The sundau star

## Giraud Named to Succeed Darlan; Red Troops Push Close to Rostov Back of Stalingrad Siege Army

Way Is Believed Cleared to Unite French Factions


British Seize Portion of Height Commanding Road to Tebourba
Infantry and Artillery Fight Christmas Day
Battle in Mud in Medjez-El-Bab Area

MacArthur's Airmen Marines Will Accept Down 11 Leros; Buna Men of Draft Ago Envelopment Goes On Starting Friday

| Giraud Asks Unity For 'One Thing That Counts-France |
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| Australian Flyers Bomb and Strafe Jap-Held Timor | Corps Is Relying on <br> Volunteers to Fill <br> January Needs |
| :---: | :---: |
| By C. YATES McDANIEL, Associated Press War Correspondent ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN | By MIRIAM OTTENBERG. First of the armed services |
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| TraLia, Sunday | men |

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and Least Popularized of Heroes

## 

Fate of 22 Nazi Divisions Said To Be Sealed


First Steps for Labor Voice in Peace Terms Are Taken by Green

\section*{D. C. Fuel Oil Dealers to Get Supplies to Fill Ration Needs | Removal of Restrition Will Enoble Them |
| :--- |
| To Serve Newcomesis Comalie Gets on |}

$\qquad$

Canned Goods To Be Rationed Before Feb. 1

OPA to Make Appeal To Avert Run on Grocery Stores
by alfred toombs e rationing of all canned of Price Administration
so get the program ander
ometime between January
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Davis and Wickard To Broadcast Tonight

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all appli-
stocks of
Churchill Answers Greeting
From Roosevelt to Allies

## 

Stark and Winant Returning To U. S. for Conferences


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## Burglars Take $\$ 5,000$



his absence.
Mr. Winant,


Treasury Holds Up
Its Daily Statement
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Pnjab Premier Dies


Secreiary Huli Asks
United Suppori of
Gen. Fisenhower

| arlan Assassination escribed as 'Odious nd Cowardly Act |
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## Austin Will Continue As Assistant GOP

 Senate Leader
ALL THE Arrow Shirt SALESMEN TREDERICR'S 1435 H ST. N.W Recomment Your Purchase of at, Topcont \& Dvercont Belong
Prices
CHARGE ACCOUNTS








## Carrson's Raiders Gel Blanket Ciiation From Maj. Gen. Vandegrift 

 Jops on GudadconalBaltimore Gasoline Supply Dwindles to Single Day's Supply

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Pianos for Rent



JANUARY SALE
THIS Week
Iff you wont o oood selection ore remorkoby yow, visit me this week.
My Jonuory sole is is on opportunity worth

$\operatorname{Twin}_{\text {TENCB }}$ bepo
 आhloMISCitis.

Upshur at 13th St. N.W. Taylor 3191
Store Open Monday 12 till 9 P.M.
The quality clothing event that is the climax of the Pelzman's 53 years.in Washington. Sharply reduced prices throughnew section devoted to this fine store including our brandMany fine garments that are practically impossible to duplicate on today's market are now marked at great savings so better work fast.

## 53rd ANNUAL WINTER SALE

Hundreds of Famous Doublewear (Hold the Press) Suits in $100 \%$ Wool Nationally Known Fabrics, Sharkskins, Coverts, Wool Worsteds . . . Year 'Round Weight Rondo Coats . . Camel Hairs . . . Coats With Removable Quilted Warmers ... Sport Coats ... Tuxedos \& Full Dress
$\$ 24.75 \quad \$ 29.75$
\$33.75
$\$ 38.75 \quad \$ 43.75 \quad \$ 48.75$

Only 36 Hand Tailored
\$50 NAVAL OFFICERS
\$36.75
TUXEDOS \&
FULL DRESS SUITS
Sharply Reduced!

Extraordinary Savings in Our
New Ladies' Department

## MISS ESQUIRE MODELS

in man-tailored Suits \& Coats

| $100 \%$ Wool Plaid Suits, green grounds. Were $\$ 20$. NOW |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| 5 Doeskin-:overt Suits. $11400^{\text {Pa }}$ | ${ }^{\text {S400 }}$ Now ${ }^{\text {Now }}$ |
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| tmann Tweed four.but. | red |
| Tan, siex 14, and Burgund, size 16 Wer s55 |  |

Hundreds of Other 100\% Wool Garments Greatly Reduced!


## RLLELIIII IS OPES TOIORRROIT - 12:30 TO 9 P. II.

## SVIII-IIIIIIL IILEXS CLIOTHIIIG SIIIR

OIER 1000 IIRTT SOHIIPFIER \& HIRX, RILELEII SIITSS, TOPCOITSS, OCOITS



> Wonderful opportunity to invest in fine Dreamhouse furnishings sharply reduced. Most pieces oneofa-kind but every selection from regular stocks, your assurance of quality, and each NEE-endorsed. Sorry, no approvals nor returns since this is a quick disposal of merchandise to make room immediately for new

## Living Room Furniture



## Living Room Furniture










## Bedroom Furniture







































Open Monday 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
Notice Store Location After Each Item! No C.O.D.'s-No Approvals-No Returns open a budget account

## Dining Room

CHINA, all matogany, beautiful Hepplewhite de $\mathbf{\$ 4 4} 4^{\mathbf{5}}$





















## Chenille Bedspreads



Oriental and Domestic Rugs

| Size. |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $2.6$ | \$29.50 |  |
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| Fereghan Sem | \$110.00 |  |
| India, Cream, Semi-Antique--------9x6 | \$175.00 |  |
| Bokh | \$275.00 |  |
| Ispahan, Wine -----------------15.6x8.8 | \$325.00 |  |
|  | \$425.00 |  |
| Hamadan, Blue ground --------13.6x8.6 | \$365.00 |  |
| Sarouk, Wine --- -----------14.4x10.5 | \$795.00 |  |
| Plain Broadloom, Rose - ----------6x12 | \$76.00 |  |
| Plain Broadloom, Rose -----------6.6x12 | 585.50 |  |
| Wilton, Bradley carved----------7.5x | \$75.00 |  |
| Twist Broadloom, Green--------7.2x12 | \$75.00 |  |
| Twist Broadloom, Dubonnet-.---.-6x12 | \$49.50 |  |
| Hardtwist Broadloom, Coral ------6x12 | \$84.00 |  |
| Hardtwist Broadloom, Green_-.-.-. 6x12 | \$84.00 |  |
| Hardtwist Broadloom, Grey-.---. 5.9x12 | \$80.50 |  |
| Design Beauvais Broad, Rose_--. $9 \times 8.10$ | \$61.50 |  |
| Tone-on-tone Broadloom, Beige.-.-9x8.6 | \$58.25 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Rose.-- 9x7.6 | \$44.65 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Beige---7.6x12 | \$75.00 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Rose...-.-.9x4 | \$32.75 |  |
| xminster, tone-on-tone, Red...-. $5 \times 5$ | \$23.80 |  |
| Velvet, Green ------....-.-.----4.6x10 | \$22.50 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Green---4x6 | \$18.50 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Blue .-----4.6x6 | \$19.50 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Rose----4.6 | \$19.50 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Green----.3x | \$41.70 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Blue ----. $3 \times 17$ | \$38.75 |  |
| Twist Weave Broadloom, Rose.-.-. $2.10 \times 9$ | \$20.80 |  |
| Hooked, Oval, ${ }^{\text {c }}$ |  |  |
| Hooked, Oval, Cotton--------------24x |  |  |
| Hooked, Oval, Cotton------------.-.-30 | \$9.50 |  |

## Oriental and Domestic Rugs



RAF Coastal Unit Carries on Despite Worst Storm in Years



MONDAY STORE HOURS: 12 NOON TO 9 P.M.


