# Weather Forecas <br> The sunday star 

## GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON RUSSIANS; HITLER ASSALLS SOVIET AS ARMIES MOVE

| Wave on Wave | Stememe |
| :---: | :---: |
| Of R.A.A. Planes |  |
| Pound Nazis | 2 |
| Portsof ¢ Chamel | = $=$ |

Ancient Damascus Falls to British And Free French

Navy Diver Fails to Reach O-9 Police Will Attempt At Record Depth of 370 Feet To Find 'Overlooked Strieff Case Clue

Finnsand Rumanians
Already on March in Gigantic Offensive

Goebbels Reads Denunciation Of Treaty; Work of OGPU In Reich Is Attacked

Berlin, June 22 (Pup). - Germ.<br>ng their way into Soviet Russia in a defensive wa Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop sald today

German armies marched on Soviet Russia along a $1.500-$ mile front from Norway to Rumania today after a sudden
declaration of war by Adolf Hitler which burst asunder the
devious partnership that was a prelude to the European ious partnership that was a prelude to the European Hitler ordered the Nazi troops to invade Russia after
ailing the Soviet bitterly in a proclamation broadcast to
world at dawn (10:30 p.m., Saturday, Washington The London radio immediately announced a declaraThe London radio immediately announced a declara-
had been issued in Moscow stating the U. S. S. R. and
eat Britain were in full accord on the international sition.
The Italian Arny was said by the Rome radio to be standing
ready to aid Germany in the struggle. A dispatch telephoned from Berlin to New York said German
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Enter the Pictures You Take at Camp

## The sunday stax SNAPSHOT CONTEST

## ${ }^{5} 10,000$ <br> IN NATIONAL AWARDS

One of your snapshots may win as much as $\$ 1,500$ -a first prize of $\$ 500$ plus the Grand Prize of $\$ 1,000$

123 other casb prizes ranging from $\$ 50$ to $\$ 500$.
First Winners Today
Seven pictures have been selected and will be found in today's Rotogravure Section. One wins a $\$ 5$ weekly prize and the others $\$ 2$ awards for publication.

RULES of THE CONTEST


START SEMDING IN YOUR PIGTURES AT CNCF


Murphy Paint
ORCHID OR ROSE Floor Enamel 100 OR MORE COLORS
 ExCESSIE DRINKING mis Greenhill Institute

## RUPTURED

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## $\sqrt{2} n^{2}$

MUSIC and SPEECH

 BI - FOCALS



 : 9r.7.M. Mescart at TRIBBY'S






Buy your Piana at Jardan's Now and Save!


ARTHINR JORDAN
Manos for Rent
TLEEPHONE
Corner $13^{\text {th }} \&$ a $^{\text {G }}$ sts $\cdot$ National 3223

${ }^{2} 24^{75}$



## Cisiniminy

1004 F Street N.W


THE SUNDA

Refugee Children Behave So Quiefly Ship's Mate Worries

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$\qquad$ 1
 14 German Nationals From Japanese Ship
Passengers Replaced Passengers Replaced
With Nazi Sailors Who
Were Ordered Deported
B) the assocaseded


 being investigated.
sailoprs watis ordered frem Eisenach
sashing-
toin shorty pefore ton shortly before the Nitta sailed
Tor Japan Thirryysix orthe crew-
men remained rat the immigration
station here. at

 the ship. Officials refused to reveal
than
pany reason for cancellation of thenir
passan other than that their status
was being elarifed Japanese Lt. Commander Itaru
Tatitana, eleaving on orders of the
State deparment attor a charg of
espionage was brought against him
 Iayed nearly an hour.
One-Day Institute Held
At Harrisonburg
 HARRISONBURG, Va., June 21
-A one-day institute sponsored by
the Coopprative Education Asso
 Main.
Dr. B. B.
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Mrs. Ge Departue
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course
Virginia Needs Defense Instructors in Trades Skilled men afe needed for in
structors in national defense train
 announced yesterday. Ament Service,
skill and the ability
ato terai


the sunday
U. S. Inventors Speed War Weapons Engineers Profess Profound Respect for German Genius, but Voice Tremendous Faith in Our Methods

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ning.

The symis spiv SToUT,





 He drew graph on the tablecloth
writh the handide of his fork. marking
in "x" line and a " Y " Hne and In "X" line and a "Y" line and
gotting S-shaped curve from his
plate to his waterglass.
and Miate to his waterglas"
"Can you beat them?
"Youre damn shen


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 gineers declare Germany has "noth
Ing to compare "rith the America
marine Diesel and that the Ger
man engine is "about where we wer yeight Reduced Greatly.
wears ago." The improvement has been in re
duction in weight of the Americal
orounct. At the ent of the Worl
War, Diesel engines weighed abou

 hatarines. Mr. Kettering s. say
hat because of the entines. larg
vpe American sumarines "can 17 to 20 knots on the surface-fras
enough to keep up with the fleat
while those of other nations have

 oreme direction of his thinking
has been greaty that stimulated besarch
by the war. and his associates. he said
Hight have to throw away 39.99 might have to throw away. 39.99
of to.ono adeas that ome tron
kineers and inventors overe the coun "But then it only takes one good
dea to win a war." Development of engines to drive
airlanes farther, taster and higher the oal or many research labora
 on an air-coled ensine to beat the
2.00--horseoperer double Wasp the
now have in production. Single Cylinders Tested. Single cylinders for the the bigge
nd better engine already are bein nd better engine already are beeng
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 and German engines apart
knows ho they are made
"They re excellent ensines.
 At at aether." part of the Ford plan
youn
 Can Produce 1.000 a Da niles an hour across amonst any
ountry a horse can cover. The
ord plant Ford plant can stamp them out
inke cookies. Edsel Ford said he
culd make a thousand a day if the ould make a thousand a day if the

Mrs. Winant and Mrs. Churchill Forming Fast Friendship

star, washington
D. C., JCNE 22, 1941-PART ONE.
 At Camp Roosevelt; 174 Boys Enrolled Scouts Will Emphasize Defense Enterprises In Vacation Program Camp Roosevelt at Willows, Md
opens to Boy Scouts of Washington
and vicinity today with an enroll and vicinity today with an enroll
ment of 17 for the frrst two weeks ment of 174 for the frrst two weeks
of the camping season. TTe largest
boys' camp in the South Camp boys camp in the South, Camp
Roosevelt can accommodate 3,000
boys during its 10 -week season.


 A note of
has
 national defense enterpriso.t.
Replacing Ceorge Freman
camp director will be Rick
 ham, assistant Mrout executive 1o
the council. Mr Freeman, also a
assitant exective. will beome
Scout executive in Salem, Mass.

aily. The
concentrat

 Moderator Is Elected
 an emergency may arise which will
tremendensly
mands.
mincrease


LAST WEEK Beplry sumit counss Wavesuation

##  <br> SPECIAL CUSTOM BRUNN BODY TOWN CAR MOUNTED ON CADILLAC CHASSIS <br> An풀



CAPITOL CADILLAC CO.

## Like A

## Person <br> A STORE IS JUDGED

## by the COMPANY IT KEEPS

GOOD is usually spoken of the person who keeps good company. It is the same way with a store. To have good spoken of a retai institution, such a store must be selective with the manufacturers with whom it keeps company.

For over 46 years Mayer \& Co. has been careful with the company it has kept. Today we are stronger than ever in the enjoyment of dealing with selective manufacturers who know our insistent ideals and who know only how to create quality furniture.

Furniture is no better than its source! That is why we are so particular with the company we keep. Our sources of supply include many of the country's more renowned manufacturers . such as the famous Grand Rapids Quality Makers in the styles of Kindel, Johnson, Vander Ley, Widdicomb, Imperial, Grand Rapids Chair Company and others. Then there are the great nationally known names of Karpen, Stickley, Bigelow, Karagheusian and others whose merchandise maintains our exacting standards.

Most Washingtonians know the type of furniture we sell . . they know us as a quality house . . reliable and helpful! Newcomers who are making their homes here are invited, too; to come in and get acquainted.



# the digest event of the year! Recreation Centers in Amy Camps Gee f Free Gifts from The NATIONAL! 



Recreation Center of a U. S. Army Camp
All traded-in furniture and radios received during "The National's Greatest Trade -In Sale" "re to be donated to
the Recreation Centers at Fort Belvoir, Meyer and AIling the Recreation Centers at Fort Belvoir, Myer and Arling

 Electric Pump $\$ 47.60$


$\$ 7.69$
$\mathbf{3}$ drawers of spacious di-
mentions.
hardwood. Walnut finish


Walnut Dresser $\$ 11.95$
 (acc)

3-Pc. Prima Vera Bedroom Suite




5-Pc. Enamel Breakfast Set
 Chairs, richly finished in enamel. $\$ 10.95$
Buy and Save-during this unusual
event.


[^1]

The National's Trade-In Sale Now Going On! All Traded-In Furniture and Radios Donated for Added Comfort of Soldiers!

[^2]Easy "Trade-In Sale" Credit Terms!


Liberal Trade-In Allowance for
Your Old Radio on this New 1941


RADIO PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION

## Formerly <br> s $49^{95}$

 Plays 10 or 12-inch Records.
 The National!



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7 th AND H STS. N.W.


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 armax $=\mathrm{za}$ reement in August. 1939 , im
atelp preceded the outbreak of
Eurpear War
Nevertheless, it was learned


| tense military preparations along eastern frontiers and thus had with- drawn aerial and other forces from that battle against the British. |  |
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| Rickenbacker to Fly To New York Wednesday |  |
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| an airliner near Morrow, Ga.. said day for New York | SP |
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| ern Air Lines piane it it deave only one |  |
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"THESE GLASSES SAVED MY JOB!"

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 sibe compered with the cost of losing CONVENIENT TERMS Castelbergis

1004 F STREET N. W.


Silent night and day . . . because there's this truly different refrigerator isit our showrooms today and see this new Gas Refrigerator before you buy.
$\star$ NO DOWN PAYMENT!
$\star 30$ DAYS FREE TRIAL!
$\star$ LIBERAL ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR OLD
MECHANICAL REFRIGERATOR:


This new 1941 (M. 400 AS REFRIGERATOR
completely installed for 5854.90
WASHINGTON GAS LIGHT COMPANY

| A Vacation Letter of Credit | Re | PAPER DIPLOMAS FRAMED |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | the alis | For a Limited Time We Offer These Worthwhile Savings |
| , |  |  |
|  | ot Eloventh District 4400 |  |

## Sale! Solid Walnut Clocks



Choice of Several Styles-ALARM CLOCKS That Are Smart Enough For a Formal Room!
$\$ 2.95$
 cherished for years to come! Alorm clocks
that will fit in any period room and blend with ony type furniture.
Solid walnut case with one-doy movement,
ond cleor numerals.
Perfect for mantle, desk or redio. Cheice of several unusual shopes.
2 styles illustroted. 2 styles illustroted.


Humming Bird Nylon Hosiery
are the finest grade NYLONS YOU CAN BUY $\$ 1.50$
Gossamer sheer Nylons by Humming Bird that belie their fragile appearance by wearing like
the proverbial iron. For unadulterated flattery the proverbial iron. For unadulterated flattery wear these hose all summer long. Snug fit-
ting anklets; very fine seams; garter guard. ting ankets; very fine seams; gorter guard.
in these new shades: Cotillion, Sherry, Down Pink. Sizes $81 / 2$ to $101 / 2$. The Palais Royal, Hosiery . . . First Floor


## White Fabrics Preferred



White Like a Vanilla Soda!
White Like a Dewy Daisy!
WHITE EMBROIDERED WHITE EMBROIDERED
ORGANDY, yord ----
--79c to $\$ 2.49$ WHITE EMBROIDERED
---79c to $\$ 1.98$
WHITE EMBROIDERED
RAYON JERSEY, yord -
WHITE EMBROIDERED
WHITE RAYON
SHANTUNG, yord
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---------59e to 88e

Electric Sewing
Machines
Made to Sell for $\$ 58$

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(B) For a Larger Room





## ILL IIILL! ARREAKIIIII SOFI


(D) A Fireside Foursome


For Modern Rooms-For 18th Century Rooms Versatile! Decorative! Inexpensive!
(A) As a Love Seat-.---------------. $\$ 34.95$ (B) 2 Centers, each $\$ 14.95 ; 2$ Ends, each $\$ 17.50$ (C) Center Sections, each-------------\$14.95 (D) Arm Chair Ends, each-------------\$17.50 (E) As a 3 -piece Sofa- $\qquad$ Here's a perfect answer to your decoroting problems! And YOU con room tokes on the oppearance you want it to hove. The chair ends will make on ideol love seat-or fill in that empty corner by using a lemp toble between them. Moke o cozy fireside foursome by
using these pieces os four side chairs. Or use three pieces os four side chairs. Or use three pieces together as a deeorative couch. Th, Palais Rogal, Fuwriture . . Fourth Floor

Adjusts to Varied Heights-Lends Itself to Many Uses




An Achievement From British India
$9 \times 12,8 \times 10$ Basketweave Fibre Rugs Reversible! Cleanable! Give Your Home a Cool Look!

## $\$ 9.95$

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the sunday star, washington


Bill to End Tariff Duties on Defense Materials Pushed



The ©tecn to...The Store of Nationally Famous Merchandise... FF Sheet at 7th


Nayy May Act to End Shipyard Stoppage; Strikers Reject Plea Officers and Union Head Conter; Army May Help; Ford Controct Protested


 The orfererect tolomexda amemend
 Cal delecutratede.bord of the the unior hours, Aamiral Johr Browns oreder $t$ and nime Navy ovitherst Ditise








## THE HUB-for Smart New Furniture Fastions

 Designeal to Make Home Beautiful... and Livable!

Folding Beach Cart

87.95


Automatic G. E. Iron and Metal Board


Upholstered Steel Chair

Sg. 9


## 5-Pe. Walnut

 Duncan Phyfe Dinette Suites29.95



[^3]

War Games on Coast To Test Amy's New Tents on Wheels Trailers Built at Cost
Of $\$ 60$ May Revolution
Combat Post System
 Cailt, June 21. The Third Army













 War Noises to Be Real In Louisiana Games ALEXANDRIA. La. . June

- More than
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Judge to Rule Tomorrow On New Trial for Buckley














Elks to Fete Children At Park Wednesday








 | Bobbty Hinker |
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| Institutions |

 'Mein Host' Jim Bryan A Guest for a Change







PRIMA VERA VENEERS This suite combines the charm of its
gracious 18 th century styling with the gracious 18 th century styling with the
smartness of modern blond prima vera. s99 raceful sleigh bed and curved fronts. This 3 -piece suite: Double or twin-siz bed, large 5 -drawer chest with choice of dresser with hanging mirror or 7 -drawer NO DOWN PAYMENT on approved credit. Convenient monthis



Mahogany Veneers in ‘Old World' Finish! 3.Pc. $\$ 110$ 18th CENTURY BEDROOM $\square=\square=\square=\$ 89$

annual Sals! Deluxe Fibre AUTO SEAT COVERS


Lansburgh's
Two Court Officials Support Campaign For New Building Col. Charles E. Stewart
And John H. Sullivan Issue Statements Col. Charles E. Stewart, clerk of
District Court, and John Hunt
van, assilinnment van, assignment commissioner at
the
tatest tort. yesteray became the
bssue statements suphort latest to issuestaratements support-
ngs the orive being conducted by a
committee of the District Bar Assoommittee of the District Bar Asso
datition for a new court building. Their statements were released. by Comesttse on the thew Courthouse tis hoped the structure will be
uilt on the site o the old pension
ofice Buiding now eneral Accounting occupied by bed the
The
Tounting offict is to get a new
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 ance 1 crowded and all ave clerk The accommoditions for jurors
witnesses are so meager the
 cting Women elisible as juror cditions."
He sald
see rreater need of relief, with recials of the District Court
Noise Called
Bedlam: Ansignment Commissioner sulli ause of the cramped quarters.
"The low ceiling and the 3 -foot hick stone wall throw back each
and very sound made in this room
and nto ${ }^{\text {a }}$ whirling. nerve-shattering
ound storm, he declared
"Add the rumblings of streetcars In passing, the happy shouts of play,
Ing children from the steps beow,
the discordant rings of four telehones, hhe frequens of tuzing of one
more of the 17 courtroom phone he machine gunning of three type-
witters. the resonant voices and
ver constant movements of of numerous
ttorness, witmesses. 1 itigants ond
nouring citizens-you have bediam
 needed for the calm and serene solu
ton of the maters so numerous
preliminary to trials of
pitignts 200 Phil Hayden Pupils Appear in Annual Revue
 on Dupont circle at conclusion of
an eight-month term of instruction The ecolor scheme of the costumed
tancers, in Mr. Hayden's "Intime
 ears.
Music was furnished by Mr. Hay-
ten and Margaret Scott at the piano, and Dorothy Baker, wh
played percussion hastruments.
some of the dancink stars of revue were Betty Bifelow of the
ohnson, Margaret Mond, Billy McCullough. Sue Sheriff
Murrell Holt. Pat Ware Nancy
Hanck and Delores Rosenhlatt Plan to Move 15,000 Little Help, U. F. W. Says Present plans to move approxi-
mately 15.000 Federal workers out of Washington would .not even
coratch the surface of the serious
s. housing shortage and would result
n hardships and discomfort for the
nis. Federal Workers of America charged The removal of some 15,000 Gov rnment worrers from trene cooty Gov-
influx of
int least twice that with er expected in the next few months,

 For Summer Weckends! WAVES $4^{.95}$


Includes: : Tertair
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## LANSBUBGIS -

