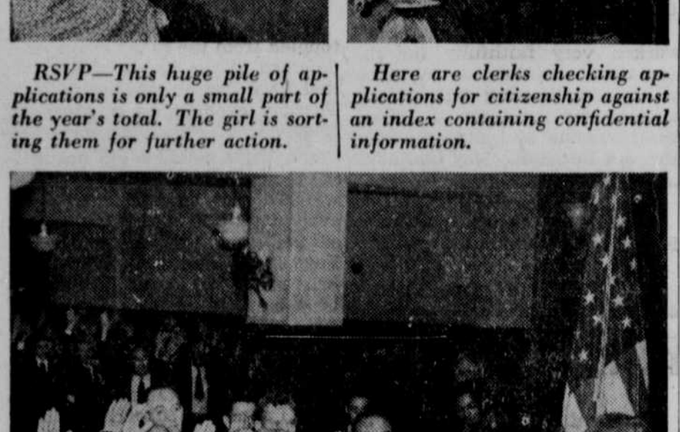
Becoming an American

Within the last six years more than one million persons cut their last ties with the "old country" and became citizens of the United States. And now, with America at war, there is a rush to be American. Nor is there anything difficult about attaining citizenship in the U. S. The following series of photos shows you some of the steps taken by the foreign-born in becoming American.

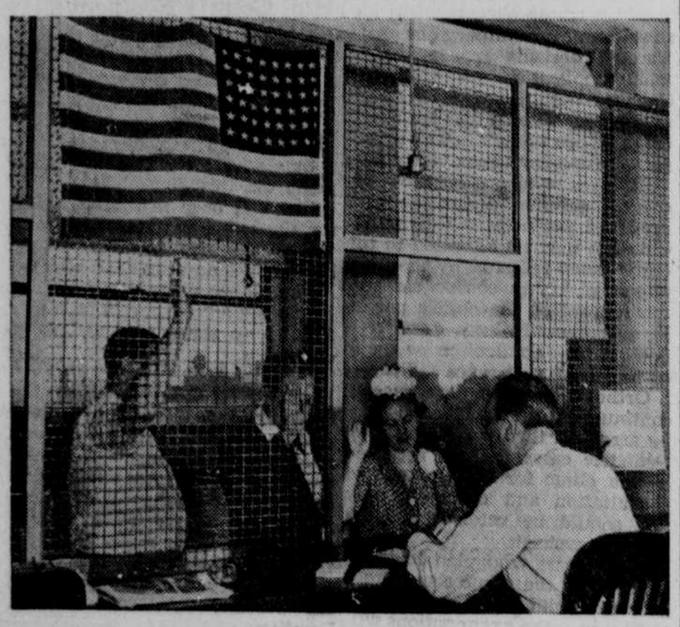
Awaiting their turn to file first papers in one of the ante rooms of the naturalization bureau. Many of these applicants have known oppression and are eager to cut ties with the past.

RSVP—This huge pile of applications is only a small part of the year's total. The girl is sorting them for further action.

Here are clerks checking applications for citizenship against an index containing confidential information.



A courtroom scene during the naturalization of a group of applicants. The judge (back to camera) is administering the oath of allegiance to the United States of America.



Last step. Accompanied by two witnesses, an applicant for naturalization is shown taking the oath at time of filing petition for citizenship. This is the application for the final papers.

A veritable tower of babel is this room of a naturalization bureau, where skilled linguists question the applicants.

CURRENT FICTION

Eight Years Are Not Too Many

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

THE girl had chestnut-brown hair and brown eyes. There was something tantalizingly familiar about her. Bennett Wood plumbed his memory, but he could not recall her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't believe I remember you. Though I should. There's—something vaguely familiar."

The girl smiled at him. Looking at her, Bennett cursed his lapse of memory. In that moment he didn't understand how he could have forgotten anyone so beautiful.

"I'm Marsha Porter. We must have met at Ellen's wedding."

Bennett frowned. The name, too, had a disturbingly familiar sound. Yet he couldn't connect the two, and his failure to do so was very annoying. Ellen Cushman's wedding had taken place eight years ago. That in itself was an excuse, because a lot could change in eight years—even people.

"You're Bennett Wood." The girl's eyes were twinkling at him. "You see, I haven't forgotten."

Bennett gestured, half apologetically, half helplessly. His disturbed state of mind seemed to amuse the girl.

"You've been away for eight years—abroad. They say you went directly after the wedding, because you were in love with Ellen and you wanted to forget. When Ellen decided to have this party, this reunion of those who participated in the wedding, she was afraid she wouldn't be able to reach you. But she did, and you came. And—and I think you were very nice."