Fashion Park \& Richard Prince SUITS, TOPCOATS and OVERCOATS

## F ${ }^{-2}$ THE MODE OH F STREET at RLEvENTH

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## Grosner of 1325 F St.

Larger Stocks Make Easier Selection! UNIFORMS
OFFICERS $\star$ U.S. ARMY $\star$ U.S. NAVY $\star$ ARMY \& NAVY AVIATION $\star$ AND U. S. COAST GUARD
$\star$ DOBBS CAPS $\star$ STETSON SHOES $\star$ FURNISHINGS $\star$
Official Licensee War Department
GROSNER OF 1325 F STREET


Shop Ilowiday 1:303 to P P. IL
 Pamous lame Shoes

- Treadeasy - AirStep
- Princess Royal Maylower - Princess toy The Famous Names you know so well in fine foces. are offered now dow
 savings in inles for business, $10 . \mathrm{AAAA}$ to C widths. Come earig tor sizes. is the gro
best selection.
300 Pairs 7.85 Treadeasy Shoes.
400 Pairs 6.00 and $6.0^{2}$ Ares Roy -..............-.
年 200 Pairs 5.00 Princess Roya 300 Pairs 8.95 Mayllower SECND FLOOR

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300 \text { Pairs } 8.00 \text { ROL . . SECOND FLOOR }
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## Sile on fablrics

## In Dur After-Christmas Sale

## 1,500 Yards Wool and Wool and Rayon Mixtures <br> Your opportunity to save on the season's most wanted fabrics. All 54 inches wide in a varied colletion including tweeds, plads, crepes, shetlands and coat- ing mixtures.' Black, navy, dark and light colors.

Pure Wool "Golden Fleece"
A light-weight wool crepe for smart, warm dresses.
Have it at this special price in the color you want
cactus green, Spanish wine, lemon, rose-beige, rancho
tan, Victory blue, navy, brown, black. the palais royal . . second floor - yd.

## After-Christmas Sale

Complete Glasses


## SIIOP NOVIDII 12:30 TO I P.II. the Palais Roval

$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { January White Sale! } \\ \text { suve now on shers - towels • bespreans - blankers }\end{array}\right.$

Save on Dur Exclusive Famous Long Wearing Dwight Anchor Sheets anld lases


These are sheets made from selected cotton, woven close wear from washing. Stronger sewing thread keeps hem firmly
sewn. Reversible label tells which size bed sheets will fit.


Save on Fine Quality Bedding Needs
"Fort Milll" Sheets anll Casses


Economical sheets for every bed in your home. Fine quality
"Fort Mills" sheets and cases are favorites with homemakers for their splendid service.

| $81 \times 99$ | 1.39 | 72x99 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 72×108 | 1.39 | $63 \times 108$ |


he palais royaz ... skcond rloor

> Soit Peather Bed Pillows

> Filled with $50 \%$ white goose feathers, $50 \%$ duck feathers. Covered with blue,
green or tan striped ticking. Neatly green or tan striped ticking. Nealiy
corded edges. $21 \times 27$-inch size. 2.59 each


## Thalle Clollis

52x52 Inches--.-----------------$60 \times 80$ Inches--------------------- $\mathbf{-} \mathbf{- 9 8}$

Gay colored cloths for more colorful meals Fine white crash printed in lovely designs. Fast colors that will wash beautifully. Ends are neatly he ready for use



Fine Pictures Reduced $1 / 2$ Price


#  

WE HAVE MOVED OUR REGULAR THURSDAY NIGHT DPENING TO MONDAY BECAUSE THURSDAY, DEC. 31, IS NEW YEAR'S EVE


## SIIE OI SHEETS, LIEEIS, TOIELSS, SPREIIS, BLAIKETS IID COIIFORTS





# TIIR HENITI CO:S IFTPE CIIIISTIIIS SILRE! 

SHOP MONDAY FROM 12.30 NDON TTIL 9 AT NIGHT

we have moved our regular thursday night opening to monday, because thursday, dec. 31, is new year's eve


SAMPLES: FEW OF A KIND: EXQUISITE NECKWEAR

Just ot the time when you're yearning for a
fresh new touch to enliven your winter frocks crisp comes this speciol eventl wioverly froces, crisp piques, rayon foilles in Vee neck types,
Buster Brown collars, yokes and saures.
Ber Buster Brown collors, yokes and souveres.
White, ecru oond some postels
Neckwear, Main Floor, E Street Buidding, The Hecht Co.

## 129

REDUCED: OUTSTANDING GROUP OF COSTUME JEWELRY

Such a wide, varied assortment you'll find yourself picking piece after piece--and soving
substantially on every one! Siver and gold color metal types, twinkling stones set in metol,
metal modern plastics and woods. . including pins,
earrings, bracelets, 16 -inch to 60 -inch neckloces - even matching sets. Costume Jewelry,
Main Floor, F Street Building, The Hecht Co.

## F



SAMPLES: DISCONTINUED STYLES: FAMOUS MAKE FABRIC GLOVES

A fashion and value hand-out-if ever we sow one! Gloves for every phase of your wardrobe . . . from dressy longer-length slip-ons to cosual shorties. Simple classics-others with novelty stitchings and leather trimmings and every glove a celebrated make-in fine rayons and cottons famed for smartness and ruylity

CLEARANCE: FINER QUALITY SUEDE AND CAPESKIN GLOVES The soft, lovely-to-touch gloves every womon prizes! 'Clossic slip-ons ond novelty tyoms in wine, green, brown and black. Sizes $53 / 4$ to $71 / 2$ but not every size in each style or color. Women's Gloves, Main Floor, $F$
Building The Hectree Building, The Hecht Co.


SELLING: EVENT: LOVELY SILK-AND-RAYON HOSIERY
If Sonto didn't leove you your Christmos quota of stockings, here's your opportunitry to quata
it up-ond sove! Lovely dull-tinish silk-and royon mixture with ovely butil-finish silik-and
Turee you into choosing fult which will
 to $101 / 2$. Women's Hosier


New life for all the frocks you've got! Crisp
Spring now! Loces, piques ond royon foilles
in Vee neck, Buster Brown collors, yoke types ond squores. White, ecru ond some postels.
Neckwear. Main Floor, $\boldsymbol{F}$ Street Buiding The Hecht $C$.


ALL WOOL SWEATERS-IRREGULARS OF HIGHER PRICES - SPECIAL AT
Not a single thing to mar their beauty or
wear but because they ore classed os sligh
iree
 Cordigon styles that ore smart standbys.
Postels ond dork tones; sizes 34 to 40 in the reop Main Fhoor, Sweaters, $F$ Street Build.
onne. The Hecht Co. 64


REDUCED: MENS AND WOMENS FINE HANDKERCHIEFS

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## SHOP MOODIII--12.30 moon 'til I at nightit at THE HECVIT CO.

## After-Christmas Savings!

IOITII BEISS
117) Chilis


## Radios and Radio-Plonogiraphs




Rolled-lige Felt Mattresses
IN SINGLE AND DDUBLE SIVAES:
Our recipe for a good, sound sleep! A full 50 pounds of soft, fluffy cotton layer felt, covered in handsome woven stripe cotton ticking, and finished with a neat roll-edge so it will remain tout and shapely. And note that you can get both single and double sizes.... at a pretty saving.
Bediling, Fourth Floor, The Hecht Co.