BOOKS CLOSED! Charge Purchases Made the Balance of the Month Payable in August

## Police Increase May Be Settled Tomorrow

Parley on D. C. Fund Bill May Decide Fate Of W. P. A. Workers

|  | morkerst tacins loses of their |
| :---: | :---: | ne police force to protect washing onterencte that may be settled at senate enucommitite

Appropration Bill







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 Wanted to ascertain the sesemed en before reaching basic question.
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 the House bill 1or possible in
usion the even the thente
oup should declide on a larger in-


 ar Department is not enough to
amplete tene neessary hangar in
e proposed air field at Beltsyile



Police Inquiry May Delay Promotions Stefan Suggests
Funds for Modern
Crime Laboratory


District's Jobless Insurance Funds Climb to $\$ 22,000,000$ Benefit Payments Increase, but Fail To Match Pace of Mounting Reserves


House Report Is Held Week's Work on Strieff Murder

## In Error on Gallinger Produces No Tangible Lead <br> Staff Comparison <br> Three Possibilities Exist as to What Happened, but From There All is Speculation

Slashing 58 Employes From Bill Not Justified
By Hospital Statistics
By Hospital Statistics
by alfred toombs.
It was one week ago today that Betty Strieff slipped into a
transparent blue raincoat, ran out of her ritte apartment on Nine-
teenth street and nurried through the rain to keep her rendezvous

Recreation Bill Before House Tomorrow

Action Also Expected On District Small Loan Measure
Bills designed to reorganize and
oo-rdinate Washington's varied

## 20






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Jurisdictional Parley Slated on Potomac Span






and yarions uvirinini and Ahtexurnt
Five From This Ared
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Dies in Hospital

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Ladies of Charity Plan
Emmittsburg Pilgrimage


## ©he sunday stax

## Court Upholds Fireworks Ban <br> In Maryland

Non-Explosive Types Onl Ones Legal

## North Virginia Civilian Defense Appeal Issued <br> 

$\qquad$


2 Die as Plane For Army Falls In Baltimore
Military Men Had Just Accepted Craft Before Crash


Maryland U. Opens
Parent and Teacher
Congress Tomorrow

Poor Business Because

Parade Will Open Program of Annual Soap Box Derby
Committee Being Formed To Arrange Featu
For Event July 12

 ter street. Zeb T. Hamilton, direc-
tor of the coaster race, sald yester-
day. it won't be an elaborate parade,"






Regional Conclave Of Church School Workers Ending
170 From District and Nearby States Attend
Westminster Sessions


Fire Inspection Work Crippled By Small Staff, Officials Say Non-Compliance With Law by Many Building Owners Is Reported
The revelation by District officials that lack of inspection
personnel is likely to offset any beneficial moves toward reducing personnel is likely to offset any beneficial moves toward reducing
fire hazards here is borne out by the voluminous files of failures to comply
office.
There
There are scores of cases in wher
has not been effected, although has not been effected, although
ordered to do so Most of theses
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Relief May Be Needed For Halfo i 4,000 Due For W. P. A. Dismissal D. C. Welfare Official Estimates $\$ 672,000$ More Will Be Required Acting Weifare Director Conrad
Van Hyning deliared yesterday
antative appraisal had convinced















 dependent children, since many
the omem facing W. P. A. dismiss
are supporting families. Garden Club to Meet
PUCCELLVILE. Va. June 21.
The Purcellyille Garden Club PURCELLVILLE, Va.. June 21
The Purcellile Garaden Clua
meet
F. W. Mccomb, near
Fiter Bluemont. $x==$
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Quartermasters Join U. S. H. A. Will Use
Medicos as Hosts Metal Substitutes At Fort Meade


Let us give you a list of OurStarSalesmen

-the Pontiac Owners here in town!



Streamliner "Torpedo" Six Sedan Coupe $\$ 923$
delivered at Pontiac, Micb.
 Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. $*$ State
tax, optional equipment and acces. sories-extra. Prices and specificationssubject to

McKEE SERVICE CENTER
ARCADE PONTIAC CO.
COAST-IN, INC.
FLOOD MOTOR CO.
, INC. $\begin{gathered}\text { 22nd and N St. N.W. } \\ \text { WILSON MOTOR } \\ \text { silver Spring, Md. }\end{gathered}$

Fireworks Banned In Maryland Under Court's Decision Sparklers and Simila
Non-Explosives Legal $\$ 500$ Fines Possible

North Virginia Civilian Defense Appeal Issued and



 will be legal, the Associated Press
reported
He perheld regulations by State
Insurance Commissiner John B
Gontrum to ban general public



| HorthCarolina Shore Offers Variety to Visiting Fishermen | The Traveler's Notebook Quickie' Vacations Turn Attention to Events Within Short Distances From Washington; Flambeau Park, ' |  | asman |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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Mexican Bullight
Highly
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## The Sunday Stax Sparts

Nats Nip Tribe, 1.0, as Boudreau's Error in 13th Ends Chase-Milnar Box Duel

## Win, Lose or Draw

 Wild Heave Les Bloodworth in With Big Tally

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$\qquad$ The Time That Crabbe Accepted the Challenge
 Feller to Block Way
Of Griffs' Records
Fourth in Row





Hogan, Demaret Rise to 6 Plus For Strangle Hold on 4-Ball Inverness Golf Tourney



Probable Pitchers In Majors Today



Hit Streaks Exiended By Di Mag, Rizzuio, But Yanks Bow

Jacobs Selects Nova As Louis' Next Foe In Sepiember
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Trojans Easily Pace N.C.A.A. Track Meef

L.S.U.'s Brown Games 'Iron Man'; Blozis PALO ALTO, Caiif, June 21.-In

a meet marked by thrills, spills, the
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Ewell, Wright Double Winners.
-Noo double winners were comed
-Nowod Ewell Penn State Nergo
nid Bob Wrikht of Ohio State.
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## California's Fast Trial Makes 'Keepsie Regatta Loom Strictly Western Party

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 $\begin{array}{ll}\text { Mackmen Pound Trio } & \text { Pinch Homer by West } \\ \text { Of Chisox Hurlers } & \text { Saves Braves, Who }\end{array}$ To Score, 11 to 5

Kavakos Faces Carr In Drive to Clinch C. C. Loop Lead




Browns, Father and Son, Break White Hurls Another Records in Skeet Triumphs Welsh-Leavens Fin
At City Net Today
Has Fans Agog Bogart, Burnett, 1-Up Victors In Golf Thrillers, Gain Semis In Maryland State Play

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\begin{aligned}
& \text { Browns Clout Three } \\
& \text { Homers in Routing } \\
& \text { Red Sox, } 13 \text { to } 9
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Two-Hit Shutout as Cards Rout Giants
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Fat Boy Ten Pacing
Sherwood League


## Hall, Tennis Newcomer, Bobs Up as Threat to Bensinger's Reign Over Juniors



New Champion Is Due in Star's Federal Match Play Golf, Now at Torrid Stage
Ireasury, Defending
Crown, Far Behind Crown, far Behind
Top War Team


| Yacht Fleet Begins Long Ocean Race P) the Associated Press. NEW LONDON, Conn. Jun | Perry Is Easy Victor Of Dixie Golf Title | ROD and STREAM : Wylie Offers Line on Expert Angler Ontario Good for Bronze-Backs |
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|  | With Flashy Game |  |
|  | Beats Cummings, 5 a As Latter Is Unable |  |
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Divers Waiting for New Board As Defense Work Takes Wood

Youngster Plays Vet Linksmen in Final Of Trans-Miss

Jones Picked as Foe For Montgomery in Fight June 30

Maryland Women's Title Golf

Jones Picks Pro Aces To Play Ryder Team In Benefit Golf

| Dozen Craft Racing In Potapskut Club | Upset Scored by Dit In Delaware Park's |
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| Trophy Event | Sussex Triumph |
| Little Boats to Cover 50 Miles in Contest On Chesapeake Bay | eads All Way to Beat Corydon; Masked Gene Choice, Saves Sho |
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## Whirlaway Spurts From Last Place to Capture Dwyer, Despite Claim of Foul



ten pages
Germany Must Be Sure of Soviet
'As Arsenal of Totalitarianism' With U. S. Aid to Britain Presaging Long War, ermany May Invade Russia to Get
Essential Raw Materials



America Points the Way.
Veteran Diplomat Says U. s. Guides Worlds Destiny







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The Valorous Poles Are Still Fighting

THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 22,1941 -PART TWO
To

Tension Between United States and Reich Increases as President Charges 'Piracy'
Review of Ninety-Fourth Week of War

On Fighting Fronts


FREE NORWEGIANS DO THEIR BIT IN WAR
Trode Fleet Helps Keep Sea Lanes to Brition Open


TROUBLE FOR BRITAIN IN MEDITERRANEAN
New Lines in North Africa Suggested by U. S. Observers

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Auto Plants Speed Defense Work

| r | Each step contributes to putting defense |  |
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| IT, June 21.-The motorcar | on a mass production basis. In some cases the "make-ready" period | Industry's chiefs say, the stream of goods will be almost taggering in magnituce. |
| suddeniy has stopped hakion | has been a little longer than usually is | A certain amount of rivairy that |
| ense-it has reached the point where | the |  |
| an talk about restar | model. But there have been exceptions | tion engines and planes has developed |
| Just as it requires nearly a year nning, engineering study, supply | even in the handing of unfamiliar as- | beraft industries. |
| dination and the like to get | Outstanding is Chrysier Corp.'s tank |  |
| five million or more autom | plant, now nearing completion on what |  |
|  | was a corn field a intule more than seven | "we don't intend to tell the aviation |
|  | mon |  |
|  | resses a day. | ess," said one leading automotive ei.igi- |
| But something like magic resu | There is also the Ford aviation en- | s |
| all these preparations. Not very many |  |  |
| weeks ago machinists were spending 6 | expanded to triple its potertital output; | Dependent on Man Power |
| hours and 40 minutes counterboring 280 | ana the bomber plane | We can learn much from the airplane |
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American Pilots Are a Joy to the R.C.A.F
By Pat McGrady
They
But

Draft Thins National Symphony

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 the power to bring to life the composer's
message, they are eager. They aren't across the country:
"It's a relief to come to an orchestra
 A wild enthusiasm has marked all Where the musicians aren't all tired out.
geniuse in the interpretive arts in their
where music is not tust something that
eans them a livelihood."


$\qquad$ that which the histerpretive believed that sumper do sumines at the Water Gate next
Seet is to put himself at the service of in a popular vein with symhonies will be



 "Any young person with inteligence", Messsing untrom their places in the or-
he contends, "can learn what the older week, will be beyd C . Geisler, first trumpet: Robert




How R. A. F. Courage Broke Up Huge Luftwaffe Air Raid


## What It Means to Be an Ex-President



## Strange Appetites




D. C. Air Corpsmen Expect to Get Flying Training Soon


## Legislation Seeks Army Seeks in Vain

 Temporary Promotion For Unified Basis for For Naval Officers Promoting Officers| Enlisted Men Also | Some in West Point Class |
| :--- | :--- |
| To Be Recognized | Of 1940 May Receive |
| In Step-up Plan | Temporary Advances |



|  | other ways. For instance publicity. Your father is a very prominent man.He couldn't stand unfavorable comment right now. I happen to know |  |
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|  | Lecke fought against the desire toburst into the room. He heard a | Statue of Longstreet |
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| 'Connell | cut through to him. <br> "My father not able to stand any | To Be Dedicated at Gettysburg July 2 |
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|  |  | Two D. C. Delegations To Attend Ceremony in Honor of Confederate |
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| to Be Installed mony at Club f July 1 |  |  |
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## Hired Man


pro
Patriarchs Militant, I. O. O. F., to Gather At Canadian Cross
To Observe Independenco Day ond Dominion
Day With Ceremonies





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Spanish War Veteran Will Meet in Omaha

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS
—By Dick Mansfield


Civic Problems, CivicBodies Citizen Anti-Noise Crusade Urged;
Budget Both Pleases and Displeases Budget Both Pleases and
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$\qquad$ more rapid progress in a wide-awake and efficient citizen committee
was carrying on an educational campaign in coordination with the
work of the police. Some citizens have let down for a summer va
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## Kamp Kahlert Opens Kamp Kahlert Op Season Tomorrow <br> 

Americans Lead World As Owners of Autos

razil Coffee Crop Off Brazil's 1941 -.42 coffee crop wil
be 33 per cent ess than the previou
one, it is is estimated, due to un



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Citizens Salvage Few Items Sought in 1942 Budget

Many Suggested to House Group But Bare Handul Are Chosen<br>In $552,500,000$ Estimates

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Case Worker Named
By Chest to Handle Follow-Up Patients
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Eighth and Friday. June 27.
Milk proturs-Regluar meeting,
association headquarters, 932 Phila-



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the sunday star, washington, d. C., June 22, 1941-part tiro


## Ramiz SIIL！IIINIHOU III DIIIER CLIOTHS．．．



Gay Printed Cottons in Colorful Flower Patterns！


## $69^{\text {c }}$

sumer
－Hand－printed cotton table cloths with deep
border designs of feailstic tulips，poppies and dog－
wood


## ＇ 1.00

Sailloth huncheon clochs，gay as a pienic，
smart as a terrace luncheon！Practically smoth－


## ＇． 39

pre－laundered for dimmes on heary cotton sailicloth

 Beautiful＂BATES＂Cotton Bedspreads

 



4 Best Sellers in Summer Curtains．．．si． 29 to si． 49 Values．．． 1.00

 100 Reversible WOVEN FIBRE RUCS

## $\mathbf{\$ 1 1 . 9 5}$ to $\mathbf{\$ 1 3 . 9 5}$ Values Last Season＇s Patterns $9^{\prime} x 12^{\prime}$ and $8^{\prime} x 10^{\prime}$

－Last year＇s patterns，yes ．．．but that doesn arfect their desirability one bit ．．in only affects
the price！Summery floral and interesting inter rupted stripe designs，reversible for fonger wear！
In dubonnet，blue，green and brown， In dubonnet，blue，green and brown． Kann＇b－Thirc Moor．

Young Set Enlivens Capital
With Flurry of Parties During Wedding Season

Miss Mary Barclay Adams Gives Dinner for Miss Mary Manning; Miss Price Is Hostess Members of the younger set took over the social stage over the
week end, a furry of delightulu little parties for them enlivening the
Washington scene. The Capital fast is becoming aware of the social
ond Wasdington scene. The Capital rast is becoming aware of the social
doldrums that envelope the town during the warmer months. This
gayety for the debutantes and their beaux was a pleasant adition gayety yor the diebutantes and their beaux was a pleasant addition to
the calendar which for days and days has been marked with hittle other than weddings.
Miss Mary Barclay Adams Gives
Dinner Party for Miss Manning.
Miss Mary Adams Manning. daughter of Mrs. Harry K. Hickey, who
only recenty completed her junior year at Radclife Colege., was the
center of a merry group of young people last night at the cheyy Chase
 for her, inviting about 35 of her young friends to oninner and tor peraity
for dancing. Miss Mannings friends were seated at one large table
gnd in a smaller room, Miss Adams had a few of her friends dining and in a smaller room, Miss Adams had a few of her friends dining
with her.
Miss Manning made her debut in November, 1938, at a tea given by

 Mrodercic, Miss Marianna Evans, Miss Patricia Hill, Miss Helen Lippitt,
Miss ratricia Grifin, Miss Georgiana Flather, Miss Nancy Rheem, Miss
Jacuueline de Sieyes. Miss Nancy



 $\frac{2}{2}$ MRS. THOMAS ROBINS and MRS. REX RHOADES.
Mrs. Robins, wife of Brig. Gen. Robins, U. S. A., is he the House Committee. She is pictured in the recreation hall

Social Notes of Interest In Capital's Official Set

Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes Leave This Week by Train for Canada; Mrs. Robert Taft Returns to Ohio

 from her illness to make the triered by
train. For some years it has beene Court and Mrs. James
Byrnes are spending the week end
 Mrs. Taft To Leave for Murray Bay
$\qquad$ Mrs. William Howard Taft, widow
of the former President and chief
Justice. has recovered from her recent iliness and hase with her over
Sunday her daughter, Mrs. Treder-
Tck Jin Ick J. Manning of Bryn Mawr, Pa
Mrs. Manning will accompany her mother when she leaves tomorrow
for Murray Bay. Canada, where they
will open the Taft summer home to Mrs. Edward Everett Gann has
with her for a short visit her niece



 $!$


Engagements of Interest
To Capital Society
Miss Angelica Lloyd to Marry
Mr. Peter Macdonald at Estate
Of Mother in Massachusetts
Of much interest here is the engagement of Miss Angelica Lloyd to
Mr. Peter Macdonald, son of Mrs. Morgan Plummer of South Dartmouth.
Mass., which is announced today by the bride-elect's mother, Mrs. Nordell Mr. Peter Macdonald, son of Mrs. Morgan Plummer of South Dartmouth,
Mass, which is announced today by the bride-elect smother, Mrs. Nordell
Lloyd at her home, Potomska, near New Bedford, Mass. Lloyd at her home, Potomska, near New Bedford. Mass.
The wedding will take place August 2 at Potomska. Miss Lloyd is the daughter of the late Mr. Demarest Llovd, well-
known publisher. She attended Foxcroft School, Brownsmoor, Santa Fe, N. Mex., and Miss Langleys's Schoocr. Mr. Macdonald attended Phillips
and the University of Virgina. Miss Joan Wiss to Marry
Mr. Karl Cory, Jr., in Fall.
mr. and Mrs. J. Robert wiss of
South Blairs See






 Mr. and Mrs. John W. Palmer, ir,
of Arlington, Va, announce the en.
 Charles Lloyd Kettler. son of tof
and Mrs. Clifford $E$. Kettler
Chevy




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About Well－Known Folk In Books，Art，Politics



| Takoma Park |
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Back to Black
for Your First Fall Dress ．Frank Co．presents its first fall fashion sleek，slim－fitting black dress that combines two onable rayon satin．Unusual Amethyst and gold clip
this exquisite OTHERS $\$ 10.9$ F．$F$ Cor $\$ 29.95$


Entertains in Sandy Spring Dr．Tumbleson and
Mrs．Tumbleson Have Guests

ouglas Farquhar．Mrs．P．Garland


 Cold

16.95

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Deddings of Interest To Capital Society





 Dr. Robert Warfield
Honored at Rockville On 80th Birthday

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Miss Luç Pratit Farkner
Wed to Ensign Sanderson,

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BEST \& CO
Cool Summer Frock

## in rayon shantung



PERFECT dress for now and all Summer waist and full skirt are young, wearable,
figure-flattering. Its rayon shantung is figure-flattering. Its rayon shantung is Sizes 10 to 18 in white, aqua, or blue.


