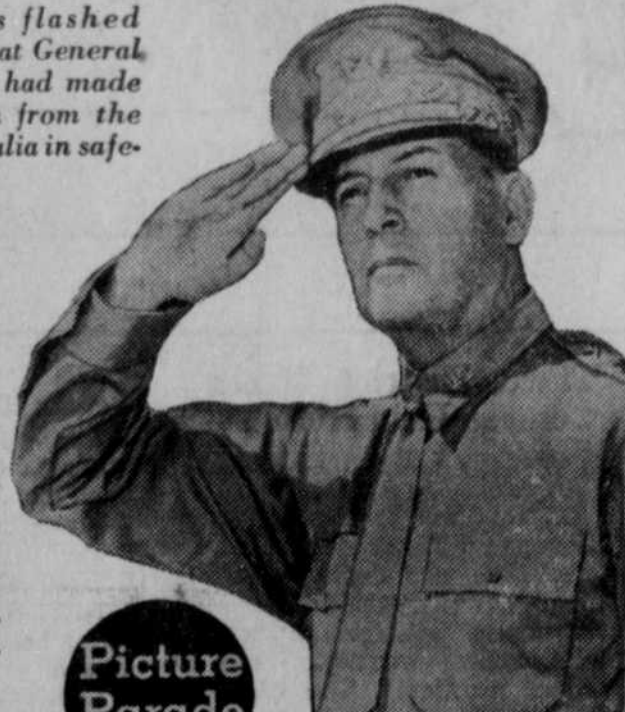


## Magnificent MacArthur

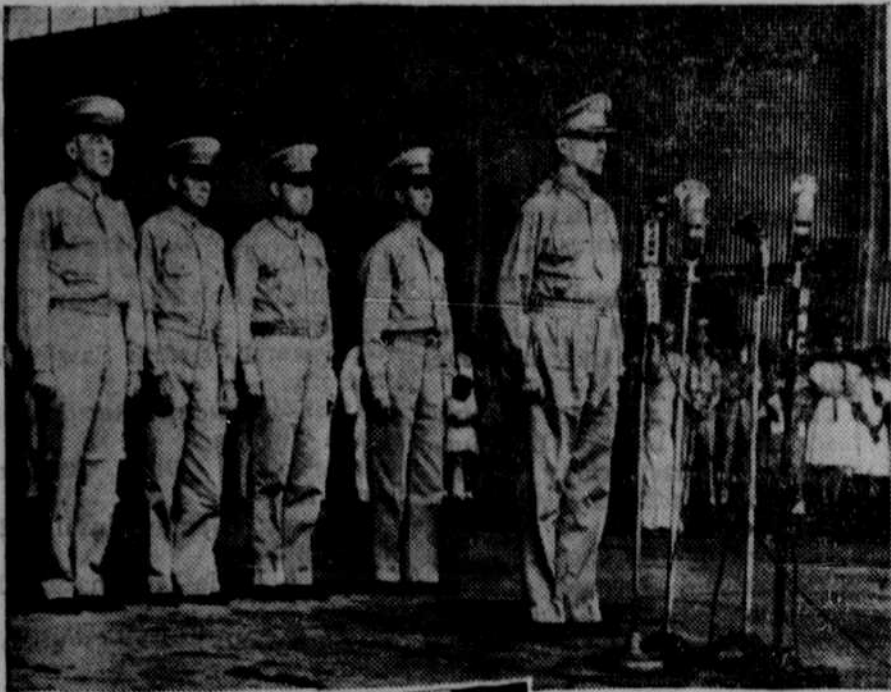
When word was flashed around the world that General Douglas MacArthur had made his spectacular dash from the Philippines to Australia in safety, free peoples everywhere rejoiced. The fighting general had won the confidence and admiration of the world. Australia had clamored for him. They wanted the benefit of his marvelous leadership to head off the Japs and carry the war to Japan. Upon his arrival MacArthur immediately assumed command.