## The <br> Hecht Co.

Chennauli's Hopes To Better 12-10-1 Score Disclosed

Col. Cooper, Former Aide Aerial Genius of War by nelson m. shepard Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennaul ittle China Air Task Force is "only"
nocking down
diap of 12 to 1 , now, but hopeses son to cooper of Jacksonville. Fla., back
from the front after serving six
six months as chief of staff to the for-
mer Flying Tiger, disclosed yester-

Regarding his former chief as the
 hat of any onsistently United Ner than "We're not doing so well as for amazing $20-$ oto-1 score that the Flydays of dealt the e aps back in the
Goup. the American Volunteer
 However, things are looking up. Tide Declared Turning. A "fieting glimpse" of war tront
from Ching to North Africa on his
tomeward swing around the slo homeward swing around the globe has convinced this experienced ai sir power is on the up and ap
everywhere The tide is turning in
The At the same time. Col. Cooper
disclosed, the rapid development oo air transportation may make it pos
sible before long to gain numerica ir superiority in the China the
ater with movements of supplies core to Cooper attributed the Chennault's rrea leadership. "He was formerly re garded primarily as a commmander
nghter pranes. but he has developed mander," Col. Cootter bomber comwas with the AvG commander, he
aid, Gen. Chennault "mad thoub out and executed 83 major air bat
les and never lost a one." Col. Cooper was a fyer. in ther in the Poilish Ar Force to finht th
Russian revolutionits.
Later took to writing and exploration in in
the Orient and In Arfica. Then he
hean the adienturrs

 the China theater and is anxiou

 up to a short while ago every leader
of the China force was rom the
South. It was an ailsoouthe South. "It was an all. Southern
team,. he explamed, until reachty,
when Lt. Col. Herbert Morgan, ro..


Edna Hilbard, Slage Sar OnBroaduay in 1920s, Dies


 "enteen Prefer Blondes," had Fifth avenue s.ow.
Fifth Avenue shop.
IIth Avenue Shop.
In like my jop ond my employers.
are lovely to work with." she re. are lovely to work with," she re-
cently wrot a Broadway columist
who had helped her get the position. She stressed that she' repa
il the kindness shown by friend just as soon as she got her "feet on
the ground."
But she newer got that But she never got that far. Yes.
teraty Miss Hibarard ined in Mothe
Cabrini
Hospital.
Husband Lester Bryant, a theartical gasen
now in the Army, reached her bed
to Miss Hibbard, a native of Cali-
Bornia, played in 16 Broadway pro nce she was 13 .

Only 3 Pct. of Rental Units Registered in Richmond
RICHOND, Va, Dec. 26,-Only
1.200 rental units have been regisered under the rent control regu
ations out of a total of 36.000 units ent control director, said today per cent of the total. hat regisiration is a a definite re said "and that it is is assolutely nec essary that every housing accom
modation that is rented or offere Tor rent be registered with the ren
control offce, whether the actom modation is a house, flat. apartmen
 ddded that if too many landlore
wait until the last few days, ther will be such a congestion it will be
mimpossible for the rent control of of
fice to finh examining the regis

Navy, WPB Sei Parleys To Stimulate Small Plants
Bt the essociated preses
Navy and War Prouction Board
officials will begin a series of region1 meetings with their local omcioia aterials by the country's small in material sy the
mastrial plants.
The Navy The Navys. announced this tenta-
ve schedule for meetings: Chicago, January 5; friliadelphia, 3enuary 7. San Francisco. January
12: seattle, January 15: San Diego,
Sanuary 19.

Motorized Equipment at Aberdeen Tested On 6-Mile-Long 'World's Worst Road' The
Third of Series.

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 IN THIS GREAT. AFTER-CHRISTMAS SALE
Tremeridous collections-outstanding in Fashion appoal and superior Quality ...all extraordinary values at dras: tic reductions... Here's a smashing fur event that brings you dramatic savings on fine furs.
$\star$ These Items oin Snle Monday Enly $\star$ : A.M.-9 P.M.

WISH NO MORE, MY LADY! -for here are your dreams come true in every fur, in every coat style American ingenuity could possibly create.

Lovely furs of the quality standards you yourself would
set, just begging to be worn this year and for many years to come. ALL COATS ARE FROM OUR REGULAR STOCKS . . . NO BOUGHT-FOR-THE-OCCASION SELECTIONS . . . Real thoroughbreds that excel in beauty of peltry and artistry and skill of craftsmanship.

## Here Ane Typical For Fur Valued!



Oyed Silwer Fax Conts Shater forey Kid Paw

Natur Ied Fox Isckets

79

VILUES FROM $\$ 109$ TO $\$ 169$ FUR COATS



NALUES FROM S179 TO $\$ 299$ FUB CDATS
 Siny Hack Persiun Limb Costs \$0 Crevi dyod timins Coots Gry Poniun Limb Conts Sinm fox Can


125 SEVENTII ST. Between ID \& E Sis. N.W.


Roosevelf Decorates
Four Navy Men for


D. Cudget





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## CAMERAS ano PROJECTORS <br>  SOMMERS CAMERA EXCHAIIGE

S33.95 Maple
Bunk Bedt $\quad{ }^{\text {s }} 24$








\$9.95 Mahogany
Duncan Phyfe
57.95
\$12.95 Mahogany
Lamp Table
s9.9
86.55 Htininer Round
$\$ 12.952$ 2-Shelf MCe
hogany End Teble
$4^{95}$
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Father and Son, Both Privates, Cours-Marial Faced In Same Unit at Bolling Field By M. P. SAccused in Night Club Shooting
Made Causeless Attack On High School Athlete, Montana Prosecutor Says deputy county, attorney charged
today that an "unprovoked attack" coday that an "unprovoked attack"
by a military policeman against
Bud Kirwan, a high school ath Bud Kirwan, a high school ath-
lete, precipitated a night-club shoot-
ing affray in which four civilians Were wounded.
Milturtary
court-martital
ther trities
two the two soldiers involved.
Deputy Count Attrree Cleveland
Hell Deputy County Attorney Cleveland
Hall sadithe tracas would not have
ocurred if a military policeman had not begun the attack,
Says Boy Was
"Alu Kubed.
Kirwan did," "Mr. Hall said.




 Put. Albert M. Sullivan, 45, who served in the First World
War, and his son, Pvt. Robert Sullivan,
father-and-son team anstitute the only father-and-son team at Bolling Field. Both are assigned to
the 16 th Photographic Squadron, Army Air Forces.
-Star Staff Photo.
A tather and son, both Army pri-
in the $A$ Army three times before the
ates, work across the hall from
medical examiners finally admitied
him






 Marriage License Application
 recetve their license on the ant and
day. Sundays and holidays are
counted the same as other day











Navy Flyer Missing
After Plunge Into Sea


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$\mathrm{F}+\mathrm{z}=$ $4=2=m$ $\mathrm{F}^{2}+ \pm=\mathrm{m}$ xazem
 $\pm \pm \pm 4=$ $x x^{2}+7 x=2$ doCuystal Cazingin1943 The day of "lucky guesses" is past. Never
before have so many complexities enshrouded the future.
Likewise never before have careful analysis and constant study of every development been so important. That is why it is wise to entrust your property management problems to the highly trained specialists of this bank.
Their constant study, analysis and interpre- tation of all available facts and figures are prerequisite to successful property management today.
The WASHINGTON LOAN

## and TRUST COMPANY

## Fstem a oh * inh semen

Store Lours Tomorrow $12: 30$ to 9 P.M. (We Will Not Be Open This Thursday Evening, New Year's Eve)

## 

A Clearance You Almost Missed! Because, Lucky for You, We Have
Loads of Odds and Ends Left From a Giant Chrisimas Stock!

walum cainn prin wess

Despite the Slashed Prices-Credit Is Still Easy!