FINAL CLEARANCE SALE CLOSING FOR SUMMER Entire Stock
${ }^{5} 5$ to ${ }^{5} 18$
CHARLOTTE PARKER
ITO9 H STREET.N.W.


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| Warrenton Social |
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| News |
| Cocktail Party <br> Honors Wedding <br> Principals |
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| Meremile |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { His mother has joined Mr. } \\ & \text { in Wilmington. Del. } \\ & \text { Mrs. H. C. Groome has } \end{aligned}$ |
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Randoiph Spilman of Warrenton
Mrs. William Bowie of
tnoton is the guest of Mrs.
Robins at Brituon Hall.
Mrs. Ge the


Social Events of Interest
In Arlington County Area Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Simcoe Hosts At Buffet Supper and Bridge
Bouknights Give Dinner








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## the sunday star, mashivgton, <br> he sunday star, fashington, d. C., JUNe 22, 1941 -Part three


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## Social News of Interest

 In Lower Montgomery
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$\qquad$ Craft Training Center
Plans Summer Classes






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 WOMEN'S *PERSONAL ENSEMBLE

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ROBERT C．JONES


| ASSIFIED AD RATES Local Advertisers | HEPMEN． |  |  | MEN. |  | MESTIC． | MEN. |
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| HAY FEVER SUFFERE POSITIVE RELIE |  |  | person．Employment department， Peoples Drug Stores， 77 P st．n．e．， |  | WITH TYPING EXPERI－ |  |  |
| datered bid |  |  | Soda dispensers， 18 to 25 yrs． |  | position advance． |  |  |
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## Eight pages.

Somebody, Surely, Must Be Wacky
But Hollywood Could Argue Over Identity of the Guilty Party and Make a Good Case for Itself


Story Is That Old One But Tricks Are New

Film Serials Must Never Be Corny Except in the Basic Premise That Villain Still Pursues He











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Today's Film Schedules
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There's Always a Reason Poverty or Boredom Returns Old Stars to New Jobs

School Days Are Different In Filmdom Movie Tots Study Grimly in Studio Classrooms
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Photoplays in Washington Theaters This Week



AMUSEMENTS
There Aren＇t Any Rules For Success in Movies Some Stars Arrive the Hard Wa
While Others Get There With Little or No Effort



He Said No， Actress Still Got Role
Radio Voice Won Part in Play for Joan Tompkins



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Going Gets Harder for Bob Hope

| Comedian Suffers More and More In Each Film |  |
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AMONG THE STAMP COLLECTORS
News of the Philatelic World, Its Interests and People-Review o the Stamp Press-List of Local Meetings


News of Activities Here and Nearby






NOTES FROM DOGDOM
Notes on a Variety of Subjects of Interest in Washington and Vicinity


Today's Workout for the Puzzle Fans

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The Game and Its
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Events in the World of Art and Music of Interest to Washingtonians
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The Literary World—Reviews of Current Publications in Various Fields

Frenchman Explains How
U.S. Can Stop Germany Andre Cheradame Says Nazi Conquests Are Part of Plan He First Reported in 1903

## Deferne of the An Anericics



Study of Freedom Makes Excellent First Novel

Author Analyzes America of
Twentieth Century Up to Twentieth Century Up to
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Library Suggests Books On United States Army

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Boating Enthusiast Builds 21-Foot Racing Sloop in Basement of His Home

Scout Cook
Wins Trip To Capital

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Three members of Brownie Scout Troop No. 146 display the blanket their troop made for
Bundles for Britain. Left to right, Jane Vawter, Shirley Ann Smith, Ellen MacEwen, all 10 vears
old.
-Star Staff Photo.

## Just

Between
Ourselves

Strange Navy War Waged By U.S. Army Engineers








## Blessings of A Vacation At Home

Youth and Family Find Seclusion in Their Own House





Offered for Best
Contributions

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Riddles

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George Palmer Putnam, author, publisher, traveler, is the only man we know who erer slapped a polar bear on the nose. A dozen years ago he headed a scientific ex pedition to northern Greenland for the American Museum of Natural History. Among the prizes brought back were live twin polarbear cubs. It was with a grown-up polar bear, however, that the explorer had his rather special personal encounter. Here is his story:

CAMERA! In a light little craft, I was taking motion pictures of a polar bear swimming from one iceberg to another I was perched in the prow, leaning forward, the camera sight pressed to one eye, the other shut. Bob Peary, son of the man who first reached the North Pole, was in the stern, paddling
"LOOK OUT!" yelled Bob suddenly. I pulled my eye from the finder. Our bear, instead of paddling along placidly a dozen feet ahead, had turned. He was

"The bear was surprised, too"
tired of the game. With three strokes of his great legs he was all but aboard us. Actually, he had turned on his back almost under me, his hind legs reaching for the bottom of the boat, his huge forepaws raised to smack the prow - and me, and whatever else was reachable. One swipe of those mighty arms and sharp claws would have cracked the frail craft wide open, to say nothing of what it would have done to me.

THE KNOCKOUT: There's no denying it, I was surprised and frightened. But in the sudden emergency, instinct acted. I yelled And with my free hand I slapped that half-ton white monster right across the snout, as hard as I could. It was with my open palm, and I remember - afterward -how it hurt!
The bear was as surprised as I was scared. If a bear's eyes can bulge, his did They were looking right into mine. There was resentful astonishment in them. No one ever before had slapped a polar bear in the face. It just wasn't done. He didn't like it.
The big paws dropped, their claws not even scratching the boat's side. With a grunt of disgust the bear paddled away.

THE President has engaged the services of prominent leaders in every walk of life to work on America's Big Job. I am just a millworker. yet I too have been asked to help.
I am not an expert. but one of the laborers called upon to do the work that government officials and experts have planned. The job is to insure freedom for all of us. Without the support of labor, it is clear that the efforts of our statesmen and planning experts will not be effective.
This crisis is a ringing challenge to everyone who has a job. I look upon it as a test of my patriotism. For this is not the kind of a job or a country that demands only my toil and sweat. It calls for an understanding of my country's needs, and a joint responsibility in supplying these needs.
The rayon mill in which I work has no defense orders. But that does not mean that I am not working on America's Big Job. The product of my labor serves millions of American homes and supplies a need of factories and workers actually producing defense necessities. That is why I consider myself a defense worker along with the machinists, engineers, electricians and welders who are making guns, tanks and planes to defend our shores and homes.
I answer the challenge to democracy when I respond to the seven-o'clock whistle. My job requires no special talent or skill; but my efficiency and attitude on this job will either help or hinder those whose skill and leadership can make America safe. Like every loyal citizen I want a part in the task that the President, defense commissioners, Congress and the Army and Navy are working on. I can have this part by remembering that no job is small enough to escape the chal lenge of the crisis.
I am faced not only by a challenge but also by a great opportunity. Dark periods in the past created the opportunities that made honored heroes out of the men who accepted the challenge of their jobs. Our leaders today have the same opportunity. I, an obscure millworker, have the chance to take a place in history beside the patriots who won America's freedom

I can achieve this distinction by giving to my country and my job the spirit of devotion, sacrifice and determination that made America great. This does not mean that I renounce the privilege of speaking up for my rights and insisting that those in authority consider my viewpoint when misunderstandings arise. It does mean that I must be a responsible citizen that I must realize the necessity of unity and work to achieve it - that I must not allow my own selfish interests to interfere with my country's needs.
I must not make the mistake of insisting on my rights when I should be working for them. These rights are secure only when my country is safe. So I shall be when my country is safe. So I shall be
working for my rights when I extend the working for my rights when I extend the
co-operation and reasonableness that in-co-operation and reasonableness that in-
spires reasonableness and co-operation in others.

O ${ }_{\mathrm{N} \text { the }}$ Big Job I am not merely a hired hand. I am an equal partner in the business of making America safe. No one has more to gain by making the job a success, for only democracy gives the laborer the only democracy gives the laborer the
hope of comfort and dignity. But the syshope of comfort and dignity. But the sys-
tem of government that gives me equal privileges demands equal sacrifices in time of danger. I must remember this when difficulties occur in my job, if inconveni ences disturb my home - even if I am called to military service.
Our elected leaders and military experts are counting on my help. And the youngster who follows me to the corner every morning to say goodby is counting on me too. In fact, he's counting on all of us He is too young to understand about national defense and democracy. But he is old enough to make ambitious plans, confident that I can help him carry them out. I can if the Big Job is a success.
So I will not try to dodge the temporary sacrifices that I may be called upon to make, for I realize that such sacrifices are necessary if we would safeguard America's future. Instead, I will strive to work ever more efficiently on the Big Job that faces all of us, convinced that this is the best investment I can make for myself and for those who depend upon me. If freedom wins, I cannot lose.

STRATEGY. A Viennese composer found a place for himself in the movies and made his home in one of the stately mansions near Hollywood
A visiting friend was surprised to find the exile living in so much splendor, and even more surprised when he discovered that huge price labels were attached to every single bit of furniture in the-house, price labels that could not possibly have been correct either, for a beautiful old Gothic Pietà, for instance, bore a $\$ 2.00$ price tag, a vase of Bohemian crystal one of 85 c , and a Murano chandelier was marked at $\$ 1.75$. On the other hand, some glassware, obviously stemming from the next five-and-ten-cent store, was marked at prices from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars.
Noting his friend's surprise, the man from Vienna explained

Well, you see, we have a new maid, and she has the habit of smashing things - the more precious the better. So now we've taken to trying to confuse her with those tags. And," he added gleefully, "it works!"
SEA GULLS, abounding off the coast of England, are doing their bit to aid London's fight against Hitler's air raiders. They always fly inland ahead of the German raiders, and members of the R.A.F.'s Observation Corps often get their first warning of approaching Nazi flights from these birds.

CAPITAL OF SPYDOM. A few years ago Lisbon was a pretty, sleepy little capital, ignored by tourists and interested only in minding its own business. Today, as the last point of free communication be-


Lisbon: Where spies meet spies
tween the Old World and the New, it is the world's center of plotting and intrigue, overrun with visitors - many of them sinister - from every country on the globe. Lisbon is bursting with material for exciting stories, both fact and fiction, and one of the most thrilling is the tale told by David Burnham in this issue. For the past ten years Burnham has been wandering over most of the civilized world. He knows Lisbon, which is the background of his story, "Secret Film," in this issue.

Who, Me ?...............................................by Hudson Nix $\mathrm{I}^{\text {Page }}$
The Terrific Embarrassment.................by Mildred North Slater s Illustrated by Tran Mawicke Secret Film. $\qquad$
Danger in a Doorway...................by Leslie Gordon Barnard 4 Illustrated by Karl Godwin

Wally's Wagon.<br>Wallr's Wagon.......................................by Wally Boren 19 Housework Can Give You Beauty .................by Sylvia Blythe 13 Try This Man's Recipes<br>by Grace Turner 14

The Redskins Are Ready. $\qquad$

## SECRET FILM

Breathless adventure in Lisbon, city of spies, where a woman's smile spells danger . . . and a young American can get into trouble - fast!
by David Burnham
Illustrated by Michael Dolas

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

ROGER wasn't clear just how it started. When the train stopped at the Portuguese border, he had waited until the Spanish customs officers cleared his luggage. Then, when the conductor told him the train wouldn't start up again for another quarter hour, he had got out to stretch his legs on the platform. I'm on neutral ground, he told himself happily. A country at peace. In a few hours I'll be in Lisbon, where I'll see American ships riding at anchor. In seventytwo hours I'll be in New York.
There was a rowdy group of young Spanish fascists on the platform, seeing off a friend on the Madrid train. One of them, more than half drunk, bumped against Roger, almost upsetting them both. Although it was the other's fault, Roger mumbled an apology and walked on.
But the Spaniard followed him, calling him something in his own language which brought a boisterous laugh from the Spaniard's companions. Before Roger could make out what was happening, they had surrounded him, jostling him, snarling epithets he needed no understanding of Spanish to interpret as insults. When he tried to reason with them in English, that only aggravated their bullying. The way to his train was blocked; he looked about, in vain, for help.
And then all at once, out of nowhere, appeared the English girl, elbowing through the circle, shouting: "Americano. No Inglés. Americano ambulancia piloto!" The brawling Spaniards fell back, the girl grabbed Roger's arm and hustled him onto his train - none too soon. The engine whistled, chugged, crossed the border into Portugal.
$\mathbf{S}_{\text {afe in }}$ his compartment, where the girl had followed him, Roger caught his breath. "What was it all about?
"They took you for an Englishman. Your uniform is almost like an English officer's, and they aren't too popular just now in Spain."

Roger tried to thank her. "Lucky thing you happened along. No telling what might have happened if you hadn't. How did you know I was an American?
She pointed to his sleeve insignia: American Ambulance Corps.
Beginning with her agreeably friendly smile, Roger took his first good look at his rescuer. About his own age; fair; no Merle rescuer. About his own age, Cair, no Merle
Oberon, but unmistakably attractive in that crisp, clean-cut British manner. Her name, it developed, was Cynthia Cooke. She had been studying languages at Grenoble, and hadn't let herself believe that the Germans would ever get that far. Now, belatedly, she was trying to get home to England.
Cynthia, for her part, learned that Roger had enlisted three months before-from Syracuse, New York - with the American Field Service in France. He and his ambu-lance-mate had made one too many trips into the combat area, and were caught by the German advance. For six weeks they were shunted back and forth, under custody of a front-line Panzer column, inside the German lines, forced to serve as interpreters. Finally, after France's capitulation, they had managed to get through to Paris, where the American Embassy engineered their release.
"And your mate?" Cynthia asked him.
Where is he now?"
"He's joining me in Lisbon tomorrow. He's


Before Roger could make out what was happening, they had surrounded him. The girl hustled him onto the train -iust in time
hoping to wangle a British visa, and carry on over there. He's knocked around Europe ever since he was a kid - even gave up his citizenship. He tried to join the French army when the war broke out, but was turned down, so he enlisted with our outfit."
During the train journey she asked him other questions. How had the Germans treated them? Where were they captured? And what were his plans now?
"Two days of big meals and hot baths. Then an airplane ride," he explained.
"I'll be staying over a few days myself," she said. "Would you think it too forward of me if I asked where you were putting up?" Roger - stealing another appraising look -thought quite the reverse. "The Aviz. The Embassy made reservations for us. And you?"
"I'm staying with friends."
"But perhaps we could see something of each other?"
Cynthia smiled - a slow, quiet smile which seemed to have overtones that Roger couldn't quite decipher. "I'm sure we will." She glanced out the window. "We're pulling into Lisbon. My luggage is in the next car; I'd best collect it."
She hurried out before Roger could arrange a definite rendezvous. A pleasant tweedy scent lingered after her, which must come from a most suitable perfume she used.
Out the window of the hotel omnibus, there wasn't a Nazi uniform in sight. No bomb-
craters in the street; no inside-out houses; no burning churches. At sunny tables along the tree-bordered Avenida, prosperous-looking citizens enjoyed their after-work aperitif, besieged by nothing more deadly than importunate bootblacks and lottery agents. Nurses and children strolled along the promenade, with never a glance at the sky. This is what peace looks like, Roger told himself. I had almost forgotten. He pressed the reassuring bulge over his breast pocket: his PanAmerican clipper ticket. Sixty-eight hours.
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {HE Aviz, swank and luxurious, matched }}$ his mood of well-being. The opulent lobby was crowded with a motley blend of foreign faces and costumes, a babel of foreign tongues diplomats, refugees, journalists, munitionsbrokers, shippers, promotors, adventurers. The crush was thickest at the booking desk. Waiting his turn, Roger heard the harried receptionist explain a dozen times, "Nothing whatever available. Even the cots in the ballroom are booked solid.'
Lucky he had a reservation; recognizing his uniform, the clerk turned the register for his signature, requested his passport. "The papers of all guests must be submitted to the local authorities.'
Returning to the lobby after an hour-long bath - the water actually ran hot - Roger was conscious of a certain atmosphere. Conversations had a way of dying when he came
near; heads bent closer together; oblique glances followed him suspiciously. It began to come home to him that here in this neutral capital the war was even more urgently prescapital the war was even more urgently pres-
ent than where enemybarmies paraded openly in uniform. Here no one wore his true colors; everyone's nationality and purpose were ambiguous and suspect. Looking about for a friendly face and failing to find one, Roger had a feeling of loneliness and obscure discomfort. A sign over a doorway reading "American Bar" offered a friendly note and he walked inside and found a place at the counter
The bartender was overworked, and Roger's martini was a long time coming. The stools adjoining his own had meanwhile been occupied, but both backs were averted. Waiting for his cocktail, Roger drummed his fingers impatiently on the counter. There was no conceivable hurry, he had two nights and a day to waste. But his nerves couldn't adapt themselves to inactivity. He caught himself humming aloud; a few bars of melody he couldn't identify but must have heard once and subconsciously remembered. Where? It seemed to him, putting his mind to it for want of anything more important to think about, that he had heard it recently. But that couldn't be; he had heard nothing more musical than bomb explosions for two months. Finally the martini arrived. Roger was raising it to his lips when the back to his
(Continued on page 7)

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE dangain a doorway

THe match flared for an instant in the darkness of the doorway and was suc ceeded by the glow of a cigarette. That flare had showed Joey the face of a man. There was a queer, grim, hunted look about it that made Joey swallow hard. Not the kind of look a boy wanted to see on the face of his father.
"Joey!"
So he was seen. He edged into the doorway. "Listen, son, I want you to do something for me. Walk up past Murphy's Fish \& Chips Let me know are there a coupla guys hang ing round the corner there. Just take it kind of easy, as if you wasn 't interested in looking at all."

