

Sank 11 Jap Ships

SUNDAY HYMN IN AFRICAN RUIN

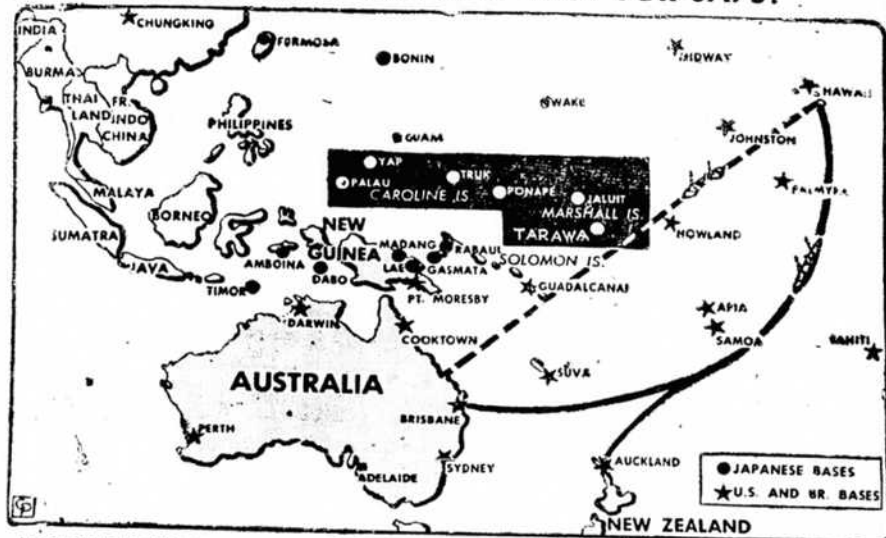


HOLDER OF THREE Navy Crosses and skipper of a U. S. sub that sank eleven Jap ships, including two destroyers, is Lt. Commander Charles Cochran Kirkpatrick. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by the Army for a "special job." This is an official U. S. Navy photograph. (International)



IN THE RUINED BASILICA OF ST. CRISPINE, built fifteen centuries ago, a violinist and a singer help with the hymns during a Sunday service for Allied soldiers at Tebessa, Algeria. The Basilica, a Christian relic, is a favored place of worship for Yank troops. (International)

ARE GILBERTS NEW HOT SPOT FOR JAPS?



IMPORTANT MOVES MAY BE INDICATED by the announced U. S. bombing attack on Jap airbase installations on Tarawa of the Gilbert Islands in the South Pacific. Screening the enemy's main bases in the Marshalls and Carolines, the Gilberts lie athwart the most direct sea route between Hawaii and Australia. Their possession by the Japs compels us to sail the longer course across the Pacific. (International)

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

A SPELL of fainting would be regarded a good deal more seriously now than it would have been a century ago—at least if we can trust the novels of Sir Walter Scott and other fictionists. In those

Dr. Clendenning will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

days ladies fainted when anybody made an indecent—or a decent—proposal to them, when they had had news from the front, when they were laced too tightly or when a gentleman used a "big, big D" in their presence. The ladies are tougher now.

Brain's Lack of Blood

Still, fainting seldom indicates any very serious disease. In every case it is due, I believe, to a withdrawal of circulation from the brain. The blood vessels of the brain are constantly changing their caliber and under nervous stress they may go into spasm so that no blood is able to circulate through them and reach the brain structure. Thus any emotion in a susceptible subject can produce a brain without blood. It takes a somewhat severe emotion to produce it in a modern, unlike Sir Walter's young ladies.

"Fear is an emotion strong enough to cause fainting; pain, any unusual exertion, or fatigue will deprive the brain of blood. During the time when I was a life insurance examiner, I had two experiences which have confirmed my belief that fainting is due to withdrawal of blood from the brain.

The first occurred when I was examining a healthy young applicant who was standing at my side while I counted his pulse. My fingers were on his wrist and my eyes were on the watch, so I could not see his face. I had counted about a half a minute when the pulse suddenly stopped. It had been a large, rapid, bounding pulse. The transition was so sudden that I thought the artery had rolled from under my finger. But just then I felt a tug from the young man's arm and I looked up just in time to see that he was deathly pale, and had to put him down on the floor where he quickly revived.