LIVING ROOM SUTTES

| Luvic Room suries |  |
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DINING ROOM SUTIES

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## MISGELLANEOUS

## $=$ <br>  <br> : <br> : <br> 5 <br> $\pm 5$ <br> 5wswatw



Ceiling Price, s4.50
Prism Shwwer Lamp
$\$ 8.48$

$=2=5$

## BEDS \& ODD BEDROOM

 -
 $=4=$ $4=$ $=$ 5



Kroehler 2-Pc. Living Room Suite
 4 Whole Year to Pay.

## BEDROOM SUITES


 "vavizw $92^{25} 568.80$ $\pm 5 \pm 5=10185$ 578.30



## STUDIOS \& SOFA BEDS

## $5 \times 5=4$ $5=5=5$ <br>  <br>  <br> GHAIRS AND ROCKERS

 5 5 $518^{75} 511^{188}$ $=5$ $=15^{5} 511^{38}$
5 Et

> Ceiling Price, $\mathbf{5 2 0 . 9 5}$
> ${ }^{8} 1^{18}$


Maling Price, $\mathbf{\$ 1 4 . 9}$ ${ }^{8} \%$


## The IUB 7 th and D






# STORE HOURS MONDAY 12:30 to 9 P.M. 

## YOU'LL FIND SAVINGS OF

 $10^{\%}$ 七 $50^{\%}$ QUANTITIES LIMITED! SORRY, NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS! Down Go Prices on Up-to-the-Minute
## SPORTSWEAR

in This Exciting Clearance
(25) 14.95 Better Sports Dresses ... wools,
spun royons, wool with royon_-...- 7.88 12.95 California Sports Jackets striped wool flannels, wool and
royon checks (40) 5.95-7.95 Dresses, rayon crepe and spun rayons. Attractive jumpers--4.88 16.95 to 25.00 Wool and Wool with
Rayon Suits, plaids and mono-
 (35) 16.95 and 19.95 Dresses, wool and ayon crepe tailleurs, gay colors -- 10.88 0) 3.50 and 3.99 Blouses in white and colors, spun rayons, rayon crepes .-. 2.48 LANSBURGH'S-Sports Shop-Second Floor


#### Abstract




## LINGERIE

(63) 4.95 Silk and Rayon Satin Slips ----3.30 (75) 3.50 Silk and Rayon Satin Slips_---2.30 (42) 2.95 Rayon Satin Lace-trim Slips --- 1.97 (168) 1.95 Rayon Satin and Crepe Slips, 1.30 (32) 5.95 Rayon Satin and Crepe Gowns, 3.97 (53) 3.95 Rayon Satin and Crepe Gowns, 2.64 (10) 1.95 Rayon Crepe Nightgowns-.-- 1.30 LANSBURGH'S-Lingerie-Third Floor

KNIT UNDIES (75) 79 c and 85 c Rayon Panties--------39e (8) 1.69 to 2.95 Rayon Gowns 99 e to 1.78
 (12) 59c Rayon Vests --
(30) $\$ 2$ Balbriggan Pajamas--------------1.35 (75) 50 c Cotton, Wool and Rayon Snuggies in small sizes only -lansburgh's-knt

[^1]horthwhile reductions in higher-PRICED LANSBURGH QUALITY
FUR COATS
$\qquad$ Skunk-dyed Opossum
Block- dyed Pieced Skunk
Seol-dyed Con Seal-dyed Coney-....
Beover-dyed Coney Block-dyed Coneys-...
Silver-ton

Dresses for School and Dates! $1 / 2$ Off
JR. CLEARANCE
45 Reg. 8.95 JUNIOR DRESSES
1 and 2 ec. royon erepes to brighten up
your otiter-Christmos wordrobe. Junior
sizes.
12 Reg. 12.95 JUNIOR DRESSES
-piece rayon crepes, corduroys ond wools
i. mony one-of-o-kind styles.
50 Reg. 7.95 SPUN RAYON DRESSES
Bright and pretty printed roven drosses
tor trim junior figures.
All dresses are properily labeled as to material content. LANSBURGHS-Junior Shop-Second Moo

## Just 40 .

BH'V M Hurry! $\$ 25$ to 29.95
cil DRENNEN
$\pm 5=z^{2} 15$
LANSBURGH'S-Better Dreasen-Second noor


## AFTER CHRISTMAS CLETRITCE <br> Outstanding Values in Misses', Women's, Juniors' <br> READY-TO-WEAR



## LUXURY WINTER <br> COATS

## with precious fur trims

 HERE'S JUST A SAMPLE DF THE VALUES:

SAVE IN THIS SUIT CLEARANCE
3) Black Forstmann wools, peg-top dressmaker types, Formerly Now
 $\begin{array}{llll}\text { 2) Tweeds, } 100 \% \text { wool, double-breasted, } 18 \ldots-\ldots-\ldots & 49.95 & 35.00 \\ \text { (1) Colored dressmaker suit, } 12\end{array}$ (4) Black $100 \%$ wools, for women, half sizes, 35 to $37-29.9525 .00$ (8) Hairline wool \& rayon worsteds, for women, 38 to 4222.9519 .95 (4) Colored suits that are beouties, $12-16 \ldots \ldots \ldots 35$ (5) Colored wools, featured in Mademoiselle, $12: 18$ _-- 35.0025 .00

nsauncers Daliot sur sar

Exceptional Sale for Misses, Women, Junior
$\$ 58$ to 79.95 Fur-Trimmed Coats Lynn--geed Fox Trims!
Tioped Skunk Trims! $\quad \begin{aligned} & \text { Blended-Mink Trims! } \\ & \text { Pession-dyed }\end{aligned}$
 lansburgh's-Daylight coat salon-second moor


ECONOMY SHOP SAVINGS FOR MISSES \& WOMIEN:



SHOP MONDAY 12:30 TO 9 P.M. OPEN MONDAY NIGHT INSTEAD

CLEARANCE Misses' and Women's 5.95 DAYTIME
DRESSES $4^{69}$

All-purpose dresses ot ${ }^{\circ}$ a budget price . . dresses for dates... for sports wear or for the office. Tailored shirtwaists. . . Smart coat
dresses and two-piece models. Rayon covert dresses and two-piece models. Rayon covert
cloth and spun rayon in blue, beige, green, grey or brown. 12-20, 161/2-261/2, 38-42. grey or brown.
Broken sizes and colors.