Joey, off like a shot, restrained himself Easy - take it kind of easy! Nobody notices a kid going whistling along, hands in his pockets. Two guys hanging around? Double back then on the other side.
"They're there all right."
"I figured they were. Who are they? Never you mind. You cut for home, see? Tell you Mom maybe I'll be a bit late. You tell her that. And if anybody comes asking for me I'm away. Got that?

There are times when you know enough not to ask questions. But you have your own thoughts. Your heart goes thud-thudding, The houses look as if they had eyes watch ing, seeing how scared you are. Not for your self. For him. No matter what people said he was a swell guy, Joey's father was. You've got to live with a person to know.
Benny and the gang were on his doorstep All talking together. Baseball, maybe. They played in the vacant lot by the old quarry on North Maple Street. He could tell they stopped talking when they saw him. Why?
"What's the huddle for?" Joey asked.
Nobody spoke. Only Skeets, the tall new boy two doors down, laughed.
"Anything so funny about me?" Joey wanted to know.

The cops are after your old man," Skeets said.
Benny said: "That's true, Joey. They were at your house just a while ago."

They all stared after him as he ran up his own steps, and banged the door closed.
"You, Joey?" His mother came into the light and he could see how white her face was how her hands worked on the end of her apron. Joey, you didn't happen to see your father anywhere, did you?
He told her. Had to tell her. Because his father said whatever else you did, not to lie. Come out with the truth. Even if it hurts No matter what - don't lie.
"Joey, where are you going?
"Out."
"What for?"
But he was gone. You'd got to do something when your father was in a hot spot. Skeets ran after him, calling: "Is it true what they say?"
"Is what true?
"That your old man did time.
Joey's fists clenched. He wanted to fee! them bruising Skeets' face.
"It is true, ain't it?" "Yes.
The bleak little word stuck in his throat but the very first night his father got - got home, he 'd taken Joey aside. Said it wasn't going to be so easy. The boys would talk, would taunt him maybe. "So what" You just stand up to it, son. Face the facts. I don't

## and


"Joey, you didn't see your father, did you ?" He told her. Had to tell her
want any son of mine telling lies about me or for me."
And Joey said: "Can I tell 'em you were framed because you swatted a guy who was shooting at a cop? Can I tell 'em how you saved the guard's life when' they ganged up on him in the prison break? Can I, Dad?
$\AA_{\text {ND h h }}$ father laughed. "Tell them anything - so long as it's the truth, Joey. Better forget the details, though. I've taken my medicine, see? Now I'm out, and I'm staying out." It made Joey kind of proud of his father, but when he ran downstairs to find Benny there was a neighbor woman talking to two other men. She was saying, quite loudly:
"Once a man's been in jail, he don't stop out long. I've seen it happen too often.
He couldn't forget that. He didn't even tell Mom, but it kept him awake sometimes nights. He'd wake up from dreams in which the woman was saying it
Now Skeets was saying, "I guess they're after him again all right.'
Joey's clenched fist wobbled Skeets back against the brick wall; then he began to run, because he couldn't stop to finish this with Skeets just now. Well along the block, he slowed down. You had to take it easy if you wanted to - to help anyone in a hot spot. Pretend. Walk like there wasn't anything up. Hands in your pockets. Whistle.

A car came cruising down the street. Polic radio car. His heart was thud-thudding again. But you just had to go on, strolling along whistling until it was by.
He looked away, heard a scream of brakes. A cop jumped out and caught him by the shoulder before he could run.
"You Joey Clarke?"
"Y-yes."
"Listen, Joey, you seen your dad lately?" What could you say? What could you say when you mustn't ever lie? " A - a while ago.'
"Where was this?"
"In - in a doorway."
What doorway?
You had to stall for time. That was it Stall for time. "I could show you."

Hop on the running board.
There was the doorway where the match had flared, where he'd seen his father's face with that - that look on it.
"Nobody here now'"
He could have told them that. Because he'd seen his father leave. Saw him, as he looked back, turning into Maple Street.
"Was he alone?"
"Yes, sir."
Sure there wasn't two men with him?
Joey hesitated. Where did a lie begin? Where did a lie end? "Not - with him."
"Nearby?"
Yes, sir.
Did he go with them?"
No, he went - " Joey caught himself. Near betrayal that time. Close thing. They'd got no right to ask so many questions - not when it was his father

So you saw him go. Which way?
Joey tried not to let his eyes betray him: but the cop was quick. "That way? Maple Street?"
"Yes."
"North or south?"
"North."
On the pavement Joey stood staring at the cop's rear end as he ducked into the police car. In a moment the car would rocket away into Maple Street, taking his lie with it. When your father's in a hot spot you'd got a right to tell a lie! You just had to tell a lie. Even though you'd been told: "No matter what - don't lie!'

Joey sprang for the running board. His eyes, hot and smarting, stared into the faces of three cops. He said desperately: "I - I told you wrong. It wasn't north, it was south on Maple he went.

The cop who had questioned Joey took a swift appraising look. "Okay," he said "South Maple, Bill, and step on it."
The car lurched away, swung south down Maple Street, sirening its way. Joey began to run. To run at lung-bursting speed. Into Maple Street. Turning south. A block or so down, the siren died with a sort of yelp like a dog hunting something that now it had caught up with.
Stopping to gulp for breath, Joey stood rooted. They were shooting. The cops were shooting it out down there. And he'd done it. He'd sent them that way. Hot tears streaked his face as he ran again. He was scared, but he ran towards where the shooting was. It was all over when he got there. People were running, crowding round the police car. A spectator jostled Joey, turning away. "They sure got that guy proper and plenty. Well, it was comin' to him. He opened on the cops."
Joey felt all frozen. Once he'd got his feet almost frozen skating with Benny on the old quarry. Couldn't feel anything. Numbed. He felt like that inside now. The pain came later.
In a vague way he saw that Benny and Skeets and the gang had come stampeding to the scene by a short cut. They were all excited and eager. It wasn't their father.
Then, from somewhere quite near, Joey heard a voice he knew. "You sure got here just in the nick of time," his father was saying.
The cop said: "We've been trailin' you ever since we got a hot tip those guys were out to get you for meddlin' in that affair with the guard." Then he caught sight of Joey, and reached out and pulled him closer.
"Here's the one you want to thank," said the cop. "If your kid hadn't given us the right steer it would have been just too bad." He smiled down at Joey. "Lucky you remembered it was South Maple and not North," he said, "or I guess your dad here would be plugged with as many holes as an old sieve." The End

ITHE rainless summertume, the hot sun of the Southwest turns much of the countryside to tawny drab. So my wife and I were surprised one blistering day to notice an area of incongruously green foliage on an otherwise sere hillside. It was too far away for us to detect details, but suddenly my wife exclaimed:
"That patch is getting larger!"
While we watched, the green line crept miraculously up the hill. It was like the advance of spring. We drove over and found trucks and workmen from a motion-picture studio. Through the brown trees swarmed a small army of overalled Tarzans with ropes and linemen's spikes; each carried a hissing paint sprayer, and as they progressed, every dry leaf became brilliant green.
I sought out the superintendent of this extraordinary project. His name, he said, was Nick, and he was a studio nurseryman. As he fiddled with gauges on an enormous air compressor, he told me what it was all about.
"Tomorrow," he said, "we shoot a Technicolor scene here. It's supposed to be the Shenandoah Valley in midsummer. So we have to make it green - nine acres of it."
1 asked whether he was using ordinary house paint. He said no.

It would be too glossy. It might even hurt the trees. This is a new scientific chemical it's both a quick-drying flat paint and a synthetic plant food. The leaves absorb some of it. Look.
He picked a leaf and passed it to me. A little earlier it would have crinkled to bits in my hand. Now it was soft and pliable. Science had given it not only a fresh hue, but some thing of the texture of freshness as well.
Nick said with some pride, "The Army is sending camouflage men to study our work."

## Uncle Sam Is Watching

$\mathbf{A}_{\text {nd }}$ that's not the only movie magic that the Army is interested in. There's a new Hollywood trick of processing lens glass that is already giving our fighting forces finer gun sights and range finders. And another discovery - in sound amplification - has helped make our plane-spotting devices the mos sensitive in the world. The -movies' artificial fog intrigues military men too, as a possible means of screening important objectives.
In fact, before Hollywood's science wizards are through, they may well play a valuable part in the defense of the nation. Anyone who has visited their "secret" back lots and watched them at work, as I have recently, can readily imagine that.
Would you like to see a genuine blizzard with swirling snow and sleet, in mid-July? Or a skating pond frozen solid in the full glare of summer sun? Would you like to ride the pitching. bucking deck of an ocean liner in a howling hurricane - without even going near the sea? Would you care to see awesome thunder and lightning created by the mere flicking of a switch, or a man-made fog sent down, at a cue, to black out a town? Modern movie miracle workers create these wonders day in and day out.
If you are one of those skeptics who thinks that motion-picture snow is either salt or fine feathers, you are about a year behind the times. Nowadays, Hollywood snow is the real thing, and an actor participating in a snow scene is liable to come away with a frozen nose.

## The Latest in Snow

$\mathbf{T}_{\text {Hat's because a Pasadena ice man with }}$ a scientific mind simply couldn't bear to look at any more phony snow on the screen. He saw many flaws. For one thing, the fake snow didn't crunch under the actors' feet. For another, breath didn't vaporize. The ice man had an idea.
In his spare time, he made a machine that was, in effect, a gigantic cruncher. It pulverizes 100 -pound blocks of ice in the twinkling of an eye, shooting the fine particles from an oversized fire hose. Next he mounted an air plane propeller on an automobile motor, started it going full blast and shot the stream of powdered ice into the stream of air. And the result? As realistic a snowstorm as you ever saw! Half a dozen of these machines are able to blanket a city block with two feet of snow much faster than a summer sun can melt it.
Science has gone a step farther. A few weeks ago, with the thermometer hovering constantly in the high 80's outside. I stood shivefing in a vast, barnlike structure where it's minter all year round. Built like a gigantic

NEW MAGIC OF THE MOVIES
How Hollywood cameramen and scientists have developed tricks of picture making - hitherto secret - which now are finding an important place in national defense

icebox thickly insulated and webbed with refrigerating pipes, this is Hollywood's mys terious "snow stage" where winter scenes are made. The temperature is always below freez ing and actors must undergo a chilling-up process in an antechamber before entering, and a defrosting process before leaving. Be tween times they struggle through snow that crunches, in bitter cold that causes the breath to vaporize, and are shoved around by howling blizzards that all but freeze them stiff.
Coupled with this has come another spec tacular scientific feat - the development of what is, in effect, heat-resistant ice. Impossible? That's what I thought until I saw it
One specially hot afternoon I rounded a corner of a studio stage and came upon a little group of men in shirt sleeves staring intently at a pond about an acre in extent. I joined them. While we stood there, a miracle took place. The pond began to freeze! First, scum ice formed around the shores. Then patches of it began to be visible elsewhere The patches grew and spread so slowly that the motion was not apparent, yet shortly the pond was covered with ice.
One of the men told me casually, "We're making an Alaskan scene here tonight." When I passed that way at twilight the pond was frozen solid and dozens of men with snow
machines were transforming the neighbor hood to wintry reality. Clouds of flaky snow swirled in the glare of huge spotlights. Yet it was still oppressively warm.
Development of "heat-resistant" ice was worked out in the studios because professional skaters complained that the ordinary ice of the artificial rink soon became covered with a film of slush and water which impaired their performances. So a scientist perfected an ultra-cold freezing system which includes not only refrigerating pipes in the liquid itself, but a film of sub-zero air shot from vents to cover the surface like a frigid blanket. The cold air hovers over the ice, constantly being replaced before it gets warm. And the ice remains smooth and glassy
Dozens of towns are already bombarding the studios for details of this new development. With it, almost any town may have an all-year ice-skating rink in the open air. One. in fact. was recently opened in a Los Angeles suburb.
As you saunter through the studios you sometimes come upon the towering superstructures of ocean liners. Frequently they are set up in a placid pool which, when the paddle-wheel machines are started, can be churned into a mass of angry waves.
Not long ago I went through a hurricane
aboard one of these amazing craft. Wearing slicker and sou'wester, I stood on deck be hind the cameras and watched pandemonium break loose. As the ship shuddered into a nose dive so steep I had to grab a stanchion to keep my feet, lightning, flashed, thunder roared out and tons of wind-whipped water came aboard; suddenly a piano slid across the deck and burst through the cabin wall. The effect was terrifying.

## Master of the Winds

But to the young scientist I found at a switchboard some distance away, it was all in the day's work. It had not occurred to him that here, with levers, dials and switches, he was controlling the destructive forces of nature. "Nose dive," he announced calmly pressing a button that worked the great rockers on which the ship was built. The boat upended dizzily. "Bow wave coming over," he said, pulling a lever that released a wild torrent of water.
Minor miracles unfolded as I pried deeper into the intricacies of this scene, and not the teast of them was the realistic thunder and lightning. The Thor in the case turned out to be a genial man past middle age, and his thunderbolts were hurled from a two-ton
(Continued on page 9)

## The Redskins Are Ready

Volunteering in hordes, our Indians are making a unique place for themselves in the new U.S. Army

## by Oren Stephens

"TANAP manaiya kia alhtaiyahs.' Strange words are these to most of us, but to men of the Army's 180th Infantry, composed largely of Oklahoma Indians, they Freely translated from the Choctaw Freely translated from the Choctaw
language, they mean, "Ready, in language, the
In fact they're more than just a motto. They describe in a phrase the patriotic spirit of the American Indian. Recently the Office of Indian Affairs of the U. S. Department of the Interior discovered that proportionately more Indians are volunteering or service in the nation's armed forces than any other racial group.
Since they are now full-fledged citizens, men of military age among the county's 361,186 Indians come under he Selective Service act. Last October, on registration day, many of hem appeared before their draft boards armed with hunting rifles and knives, ready for immediate battle. They had already said their farewells to family and friends, and waited only to be told where they might serve best in national defense.
Most have not waited to be drafted The Office of Indian Affairs - "sam-
pling" twenty-six of the eighty Indian reservations throughout the United States - found that for every sixteen Indians in the armed services, fifteen had voluntarily enlisted. Only one had waited for his number to come up. At the Fort Peck SiouxAssiniboin Reservation in northern Montana, about half of the men eligible for service had already volunteered when the survey was made in February.
Those eager warriors of Fort Peck incidentally, are the grandsons of the men who fought in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, which resulted in the defeat and utter annihilation of General George Custer and his Sev enth Cavalry, in 1876
The service of Indians in the Army did not begin with the Selective Serv ice act. Since the beginning of our history, some tribes have fought be side white American troops - often against other tribes which were their enemies. But the service of Indians began on a large scale in the first World War, when 17,313 volunteered - though they were not then citizens. Nearly 5,000 eventually reached France, where they demonstrated characteristic courage. Today's braves


Big guns instead of bows and arrows, but they still shine
are proud of the fact that Walter Sevalia, an American Indian, was cited for swimming the Meuse with a pontoon bridge cable while under terrific fire.
Two other Indians saved countless lives by insuring the secrecy of communications between a front-line artillery unit and headquarters. The

Germans were intercepting and decoding American messages, thereby being able to counter offensives in that sector, before a group of Signal Corps officers thought of stationing an Indian at each end of the telephone wires. The Indians relayed the messages in their own tongue, which com-
uage, much less translate it.
The Army hasn't forgotten the suc cess of that scheme. In Oklahoma, hirty tribesmen have been selected form a special Signal Corps deachment.
Indians also are valued, as in genrations past, for their scouting abily. In most Western posts there are ndian scouts who have been in the Army, and in what were National Guard units, for many years. They possess an almost uncanny ability to penetrate undetected into enemy teritory. Witness the World War story of the Indian soldier who attracted the attention of his white comrades by munching apples, of which he Sheen to have a plentiful supply. han hey questioned he' 'em over in Germany. German apples good apples.'