Picture Parade



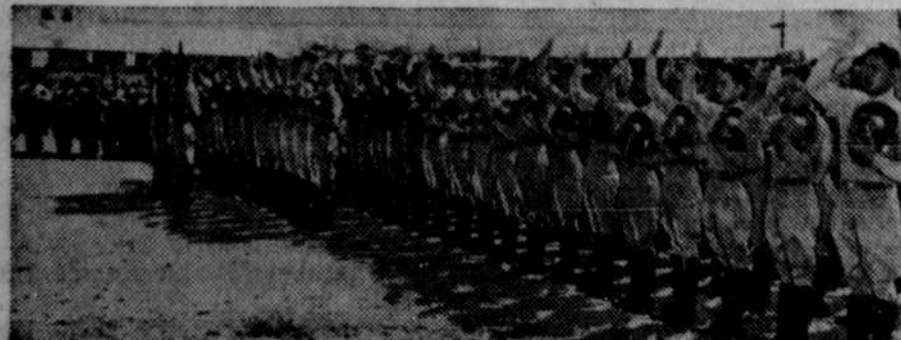
General MacArthur and Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines, who is now in Australia with MacArthur, talk things over. The Filipino leader arrived safely with his government and family after breaking through the blockade the same as MacArthur did. He awaits the day when MacArthur will free his island people from the Japs.



Above is a photo of General MacArthur and his aides, when he was commanding general in the Far Eastern army. He is shown accepting the command of the Philippine army troops in the induction ceremonies of the Philippine army corps. Photo at the left shows General MacArthur as he stopped for a talk with Maj. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright (left), who was ranking field commander when MacArthur was in the Philippines. Despite odds of 20 to 1, the Jap forces on Bataan peninsula were held off, and heavy casualties inflicted. Wainwright now holds U. S.-Filipino line on Bataan.



World War No. 2's outstanding hero, General Douglas MacArthur, is shown at his desk in the Philippines, before the Japanese invaders forced the U. S.-Filipino army to retreat to Bataan.



Troops of the Philippine First regiment pledge allegiance to U. S.

## No Help

By STANLEY CORDELL  
Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

RAY CANTRELL was disgusted. He had thought he might find a solution to his own problem by reading the stories in Peerless Weekly. But they proved a disappointment. Except for a variety of backgrounds they all began and ended the same. The heroine was either dark, light or medium, and always gorgeous, beautiful, exotic, different, popular, sophisticated, aloof and desired by every man who so much as caught a glimpse of her. The hero was tall, thin, muscular, wealthy, athletic, fearless, Adonislike in build, handsome, yet humble in the presence of the heroine.

The plots were always alike. In paragraph two it always became apparent that the hero desired the heroine, but first, of course, the heroine must battle with her emotions, taste the fruits of a life wholly apart from the ordered, sensible existence which the hero offered her, become fascinated by some queer individual with chin whiskers, eccentric ideas and no money, and finally return to the hero, who saplike, had been waiting patiently, eager to have the girl of his dreams, whatever.

Sickening! Ray gave a disgusted grunt and switched off his bedside lamp. Why couldn't some author knock off a story that was different?



She called out to him, and there was something in her voice that made Ray's heart quicken its pace.

Why couldn't he cause the hero to tell the heroine to go to Hades when she returned from her dizzy interlude, as any normal man would do in real life?

Ray didn't know the answer, so after awhile he dismissed the matter from his mind and let his thoughts dwell on Natalie.

Ray had been engaged to Natalie for almost a year. They were to be married in the fall. Or that is, Ray hoped they were. Since Clinton Rich had arrived in town, Ray had become more and more doubtful. Rich was summering in Hampstead. He had hired a camp out on the lake, where, ostensibly, he spent his time communing with nature. He was, he claimed, a naturalist, and had come up to Hampstead to study the ways of wild fowl. Which was a pretty good story, and made folks in Hampstead a little awed of him.

Natalie Was Fascinated by Clinton. Especially was Natalie entranced by him. Not so much because he claimed to be a naturalist, but because he talked with a slight lisp and recited poetry and possessed the manners of a courtier. Natalie was fascinated by him. She saw in him romance and glamour.