LANSBURGH'S-Daytime Dresses-Third Floor

Outstanding Value Event! bOIS \& STIDETTS SIITS

BOYS' 12.95 SINGLE-BREASTED KNICKER SUITS

$11^{38}$
BOYS' 15.95 TAILORED SUITS WITH LONG PANTS
 GOOD LOOKING 19.95 SINGLE-BREASTED PREP SUITS


Samples and Discontinued Styles! 5.95 to 10.95
HUNDATNNG AGMN NAN
$\begin{aligned} & \text { Fomous-make foundotions, rayon-ond-cotton } \\ & \text { botiste, "Lostioue." and cotton loce }\end{aligned}$
botiste, "Lostique," and cotton loce. Semi-
$\begin{aligned} & \text { step-ins with talon or hook-ond-eye elosings, } \\ & \text { light }\end{aligned}$
$\begin{aligned} & \text { light tummy-boning, also boneless sty } \\ & \text { Foundations, } 32 \text { to } 44 \text {; girdes, } 25 \text { to } 32 \text {. }\end{aligned}$


Samples \& Discontinued W. B. 8.50 to 12.50 Stylish Stouts


| MISS SIMPLICITY Regularly 6.50 5.88 | RENGO BELTS Regularly 5.00 8.98 | B \& J GIRDLES Reg. 7.50 and $\$ 10$ 85 and 7.50 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Rayon ond cotton botiste Wirts conton loce bros, side | Revon ond cotion botiste lightly booned. $37-44$. | Girdes ond pontr-girdles <br>  |

It's a Man's World of Better Value and Longer Wear in These Famous MEN'S SHIRTS and SHORTS


New Shipment Received! Long Wearing HERCULEAN SḢORTS

Sanforized shorts (shrinkoge less than $1 \%$ ). Sturdy cotton broodcloth with doubbe neeelie evkes for long long Full wear, chip-prooft plostic buttone ond yikes isides. Full cut for comport. Populor colors. Sizes 30 to 42 .<br>$\int$ - Pair<br>- Snug-Firining Herculean Athlotic Shirts of ribbed knit cotton. $39 e^{\text {each }}$



Famous Tailoring and Fit in SanforisedShrunk
ROBERT REIS SHORTS
 LANSBURGH'S-Men's shopp-street roor

1942, Born in Defeat, Ends in Hope As U. S. Goes All Out for War N
Course of War Turns From Axis As Allies Assume Offensive Japanese Halted and Crippled, Nazis Give Ground in Russia and Face Rout in Africa



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 Nos.






 and the disinclination of the Congress to
take the bull by the horns and ate titselt
instead of wailing for wor from the
inite House brought Congress many


 and

 sources of rubber to the Japs. The com-
mittee was composed of Bennard Baruhh,
head of the World War Industries Board; head of the World War IIdrustries Board;
Dr. James Conant, president of Harvard,
and Dr. Karl Compton, president of the Dr. James Conant, president of Harvard,
and Dr. Karl Compton president of the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Ther recmmended that rubber beswed
by Nation-wide gasoline rationing, and
the this rationing became effective in No-
vember.
In $\operatorname{september~also~Prestdent~Roose-~}$
velt firmiy demanded


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 The war new in septetiber was en-couragng in that tit showea the enemy
running out of momentum. Rommel
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 British protected tese Pacinco group. The
lines runining from the United States to
India
India总是
S. S. NEW JERSC.
lide bifgeot warhi.
-Wide World Photo.

Americans Accept Rationing And Liberty Curbs to Win War Nation Turns to Unprecedented Production to Overwhelm Enemy on Land and Sea and in Air on All Fronts
 ADMIRAL DARLAN.


The funday flat $\frac{\text { THEODORE W. NOYES, Editor. }}{\text { WASHINGTON, D. }}$





 Rates by Mail- Payabie in Advance.



Make It Self-Supporting care of children of war-working
mothers has been long in the making.
It required more legislation and still mothers has been long in the making
It required more legislation and stil
requires settlement of more admin
istrative details, witho ance in the way of Federal polic
than comparable programs in oth
eities. Now that
$\qquad$
$\qquad$ Iour agencies are inet, involved
in its administration-the public
schools, the newly formed Recreation Department, the Board of Puablic
Welfare and the District Health D of the
one dir
others






| taxes or an increased debt. Ultimately, it seems, the net result would be the same. Other considerations militating against the subsidy plan are the fact that it would tend to reward the inefficient pro- | Shortages Compel Rigid Rationing By owen L. Scott |
| :---: | :---: |



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. DECEMBER 27, 1942
Pygmies of the Congo
$\frac{\text { Forest }}{\text { By }}$ Freceric $J$. Haskin.
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| THE ULTIMATE RECKONING By the Right Rev. JMMESE. E. FREEMAN.D.D. D. LL. D. D. C. L. L. |
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| we must make our reckonings from dayto day. Our hearts and minds are not |  |
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Slaying of Darlan Brings Violent End to Controversy Over Place in Allied Setup

America's Fifty-Fourth Week of War (172d Week of World War II) By Blair Bolle



War Prospects
Thumb-Nail Review and 1943 Forecast









American Way of Life Faces
Fundamental Changes in 1943
Sacrifices, Efforts and Privations of War Necessa
For Victory Are Just Now Being Brought

German Setbacks May Bring Shrewd Diplomatic Campaign Elements Opposed to Hitter May Turn to Russia, $m$ Millions Still Look for Ultimate Salvation

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'Kill...or Be Killed'




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 I lef arm. That's called, anh
 at Joe. So Joe just gines a big. uppar
kick to the butt ot his dus stringth into his right arm. The the
swings up, connects with the Jap's chit And we hope sends his ittte broken nec
to his forefathers. See it? Jooe's riff swinking from his right hip upwar
through the air to the height of the Must Be Tough
only thing that seems to frighten an
 A gentieman. The old school tie is
moth balls for the duration. The bees
aning an American can do now ts. to


[^2] 40
 In rain or snow, fair weather or foul, the infantryman learns how to dig his own fox hole. Staff Sergt. Leonard Bell of Redwood Falls, Minn., shows hov it's done. (Left) Lying flat on the snow-
covered ground, Sergt. Bell uses pick to start digging his fox hole. Note that he uses both hands for leverage as his strength is limited lying down. The position of his feet also enables him to work longer without fatigue. (Center): Still lying flat, Sergt. Bell sho vels snow and dirt as he makes the hole. The shovel and pick are carried in the soldier's field pack. (Right): Sergt. Bell draws a bead a a imaginary enemy while standing in the hole. The hole is built so the soldier can crouch down and get his body out po dang bef hit by passing tanks,
 then


The Life of an Archduke in Exile




N. Y this former gardener's cottage on the estate of the Duchess de Talleyrand in Tarrytown, Kahler. The royal couple have renovated the cottage and its 1890 facade is now decidedly Austrian

Meet a Washington 'Why-Man'


But Fersuson went in slugging. On
campaign swings and in a face-to-faco
campiaing swing and in a fice-to-face
radio debate nith Brown he therted and
retterated thet the
gress as Midge Ho Ferguson, who goes in to the new Congress as Michigan's junior Republican Senator, shown woith Mrs
Ferguson and their grandson, Bobby Belta

THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 27, 1942


## 



\$29.95 Colonial Style SECRETARY DESKS s26.99

\$10.95 Maple Finished STUDENT DESKS sB.DD


\$5.95 TELEPHONE STAND \& STOOL
s4.D9


MONDAY STORE HOUPS
\$59.50 MAPLE LIVING ROOM SUITE . . .
 and arm chair in wine, wing chair in blue

\$37.50 DINETTE SETS in LIMED OAK Finish s32.95
-Made entirely of solid oak! Built to last! Center extension style table with removable leaf and four sturdy chairs. The seats are upholstered in red or blue simulated leather. Beautiful limed oak finish.

## 7-DRAWER "Rope-Edge"

 KNEE-HOLE DESKS
and medium-size deck. ideal for the average home or
apariment. Rope-edge style with seven spacious dravers all do etailed construction. Completen spacious fraw werts.
dranerer pulls. All hardwood fnished in mahogany or
walnut.


Duncan Phyfe Style Drop-Leaf TABLES Reg, $\mathbf{8 3 4 . 9 5} \quad \mathbf{8 2 8 . 9 9}$



Limited Quantity Reg. \$12.95 TABLES
$\mathbf{s 9 . 9 9}$

Glowing Ruby
Highball
Glasses



## Ramis

## mexum wi. MONDAY 12:30 TD 9:00 P.M.

SHEETS, SPREADS, BLANKETS, TOWELS, LINENS, ETC., ECONOMICALLY PRICED


Seconds of 50c Grade 39 ${ }^{\text {c }}$ Which solid colors with
phite or or orered border
patterns. $20 \times 40$-inch
size.
$\qquad$ $19^{c}$
$-22 \times 44$-inch size in deep
solid
husky -ors fors a brisk rirsty and
and husky for a brisk rubt-down.
Purchase now and save!