Adapt Themselves Easily
Some tribes live today almost, as their great-grandfathers did. For example, only five per cent of the 5,000 registrants in the 25,000 -square-mile Navajo Indian Reservation in northNew Mexico and Arizona speak English - and fewer write it.
Yet most tribesmen are fairly well educated and have adopted the white man's ways. In uniform they are hardly distinguishable from their white comrades. Even their mannerisms and Army "slanguage" soon become the same.
Typical are the men of Battery E, 127th Field Artillery - a completely mechanized all-Indian unit of the 35th Division, now training at Camp Robinson, Arkansas - who repre sent twenty-six tribes, scattered from New York to North Dakota, Wisconsin to Oklahoma. Half of the 117 men are graduates of Haskell Institute, government school for Indians at Lawrence, Kansas, where they were members of Troop 1, 114th Cavalry. Kansas National Guard. At the time of mobilization, they hastily returned and volunteered. The other half were students there when the call to the colors came
Colonel Paul A. Cannaday, now commander of the 127 th , organized the troop seventeen years ago. Since the men were natural cavalrymen, the troop was selected year after year as the best-drilled and best-disciplined in the state. A colorful outfit, they have given exhibition drills throughout the country, and were at the New York World's Fair in 1939 Now mechanization has forced them out of the saddle and placed them at the sending end of $155-\mathrm{MM}$ motor drawn howitzers, where they have shown equal proficiency

Strange Roll Call
$\mathbf{W}_{\text {HEN }}$ a top kick of Battery E calls the roll, he pronounces such surname as New Moon, Walking Sky, Little Thunder, Whitehorn, Littlehoe, Quick bear, Wahweotten, Scanandoah Whitewater and Gawhega. He call the name of Finn Burnett (to use only the spellable part of a much longer name) who is a direct descendant of Scagawea, the Shoshone squaw who guided the Lewis and Clark Expedi tion through the unexplored wilderness of the Northwest.
Are these modern "Redskins" good soldiers? Paleface Captain Francis E Morawetz, present commander of Battery E and a man who has lived and worked with them for many years declares that the young Indians of today possess all the noted character istics of their race. They are brave resourceful, intelligent and loya They have lost none of their fighting ability - which our pioneering fore fathers found plenty of reason to spect. And, Captain Morawetz em phasizes, they adapt themselves easily to modern weapons, being as much a home now with trucks and howitzer as their ancestors were with ponie and bows and arrows.

And so throughout the land Indian are responding with alacrity to th call to arms. And thousands not in the armed services are developing me chanical and technical skills useful to national defense, serving as mechan ics and apprentices in defense indus tries, or studying in vocational train ing schools.
The nation's Indians are on the warpath, in defense of the democracy they have learned to love
right, suddenly straightening, jarred his elbow and the cocktail spilled on the counter.
A florid face - a British county sportsman straight out of Punch swung about. "Fearfully sorry. Frightfully clumsy of me.
It was all of that, but Roger, glad of any diversion, assured him it wasn't. "Let me buy you another." He wouldn't take Roger's weak no for an answer. "Bartender! Gin and It."
Well, Roger thought, looks like my luck's running today. He raised his glass in response to the other's toast: "Here's to crime, what?"
There was a razor-edge scar, like a Heidelberg cadet's, across the Englishman's cheekbone, which drew down the corner of his eye and gave him the disconcerting appearance of looking past you at someone just behind your back. Also, he was a little drunk, Roger wasn't long in deciding. His voice was thickish, and the limits of his conversation were the sticky weather and the shocking quality of wartime gin: "The show begins to strike home, doesn't it, when a chap can't get a decent marRoger a cigarette Roger a cigarette from a flat British pack: ' ' When Roger, after taking a cigarete returned the package, the
Englishman wotEnglishman mob-
bled his head bled his head. "Keep'em.Swore off this morning.
In the act of tais In the act of rats-
ing his glass, he ing his glass, he
hiccoughed steenhiccoughed strening to focus his unmatched eyes, he regarded his cocktail reproachfully; then set it cocktail reproachfully; then set it
down on the counter. "Possibly I've had enough." He tossed some coins on the counter. "Cheerio." And he was off. His place was taken by a darkskinned, monkey-faced little man in a red fez - the sort of man who used to try to sell you a rug in the old days at the Cafe du Dome; except that this man probably peddled submarines. Roger, lonely again, debated another cocktail. But solitary drinking wasn't his line.
And then he noticed, in the mirror behind the bar, Cynthia Cooke sitting alone at the far end of the room. He called for the check for his spilled cocktail and signed it. But when he started to cross the room toward Cynthia's table, it was empty.
He looked for her through the public rooms, but without success. Stupid not to have asked the name or phone number of the friends who were putting her up; they might have had dinner together. To use up another half hour, he changed into the dinner jacket he had retrieved in Paris. Stepping out of the elevator into the lobby, he thought again he caught sight of Cynthia, almost hidden by a column near the news stand. But by the time he was able to work his way across through the crowd, the chair where he had thought he saw her was as empty as the table in the bar half an hour ago. Were his eyes playing tricks?
After a dreary, solitary dinner, he wandered back to the lobby. Now what? A digestive stroll down the Avenida? It was drizzling outside, and he started up to his room to fetch his trench coat.
This time there could be no mastake. Starting down the fourth-floor corridor in the direction of his room, he faced Cynthia Cooke walking directly towards him. He thought that she must have seen him too, but devidently he was mistaken, because instead of following along to the elevator, she turned aside down an interjacent stairway. She was dlappearing around $a$ bend by the time Roger, determined not to be thwarted a third time, reached the stairway and called after her. She stopped, turned. Obviously surprised and perhaps eve. rather put out to see him, she brought out a dubious smile.
Roger said: "I've been chasing you

or your double all over the hotel. Finally I've caught you.
She frowned. "It must have been my double. A friend of mine has a room at the end of this corridor. I've been visiting with her for hours."
Roger tried to think of an excuse to detain her. "You've had dinner?" "I'm dining with friends at the Inglaterra."
"What about lunch tomorrow? Are you engaged?"
She hesitated. "More or less."
Roger suggested: "My friend that I spoke to you about, my ambulancemate, is arriving just before noon. Perhaps you could have a glass of sherry with us before lunch."

Her smile was easier now, she had recovered from her surprise. "Ind love that." ${ }^{W}{ }^{W}$ "
"We'll expect you about 12:30. Room 405 ."
"Ill be looking "Ill be looking
forward to it." forward to it.
She continued down the stairs, and Roger went on to his room. Something about its atmosphere pulled him up short on the threshold. And fsh smile he recish smile he recognized what had struck him; that tweedy scent he had noticed yesterday in the train compartment. The champatronize the same parfumeur same parfum The drizzle, he could see through could see through
the open window, had developed into a downpour. Might had developed into a downpour. Might
as well give up and settle down with a as well give up and settle down with a
book; wasn't this, after all, what he book; wasn't this, after all, what he
had looked forward to all those weeks when he was wondering whether he'd get out alive? Safe and quiet in a neutral, peaceful country. He opened his suitcase to take out the Tauchnitz suitcase to take out the Tauchnitz
detective novel he had bought during the customs halt at Hendaye.
Odd: He'd have sworn the book was right on top. But now he had to rummage clear to the bottom to find it. And he didn't remember fastening the straps after he took out his dinner clothes. He must have done it automatically. He found his place in his book, settled down in an easy chair.
Detective novels can't be properly enjoyed without a pipe between your teeth. Without taking his eyes off the page, Roger found his pipe in his pocket and unfolded his tobacco pouch. Empty. Refilling it involved a trip downstairs to the tobacco coonter. Much less trouble to compromise on a cigarette; he took one from the pack of cigarettes the Englishman in the bar had given him, and which he had transferred to his dinner coat when he changed. The cigarette stuck to the silver foil lining, and the whole contents spilled into his lap. Roger collected and replaced the cigarettes and crumbled the foil to throw into the wastepaper basket. A sharp edge of something cut into his palm and he idly uncrumpled the foil, expecting to find a cardboard photo of a champion cricket player.
Instead, he found what appeared to
be a single frame of be a single frame of movie film. Some new advertising dodge? He held it before the lamp. But he couldn't make out anything beyond a vague blur. He chucked it with the silver foil into the wastebasket.
He was settling down to his book again when the telephone rang. "Hello?"
The desk clerk's voice announced: "A gentleman to see Senhor."
"To see me?" What gentleman in Lisbon even knew his name?
"Sim, Senhor. From the Immigraion Control."
Some difficulty about his passport? "Ill be right down."
In the lobby, the desk clerk pointed out a sharp-nosed, spade-bearded Portuguese who handed Roger a flat packet. "Your passport, Senhor. Knowing you might be anxious, I

## SECRET FILM

## Continued from page three

brought it myself, rather than entrust t to a messenger."
Roger thanked him; he hadn't felt quite easy with his passport out of his hands. The man seemed to be waiting for something. A tip? Roger reached into his pocket. "Please," the Portuguess said, stopping Roger's gesture. "That has all been taken care of." Roger thanked him again; the Portuguese wished him a safe journey. Returning upstairs in the lift, Roger wondered idly what the man had meant by "that has all been taken care of." Probably a polite way of
telling him that he wasn't accustomed to accepting tips. Roger tore open the packet and took out his passport. That photograph: it lacked only the rogues'-gallery numbers across the chest. Flipping the pages, he recognized the French, Spanish, Portuguese visas, with the entrance and exit stamps. But what was this? The page following the Portuguese visa, blank this morning, was freshly stamped with a British visa!

Roger collected himself, got out. Inside his room he opened the pass-
port again. No question that it was his own. But the ink on the British visa was barely dry. Following a hunch, Roger fished the bit of film over the table lamp, so that the lamp projected it upwards.
What appeared to be a list of names appeared on the ceiling. Microfilm: Roger had seen a demonstration at last summer's World's Fair of an entire newspaper page reduced to the dimensions of a postage stamp. By extinguishing the other lights in the room and sharpening the focus of the lamp by cupping his hands over it, he was able to clear the image on the ceiling. The projection consisted of a (Continued on page 12)


Pale little lambs are "out in the cold" today


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A rollicking story of - among other things - love

by Mildred North Slater<br>Illustrated by Tran Mawicke

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

Take Romeo and Juliet, for instance. How old was she? Fourteen or so. Look at their love. If parents had any sense at all, they'd understand that marrying young was really much better. Once you had your girl picked out, you could settle down and sort of figure out your life. You'd think they'd be proud instead of acting like a guy had some disease or something.
Freddy stared despondently at his own reflection in the mirrored bedroom door. flection in the mirrored bedroom door.
Shabby, that's what he was. Downright shabby. He ran light fingers across his upper shabby. He ran light fingers across his upper
lip. Downy, he thought in self-disgust. Nelllip. Downy, he thought in self-disgust. Nell-
Catherine must hate that. Too decent, though, Catherine must hate that. Too decent, though,
to crack about it like a lot of other people that he knew. His sister, Eloise, for instance. And his father too. Wouldn't lend him a razor, but he was free enough with words. Of course that was his business - words. And that, by the way, was one thing Freddy wouldn't be - an English professor. Phooey!
He glared around his room. Book shelves here, there, and everywhere. Money for books and concerts, but just take a squint at his suit, would you? No new one for him, according to the household budget, till around September, when school started.
You can bet that he and Nell-Catherine wouldn't have a budget. When a kid of theirs met a girl, the only girl in the world, they'd have sense enough to know he needed clothes without his having to hint around about it.

A kid of theirs! Gee. A warm, sweet thrill washed over him, and he curled up in the window seat and stared out into the deep green heart of the maple. Gee. Only God could make a tree. That was one of the first things she ever said to him. Hugging his knees, he stared until the leaves became a blur and all he saw was Nell-Catherine, like a blue-eyed, goldenhaired angel dropped out of heaven, leaning over the ivy-covered wall of the Stuyvesant estate.
Just three months before, a sign had hung on that wall. Freddy cringed, remembering: "This Estate for Sale." And Freddy had stood in line with all the other kids to fire rotten apples at the sign and jeer. Estate. Whoever heard of an estate in Cragwood?
What a fool he had been! Of course, though that was just three months ago; he was only fourteen then. What could you expect from a kid of fourteen? If a place had ten acres with a big brick house on it and a brick wall all around it, and a gardener, wasn't that an estate? And if that's what Nell-Catherine called it, that's what it was.

## "W

W ould you care to walk around the estate?" she said to him that first day. And the way she fussed about a couple of chickweed plants at the edge of a gravel walk! "Jenkins is paid enough, I'm sure," she said, "to keep these grounds in shape. It's shameful. I'm really annoyed with Jenkins." Freddy swelled with pride just thinking of it.
Nobody knew the Stuyvesants yet. When
his mother went to call, the Stuyvesants were out. The same thing happened to everyone who called. A maid came to the door to say the Stuyvesants were abroad. But that, of course, was a lie. When he mentioned it to Nell-Catherine, she laughed and asked if he'd never heard of a social lie? "The maid meant that they're out to the person calling; don't you see, Freddy.
Freddy had never heard of such a thing. Pretty slick, he thought. Real swank. People came in and out of his house without even knocking. They just walked in and yelled up the stairs if no one was around.
He closed his eyes and sighed. Angel, that's what she was. Maybe he'd call her that this afternoon when she came to call. Goose-flesh rose along his arms. Imagine her being here in this very house, stepping on the rugs and touching things. He stretched his arms in sheer delight and dropped them slowly as a cold dread filled his heart.
Suppose Nell-Catherine didn't like this place? His mind raced down to the big sunny living room filled with books and magazines and flowers from the garden; he thought of the wide, low couch that they all put their feet on, and the shabby comfortable chairs covered with bright, gay chintzes. He had always liked the room, but it certainly wasn't swell in any way. Not like he imagined the Stuyvesant house to be inside.
Nell-Catherine had never asked him in. They spent their time in the garden. But a place like that must be pretty êlegant. Maybe

Freddy's mother stared at the girl with amazed bewilderment
he shouldn't have asked her to come? Maybe when she saw his house, she'd think he wasn't good enough.
He bounded from the window seat and went downstairs to find his mother. She was sitting in the swing on the side piazza, reading, of all things.
"Mom," he gasped, "gee, with N Catherine coming and all, you reading? Mrs. Martin, dark-eyed and pretty in her blue linen frock, lowered her magazine.
"Now, Freddy," she laughed. "I know you're all a-flutter, but there's nothing to worry about. I've baked a cake and there's plenty of pop in the icebox for you
"Pop!" Freddy's voice was scandalized. Pop, for Nell-Catherine?
His mother's eyes crinkled. "Certainly, pop. What did you expect? Nectar
Freddy's voice was charged with bitterness. "Of course you couldn't possibly have fixed some lemonade with - uh - cherries or strawberries or something in it. could you? That'd be too much to expect in the way of er - socializing from this family.
"F RedDy, Freddy." His mother laughea, with a gentle sound that made him sick clear down to his feet. As though he were a dope or something.
"Look, Mom," he said, striving to talk patiently, "you just don't understand. NellCatherine's different from Eloise and the other girls in this town. Gosh, just her name ought to tell you that. She's kind of - well, dainty. No rolled up sweater sleeves or old slacks and things for her. She just wouldn't stand around in anybody's kitchen, Mom, and drink pop out of a bottle.

Well, I'm sure that's simple enough to remedy," Mrs. Martin answered mildly. "Just give her a glass.
"Simple enough," Freddy jeered. "Simple enough! That just goes to show. Why the other day when I was at the estate, NellCatherine fixed up a tray of fancy cookies and some kind of fruit punch, and cakes with pink and green icing on them." He turned away and choked, and his round blue eyes blurred. "I bet if it was Eloise bringing some boy home for the first time
Mrs. Martin rose and touched Freddy's hair. "All right, punkin," she said gently. "All right. I'll go right in and do the right thing by our little Nell-Catherine. You just leave it to me. If a tray is all that's standing between you and happiness, you'll have a tray that Queen Elizabeth would envy."
"Well, thanks." Freddy's voice was husky, and his blue eyes resting on his mother's face held a look of pleading. "And, Mom, could you just kind of look around the living room and maybe fix it up or something?
The laughing lines about his mother's eyes (Continued on next page)

## NEW MAGIC OF THE MOVIES

machine. He told me its story. Until recently, movie lightning was produced by electrically charged sticks of carbon - the same principle as used in old-style carbon arc street ights. It wasn't very satisfactory, But it took a catastrophe to produce a better idea. The catastrophe was the explosion of a Midwestern flour mill, with considerable loss of life. Experts said the explosion was caused by flour dust in the air.
A veteran Hollywood electrical scientist read the newspaper reports and began experimenting with various kinds of dust explosions. The result is the new movie machine which produces artificial lightning that not only flashes in midair, zigzagging realistically, but is accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder. It is done by blowing a measured quantity of pure aluminum dust into the air and igniting it by remote control.
On the less spectacular side, but of much wider general import, is the recent astonishing discovery that slightly "dirty" glass will admit more light than glass that is shiny-clean. have shown that clear glas actually have shown int out. The light bounces keeps some light out. The light bounces off the shiny surface. More light gets hrough ir the glass is coated wim Bececially prepared dusty fim. Because of this discovery, movies next year will be thirty per cent brighter than fighting forces have disportant, our fighting forces have disin binoculars, perisopes, gun sights in binoculars, periscopes, gun sights at range diste gives flass factores are working overtime to supply military needs.

Taming the Sound Waves
Another of Hollywood's scientific discoveries is giving our army and navy the most sensitive plane-spot ting devices in the world. It has to do with the strange pranks of sound waves. Some sound waves will trave bend around corners. To get them all under control so that sound can be evenly distributed in motion-picture theaters, a studio scientist has invented a honeycombed loud-speaker somewhat analogous to the top of a salt shaker. It works so well that military men have become interested. They reason that if erratic sound waves can be distributed evenly in that fashion, they can be caught in the same way. So the principle is being adapted to aircraft-listening instruments and other defense deces.
Military men also are intrigued by Hollywood's artificial fog. For many years fog was a puzzling problem to movie technicians. Chemical smokes of various types were tried. At one time cameramen and directors habitually wore gas masks during fog scenes, while actors suffered agonies. Then, not long ago, a scientist suggested mildly, "Did you ever try mineral oil?'
Nowadays movie fogs are vaporized mineral oil. I was on a set recently

"Mother has read so much about our swell eats here, she thought I'd like some of these for a change"
hought, what about cold steam He set up a factory boiler on the stage, and adjacent to it a grillwork banked with solidified carbon dioxide - dry ice. Attaching a fire hose to the boiler, he shot streams of scalding steam through the ultra-cold ice and produced genuine clouds. Heavy cool, languid, they floated several moments before dissolving, could be blown in any direction by an electric fan and could be produced in all sizes. With many of its scientific develop ments being utilized in the sweep o national defense, Hollywood is toying with the notion of establishing a cooperative studio laboratory. First step in the plan has been the formation of a research council of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences At present it acts only as a clearing house for ideas and information, but if and when its laboratory is created and its scientific minds pool their un usual talents, Holywood of become an impo tific progress.

