra
- 1 cup green beans, cut
- 2 cups diced potatoes
- 2 cups tomatoes

Wash bone and remove all loose, small pieces of bone. Cover with water and let simmer for two hours. Remove bone from broth and cook all vegetables until tender. Season. Salads make a complete meal of lunch besides providing the day's quota of vitamins. Neatly packed in small, waxed containers salads will retain their original freshness and appeal.

- *Vitamin Salad.
- 1 1/2 cups spinach leaves, raw
- 2 tablespoons chopped, mixed pickles
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 teaspoon chopped onion
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 cup cottage cheese

Add pickles and celery, chopped onion and salt to spinach and mix well. Chill overnight in covered waxed paper container in refrigerator. Pack cottage cheese and mayonnaise in separate small paper containers to serve with spinach mixture.

Bright, fresh, juicy fruits such as oranges, pears, apples, bananas, grapes, individually wrapped in waxed paper will give a lift in the middle of the day. Then for variety's sake you might have a pudding packed in an individual paper container like this one:

- Apricot Cream.**
(Serves 6)
- 4 egg yolks
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - Juice and rind of 1 lemon
 - 2 tablespoons hot water
 - 1/2 cup strained apricot pulp
 - 4 egg whites
 - 2 tablespoons powdered sugar

Beat egg yolks, add sugar, lemon juice, water and apricot pulp. Cook over hot water until thick. Beat egg whites stiff and add powdered sugar. Fold into cooled, cooked mixture. Place in refrigerator until thick and cold.

Cookies with fruit or puddings polish off the dessert course, and child or plant worker is ready for an afternoon of real "production." Favorite cookies made with honey to keep in tune with the times are:

- *Honey Brownies. (Makes 2 dozen)
- 1 package semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 6 tablespoons strained honey
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Melt chocolate and shortening over hot water. Cool. Beat eggs until lemon-colored and add honey gradually. Add sifted dry ingredients. Mix in chocolate, add vanilla and nuts. Pour into greased, waxed-paper lined 8 inch square pan. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate (370-degree) oven.

Cake Making? Bread Making? Cookie Baking? Budget Fixing? House-keeping? You name the problem and explain it. Miss Lynn Chambers will be glad to give you expert advice if you write to her, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Western Scenery
By JAMES FREEMAN
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

WHEN the county authorities offered to buy Sheriff Seth Crystal an automobile to be used in the exercise of his duty and enable him better to cope with modern bandits, he scorned their offers—and won their animosity. They didn't like his attitude, claimed he wasn't adequately equipped. But no one had yet summoned up enough courage to come out openly and declare that Seth had failed at his job, and demand a change.

Sheriff Crystal hated automobiles. They reminded him of the passing of the old West. He was old, this Sheriff Crystal, a member of the old school of bandit-hunters, somewhat of a sentimentalist, who dreamed of the past and lived in it a great deal, too.

There were rumors that it was time he was retired on a pension. He didn't want to be retired, or he didn't need to be.

But now the worst had happened. The bank at Salt Flats had been robbed, the cashier shot and the bandits escaped in a high-powered car. And Seth—ridiculous as it seemed—had set out to catch them, an hour later, astride his bay mare. Even in the face of such a grave situation there had been those who laughed, for it seemed such an absurd thing to do.

Fifteen miles north of Salt Flats Seth drew in his sweating mount at



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a point where the road swerved sharply to the left, skirting a rising bluff that eventually merged into the hills above the desert. Directly ahead of him lay Drybed Sink, sun-scorched and shimmering beneath the noonday sun.

During the winter months the floor of Drybed Sink was covered occasionally with water, rendering travel by horses or machine an impossibility because of the soft, oozy mud. But during the other nine months the bottom became baked hard by the sun, presenting a flat, smooth surface of a solidity strong enough to withstand the pressure of a dozen trucks at once. The sink served as a crosscut at these times for travelers wishing to reach the town of Morton, where the railroad passed through.

Seth urged his mare down onto the sink floor and settled into the saddle for the ten-mile ride beneath the broiling July sun. As he advanced a mirage, representing a cooling expanse of lake water, receded before him not 100 yards distant. The mirage had never failed to fascinate Seth. And today, despite the gravity of his thoughts, he watched it with as much interest as ever. Nothing had seemed more real, not even Lake Michigan, on which he had once gazed from a high promontory, years ago. Natives of the vicinity liked to bring tourists out to Drybed Sink just to hear their exclamations of incredulity. Many of them refused to believe the lake was not genuine until they had been taken down into the sink and shown.

Ordinarily Seth might have reflected on these amusing incidents, but today he was thinking of something more important. He was wondering what he'd say when those in charge down at the county seat accused him of being incompetent and condemned him for not bringing back the bandits. They'd say he didn't have a chance, because being without an automobile he wasn't on an equal footing with the bandits, and what would his answer be?

Seth didn't know why he kept on the trail. Possibly he had hopes of picking up a clue in Morton that might lead to something. But at best the outlaws would reach the railroad town shortly after noon, and pass through it. It was maddening, in a way, to think of the speed with which they could travel, maddening, and yet even now Seth refused to bow to the encroachment of a new West and the passing of the old. Somehow — out here — automobiles and such had no place. It was a man's country, and whether or not a man survived in it shouldn't depend on man-made machines. It didn't seem right.