Seconds of 79c Grade $59^{\circ}$ Cannon's popular white
bath towess with bright col-
ored border patteris ored border paterns. $22 \times 44$ -
inch size. Pleasingly rough!

Seconds of 89c Grade 69

- Bathroom harmony is yours with these colorful
towels. Cannes solid col-
ors.
Heanv and and absorbors. $\begin{aligned} & \text { Heavy and ab } \\ & \text { ent. } \\ & 22 \times 44-\text { inch }\end{aligned}$ size.

Seconds of \$1 Grade $79^{c}$



"NERIIT" NIIERTS
Seconds of "PACIFIC" $72 \times 108$ and
$81 \times 99^{\prime \prime}$ sizes

First Quality $\$ 1.79$
Strong, closely woven cotton sheeting that counts
140 threeds to the square inch. Labeled "Merit" sec-
onds of Pacific. SIZE 81x108 $\qquad$ \$1.69 SIZE 90x 108 \$1.79 $0 \times 108$ First Quality, s199 -
$\qquad$

## BED PILLOWS






SOLID-COLOR
Chenille Spreats
s2.99

- Colors that will make your bedroom sin Heavy coton chenille bedspreads in quaint wa
fle weeve patarnin or derer solid shades wit
stripe effect. Twin or double bed sizes.


HEAVY WEIGHT
thenille Spreads
s3.99



First Line of Defense Against Fuel-Rationing Shivers!

72x84-IN. CANNON BLANKETS
 AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. BLANKETS.
 80x90-INCH SIZE 43/4-LB. BLANKETS ...
 $72 \times 84-$ IN. WOOL and RAYON BLANKETS


72x84-IN. FINE QUALITY BLANKETS...
 PAISLEY PATTERN WOOL COMFORTS.


Reversible Rayon Taffeta Wool COMFORTS
 EMBROIDERED RAYON SATIN COMFORTS
 with springs, ooft, iew woils Pastels and dark shader

## The Sunday Star sprots

South Outclasses North Eleven, 24-0 : Naval Training Five Routs G. W., 55-42

Baugh Won't Play In Philly Game




Lions Lose to Reds As Fists Fly With Nobody Injured

Providence Scores
Victory in Struggle Of Many Penalties
,
$\qquad$
$\qquad$



Colonials Close Until Tars Put On Hiot Finish


-

All-Sars Favorites
For First Time in Pro Bowl Game


Sanford, Former Griffman, Hurt in Plane Crash 1-

## Major Leagues, Confused Over Own Outlook, Equip Servicemen for Early Play

Hand Manufacturers
Prodigious Order
For Equipment For Equipment

Of Diamond Fund Heads To Spend $\$ 200,000$


 servicemen don't have any trouble
getting started playing bail as early
as they wish next spring
orders for 3.000 dozen baseballs.


 soldiers, sailors and marines all ove
The world in late February and ear
March
Frick, who with
Grimth of the Whident Clart
 to the armed forces. sational he ha
to have approximatel
spend in this mamner in
s200.000
will



 and Navy authorities and makmy
distribution on apersonnel per
centage basis set up by the arme
forces, delivered to indiviual units

$\qquad$

| Sports Program For Local Fans <br> TODAY. <br> Football. <br> Washington Redskins vs National League All-Stars, Philadelphia. <br> Hockey. <br> Washington Lions vs. Providence Reds, Providence, R. I. <br> TOMORROW. Boxing. <br> All-star program at Turner's Arena, 8:45. WEDNESDAY. <br> Golden $\begin{gathered}\text { Goxing. } \\ \text { Gloves }\end{gathered}$ tournament semifinals, Turner's Arena, 8:30. Hockey. <br> Hershey Bears vs. Washington Lions, Uline Arena, 8:30. <br> Lions, Uline Arena, 8:30. |
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|  |  | Tulsa Squad in Keen

Drill As Dobbs and
Keithley Shine


| Modest Scores Lead |
| :--- |
| As Final Opens in |
| Bond Pin Event |



Boys' Club Basketers, Return of Connolly

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Large Field in Line, } \quad \text { To B. C. Backfield } \\
& \text { Epens Tomorrow } \\
& \text { Enlivens Team }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Portion of Georgia Tech } \\
& \text { Squad, Bowl Bound, }
\end{aligned}
$$ Squad, Bowl Bound, Drills at Memphis

| Opens Iomorrow | ivens Team |
| :---: | :---: |
| A near record list of 29 teams is |  |
|  | College Eaples wer |
| basket tall tourney beginning tomor- |  |
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| Thursday with winning teams b ore- ceve trophes and War stamps. |  |
| Whe Evening Star Trophy again |  |
| lins in the tounament. Prayers are |  |
| starten on time ${ }^{\text {arecors }}$ to be |  |
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| Carolyn Wilson Expected | Bethesda, Greenway |
| in Christmas | Have Bowling Events |
| nnis Event | Tap This Aflerno |
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Church League Is Formed Heurich Tossers Resume For High School Boys; Teams Are Invited

## Final Week of Year Finds Sports

## Program Well Filled




## War's Heavy Demands Retard Sports Pace in Hard-Working Capital This Year

Title-Winning Redskins Provide
Lone High Spot Here in 1942
World Conflict Erases Several Pastimes, Brings Many Coaching Personnel Shifts


Softball
 $\qquad$

| Dudley sparkling brilliantly, gave the Tribe its two toughest games of the season | regarded as the outstanding pitchers. Buckingham Tigers won the District Recreation men's title, with th | Sandlot Ball |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| But when the chips were down the Skins delivered magnificently. The |  |  |
| championship game | Tennis |  |
| (tath the line stealing the | Resumpton of the feud between |  |
|  | Barney Weish and Daver Johnsen with a diffent result hish-lizhted | the |
| Redskins played ther | the Dist |  |
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| servie at Pmiadel | did Gray. | ${ }_{\substack{\text { day } \\ \text { roie }}}$ |
| Pro Boxing | Welsh and Johnsen broke even in |  |
| As the year drew to a clise, the | ${ }_{\substack{\text { ing } \\ \text { nev, }}}$ | Hurn |
| known to washing ion bexing fans |  |  |
|  | tured The Stars City of Washington | duel that teatured the de |
| the several members of the | counts with interest in the Middie | Union |
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| Ahearr. It his capactit as match- |  | diay |
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Pro Football

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Ice Hockey
Amateur Boxing




Dog Trials
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$\qquad$
$\qquad$

Table Tennis
$\qquad$


Sandlot Football

Colored Sports

Pigeon Racing
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$






Fishing

Mr. Motorist
If you do. not how or innen theb
 MANJFACTURING CO.