Bennett bit his lip, and almost hated the girl for her frankness. It was all true. He had never been able to forget Ellen. But it was because he hated himself for not

Bennett fell in step beside her, frowning, trying to think of something to say.

being able to put her out of his mind, when she married Jerome Murdock, that he had gone away. And then when she had written, inviting him to her party, he had decided to come—because he couldn't suppress the longing to see her again.

When he looked at the girl again he saw she hadn't intended to hurt him. It was unfair to condemn her for her frankness. How could she have known that he still loved Ellen?

They were standing alone near a little table on which was a punch bowl. Near by an orchestra had started to play.

"Marsha Porter," Bennett said, "I haven't seen Ellen yet, and I don't want to—until after she's greeted all the others. Will you take a walk with me in the garden?"

"Of course." She smiled at him and started along the path at the foot of the terrace. Bennett fell in step beside her, frowning, trying to think of something to say, wondering why he had that impulsive desire to be alone with Marsha Porter.

"Ellen was too young to marry anyhow," Marsha said suddenly.

"Too young? What do you mean?" She looked at him curiously. "Do you mean you haven't heard?"

"Heard what? I haven't heard anything. My boat got in only last night."

"Of course. I should have known." She was suddenly sober, looking away from him. "Ellen and Jerome were divorced two years after their marriage."

Bennett stopped. Ellen divorced! Free? All these years, free, and he hadn't known? It seemed a little incredulous, a little like mockery.

After a moment he went on, thoughtful, forgetting the girl. Presently she spoke again.

"It was all such a mistake. Ellen was so young. How could she know that she didn't love him? It wouldn't be fair to condemn her."

"Of course not." Bennett looked at her quickly. "What—happened to her? Has she married since?"

"No. She went back to her old job—on the stage. Assumed her old name and became quite famous. She worked steadily for six years—and then decided to rest awhile—and to hold this party. She's changed."

Bennett suddenly wanted to see her, talk with her, wanted to ask her why she hadn't let him know. She knew that he loved her, would have come in a minute had he but known. But then—forgiving—he remembered it would have seemed strange had she written him, after all which had happened before.

Impulsively he turned back toward the house, then stopped, remembering Marsha.

"I've got to go back," he said apologetically. "I—I want to see Ellen. All this that you've told me doesn't seem quite real."

"Of course." There was understanding in the girl's tone, and a faint note of pity. She went with him back along the path, quickening her pace to suit his, without comment.

Bennett left her near the dance floor and went toward the house. Unaccountably his heart was thumping. He wondered what Ellen would be like. Marsha had said she'd changed. He told himself he didn't care, that it made no difference what she was like or how she looked. He wanted to see her, to tell her of all those dreadful, bitter, hopeless years he'd spent abroad trying to forget.

He reached the veranda and paused, wondering how he'd announce himself. It seemed a little foolish. Ellen wasn't ready, or she'd have appeared long ago. But he wanted to see her before she met the others. He wanted to know whether there was still a chance. He could tell after one glance. She wouldn't be able to hide it. Not the way he felt.

The fear of what he might discover, when he looked into her eyes struggled against the joy and hope which had caused the blood to pound in his veins when Marsha had told him Ellen was free, and had been for six years.

Bennett paused, trying to adjust his thoughts. He didn't want to appear the fool, especially if Ellen had forgotten him as completely as it might seem because of her six years of silence.

There was a footman in the hall, and Bennett decided to send word by him to Ellen. He started toward the door, and turned as a hand rested on his arm. It was Marsha Porter. Something about the way she looked at him compelled his attention, caused him to turn about and forget for the moment it was Ellen he wanted to see.

There was still that familiar something about her, now seemingly more pronounced. Bennett frowned and felt goosepimples stand out on his skin. His mind was confused. He wondered why he didn't leave her abruptly and go into the house. He wanted to, he thought.

"Hello, Bennett." Marsha's voice was strange, different. There was a wistful something in the way she looked at him. The manner in which she cocked her head on one side and smiled struck a familiar cord. The wrinkles on his forehead deepened, and he felt maddeningly bewildered.

"You're not very flattering, Bennett, not to remember me."

Then abruptly he knew. She was Ellen! "Marsha Porter" was Ellen. It all came with a rush. Marsha was her stage name. He had heard it once or twice, long ago, before he knew her very well. That was what made it familiar. She had changed a lot. Why shouldn't she? She had been very young when she married Jerome. Much too young.

Bennett groped for words. He took her hand in his and stared dumbly, wishing he could say something, knowing he loved her even more than he had eight years ago.

She laughed up into his face and came close to him. "Not very flattering, Bennett. But I have changed, and really shouldn't have blamed you. Will you forgive me for not revealing my identity? I'm sorry. But—but I had to know."

"Know what? Had to know what, Ellen?" He leaned toward her eagerly.