Toward three o'clock Seth rode up the northern slope of the sink and came onto the road that spilled down out of the hills and stretched away in the distance to Morton. He paused to rest, again wondering just what he'd say when he reached the town, knowing full well that he'd appear a little ridiculous as he explained his mission and told of how the bank robbers had escaped.

The mare was close to exhaustion, but she moved unhesitatingly ahead when Seth picked up the reins. They plodded on for 100 yards or more, then Seth abruptly sat erect on his saddle and pulled in. Behind him unmistakably, he heard the roar of a motor. It was coming down the road, out of the hills.

Without knowing why, yet conscious of a vague hope, Seth urged the mare behind a clump of mesquite, and waited. Presently a car emerged into the flat country and roared toward him. Seth's heart thumped. The car contained three men, and its description fitted nicely with the one given him of the hold-up machine.

Seth reached down to his hip and drew forth the long-barreled, antiquated six-shooter that had been his boon companion for nearly half a century. Holding the perfectly balanced weapon in his right hand, he picked up the reins with the left and sat crouched a little forward in his saddle.

The car came on, its speed reducing as it struck the loose sand of the desert country. Seth could see its occupants' faces quite plainly. Unconsciously he chuckled at their expressions of annoyance at having their speed impeded.

Seth waited until the car had approached within twenty-five feet of the mesquite clump, then drove his spurs and let out a yip. The mare lunged forward, directly in the path of the oncoming vehicle.

The reaction of the driver was natural. Instinctively he swerved to avoid a collision, automatically applying the brakes. The machine's front wheels struck the loose sand, and lurched, throwing the occupants of the car against the windshield.

Seth quieted the mare with a word and a slight tug on the reins. He sat very straight and still in his saddle, watching the men in the car gravely, the old-fashioned six-shooter held on a level with his hip.

From the car's front seat came a steady flow of cursing and groans. Presently one of the men disentangled himself, sat up, saw Seth sitting there and without thinking reached inside his coat toward a shoulder holster. The six-shooter in Seth's hand roared and leaped. The bandit shrieked and looked down at his shattered wrist in blank dismay.

"An' now," said Seth gently, "you three coyotes climb down outter that ottomobeel and start walking. It's only three miles to Morton, an' the exercise will do you good. I ain't got no use for ottomobeels anyhow."

An hour later Seth had lodged his three prisoners in the jail at Morton and was seated in the cool of the evening on the veranda of the town's rooming house. A group of citizens was crowding about, clamoring for details of the arrest, expressing amazement at the rapidity with which the sheriff had captured the perpetrators of the worst hold-up and robbery in the county's history. But Seth answered only vaguely. He was thinking of tomorrow when he would ride astride a horse into Salt Flats with his prisoners; he was thinking of the expressions of incredulity that would most certainly appear on the faces of the county authorities, and of their embarrassment at thus having their plans to pension him off frustrated.

Once he chuckled. No need, he thought, to mention the mirage. Let 'em guess how he did it. They were too stupid to realize that the bandits were city men and hence, upon seeing the mirage that had fooled even Westerners, had naturally believed it real and taken the winter road through the hills, that was five miles longer.

Wiesbaden, Once Famous Spa, Attacked by RAF

Bombing of Wiesbaden by the RAF focuses attention on one of Germany's most famous spas. Manufacture of surgical instruments and the production of cement are important industries in normal times, but the city is best known for its medicinal baths.

During the season, from April to October, thousands of visitors sought relief from various ailments. This influx doubled the city's normal population of 100,000. The range of ills included gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia. Shrinkage of oversize waists was a major objective, according to a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

Baths with all the trimmings were readily available—sand, mud, hot air, electricity, and steam—or to health seeker could revel in the simplicity of an old-fashioned tub immersion. Mineral mists were provided for those who wanted to "bathe" their lungs. Lounging rooms were a characteristic feature of the bath houses.

Although Wiesbaden thrived on the ills of the flesh, it was also a center for sports lovers. Easy access to the forests and vineyards of the Rhine valley invited hikers and automobile tourists. The number of players on its golf courses and tennis courts was evidence of the city's appeal to the able-bodied.

Gems of Thought
TOLERANCE means reverence for all possibilities of Truth . . . It means the charity that is greater than even faith and hope.—John Morley.
I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
To Adam, paradise was home. To the good among his descendants, home is paradise.—Hare.
Time is the one thing we possess. Our success depends upon the use of our time, and its by-product, the odd moment.—Arthur Brisbane.

Pull the Trigger on Constipation, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on discomfort after meals, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin, as directed on label or as your doctor advises, and feel world's better. Get genuine Dr. Caldwell's.

There is really nothing more pleasant than the warm glow you get when you know your gift is well received. For assurance of that this Christmas, send those smokers on your list Camel cigarettes or Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. They're favorites both, especially with men in the service. You have your choice of three distinctive gift-wrapped packages. Camels in the Christmas Carton, 10 packages of 20's—also the gay "Holiday House" containing four boxes of "flat fifties." Either way you give 200 mild, flavorful Camels. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco comes in the pound canister all wrapped and ready to give. The packages even include space for your "Merry Christmas" message. You'll find them featured by your local dealer as gifts sure to please.—Adv.

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Town Is Man's Work
God made the country and man made the town.—Cowper.

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