## District Finds Entertainment in Variety of Athletic Pastimes During 1942

## Schoolboy Teams Splash Color On Washington Sports Scene

Basketers Get Wilson First Major High Crown; Washington-Lee Shines on Grid




Track and Field


Clubs Urged to Keep Golf Balls Will Be Abundant Their Memberships In 1943, Pros Here Believe In Links Bodies
Game Has Definite War Value, Declares Prexy Of U. S. Association,






 Pellet Made by Reprocessing Method Held
Longer Than One With New-Rubber Core
$\qquad$ Looms Despite Graduations Use of Frosh Likely to Hold Up Standard; by pete zurlinden. Lose 41 Contests in ' 42

## Rising Petro to Face

Stiff Test in Bout

## Amateur Wrestling With Vet Torres

neary wieght, $\mathbf{i m m} \mathrm{P}$
Badminton


1


Prostitution Houses Reporred Virtually Eliminated in U.S.
Campaign on Disease 350 Cosistricts

OPA Sets Top Prices For West Coast Salmon





 Committee Requests Completion of Salvage Organizations Work Still Unfinished
In Approximately 28 Areas in District



NOW is the TIME to



## LOW PRICES on DAIILY NEEDS





Wedding Unites Prominent Families
Miss Belle W. Roosevelt Bride of J. G. Palfrey, Jr.

President and Wife Among Guests

- at Ceremony in Fairfax Church
 Yule Parties For Young Set Last Evening Cunibertis Hosts;
Mrs. Gud Rer Also Mrs. Gudge
Entertains
 vening at the Sulgrave Club for
young married people. their 50
or more suect being invited to meet their son and daughter-in-
law, Mr. and Mrs. Victorio E. Cunibertio of Columbus. Ohio, who
are here for Christmas. Sharing are here for Christmas. Sharing
honors with Mr. and Mrs. CuniMr. Lindsay Alexander Lovejov, nephew of the senior Mrs. Cuni-
berti, and Mrs. Lovejoy of Janescille. Wis., who recently came to
Washinton to live. Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, the latter former
Miss Priscilia Rice of Schenectady, were married in Novemberortner road in Alexandria. Although the party was dis-
tinctly a singing of carols during the eve-
hing, the dancing took place ning, the dancing took place
during the dinner and a number
of young officers in oined the party. Mr. and Mrs. cuniberti are enjoying a family
eunion for the holidaps, having point Farm, at California, Md.. reti, who is a student at Vassar, nd sons, Roberto and John, who Anotudents at Deerfield.
Anoung peopless Another young people's part
esterday was that of $M$ udger, widow of Capt. Emmet

Carlisise Gudger, U. S. N.; who | entertained in her apartment at |
| :--- |
| 1661 Crescent place for her | aughters, Miss Elinor Carlise Gudger and Miss Glinoria Guadiser, Vosen Cule here she a student. Miss Elinorer Guddancing engagement for from




INVEST your Christmas gift money in dependable Capitol Furs
$\mathfrak{y y y}=5$ ond hey know they will recclive onty the choicest of
matechess fur peliss, foultlesty yallored, brilliontly styled.


 buck.dred pony conts....---...-.......-8145
buck.dred pessinn paw coats.....-899.51

natural minks, per skin.............-812.50

charge accounts invited
Capitol Fur Shop? (1)

## 



Takoma Park and Silver Spring
Annual Tree-Lighting Festivity Carries Out Old Family Custom
Kinsman Home Scene of Merry Party
Gay Holiday Entertaining is General



## CLEARANCE

After Christmas event at Risik's that Drastic reductions in many dear year

## FIR-TRIIIIIED COTTS

Group were to 69.75, now
$39^{75}$
Group were to 79.75, now
$49^{.75}$
Group were to 89.75, now
$59^{.75}$
FIVAL SALE OF MILLINERY



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| $\begin{aligned} & \text { member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. } \\ & \text { He is at present assistant supply. } \\ & \text { officer at the United States. Naval } \\ & \text { Air Station here. } \\ & \text { The wedding will take place in } \\ & \text { June. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
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## Gourmets -

 Helene wishes to remind yout
drive out to
NO RMANDY


 Year Day dinnernjoy your $N$
Farns WATER GATE NN, NMCN
at $F$ Street and the Ricer.北



 which th
enchantin
cializes cichanting hamburger house spe
cializes. Try them at luncheon
served from 11 am .




$\qquad$




## Erlebacher

The greatest Sale of the year continues tomorrow-

## After-Christmas Clearance

Reductions of

## $\mathbf{2 5 \%}$ เ. $50 \%$

| PAIRS CUSTOMMADE | on selected groups of fine |
| :---: | :---: |
| Winkelman Shoes |  |
|  | Furred Dress Coats Furred Sport Coats Furred Costume Suits Imported Tweed Suits |
|  |  |
| Oris. | Two-piece Dressmaker Suits Three-piece Wardrobe Suits |
|  |  |
|  | Atternoon Dresses |
| This sale occurs but once a year. | Evening Dresses |
|  |  |
| nen amiticipate it weeks in ad- | "Erle-maid" Frocks <br> Fur Coats and Jackets |
| vance. You will not only save money, |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | ALL REMAINING FALL |
| visable, as this event is always | HATS |
|  |  |
| Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38, 40 , | Originally <br> $\$ 7.95$ to $\$ 35$ <br> $1 / 2$ |
| 42, 44, Junior and halit sizes, tool |  |
| Original price tags remain, with reduced price clearly noted. | Now \$3 to \$15 Price |
| Deferred Payments May |  |
| Be Arranzed |  | F



Starts Monday, 9 A.M. Wil. Rosenduri's wanesp FUR SALE

Wm. Rosendorf's Finest Furs (Not Odd Lots) Sensationally reduced in this Annual Event Look twice of the prices below! Then a day before you again are able to buy such low figures ... if for no other rea son than the scarcity of pelts. Come
in tomorrow EARLY. The best buys alwas go first

All Prices Federal Tax Extra
Northern Seal Dyed Coney.
NOW REDUCED TO Mendoze Beever Dyed Coney.
NOW REDCED TO
TO Mink and Sable Dyod Marmot. $\mathbf{N 1 5 8}$
NOW REDUCED TO Mink and Sable Dyed Muokrat. $\$ 168$
NOW REDUCED TO Dyed Skunk Great Coats.
NOW REDUCED TO Spotted Cet Conts.
NOW REDUCED
To $\mathbf{\$ 2 4 8}$
 Hudion Soal Dyod Munkrat.
NoW REDUCED

TO---| Dyod Chins Mink. |
| :---: |
| NOW REDUCED |
| TO_--...-- |
| 848 |



VIm. Rosenillorf
Master Furriers for Over 3 Décades 1215 G STREET
No Connection With Any Other Store

## Your Christmas Gift Money Buys Years of Warmeth And Beauty!



D-4 socien
Miss Hope Crosby Will Observe Yule Open House This Evening Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Parker Entertain
Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Andrus Away

 Buy in Sperlings

## January Fur Sale



## prices include tax

A note of caution when buying furs
during sole periods. Remember, no bargain is big ens. Remember, no buying from a stóre that hos built its Thentation on quality and integrity. The Sperling label... emblem of qual-
ity and value is your guarantee of plete satisfaction.


[^3]
## L. Frank:Co.

12th and F Streets

Continuous Its

## After-Christmas

 ClearanceOpen Monday 12:30 to 9 P.M.


Companion Outfits ${ }^{86 \text { Thee.-Piece }}$


Complete 34.88

THIRTEENTH • BETWEEN E AND F

## Annual <br> 

Otore.Wide Event

GREAT SAVINGS<br>UNTRIMMED COATS . . . FUR-TRIMMED COATS . . . FURS . . . SUITS DRESSES . . . JACKETS . . . SWEATERS . . . SPOKTSWEAR<br>All Winter Merchandise is greatly reduced for this Annual Pre-Inventory Clearance. A Great Holiday Sale of store-wide savings Hundreds of items not listed!