Ray had, at first, been disdainful to complain. He couldn't believe that Natalie was actually interested in such a queer specimen of mankind. To admit that she was would be more or less an insult to his own intelligence. But after a while he had to take notice. Folks were talking and grinning behind his back. Natalie was seen in Mr. Clinton Rich's company a little too often to give the impression her interests were wholly along the naturalistic lines.

And so, after awhile, Ray mentioned the matter in an offhandish way and was sharply rebuked. Natalie had a faraway look in her eyes when she told him coldly he didn't, and never could, understand the value of a platonic friendship.

Ray, wholly disgusted, took to brooding, satisfied, through necessity, to wait; to wait until Natalie came out of the fog. He knew that sooner or later she would return to him and they would be married, even though it became necessary to postpone the ceremony until spring. She was merely having a lapse, that was all.

Ray Cantrell suddenly sat upright in bed and pulled on his bedlamp. He got up and stared at himself in the mirror. If this isn't just like one of those stories in Peerless, he thought, then I'm a monkey's uncle! Why, I'm acting exactly as those dizzy heroes act.

He sat down and thought seriously for five minutes. He felt a trifle guilty for condemning the Peerless Weekly authors, because he was acting precisely as their heroes had acted. As a matter of fact, his own life was not at all different from their lives. And he, a moment ago, had advocated different reactions for both heroes and heroines. Well,

by thunder, now was a good chance to prove his argument.

Ray glanced at his watch. Ten-thirty! That dizzy naturalist would be just about taking his leave from Natalie's front porch. They would stand near the gate a few minutes, looking up at the moon, and then Ray had a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. Would Natalie permit him to kiss her? Probably. She was gone just about that far. Well, she wasn't going to get away with that. Not if she expected she could return to Ray. No, sir.

Ray dressed hurriedly, ran a comb through his hair, tiptoed downstairs and let himself out into the clear, cool, moon-flooded night.

The main street of Hampstead was deserted. Ray turned into Maple road, and hurried along under the shade trees. The fifth house was Natalie's and as he approached, Ray made out two figures standing by the gate. Drawing near he saw them merge into one, heard a faint scream coming from Natalie's lips. Then one of the figures drew away and started up the street.

Natalie stood near the gate. She turned at sound of Ray's footsteps. She called out to him, and there was something in her voice that made Ray's heart quicken its pace.

"Ray! Oh, Ray! I'm so glad you've come. Ray, I—I—"

He stopped near her. "Well? I'm in a hurry, Natalie. What is it you want?"

She looked as though she might cry. "Ray, I've just realized what a selfish, rude little beast I've been. Ray, won't you forgive me for the way I've acted?"

Ray's heart thumped. Only now was he realizing how much he loved this girl. But Peerless Weekly's stories were still fresh in his mind. He took a firm grip on his impulses. "How," he asked, laughing harshly, "would you like to go to Hades?" "Ray Cantrell!" Natalie stared at him in amazement. "Why, what a perfectly dreadful, horrible thing to say! I never dreamed you were capable of such talk." She turned away. "Please don't ever speak to me again!"

Ray waited a minute uncertainly, wondering whether to follow out his plan and walk indifferently away, first delivering a few cutting remarks, or yield to natural impulses. Of one thing he was certain! His theory was all wet. And this discovery dispelled his indecision. Leaping the fence he caught up with her.

"Natalie! I didn't mean that! Honest! I don't know what I was thinking. But that guy had driven me nuts."

Natalie eyed him coldly. "Very well, Ray. But I shall not forget. Mr. Rich is leaving Hampstead tomorrow. I shall never see him again. He—he proved to be a disappointment. So you can set your mind at rest. I—I have decided to marry you, after all, despite the insult."

### Private Air Raid Groups For Housing Projects

Tenants of large-scale housing projects will set up their own raid precaution organizations in addition to participating in other defense activities. In San Francisco maintenance staffs of the various projects are official air raid wardens for their areas. Social halls, kitchens and recreation rooms in the project community space have been made available to the San Francisco defense council. Women tenants will attend classes in first aid, nutrition and home economics.