"Know whether you still cared, Bennett. I—it's been so long since I've seen you."

"But why didn't you send for me, let me know?"

She smiled. "I did. That's why I planned this party. I was afraid you wouldn't come. It was such a poor excuse."

Bennett's arms went about her and suddenly his thoughts were no longer confused, and a great sense of peace came over him.

$100,000 in Dead Letters

Twenty billion stamps are sold every year. This doesn't count metered mail or that handled by bulk without using actual stamps. Thirteen million dead letters, without deliverable — or returnable — addresses on them, are destroyed annually. But, first, the average of $100,000 found in them is retained by the post office.

In a round-up of statistics, you find unexpected things. Among such items are $10,000,000 worth of gasoline for delivery trucks, $7,000 worth of mucilage, $50,000 worth of soap, 500 lawn mowers to cut post office lawns, and 200,000 tons of coal for heating purposes. And, no matter what you may think of the quality of the pen points furnished in post offices, 5,000,000 are bought each year.

It isn't possible to store in any one place the actual accounts of this business. So they are recorded on microfilm—nearly 3,000,000 tiny photographs are made annually.

History in the News

by ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

He'd Bow to No Jap!

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1824, a little boy was born at Fort George (formerly John Jacob Astor's post of Astoria) on the lower Columbia river in the Pacific Northwest. His father was Archibald McDonald, a young Scotch clerk in the employ of the Hudson's Bay company, and his mother was the former Koale Koa, or Raven, daughter of Chief Com-Comley of the Chinook Indians.

February 1, 1942, finds the United States and Japan engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

Although, on the face of it, there is no connection between these two events on dates 118 years apart, the fact is that such a connection exists.

For this little boy, to whom his parents gave the name of Ranald, grew up to be a great adventurer, went to Japan and became the first teacher of English in that "Hermit Kingdom." "Indeed, it may be said that Ranald MacDonald, halfbreed son of Oregon, owns a place among those who introduced Japan to the ways of the western world, a world of ideas Japan has never fully understood and with which she is now at war."

Those are the words of a Portland, Ore., historical writer, M. Leona Nichols, whose book, "Ranald MacDonald, Adventurer," published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd. of Caldwell, Idaho, is the first full-length biography of this little-known but significant American.

In 1848, he was a sailor on a whaler, the Plymouth, commanded by Capt. L. B. Edwards. When the

RANALD MacDONALD

(From a woodcut by William Klamm in "Ranald MacDonald, Adventurer" by M. Leona Nichols.)

Plymouth reached Asiatic waters near Japan, he determined to visit the "Hermit Kingdom." Although Captain Edwards warned him that he might never get out of the country alive, MacDonald persuaded the captain to give him his discharge and supply him with a small boat and enough supplies to reach land.

Nearing the shore, the daring young American capsized his boat and allowed himself to be rescued by some Japanese fishermen.

Taken before the governor and other court dignitaries, MacDonald was ordered to bow low before them. He refused, saying "I kow-tow to no man!" Then, according to MacDonald, "I looked the governor full in the face, so did he me; man to man . . . say for 20 or 30 seconds, in dead silence, at length, rising slowly, from a sitting position, to his knee, leaning toward me, he addressed me in a few words I did not understand." Later the American learned that the governor had said "You must have a big heart."

Instead of being punished for his boldness, MacDonald was treated respectfully and given a house in which to live, although he was still looked upon as a prisoner and closely guarded. The Japanese authorities realized that he could be useful to them so they sent some of their most intelligent and promising men to him to learn to speak English. For seven months he served as their teacher. Then he was set free.

"The seeds sown by this first teacher of English in the Land of the Rising Sun were planted in soil that was fertile," writes Mrs. Nichols. "The harvest came during Commodore Perry's visit to the island empire, when he made his memorable treaty between Japan and the outside world in 1854, when Ranald's pupils acted as important links between the Americans and the Japanese, serving as interpreters and liaison officers."

At Macao MacDonald left the ship which had rescued him and went to Singapore. He became a sailor on a ship bound for Madras and although it was wrecked he managed to reach land in safety. Eventually he went to Australia, made his fortune there and, once more succumbing to the wanderlust, took ship for Italy. From there he went to Paris and London, then decided to return to America. Arriving in Canada, he learned that his father had retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay company in 1844, settled near Montreal and died there in 1853.

PATTERNS

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Purposeful Minds

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above them. —Washington Irving.

Barred Girls From Schools

Although Indians were being educated at Harvard as early as 1642, the white girls of New England were not admitted to public schools until almost 1800, or more than 150 years after the first one was established.

Striving for Justice

Our whole social life is in essence but a long, slow striving for the victory of justice over force.—John Galsworthy.