## TERRIFIC EMBARRASSMENT

## Continued from preceding page

deepened. "How much time have 1 , Freddy?"

Bout half an hour.
"Well." Mrs. Martin grinned at him from the doorway. "I'll run up a few new slipcovers and do up the curtains before your lady gets here. How'll that be?"
Freddy glared furiously at her retreating figure. What could you expect from your family anyway? Here was something important right before their eyes, and they couldn't see it. He flung himself into the porch swing, clasped his hands behind his head. Maybe when Nell-Catherine came and his mother really knew her, he 'd change her mind. Maybe on the q.i. she d even start a silver service Emily had started for Eloise. Shivers Emily had started for Eloise. Shivers of ecs
spine.
When Nell-Catherine came, he was
caught in the bright blue fringes of heaven. There she sat on the edge of her chair, her golden hair hanging in curls, and tied with a pale blue ribbon. Her eyes were blue and her dress was blue. Blue silk, Freddy proudly observed, and all shirred up or somehing at her neck and waist. And when she nibbled at her cakes, she held her little finger right straight out in the air.
Freddy caught his mother staring at Nell-Catherine with a kind of amazed bewilderment in her eyes. Guess she never saw a girl like that before. He thought of Eloise, close to seventeen, astride a chair with a hot dog in her hands, and shivered. NellCatherine, not quite fourteen yet, could teach Eloise a thing or two about manners, all right. Say what you like about democracy and blue blood howed in a person.
(Continued on next page)


Shut the door on all the noise and bustle of the day . . . the children's chatter, the kitchen's clatter, your own thousand-and-one busy steps.
Run a warm full tub, slip off your clothes, step in and stretch out . . lazily... let the water ripple gently over all of you, throat to toes. Relax .. and feel the long day's cares float clean away from you.

Make this moment all-your-own an extra-blessed one, with bland, caressing, gentle Palmolive. Smooth its quick, thick lather over face, throat, shoulders, all of you.
Your skin is cleansed swiftly . . and gently. For Palmolive is made with olive and palm oils-nature's finest beauty aids, costiest oil blend used for any leading soap. These
vegetable oils (no animal fats) are the only oils used in making Palmolive. And this is true of no other leading soap. Yet, for all its costliest oil blend, Palmolive costs you no more than the others.That's becausePalmolive is the world's largest selling beauty soap.

So ask yourself, and answer truly .. will anything less than Palmolive do for your all-over complexion? palm oils...nothing else!

IT'S NEW! MAN-SIZE BATH-SIZE PALMOLIVE! Extra-big, longer-lasting for your tub and shower The whole family cheers for it! Econemical, too Ask your dealer for BathSize Palmolive.


- Hit an insect just once with FLIT spray and it's a dead insect. Really dead, not just unconscious. That goes for flies, mosquitoes, moths, bellbugs, roaches, anits, gnats. FLIT Spray is stainless and pleasant-smelling. Get FLIT today.

saying so sossing her best Sheffield tray, "that your family was out when went to call.
Nell-Catherine smiled at her sweetly, and selected a cherry-topped mac $\stackrel{\text { aroon. }}{\text { "They. }}$ murmured. Freddy's short nose wrinkled with
dismay Gee his mother mider dismay. Gee, his mother might not like that. He understood, of course, but she might not
Stuyvesants got to see the garden the Stuyvesants got, Mom," he put in quickly. "A sundial, and a gazing
ball, and Nell-Catherine says they're ball, and Nell-Catherine says they going to start a swimming pool.
"m sure all the children will smiled. "I'm sure all the children will appreciate that.
Nell-Catherine flushed and regard ed the tips of her white kid slippers,
"Well, I don't know"" she said unWell, 1 don't know," she said un-
certainly, "the family is so frightfull certainly. "the family is so frightully
particular and all, you know. particular and all, you know. They
"More
More lemonade," Freddy cut in promptiy. Gosh, he wished she would-
n't keep on saying that to his mother. nt keep on saying that to his mother
He caught up the frosted pitcher of He caught up the frosted pitcher of
lemonade and smiled down into NellCemonade and smiled down into NellCatherine's seyes. Then all at once he
stiffened up and turned in horror to stiffened up and turned in horror to
his mother. "Mom," he gasped, "listen. Here comes Eloise and her gang. I Here comes Eloise and her
thought you promised me "Idid, Freddy, but good
this is Eloise's home too" this is Eloise's home too."
In they clame, five of them, all in
none too clean slacks and none too clean slacks and sweaters. "Hi," they yelled in unison, bring ing up their tennis rackets in salute for Mrs. Martin. "Hi, kid," they said to Freddy, "what's this, a tea or something?"

Holding out on us," Eloise shout ed, and catching up the Sheffield tray. she passed the cakes around. "Freddy, get some more glasses, will you? We thirst, we do.
Mrs. Martin was making introduc tions. said.
said. Camerine Stuyvesant," she
The girls stared coolly down their noses. "Really," Trix Newton said,

## 

## Continued from preceding page

"In the flesh?" Grace Stewart
wanted to know. "Oooh-could I ouch you or something? I never saw real live Stuyvesant!!
Freddy turned on them wrathfully.
"You make me sick," he snapped. 'Everybody's got to be palsy-walsy or something to suit the people in this town. I suppose you never happened oo think that some people might like to be - er - exclusive.
of Mrs. Martin's chair. The Cleveland twins, Susan and Sally, sat side by side on the couch and openly stared at Nell-Catherine.
"For Pete's sake, Mom," Eloise burst out, "what's this loathsome stuff you're drinking? Isn't there any pop in the icebox?
Mrs. Maritin nodded, and Freddy made a hopeful suggestion. "Plenty Why don't you all go out and get it? If only they'd go. But the girls re


Eloise choked on her cake and the others roared with laughter, but NellCatherine, angel that she was, beamed approval on him.
Mrs. Martin raised her eyebrows warningly.
"Girls, you seem to forget that NellCatherine is our guest.
"I'm sorry," Trix Newton murmured.
Somewhat sobered, the girls settled down for a moment. Trix sprawled on her back on the rug before the firelace, and Grace perched on the arm

## ACCENT ALL YOUR LOVELINESS WITH THESE EXTRA HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR



LUSTROUS highlights in your hair set off kle in your eyes. the emoothness of your
complexion .. the softness of your lips. complexion oue thotness of your lips.
Soo, when you reveal all the highlights your hair, you emphasize all your natural Drene Shanpoo really brings out the extia lighights in your hair! Actually, scientific hair shampooed with Drene reveals up to $33 \%$ more lustre and color - -rilliance than when washed with even the finest soaps.
That's because Drene's different, patent Cleansing because doene 's different, patented erals in water -as all soaps do to torm a
dulling film that hides the color 2 nd lights of your hair.
Drene gently super-cleanses your hair

used to budge. They took the pop hat Eloise brought to them and drank it from the bottles, and burped and casually excused themselves.
Crimson with embarrassment Freddy looked at Nell-Catherine. She was studying the floor. Disgraced is what he was. Disgraced in his own home by his own family. Boy, did he hate Eloise! Could you imagine NellCatherine being willing to come into a family like this some day? Never.
"Freddy," Mrs. Martin was saying - trying to cover up, as Freddy well knew - "tells me that the Stuyves-
ants are going to start a swimming pool. Isn't that lovely?"
$\boldsymbol{F}_{\text {reddy's chest swelled. There was- }}$ n't a single, solitary pool in Craggloating on the obvious impression his mother's announcement had made. He saw Eloise sit up.
"Really?" One by one she fixed the girls with a meaning glance, giving that look. He had tollowed it himself, on occasion. "A swimming pool? But how absolutely heavenly, Nell-Catherine?" Her smile was winning. "I'm sure you must be thinking all sorts of awful things about us, but you mustn't. You see, we're just not used to people being ladies and you sort of embarrass us or something.
"Pure defense." Trix Newton murmured. "You can understand that, I'm sure, Nell-Catherine. Exactly when will the pool be ready, do you think?"
Nell-Catherine's smile was slow and sweet, and Freddy's heart expanded to the bursting point with pride in her. Not one of them knew what he knew, that someday he would marry Nell-Catherine and have her
sit like this in a house of theirs with sit like this in a house of theirs with company all around them bowing down to her, calling her a lady.
That's what she was too. A lady. That's what she was too. A lady.
Dear Nell-Catherine. Sweet NellDear Nell-Catherine. Sweet Nell-
Catherine. Sitting there in her blue Catherine. Sitting there in her blue
silk dress like a big-eyed doll or somesilk dress like a big-eyed doll or some-
thing. He felt protective toward her, thing. He felt protective toward her,
strong for her. He felt tall and handstrong for her. He felt tall and hand-
some and very very grave, older than some and very very grave, older than
his mother and wiser than his father. His own little golden-haired NellCatherine!
"Freddy," she said demurely, not bothering to answer Trix at all, "it's
getting late, I think. My mother algetting late, I think. My mother al-
ways says a formal call should last for twenty minutes and if people stay later than that - well!"' She raised
her two small hands in a helpless her two small hands in a helpless
gesture for the ignorance of such people. "I wonder," she added with all the graces of a queen conferring a special favor, "if you'd see me home
now, Freddy."

Mrs. Martin smiled. "You must come
Freddy waited impatiently for NellCatherine's answer. He knew what it would be, and he wanted to be alone with her, away from all this gang. "Thank you very much, Mrs.
Martin, for letting me come." He wished Martin, for letting me come." He wished she'd hurry and get it over with.
But Nell-Catherine wasn't saying that. She was standing with her golden head tilted backwards and her hands clasped before her.
"Goodness," she was laughing, "I don't know. Mrs. Martin. I had such a time getting away this once. You've no idea, of course, but it's simply awful having people who are so particular where you go."
Freddy's mouth opened and an audible gasp came from Eloise. Jeepers! She didn't mean it to sound like
that. .
$\boldsymbol{A}_{\text {ND }}$ just then the skies came down A loud voice was calling outside the house: "Katee-ee. Katee-ee." "Someone calling a cat," Trix Newton said.
"Katee-ee,"
"Katee-ee," the voice came again on a higher key.
Freddy drew a grateful breath for the interruption. Gee, you sure had to know Nell-Catherine the way he did to understand her
Kame from the this time seemed to come from the path, "are you in there?
"Perhaps, Eloise," Mrs. Martin sug gested, "you'd better see what it is." Eloise went obediently to the front door. "I'm sorry," she called out, "but there isn't any Katy here. Who is i you're looking for? Perhaps I can help you.

The girls nudged each other and made the sound of "Kateeee" with their lips.

Nice manners," Freddy sneered to Nell-Catherine. But she didn't answer him. She was sitting up straight in her chair with her face as white as her slippers.

- in a blue silk dress and a ribbon on her hair," the voice was saying from the path. "A youngster's after tellin' me he saw her turn in at your tellin me he saw h
gate a while back
Freddy froze slowly to his chair and his freckies looked like spice on and his freckies looked like spice on
milk. Katy? He glanced at NellCatherine's white face, and a horrible fear took hold of him.
"Perhaps you'd better come in," Eloise was saying in a queer, strained voice. The woman did come in. She wore a white apron over her neat gray
uniform and she looked at Nell Catherine with fire in her eyes.
"I'm sure I beg your pardon, "for int, she said to Mrs. Martin, child of mine is after scarin' the heart out of me. I thought she might kidnaped, all dressed up as she is for the Stuyvesants' homecoming, and them bein' nice enough to let me keep her with me and me with me two hands full preparing their weicomehome dinner." She shook her head and grasped Nell-Catherine none too gently by the arm. "Come along with me, me fine young lady!"' she snapped.
$\mathbf{M}_{\text {rs. Martin, before she spoke, laid }}$ her hand on Freddy's shoulder. "I'm so sorry you were worried, but we enjoyed having Nell-Catherine so much that the time just flew.
Nell-Catherine's mother opened her eyes, then burst into hearty laughter. "Nell-Catherine. And is that the name she's givin' out? Holy Mother. What won't a child think of next? Katy is her name. Called for my longdead mother, she is." A strangled sob came from the crumpled mouth of Nell-Catherine as her mother, with scant ceremony, ushered her out the door.
Sick and emptied feeling. Freddy watched his mother gather up the cake plates. No one spoke, until his mother broke the shocked, embarassed silence of the room: "Do you think it was quite fair of you, Freddy, to fool us all like that? You could have told us; it wouldn't have made any ifference, dear.
The family signals. It was Eloise's turn now and she loyally picked up her mother's cue. "Honestly, Mother, could absolutely kill him, but after all it was sort of decent of him, trying o make friends for that poor kid and (Continued on next page)

Trix Newion drew a long, exaggerated sigh.
"Well, you certainly had me fooled, Freddy." She fluttered her lashes at yim. "Would that older, me lad." $y$ were a few He wanted desper
He wanted desperately to let it go at that, but he couldn't. He'd never or Eloise either. Red, hot shame enveloped him. A bunch of girls going to bat for him like that. Everyone was talking now, praising him, laying it on while they picked up the pop bottles. Suddenly his voice came out, tortured, raucous, shrill above them all:
"What d'you think you're doing, kidding me? I thought she was a - I hought the Stuyvesants were hereout in the yard somewhere, but he couldn't help himself. And beneath the thing he was trying to say, there was something else. Something that eluded him. It was like a swell on water that smoothed without breaking. He felt his forehead growing, clammy. "Looka here," he shouted, you can laugh your heads off at her, but I don't blame Nell-Catherine, or -er - K-Katy, or whatever her name is. She had to make out like she was better than all of you on account of the way you go s -sailing past her place, and on account of it's all right for you to wear those dirty slacks and things because you got a tennis racket in your hands. Like Mom said - " He broke off, red in the face.
He saw his mother coming toward him with a kind of wonder in her eyes. "Why, Freddy, dear," she said, and all at once she blurred before his eyes and his throat gave out a queer, thick quawk. A hideous, awful sound. Turning, he bolted from the room and up the stairs and when he closed his oor the tears were rolling down his hot, flushed face.

Hunched in the window seat, sick and sore inside, he stared out into the maple tree. Nell-Catherine! He couldn't think of her by any other name. All his life, he d remember her, and he didn't care who she was. If only she hadn't put it over on him
that way. Boy! With those big blue hat way. Boy! With those big blue eyes and all that goiden hair and the
kind of things she said to him, you'd kind of things she said to him, you'd The lump in his thr, at grew cold and his heart ached un carably.
And bad as it was right
morrow it would be worse. Every tomorrow it would be worse. Every kid the window seat and paced the floor and a thought came that stopped him in his tracks. His father. Wait till he got wind of it. Freddy's very soul winced. He could see his father grinning around his pipe when he heard the story, making a lot of clever cracks, calling him young Lochinvar, or something.
Desperation seized him. He had to do something. And he had to try to forget Nell-Catherine too - if he it, and maybe make a big shot of himself so nobody could laugh at him or kid him, ever. Plenty of men had done it, younger than he was too.
Where would he go, though? How could he get his stuff out without them knowing? Wildly he gazed about the room, and his eyes fell on a poster on the wall above his bed.

Uncle Sam Needs You.
The Navy. There it was. The Navy! Staring him smack in the face. His breath came out in a hard, painful gasp. He could lie about his age. What was it, anyway? Seventeen? He could get away with that.
A fury of haste seized him. See the world. Fight for his country, maybe. His country, gee! From the closet he dragged out his suitcase. Wouldn't need much. They gave you everything. Underwear, pajamas. Handkerchiefs. Crazily, he flung open bureau drawers and tossed things into the suitcase. Bathrobe. He'd need his bathrobe. Where was it? He pawed around his closet, knocking things down, scattering his clothes. Where was it, anyway? The bathroom. That's where it was. On the hook. He whirled about and there in the doorway of his room stood his father, with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his trouser pockets.
"Going some place, son?" he en-
quired casually, and nodded toward quired casually, and nodded toward the suitcase.

## THRRIFIC EMBARRASSMENT

Freddy stood speechless as his father came into the room and stretched himself out in the easy chair. He wasn't laughing yet, but he "Funny thing about
ings," his thing about human beings," his father started, with his eyes half closed against his pipe smoke; "first thing they think about when the going gets rough is getting Freddy, and not just that poor kid, Nell-Catherine. She was running away too, in a certain sense. But not just you two kids. Every last mother's son of us, Freddy,
$\mathbf{H}_{\mathrm{E}}$ тоок his pipe from his mouth and stared at it, and he wasn't laughing in the least. "Lots of men, when they get in a jam, go out and get themselves good and drunk in order to quit thinking. They're another type of runaway - weaklings who can't

Continud from prect
stand up to trouble. Follow me, son?" Freddy nodded wretchedly. "You see, getting out from under doesn't solve a problem, Freddy. It may seem to, temporarily; but after the first excitement, after you sit down with yourself and start sum ming up, there it is. It's still with you, ready to dog you. And the fact that you've slid out from under adds to your misery.
Still with Right spang you, ready to dog you Right spang into the Navy with you
and right there on your doorstep when and right there on your doorstep when
you came home. you came home.
on, knocking the ashes from his went on, knocking the ashes from his pipe
into Freddy's wastebasket, "we're too into Freday's wastebasket, "we're too
close to a thing to evaluate it properly. That's where a friend comes in." He grinned at Freddy. "Take you, for instance, right now, son. I'm proud of what you did and so is your mother." Freddy drew his breath in sharply.

