



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

A Fateful Swirl
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 has never for a moment underrated the danger of disaffection among the 250,000,000 of the Moslem world, from India to Morocco.

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.

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.

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.

Special Privilege. Like a little dash of privilege along with their 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 galabieh, with long white sleeves, scarlet cloaks, multi-hued shawls and rope crowns on their heads.

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 eddys about the shoulders of Colonel Glubb of the pipe line patrol.



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.



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.

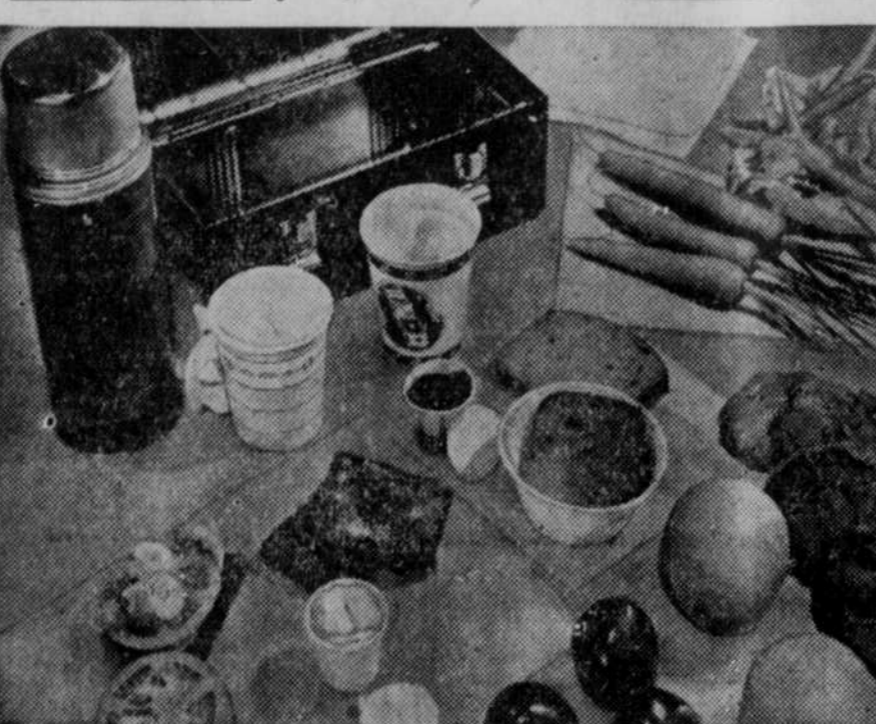
At the opening of that conflict in 1755 Rogers led a force of hardy woodsmen from New Hampshire to Albany, N. Y., where the British and Colonial forces were being assembled to attack the French forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

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.

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 fighter" man.



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.

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.

Sandwich Ideas.
Sliced or chopped hard-cooked eggs, combined with pickle and moistened with salad dressing.

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

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

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

***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

***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

LYNN SAYS:
Ideas in a Box: Surprises are as welcome in a lunch box as on a birthday.

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.



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.

During the winter months the floor of Drybed Sink was covered occasionally with water, rendering travel by horse or machine an impossibility because of the soft, oozy mud.

Ordinarily Seth might have reflected on these amusing incidents, but today he was thinking of something more important.

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.

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.

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 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 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.

"An' now," said Seth gently, "you three coyotes climb down outer that ottomobeele 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.

Wiesbaden, Once Famous Spa, Attacked by RAF
Bombing of Wiesbaden by the RAF focuses attention on one of Germany's most famous spas.

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.

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.

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.

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.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALINE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

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

SURVEY SHOWS Many Doctors Recommend SCOTT'S!
For Vitamin A & D Dietary Deficiency WANT TO HELP build stamina and resistance to colds? Then try good-tasting Scott's Emulsion—containing the natural A and D vitamins. Look for the world-known trademark. All druggists.



BUREAU OF STANDARDS

• A BUSINESS organization which wants to get the most for the money sets up standards by which to judge what is offered to it, just as in Washington the government maintains a Bureau of Standards.