Another Experience

The second experience was similar, except that I was taking the blood pressure. Again the subject

was a perfectly healthy, robust man. He was seated at the side of the table with blood pressure cuff in place. Again my eyes were occupied by looking at the blood pressure apparatus, so I did not see the condition of the applicant. What I did notice, however, was that the systolic blood pressure could not be found. The mercury column went down and down, almost to zero, when my observations were interrupted by the patient's tottering over on the desk. Again, he revived promptly.

Some Serious Cases

Although 99 per cent of cases in people under 30 are not serious, there are a few conditions which cause fainting and are serious. One of these is a form of heart trouble called heart block in which the heart becomes very slow—so slow that there are moments when there is no blood in the brain, so fainting results. Hardening of the arteries in the brain will also lead to fainting attacks.

Onlookers and worried relatives should remember that very frequently at the end of a faint there is a slight generalized convulsion; also that it is a regular thing for breathing to stop entirely during a period of fainting.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. O.—Is spastic paralysis hereditary? Does it result from any sort of infection? The doctor gives a woman during childbirth pains? If not, what causes spastic paralysis? Answer: Spastic paralysis is not due to anything that the doctor does to the mother. It is probably due to a hemorrhage in the brain, which occurs during childbirth, but has never been known to be the doctor's fault.

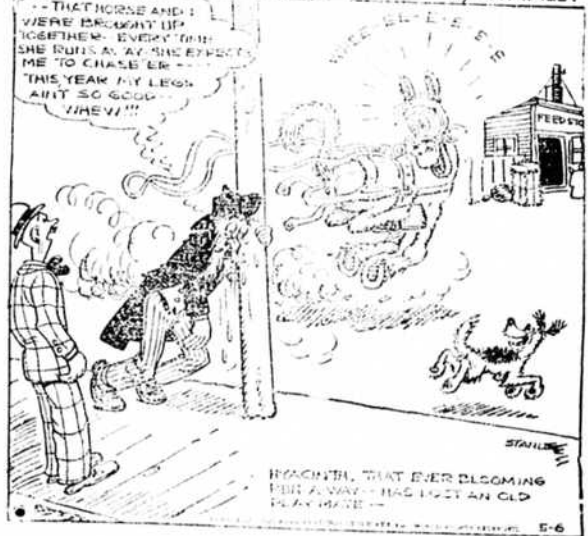
A. B.—A certain boy and I have been contemplating marriage but have hesitated due to the fact that in tracing our ancestry we find that his father and my grandfather were cousins. Do you think that this factor will have too much bearing on our offspring? Answer: No, you have mentioned a fear which comes up all the time in different cases. But, as a matter of fact, the offspring of even first cousins are usually very brilliant and vigorous.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

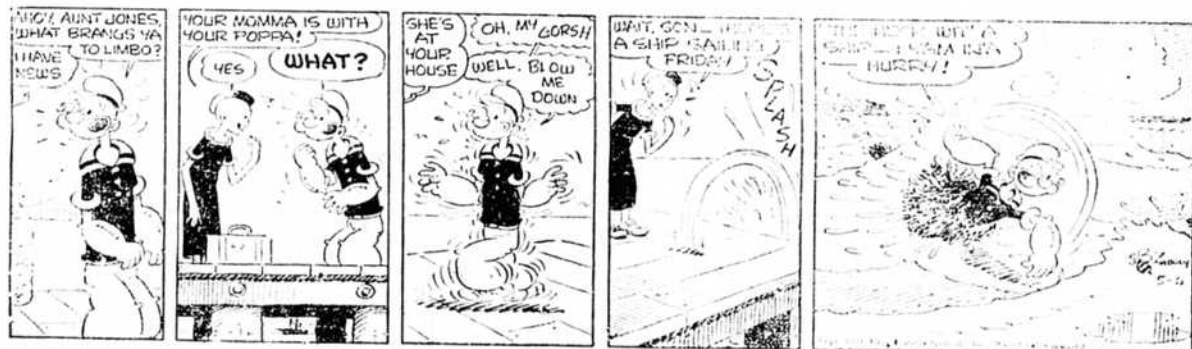


THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"Full Steam Ahead!"



BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Unrewarded Knowledge!

By Chic Young



THE GUMPS—ON THE WAR PATH



The BLIND MAN'S SECRET. by RICHARD HOUGHTON

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO "BLIND CLEMANTINE! He's here." Agatha gasped. She still stared out through the window as though frozen, although their car of the train had rolled to a stop beyond the man waiting on the platform. "Here!" "Yes, the man who was watching the front of your rooming house!" "What are we going to do?" "We can't stay on the train. We've got to get off. And here he comes, walking along the platform!" Both women shrank back in the seat. The man was looking casually at the alighting passengers, but missing none of them. He was of medium height and weight, wore a modest gray-striped business suit, a gray hat, and carried a briefcase. He was smooth-shaven, dark of face and large of nose. He would have passed unnoticed as a typical business man—if Agatha had not recognized him. "Let's go to the rear car and get off the opposite side," Clemantine suggested. They started back along the aisle, leaving the displeased expressions of the other passengers, all of whom were crowding forward. And at the end of the last car they discovered they could alight only from the station side of the train. "We'll have to take the chance he doesn't see us," advised Clemantine, recommitting from the steps. "There's quite a crowd on the platform now, toward the front of the train. Quick!" She jumped down and stepped around the rear of the train. Agatha followed. Standing between the two women, Clemantine's hand momentarily shielded from the eyes of the pursuer, they looked for the best escape. "We're right in the middle of the railroad yards," observed Agatha with sinking heart. "The place is surrounded by a fence." Clemantine hid between those two lines of box cars and with back along the track. The trains certainly don't come in through a gate. They fled at a quick, stumbling trot over the rough ground, their clothes bumping their legs, and turned their heads every few steps to look behind them until the faintest cars were between them and the station. The chattering underfoot made dirty walking as they proceeded down the long narrow aisle formed by the two freight trains. Clemantine's white shoes were no longer white. Agatha looked fearfully into the open box cars for hoboes, and wondered what and would they have encountered a trainman. A locomotive rumbled and hissed past on the far side of one of the standing trains. Cars on another track coupled together in a series of crashes and rattling bumps. "I wonder if our feet can be seen from under the cars," said Clemantine. Agatha ducked and peered under. A man was walking along the opposite side of the train, a man whose legs were encased in gray-striped trousers. She grasped the girl by an arm, halting her. "Sh!" she warned. Clemantine stared wide-eyed at Agatha ducked down again. The legs were walking on. "Quick!" whispered Agatha. "Back the way we came! He's searching the yards for us!" The two women started to run, the sounds of their footsteps covered by another passing locomotive. Luckily their suitcases were light, but the mere awkwardness of them was maddening. One of the two freight trains came to life with heavy jerks that progressed swiftly along its length. It started rolling slowly. "Hurry!" urged Agatha. "We're going to be uncovered!" She hadn't realized how far they had come from the station. Now they had to get back to it—out through its exit. The freight train was pulling out of the yards, in the direction opposite to that in which they were running. It was squealing and grinding, faster and faster. It made Agatha dizzy, gave her the feeling she was running at high speed. The end of the train cleared past them. Unshielded from view, they still were a hundred feet from the end of the passenger train platform, across three tracks. Agatha looked wildly over her shoulder as she stumbled across the rails. The man in the gray-striped suit saw them! He started to run in pursuit. They were in the station now. There was no crowd to impede their way. The man at the gate grinned as he stepped aside. He thought they were running to catch the streetcar standing outside. He was right. They scrambled aboard the car just as the conductor changed the bell. The man in the gray-striped suit ran out of the station—too late. "Well!" gasped Clemantine as she dropped, nearly breathless, into a seat. "We ought to try out for the track team!" Agatha couldn't speak. (To Be Continued)