He thrust his hands in his pockets to hide their sudden trembling. "Proud?" he choked, "I make a dope of myself and you're proud of that ${ }^{\text {? }}$
His

His father scratched his ear.
"W Ell, we all have our own interpretations, of course. But to my way of thinking it takes courage and fortitude to stand up and admit we've put the sadake on the wrong horse, and Maybe that's being a but to everyone who heard you, far as I can gather it was what, you yourself would call tops. Pretty swell yourself would call tops. Pretty swell, I guess you'd say.
world was going in amazement. The er, of all people, telling a lie and Eloise backing her up in it, and now his father talking like one of the kids. His father rose and glanced agai
at his suitcase. "Pretty messy packing job you've done there, son. If you're set on pulling out, I'd smooth that up a bit." He clapped a hand on Freddy's shoulder. "You know, it just occurred to me that if ever that youngster Nell-Catherine needed a friend to stick by her, she's going to need one now. You could help her. All she needs is some good plain talk to set her straight, and I'd say you're the man for the job. Think it over, will you, son?"'

Freddy bit his lip. Right guy, his father. None of your where do you think you're going stuff. None of your
listen to me, young man. And say what you like about families, in the long you like about families, in the long run - in the long run - ! He must be "Okay," he gulped.
"Okay," he gulped. "Okay, Dad. I-g-get you.'
his father left a long moment after his father left the room, and stared
down at his hand. He could never redown at his hand. He could never rehim before.

The End

## "MYY! ORCHIDS! BEAUSE ISERVED THIS NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!"



OUR CANARY ATE MORE for breakfast, I used to feel, than my family did! Tom, my husband, used to rush out Tom, my husband, used to rush out -said it just didn't appeal to him Worse, Little Tommy began to imitate him-wouldn't eat. I was worried until my cousin Mary gave me-no not orchids. That comes later. She gave me a tip.

"there is a new Post Toasties out now," said Mary. "Really a 4-star hit for breakfast! Toasted to stay crisper in milk or cream. Wonderfully rich in in milk or cream. Wonderfully rich in
real corn flakes flavor. Menfolks love real corn flakes flavor. Menfolks love
'em! And nourishing? Why-they're packed with easily digested, quick energy food values. And

"MORE than that. Sally, the new Post Toasties are generously enriched with Vitamin $\mathbf{B}_{1}$. That's the 'missing vitamin' which scientists say 3 out of 4 people don't get enough of in the foods they eat every day. Yet it's so important for energy and general well-being And - no other cereal costs so little as corn flakes, so those new Post Toasties with Vitamin $B_{1}$ give you extra corn flakes value


NEXI MORNING my fussy family cheered when I served Post Toasties. Little Tommy actually asked for more! And my husband-"Sally," he said, "these corn flakes are great!' Soon after he left for work, a florist's messenger arrived. Tom had written on the card: "Orchids for you, darling. Today I started work chipper as a lark! A nour shing breakfast sure makes a difference!

$\mathrm{C}^{\text {Very waltz. every rhumba is }}$ odor. Don't risk offending-play safe with smooth, creamy. depend able Mum. Remember, a bath removes only past perspiration but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum under each arm-guards you from underHANDV - 30 seconds for Mum, and

## GET UUNTODAY!

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ane ir after you're dressed. SAFE-Mum has the American Intitute of Laundering Seal as be after underarm shaving.
DEPINDABLE-Men, too, like Mum because it does not stop perspira tion, yet does stop odor all day, all evening long.

- Aroid worry and embarrassment-
Use Mum on Sanitary Napkins. too. nderarms stay fresh for hour $\qquad$

IF sumin still using ordinary this mont on Hour Pax tam-
pons. worn interall/
Be fice from pais, pins, and plesasnt dors, for now you can wearing Houry Pax. They are the only rampons purn of surgical cotron, then compressed scientit-
cally designed to be smailer, yet super absorbent. Amazingly essy to use-no applicaror required.
nd wonderfully tastidious - cach Hour PAX able cellophane.
then all pries. ton': An average month's


War racs Tou Should girene. "Address Hour PAx, x H-48, Palms Satio
ollywood, California.

[^4]A war story in which a British Major on leave ries to recapture an old now one - and finds popular English writer

OTH BLACK

## WALLYS WAGON

## Who Thinks It's Funny?

W
iv in blazes the conductor of a chow car
would ever get sucked on a pienic, I don't know. Anyhow, the missus an' the
kids got me to trade shifts with Jake Bullis on Monday an' go out in the country. where we was instantly challenged by one million ants an' a good-sized sup portin' army of yellowjackets. katydids, caterpillars an' other insect infantry.
It was a nice day, an' while the country showed some signs of the beatin' it had took from the Sunday picnickers, we had a fine time.
One
One of the kids got stung by a bee, the missus ruined her stockin's an' everybody ate a
reasonable amount of twigs, sand reasonable amount
in' foreign matter
an foreign matter.
It wasn't such an unusual picnic. I suppose there must be a couple of million like it every
week.
Except it was unusual for me. In the process of stretchin' ou in the sun after lunch, I must of stretched out in some poison ivy. Because that night I began to itch. Next mornin I was all the jaw an' the eyes.
I plaster myself with bakin'
soda an' some other kind of goo that looks like white-shoe clean
er. But 1 go on itchin', no matter what it said on the label.

## Everybody seems to think

 poison ivy is funny - except them that has got it. I bet I've laughed a hundred times at some I look now. It ain't kind, brother an' I take back all them laughs. But I go on itchin' just the same I don't suppose many people has died from poison ivy, an' I'm pretty sure I'll be okay in a week or two. But I ain't okay now I itch. I tried blamin' my condition on the family, for takin' me on a picnic, knowin' as I did it that I didn't have a leg to stand on with such an argument. So I tried thinkin' of varyin' kinds of treatments.Now I think I got it. I hear that lots of folks is immune to poison oak an' poison ivy. Well why don't they form a Home Defense League, or somethin', an' go around eliminatin' the
darn stuff? darn stuff?
If anybody wants to do this
I'll sure be glad to I'll sure be glad to give them a contribution - unless I'
over my itchin' by then.
over my itchin' by then.
Funny, ain't it, how strong fellow is for some "cause" as long as he can feel the effects himself?

$$
\text { Wally }_{\text {wamern }}
$$



We was instantly challenged by one million insech

## SECRET FILM

hundred or more closely-written names, each followed by a street ad dress and the name of an English Rocers
$\mathbf{R}_{\text {oger's }}$ first reaction was to bolt the door. He shut the window. locked it, drew the blind. A hundred newspaper stories he had read, and never credited, concerning German Fifth Columnists came together in his mind. This must be a list of agent already established in England. meant there - someone who would receive their reports and give them their or their reports and give them their or ders against the expected invasion
Mistaking him for a confederate, the Mistaking him for a confederate, the
go-between in the bar had delivered this to him, while another confeder ate supplied a probably counterfeit British visa.
And then another idea struck Roger Cynthia Cooke - their suspiciously when he came in here after dinner her awkwardness when he ran into her. Had she, as he believed he had seen, been in the bar when the bogus Engitshman - how stupid not to have counterfert - had passed him th cigarettes? Had she noticed a mistake made; waited untul he was safely in side the dining room and then searched his room. hoping he would have ieft the cigarette pack in his uniform? No that was carryng it too far. But he
couldn't forget how she had pumped

What to do now? Turn over the film to the American Consulate? But what affair was it of an officially neutral power? The British Consulate, hen? They would be closed for the night. Not to mention that Roger didn't feel too anxious to venture oftside just now. If they knew he had this, which admitting Cynthia's search hey must, they wouid stop at nothing keep it out of British hands.
Roger all at once. remembered ming, Roger all at once. remembered, Paul Miller, his ambulance mate, was arhad given Roger a healthy respect for Miller's resourcefulness respect Miller's resourcefulness. Time and
again Milier's cool nerve and good sense had made all the difference be ween safety and execution. Best to sit tight and wait for him.

Roger waited until they were safely installed in a taxi. driving to the hot to show Miller his scrap of film. Miller. calm and cool as always, examined it. "Where did you get

Roger told him; he couldn't resis adding a few sinister details to scarred Englishman's description. "Why did he give it to you? What did you say to him?
arred my elbow.
seen hum since?
No. And the bartender told


CONSTIPATION is not created over night . . . certainly it should not be purged overnight by violent methods that high-pressure you and leave you "woozy." A tablespoonfu of odorless, tasteless Nujol each night and morning establishes effective intestinal lubrication, gives continuing relief from ordinary constipation. Not "just another" mineral oil-Nujol's viscosity is scientifically controlled to give bes results. Get a bottle at the druggist's today!

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INDIGESTION



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Don't despair - no matter how ahused your hair! Amazing Admiracion Shampoo leaves hair oft and lustrous
marvelous condition for "taking permanents, finger waves. tints. Tr Admiracion once-see immediate difference. At all stores - " no lather in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your beauty sho

Admiración

## Housework Can Give You Beauty

You can utilize every daily household chore to improve your looks

## by Syhuia Blythe

The best way to develop a fine rgure is to exercise and exercise
regularly. But the trouble with lost home exercise is that it is a more or less superficial activity and not always convenient to find time for. It calls for a kind of self-compulsion, which none but the very stoical will keep up day after day month after month.
So, lucky is the woman, in one ex pert's opinion, who has regular housework to do. She can utilize almost every chore as a forward pass, so to speak, in a game of figure-improvement. Our au thority is Ann Dela field, physical-educa tion expert and salon director, who map out programs for beauty-minded housewives all over the country, and hows them how beauty benefits.

## Bo Sciontific

$\mathbf{A}_{\text {LL }}$ activity, Miss Delafield says, no find it helps to you find it, helps to give muscles a work-out and to burn up fat houseworking routes needs the application of some scientific of some scientific sibly can, Miss Dela
field advises, do your work in a pair of shorts and a nice, loose slipover to give you complete freedom of movement. Buy three or four sets of these inexpensive cotton suits, so you can wear a fresh set each day. Wear sensi-bly-heeled and amply-fitting shoes. No high heels for you, to make you No high heels for you, to make you tempting "flats," which may give you a smooth Indian glide, but surely will give the tendons in your legs an unbearable stretching.
Next, turn your house "outside in." That means open as many windows, doors and ventilators as possible, so that you will have as much fresh air as you would if you exercised
out of doors in the great open spaces Next, plan a time-limit for your sell, based on the exact number of minutes each task takes when you wo at full speed. And try, as you Thereng, to beat your own record if you must be no snail's pace for you if you are determined to ripple muscle and burn up calories. Moreover, the
shorter shrift you make of housework, the more time you will have for othe important things.
 posture.
tasks can be made to count. Firs consider the cleaning and tidying-up of a house. Even if you give only ten minutes a day to that, you can make it yield you good stretching exercise So stretch as you reach to put dishes in a cupboard; as you put the laundry away; as you dust pictures; as you clean windows or hang curtains; as you lay a tablecloth, or take one off; as you make up a bed.
Stretch as you push a broom, a mop, a sweeper, or a vacuum; and keep your body erect and your tunimy flat. Every hard push of your arms will help to strength
stomach muscles
Then, if you get down on all-fours

## SECRET FILM

Continued from preceding page
told her about you, and she's anxious to meet you.

What time is she coming?
"Twelve-thirty.
Miller consulted his watch; then rapped at the partition for the driver to pull up outside a restaurant they were passing "There's a phone call I must make. The Red Cross has promised to fly me over to England this afternoon. I must check the hour."

Paul Miler and Cynthia got on well together. Roger was glad to notice Miller going out of his way to make himself pleasant, and she, rather stiff at the beginning gradually thawed. Miller was right: how ridiculous to have attributed such sinister motives to such a charming young lady.
Recognizing again certain individ Recognizing again certain individ he had remembered from yesterday he Roger an oddly comfortable feeling like sighting an old friend in feeling, like sighting an old friend in nose had of crinkling when she smiled the suddenness with which she turned her head when she shifted she turned her head when she shifted attention, the quick British rush of her sentences Roger found himself waiting for these, feeling each time they happened prick of private pleasure Miller regaled her with anecdotes of their cap
ure, modestly stretching the truth in Roger's favor, so that Roger instead of himself appeared responsible for their many escapes.
But Miller couldn't resist bringing p, to tease Roger, their conversation of this morning. "Did Roger tell you about his mystery? About the international spy plot he unearthed?" Roger tried to signal his friend to lay off, but it was too late. "Show Miss Cooke your little souvenir, Roger." 'Souvenir? Spy plot?"'
Roger scowled. "It's nothing. A little joke of Paul's.'
But they both insisted. Roger had no choice but te produce, with a sheepish smile, the microfilm from his wallet.
Cynthia took the film from him, held it against the sunlighted window. She stretched it at arm's length, squinting to sharpen her focus. When she turned about, a cold glaze had slipped over her eyes, her lips were drawn back as from an unpleasant taste.
What happened next took place so quickly it was all over almost before Roger could take it in. The door behind Cynthia opened and shut, and before she could turn two men were standing behind her. Two men Roger recognized: the Englishman from the
(Continued on page 15)
to mop or scrub, push up with the small of your back - never sag in the middle. Every reach of your arms, darting out from a braced back, will give you a work-out of your muscular girdle, and in less time than you think, you will see evidences of a more stemlike midriff and a more lance-like

Two other tasks that can give you exercises for posture control are dishwashing and ironing. If you do dishes, have your sink or dishpan raised to elbow level and stand erectly in front of it. If the sink is too low, put dishes in a pan and derrick that up with props. If your sink is too high, use a tiny platform or foot rest to stand upon. If you spend much time in front of an ironing board, set it high so that you can stand straight as you scoot the iron back and forth.

## For the Hips

$\mathbf{A}_{\mathrm{S} \text { FOR hips, }}$ which usually need some specialized attention, one of the best hip-exercises is to
pick up after your pick up after your
family or drop to family or drop to of an ice box. But to get exercise value from these motions, keep your spine vou lover your body. You'll get the same Youscular pull from this as you would from regular hip exercises. When you run up and down the stairs, spring your weight forcibly up weight forcibly up from your toes and


Mother-just look at your baby's "pink-and-pretty" skin! Do you want it to be as adorable always? Of course you do! So-be careful in your choice of baby's bath and beauty soice Choose SweetHeart Soap, you choose the beruty cleansing secret of generations of beauti ful Americans. They thent

"SweetHeart Soap from-the-cradle" for their soft, smooth, adorable complexions! SweetHeart Soap is really pure. You can count on that fact. And naturally the soap that's best for baby is best for your whole family, too So make every bath and cleanwith pure SweetHeart Soap! Get with pure Sweetheart Soap! Ge several economical cakes today.
There's no other soap like it!


Swentheart
TOILET SOAP
THE SOAP THAT AGREES But exercises need not be confined But exercises need not be confined to work done on your feet. While you sit preparing vegetables, sewing or
mending, for example, you have an mending, for example, you have an opportunity to exercise neck and ankle muscles. Move your head back other - this will help to build a lovelier throat and to safeguard a firm, young chin. To keep your ankles freejointed and supple and even make them trimmer, utilize this same opportunity by crossing your legs, first one way and then the other, and rotating the foot around the swinging ankle. In rotating each foot, make circular motions first to right and then to left.

Roger carefully replaced in an inner compartment of his wallet. He de dent, Cynthia Cooke's appearances. "What do you make of it all?" What do 1 make of it? Milier regarded his younger friend with che expression Roger had become fares as thuring their jomself how a supposedly mature man could be quite so naive and credulous, could so unfail ingly lead off with the wrong foot you, my friend, are gifted with a dan gerously active imagination. You've been reading too much cheap literature."
"But the microfilm?"
Some sort of lottery, undoubtedly, that the cigarette manufacturers run names are winners,"
"And the British visa
"A clerk's mistake. The hotel marked.
"And Cynthia Cooke?'
"She sounds to me a very pleasant young lady. I'd like very much to Roger had almost forgotten: "You'll have a chance very soon. Before this all came up, I asked her to have sherry in our room before lunch. I

An adrortisement to Mon

## Cut him loose

and let him go

No matter what other good points he may have, a man who is guilty of halitosis (had breath) is likely to be Iropped in a hurry by fastidious women-and deservedly:
After all, halitosis is the unpardonable offense that may nip many a friendship or romance in the bud clove many a door to him . . stamp him as an objectionable or careles

Anyone can have a bad breath at some time or ther. Infortunatels, you yourself may not know when you are thus afflicted . . . but others do. Therefore, don't fail to be on guard against this condition which, althongh sometimes systemic, is orimarily caused. say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gum surfaces

A wise precaution, simple, easy and wholly delightful is Listerine Antiseptic used as a month rinse. Listerime Anticeptic immediately halt, fermentation, then overcomes the ordors fermentation weeter, fresher, immediately the breath herco

If you want others to like you . . . ir yom want (o) put your best foot forward mecially and in himiness, get in the hathit of mang Lasterine Antiseptic. Sinse the month with it every morning and might. and social engagements. It pays.



LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

Bic, ox-shouldered, long-armed, unpressed, English-born Victor inest motion pictures including "The Lost Patrol,"" "The Informer,"" "Gunga Din," and "Broadway Limited," has no interest, off the movie lots, in presenting himself as a Beau Brummell or a matinee idol. He wears the clothes he finds comfortable and ieaves the swank outfits to idle in the wardrobe between pictures. And he snaps out of his histrionics with the last chick of the camera and the dousing the same woman all the time and heir two children, a son and da, and their two woren, a daughter. re both of college age
Mr. McLaglen's private manner is

## TRY THIS MAN'S RECIPES

He's Victor McLaglen, movie star, sportsman

## - and a swell cook

that of a kind giant, a little preoccu pied and even a little shy. He talks easily, but says "how-do-you-do" and "good-bye" with an engaging discomfort, somewhat like an overgrown schoolboy's. The fact is, the man is a mixture of sportsman and bookworm t heart. He swims, boxes, wrestles, rides horseback and golfs in top form, and indoors he spends his sparetime reading voraciously. He also cooks a und likes to do it, provided sole

## by Grace Tumes

is on tap to hand him the spoons and wash up after him. He has a huge ranch at Clovis, California, where the apple of his eye are the thoroughbred horses he is raising. But he raises other things, also, and reels off a record of ranch produce by hundreds of tons - 600 tons of grapes, 400 of
and almonds. He also has 500 pigs. Does the ranch pay?" we ask. "Certainly, it does," he answers I wouldn't fool with anything that couldn't succeed.
Pin him down about the horses, however, and you discover that he has a weak spot like mere other men The horses are going to pay after awhile, on that banner day when he inds himself with a champion on his hands. And probably he will get a great horse out or his studs, for some of the animals are or bloor of the mighty Man-of-War. The spirit of adventure made a restless youth Me McLaglen. Way under age, he has a boxing chat the of Eastern Canada, knocked about
ments; but I've given you the recipes that are real successes."

## Chicken McLaglen

1 No. 3 can ( $31 / 2$ cups) sauerkrau 1 cup sherry wine $21 / 2$ cups soft bread crumbs $1 / 2$ teaspoon salt s teaspoon pepper 2 teaspoons sage 1/2 medium onion, minced $1 / 4$ pound sausage meat cup canned mushrooms, chopped 1 young chicken ( 3 pounds)
Drain sauerkraut; soak in sherry overnight. Combine crumbs; salt, pepper, sage and onion. Saute sausage meat until brown; drain on absorbent paper; add to crumb mixture with mushrooms; mix well. Singe, clean, wash Sturf with cru. Rubirside with Place in very hot $\left(450^{\circ} \mathrm{F}\right.$ ) and Place 25 minytes or until brown. Re sear 25 mickes or until brow. Re Smother with sauerkraut and sherry.


He likes to eat - and cook - he-man dishes
the Fiji Islands, Hawaii and Tahiti, Bombay and Ceylon, and finally joined up with his four brothers in the first World War
It was shortly after he had been demobilized that an English motionpicture director cast Mr. McLaglen for the hero's role in "The Glorious Adventure with Lady Diana Man other English pictures, before Hollyother English pictures, before Hollywood lured him to America. He was an "mmediate success in such movies as Beau Geste" and WhatPrice Gory. no bones about liking to wook But no bones about liking to cook. But, first dish he talks about is pheasant easy enough for him, since he raises pheasants on his ranch. "But you can use the same recipe for chicken", he explains.
So you can - and with excellent results. And that is exactly what we have done with the recipe we later give our readers.
There is also a Mexican pork chop recipe which Mr. McLaglen picked up from a ranch-hand who hailed from across the border. Another favorite dish which Mr. McLaglen prepares for dinner sometimes is fried salt pork, done country style. "Though you can use any one of several gravies with this, I prefer a plain milk gravy, Mr. McLaglen says. So that is the one we choose for this page.
Finally there is roast beef which Mr. McLaglen cooks by a method that is totally new to us. After seasoning the meat and putting it in the roasting pan, he smothers it with wet rock-salt, lets it roast in this until it is about two-thirds done, takes it out and lets it continue to stand in the hot rock-salt for the other third of the a man in London," Mr McLaglen a man in London," Mr. McLagle says, and it gives swell resuls." Mr. McLaglen answers: "At the ranch Mr. McLaglen answers. At the ranch we have there runs off, as he often does. I like to experiment then - but only with meats. I sometimes spill things and break things and I'm not always successful with my experi-

Return to moderate oven ( $325^{\circ} \mathrm{F}$.) and continue cooking for 1 hour. Approximate yield: 4 portions

Mexican Pork Chops 6 pork chops, $1 / 2$ inch thick 1 medium onion, minced
6 tablespoons raw rice
2 tomatoes
Salt and pepper
1 cup water or tomato juice
Brown chops in hot frying pan. Arrange chops and onion in large shallow casserole. Place 1 tablespoon rice on each chop. Top with thick and pepper Add water or to sato juice Cover closely and bake in modjuice. Cover ( $350^{\circ} \mathrm{F}$, ) 11// hours. Ap proximate yield: 6 portions. Approximate yield: 6 portions.

## London Roast

Rolled rib roast of beef ( 5 pounds after boning) 10 pounds rock salt
1 cup water
Place roast in deep roasting pan. Season with pepper. Combine rock salt and water. Smother roast in rock salt. Place in hot oven ( $450^{\circ}$ F.) and roast 1 hour. Remove from oven and let stand $1 / 2$ hour. Remove rock salt covering and serve. Approximate yield: 8-10 portions.
Fried Salt Pork, Country Style 1 pound salt pork
$1 / 4$ cup corn meal
1/4 cup flour
2 tablespoons pork drippings 2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper
$11 / 2$ cups hot cubed potatoes
Cut pork in thin slices and gash rind in several places. Roll pork slices in cornmeal and flour which have been mixed together. Fry in heavy frying browned, turning frequently; draind browned, turning frequently; drain on plate Pour off. Keep hot on hot pork drippings Add flow 2 tablespoons milk; stir until Add four, blend. Add Season to taste with salt thickened. Add potatoes and pour and pepper slices. Approximate yield: 4 portions


## SEE VIRGIN COLOR

 RETURN WHEN YOU QUIT "SOAPING" HAIRJUST try one shampoo with Halo! See how much more radiant and col-
orful your hair looks when there's no orful your hair looks when there's no dulling soap film to hide its virgin color Be modern, and switch to Halo permanently as your way to beautiful hair. Because Halo contains no soap. t leaves no dulling film to hide natural color and luster. With Halo, you don't even need a lemon or vinegar after-rinse.
So Halo your hair tonight. See how Halo leaves your hair soft, easy to curl your favorite way. Halo makes ocean Buy Halo Shampon in Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes.
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

## 1ALOshampoo



## SECRET FILM

## Continued from page thiteen

bar and the Portuguese who had brought his passport. Both of them brought his passport. Both of the
were leveling automatic pistols. were eveling automatic pistois.
"Hands over your heads, please No noise. You, Miss, I'd like that film, please." The "Englishman" fim, please. The Englishman "-
he no longer troubled with the exag. he no longer troubled with the exag
gerated accent -pocketed it. gerated accent - pocketed it.
"Kep them up!' his partner barked at Miller, whose arms made a wary move to lower themselves "You"" he ordered Roger. "The passport."
Thumbing through its pages, he found and tore out the British vis and tossed the passport on the bed He removed the key from the insid of the door, nodded to his partner who passed ahead of him out the doo They hadn't been inside a full minute Lowering his hands, Miller bound ed to the door. "Locked." He faced about to Cynthia Cooke, who had gone to the telephone and found that the line was cut. "You must have a passkey. You searched this room las night."
She didn't deny it. But: "I don't have it with me.
Miller hammered an alarm on the door. Waiting for someone to open, he led a brief council of war. "No time for explanations and apologies. Some one - besides ourselves - made bad mistake, but now he's made it good. The important thing is to get back that film before they put it to use."
"The airport," Cynthia said. "Now that they've shown their hand, they'll make for there, where they ve probably got a plane waiting to take then to England. I must head them off." Miller told her, "I'm due at Cintra" -where the planes to England take off - shortly in any case. You and Roger had better cover the seaplan port."
"It's not operating today; the harbor's, too rough after the storm las night. There's a notice on the bulletin board downstairs.
Cintra.". As a key all go together to Cintra." As a key turned in the lock and the door opened, he caught up his suitcase and the three dash past the startled chambermaid.
$\mathbf{R}_{\text {oger }}$ left his post beside the passenger entrance to join Paul Mille ing the field
"No luck?" said Miller
Roger shook his head
No sign of them.
Cynthia, leaving her lookout at the auto entrance, joined the pair don't need to ask
Miller suggested: "They may have changed their clothes. Disguised themselves."
"He'd have a hard time disguising that scar
"The chances are they'd split up And the other may have shaved."
"That Pinocchio nose -
thave off that." ${ }^{\text {a }}$, "You're certain
operating today?" Miller asked the ${ }^{\text {girl. }}$ I just phoned to check up. Nothing's gone out since yesterday afternoon."
Each waited for one of the others to be the first to admit it; it was Paul Miller who finally said it aloud: "Be gins to look like a wild-goose chase doesn't it? They must have decided
to lie low for a bit." Ruefully he pointed out the window to the Red Coss plane warming up on the runwithout me. if ony tran go without me. If only transportation veren't so scarce - if our unit wer ounting on me to arrive tonight
Cynthia brought out a weak smile. Your own job comes first. We'll carry on the best we can.
Miller soberly shook their hands. At least I can warn them at
other end to be on the lookout."
"Happy landing." But Roger's voice, like Cynthia's smile, was flat. For the first time, Miller had fallen down. Miller who was never at a loss. Miller who had brought them safely through a dozen scrapes, where a false move meant both their lives.
W Atching him take his place at the Im:nigration barrier, the picture came to Roger of the first time they were taken before the German Feld-Kommandant after their capture; he digging his fingernails into his palms to stop their trembling; Miller whistling under his breath to get a grip on his nerves. It was a nervous habit of his that Roger got to know well - when they were hailed before other Kommandants, questioned by Gestapo agents: always the same brief melody. Aptly, Miller's lips were even now pursed in a whistle as he waited his turn at the barrier. Roger was too far away to hear, but from the shape of his mouth it must be the same melody. Another picture was trying to form itself in Roger's memory: himself at the Aviz bar, waiting for his cocktail, impatiently tapping the counter and humming a melody he couldn't quite place in his memory - until now, seeing it on Miller's lips.
Miller had reached the barrier; Roger saw the officer glance sharply at him, as though distracted by his whistling. He accepted Miller's passport, stamped the Portuguese visa, passed it back; you had to be watching very closely, expecting it, to notice that he had slipped a tiny envelope between its pages.
Roger started forward at a run. And then fell flat on his face, fripped up from behind. Cynthia cooke had hooked his ankle with her ${ }^{\text {foot. }}$
She, too? Struggling to rise, Roger saw Miller pass the barrier, cross the field toward the Red Cross plane whose wheelblocks were already cleared. Roger fought off Cynthia's grip on his arm - and ran toward the ofrier. Bat he was too lo the door of the plane had already closed Miller inside, ine motor's roar accelerated, the tail hifted as the plane
across the field for the take-off.
cros ling ther the tikeoff.
Standing there behand the guard fence, leeling like a goaltender who past him, Roger became aware that Cynthin had followed him. He swung angrily to face her. angrily to face her.
to be so rough. But it's "Sorry 1 had to be so rough. But it's much better, dhis at the other end, on home soil?" Roger stared at her "Then youyou're not - "
"On his side? Quite the reverse. "And you've known all along?" you saw just now. Right up to the end, I thought you two must be in this
'Fill 'er up!'
together. We had a tip that one of their agents was masquerading as an American ambulance driver, and I spotted you at the border. Your story of being accidentally captured by the Germans, after you'd had time to horoughly acquaint yourself with the French defenses - that all fitted in. And you wouldn't say where you were going next, beyond mentioning an airplane ride. Then I saw the Englishman in the bar pass you something. and on top of everything - the so perfectly timed holdup."
"The phone call he stopped to make," Roger remembered.
"Did he do that? After you told him about the film and about me? Yes, that fills in the last blank. He had o clear himself before both of us And at the same time recover the film and visa which they had turned ver to you by mistake." Her eyes followed the plane circling over the followed the plane circling over the
field, leveling northward. "Take a good look. It isn't likely you'll ever see him again.'
Roger felt a little shudder run over him. 'I feel as though I'd just dropped too fast in an elevator
The plane was a tiny speck; it disappeared; the sky was washed clean. Cynthia shook herself, as after an unpleasant nightmare. Her hair swung out as she faced back to Roger; her nose crinkled in a smile. "I'm so glad it wasn't you. Is last night's invitation to dinner still open?"

Tho End


## NOW! <br> Stop sneezing spells  Get WHITER WASHES

HL SAY! NO MORE OF TOSE





Harlan Fiske Stone (above) becomes the Nation's new Chief Justice on the July 1 retirement of Chief Justice Charles Evans tenure as Associate Justice of the Supreme Coutt was announced along with the nomination of Attorney General Robert H. Jackson (circle) to fill the resulting vacancy, and the nomination of Senator James F . Byrnes of South Carolina to fill the vacancy lef Byrnes, an administration stalwart in the Senate, receives the warm congratulations of Vice President Wallace on his nomi nation (upper right). Wide World Photos notion (upper right).


WASHINGTON National Airport, swinging into full-time operation as the clock struck midnight last Sunday, gives the National Capital, on what was Gravelly Point's watery waste two years ago, the most modern ond best equipped air termina in the world. Above is the model administrotion building as the $515,000,000$ airport center in the world, exceeded only by New York and Chicago With control facilities unequaled anywhere, the new airport is certain to see an immediate increase even in this great traffic stream as Washington leads the Nation in its all-out defense effort. (Other pictures of the airport and its facilities on Page Staff Photo by R. Routt.


Four sons and a legislative career! As Maryland's first congresswoman, Mrs. take the oath as successor to her husband, killed in a February airplane crash, the four young Byrons-Louis, 3; David, 8; Goodloe, 11, and Jamie, 13-pose with her on the House wing steps.


BestSnapshots
"SEE CAN I KETCH ONE." John D'Andelet, 2601
"BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL." Lawrence Finkelstein, 1002 Florida avenue N.E.
of first week in
The Star's

## Amateur Contest

Contestants receive $\$ 2$ for each photo published with the weekly $\$ 5$ prize winner. All photos published will be considered at the end of the contest for The Stor's four $\$ 25$ grand awards. Winners of the grand awards will compete in the national awards paying $\$ 10,000$, including grand prize worth $\$ 1,500$. Photos must have been taken after May 18, 1941, to be eligible. Photos are not returned. Do not submit negatives.

 John
Md.


THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C.-GRAVURE SECTION-JUNE 22, 1941.
National Airport Points the Way in Efficiency


John Groves, manager of the new airport, gets down Aeronautics Authority, under which the airport is operated as a Federal project throughout.

In flight over Washington National Airport you get this thew of the administration building as it fronts on a curve
the great paved area for waiting passenger planes. Beyond is great paved area for waiting passenger planes. Beyond
is system of highway approach and still uncompleted
landscaping that will contribute to the airport's front rank as a thing of beouty os well as utility

$\qquad$
咅
$\uparrow \begin{gathered}\text { One of the airport's enormous } \\ \text { hangars looms in the background }\end{gathered}$ hangars looms in the background
of this highway view to the west of this highway view to the west
of the administration building. There is ample room for more hangars as operations expandand this is on early certointy with
restrictions on air travel here im restrictions on air travel here im
posed by the inadequate old posed by the inadequate old
Washington airport now removed by this great terminal. trch
nes
out.
tion


## Where Tobacco Is King

Typical of the gently sloping fields of Southern Marylond is this 13 acre plot in Charles County. Robert P. Bowling, ir., farmer, at left, and his hired hands,
ply hoes, following preliminary cultivation by a horse plow. In background is a characteristic tobacco barn where leaf is air-cured for market.


Two methods of transplanting-wet and dry. The $\uparrow$
hands of a tobocco farmer are demonstrating how, in hands of a tobacco farmer are demonstrating how, in a stick is pushed into the ground, and the tobacco plant dropped into the resulting hole.

In dry weather, a horse-drawn planter is necessary, as shown in this closeup. It digs a little
trench, one of two men places a plant in the right spot as a tank of water discharges a cup of water
of the roots. Small disc wheels gently cover the at the roots. Sm
roots with earth.





> Anacostia Junior-Senior High School sends this big senior division graduating class out into the world-or to college-this month.






[^0]:    

    FIRST IN SALES because it's
    FIRST IN DESIGN
    mong anl iow-priced rrucks
    WITH "LOAD-MASTER" ENGINE) among all low-priced trucks
    FIRST IN FEATURES among all low-priced trucks
    FIRST IN STEERING EASE
    FIRST IN VALUE
    among all low-priced trucks

[^1]:    Beach Cart $\$ 4.95$
    

[^2]:    "A splendid idea". . "The National is to be congratulated" . . . "Every soldier will be thankful . . . THAT'S how hundreds of Washingtonians reacted to the plan behind The National's "Army Camp Trade-In Sale" thatwas first announced last Friday. This is an opportunity for every family in Washington to give the boys in camp more of the "comforts of home." At the end of the day's activities, Uncle Sam's soldiers will be able to relax in surroundings that YOU helped to make more enjoyable, more comfortable.

    Every item traded in during this event-furniture or radios-will be donated imme
    diately for use in the Recreation Centers of nearby U. S. Army Camps.
    Such traded-in merchandise that cannot be used by the camps will be sold at public auction for the benefit of the camps . . . the proceeds of which The National will donate to the camps to be used at their discretion.

[^3]:     Hyatap
    
    
    Deaths Reported
    

[^4]:    ## WAIIS AWAY YOUR Nam Corns

     Think of it! Now you can actually 1 remove corns including the pain-producing
    walk in comfort!
    This simple
    orks easily and gensible treatment you relief without old-fashioned bring aring that just offectashioned home ally leaves part of the corn still in your toe. Here's how: Felt pad you toe. Here's how: Felt pad
    
    
    lifting off pressure. Blue-Jay medication (D) gently loosens corn so that
    in a few days it may be easily removed in a few days it may be easily removed.
    Stubborn cases may require more han one application.) Blue-Jay costs very little only a few cents to treat each corn
    ,umer BIUE-JAY