Hillside Homes, New York city, which had an air raid warden organization partially set up before the first bomb scare, is continuing its personnel training program. Knickerbocker Village project, also in New York city, is organizing 120 tenants for a 24-hour patrol of the project. The tenants' association is co-ordinating activities of all the clubs in the project useful for civilian defense.

The Brownsville, Texas, housing authority has issued blackout rules in two languages—English and Spanish—for tenants of its two housing projects. Maintenance superintendents of the projects are captains of the air wardens and project tenants will be assistants.

In Baltimore the housing authority is organizing 3,500 housing project tenants for defense by training volunteer air raid and fire wardens for service on the project and enrolling women tenants in the city civilian defense council for knitting, sewing, conservation and first aid.

### Among Dinosaurs

The dinosaurs, which roamed the earth between 175 and 125 million years ago, were not uniformly monstrous, some of them being only 2½ feet and others 90 feet long. But their brains were uniformly and absurdly small. The largest dinosaurs included Atlantosaurus (90 feet long), Diplodocus (80 feet), Brontosaurus (70 feet), and the most ferocious of them all, Tyrannosaurus (40 feet). Remains have been found on all the continents, some of the richest finds having been made in Montana and Wyoming. It is believed that the dinosaurs became extinct chiefly because of the decrease of carbon dioxide (a lung stimulant) in Tertiary times and because of the raids of smaller animals on their eggs.

# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



1546-B

and begin. The jumper is so very simple to make and the bolero offers little or no problem. The matching bonnet can be made on a very simplified plan!

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## JUST THINK

**No Trouble**  
Smith—Those auto engineers are certainly geniuses at making driving easier.  
Jones—How's that?  
Smith—1940, no running boards; 1941, no gear shift; 1942—no car.

**There's plenty of money in the country, they say. Only everybody seems to owe it to somebody else.**

**Move the Earth**  
"What is the greatest water-power resource known to man?"  
"Woman's tears."

**The Moocher**  
"How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"  
"Oh, any given amount!"

**Fit Description**  
Teacher—A collision is two things coming together unexpectedly. Willie, give me an example.  
Willie—Twins.

**Proven**  
"A scientist has discovered that singing warms the blood."  
"He's right. I've heard singing that makes my blood boil."

**Could Be**  
Jones—The Blacks brag about their ancestors as though they had invented them.  
Smith—I shouldn't be surprised if they had.

THIS inviting three-in-one pattern looks ahead to summer days and at the same time is immediately practical with its sleeveless jumper dress cut on princess lines, the matching jumper and bonnet. For every little girl can put the jumper with its cunning bolero topper on now and wear it.

Pattern No. 1546-B is a design that inspires even the sewing amateur to get out scissors and cloth

## ASK ME ANOTHER?

### A General Quiz

#### The Questions

1. What is the meaning of tele as used in the word telegraph?
2. Sanskrit is the ancient sacred and literary language of what country?
3. What is called the first law of nature?
4. For what sentence of four words is the word "good-bye" a contraction or abbreviation of?
5. Is Alaska larger than Texas?
6. What does pettifogger mean?
7. What is the difference between astrology and astronomy?

#### The Answers

1. Far off.
2. India.
3. Self-preservation.
4. God be with ye.
5. Yes. Alaska, 590,884 square miles; Texas, 265,986 square miles.
6. A lawyer who practices in petty cases.
7. Astrology is the art pursued of foretelling or forecasting the future of mankind by reference to the influence supposed to be exerted by the stars. Astronomy is the study of the heavenly bodies.

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"Just a level teaspoonful" . . . If your favorite recipe so directs . . . then, let Clabber Girl's Positive Double Action do the rest . . . That's real economy.

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CAMELS HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS IN THESE TIMES. AND THEY DO TASTE SO GOOD!

**FIRST ON SHIP OR SHORE—CAMELS**

Actual Sales Records in Navy Ship's Stores, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens show the favorite cigarette is Camel.

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