## FIRST FLOOR

## UNTRIMMED TOWN COATS FORMERLY $\$ 38$ to $\$ 45$

LAVISHLY FUR-TRIMMED COATS

$$
\begin{array}{llll}
5599^{95} & 59 & \text { s110 }
\end{array}
$$

FORMERLY $\$ 79.95$ to $\$ 155$

## FUR COATS AND JACKETS

${ }^{5} 799^{95}$ to 5550
FORMERLY $\$ 110$ to $\$ 69$
Furs of Quality, beautifuny styled, Russian Persian Lamb, Silver Fox, Muskrat, Kid skin, Squirrel, Persian Paw. China Mink, Mendoza Beaver-dyed Coney and Lymx-dyed ivestment of lasting beauty.

SECOND FLOOR
CLEARANCE OF BETTER DRESSES
$\begin{array}{llll}59.95 & 5122^{95} & 518\end{array}$
WERE $\$ 16.95$ to $\$ 22.95$
Fourth Floor

Group of English Tweed
100\% Wool Sports Coats
Very Specially Priced
These coots hove zipped in chamois leother tining includ-
33.95

| A Group of |
| :---: |
| Fur Coats |
| $25 \%$ to $50 \%$ off |
| In the oroups ore: Dyed Lopin, Ermine-dred. Muskrat, <br> Grey Kidskiin, ond Mendozo Beaver-dyed Coney. <br> Sole Priced, 79.95 to 188.00 <br> Plus Tax <br> Fourth Floor |

A Group of Thrilling
Evening Dresses $14^{88}$
Were 22.95
Nets, Toffetos and Chiffons. Postels and White. Third Floor

WERE 5 S. 95
${ }^{5} 3.25$

## BLOUSES

THIRD FLOOR
TIMMIE-TUFT COATS
WERE 33,95
Just is of these famous coats. Soft and fuzzy as a Teddy Bear. Brown, Tan and
SWEATERS
and

Oad las, and one of a kind. Tailored and dressy styles in a variety of colors Al sizes.

JUMPERS<br>WERE $\$ 8.95$<br>s6s<br>Smartly tailored gray flannel and red corduroy jumpers. The ideal winter warmers.

NOTE:
SHOP MONDAY, 12:30 to 9






Care of Christmas Plants
Proper Watering and Feeding Will Keep Them Flourishing

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| will case the plant to drop | leaves, as this causes spots and |
| to gas in the arr. sh |  |
| with ine wate | at |
| Et) |  |
| rrature. Requ |  |
| from | 㖪 |
| location. Heat, abrupt tem- | eo |
|  | ${ }^{18}$ |
| or spread deal | 1s |
| ${ }^{\text {can }}$ | ATHER: water thoroughly, |
| vater until soil is theroughly | nd |
|  | should be kept at a cool | Idle Gossip No Longer Idle Axis Has Put It to Work




Don't Be Scornful About Waste Baskets! Humble Bit of Furniture May Beeome Work of Art at Your Hands

Fancy-Work Designs


 stor


Dream Frocks
Full Skirts Made of Non-Restricted Fabrics


Word to Girls,

## Servicemen


pitals. Wherever servicemen in are
the young women are needed and
usually are to be found
usually are to be found.
A word to to tese young women,
so completele devoted to their
countrys good,
in the inexperienced
in the ofs of a man with a maid,
so ignorant of the ways of
worlch with a young woman
incurs its displeasure as










 ered over neckine or be seectitit.



mphasis on cherertured red deal or
Although most of these dreceseen

## 



Unusual-Looking Set



Punctuality True Test of Breeding

|  | were apt to be several miles away, | It is true there are occasional |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | up an alley, in a speakeasy or | snobs at heart who have the mis begoten tide that coming la |
| inte as to the hour of dinner. | pantry bar. |  |
| sirabie, the invitations may read | But with that sort | dication that with so many din- |
| co | werr beind us | Invitection, |
|  |  | arer |
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| pr |  | Itat it makes it timpossible tor |
| and |  |  |
| Ster | the | party. |
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|  |  | me |
| $t$ came |  |  |
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|  |  | cocktails, anyhow. So what it matter if they do drift in |

Holiday Costumes Smart and Colorful


Lubs.
THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 27, 194


Engagement Pad
Mrs. A. W. Payne Describes Lifein Far-Away Afghanistan As Far as She Knows, Her 7.Month.Old Son
Is First American Born in That Land


$\qquad$
Jilleff Open ${ }^{1230}$ Noon 'Till 9 P.M. Monday
Ready-to-wear clearances offer big values!

FUR COATS, ${ }^{5} 248$ $\begin{array}{ll}\text { Of Dyed Black Persian Lamb } & \text { Of Sable and Mink Blended Muskrat } \\ \text { Of Hudson Seal-dyed Muskrat } & \text { Of All Northern Back muskrat skins }\end{array}$ Of Hudson Seal-dyed Muskrat Of Alt Naythern Back muskrat skins Dyed ond blended by A. Holl lander, ossuring beautiful and losting colors, lustrous,
supple skins. A grand range of styles-fine opportunity for fur coot investment. Jelleff's-Doylight Fur Solon, Thrd Floor

$\underset{\substack{\text { Misses' Frocks } \\ \text { for Holiday Dressup! }}}{ } \$ 15$
-Scintillating with sequins
-Flower-fresh with lingerie details
-Gayest of prints with pretty pleatings!
LONG-Skirted Frocks for extra-goloioccasions! -Whirling dance frocks of royon net, royon maiquisette, royon taffeta; graceful dinner gowns in royon crepe. Mises' sizes.


You'll be most pleasantly SURPRISED to find many popular favorites at savings in our

## $\substack{\text { Adoncee } \\ \text { Jonuary }}$ Corset Sales!

Dorothy Bickum \$495 \$10 Foundations
$\$ 6.95$ $\$ 6.50$ Girdles
$\$ 4.95$
$\$ 10$ Foundation
By "Character"


\$5 Girdles (for Shorter Women)

- With generous side ponels of royon dorlien!
poneled in front, tolon closing, 15 -inch lienght.

Fine ection batiste boned ond
Sizes 25 to 32 .
$\$ 3.95$

Women's $\$ 29.75$ to
$\$ 49.75$ DRESSES
Special group of dress-up favorites from our better manufacturers,
in black, plum, green, blue, purple, with beads, sequins, color metallic accents; dinner types in black, colors and pretty fabrics,

20-Women's $\mathbf{\$ 1 6 . 9 5}$ Dresses, $\mathbf{\$ 1 0}$-Ribbed and royon crepes with pretty occents; block, blue, green, purple, wine; regular and half sizes.
wine, blue with color, sequins, jet beads; blue, brown suit-dresses; regular ond
15-\$10.95 to $\$ 13.95$ Maternity Dresses, $\mathbf{\$ 7 . 9 5}$-Popular re-order frocks in reyon crepe, spun royon; block, blue, green, red, brown; 10 to. 18 ; some junior
sizes.
$\$ 3.95$ and $\$ 5.95 \$ 2.95$
Blouses

[^4]'Three Sisters' of Chekov Focuses on Frustration

Play Is Library Pièce
With Early Problems
Visioned Today as Minor
NEw York - Scraten A Turk, so says any old adage, and you get a
 verything that comm comes
 Looks Llike Museum fitee




 tace or oract that his tregedies, such
 Slacks Aren't Fripperies

 to be There are so many things grim world than the petty ment









 Girls Need Them To Keep Warm




 Chicago proteste days are not tust



Today's Film Schedules


 utriat-Dance Film Festival, ten teatureties of toik and classic





UNDER THE WIDE SKIES-Susan Hayward plays a child of the
Dorests, who loves and loses Fred MacMurray in "The Forest Rangers,", Paramount's dramatic pptcture about the men who
pive their luves in the Government's Forestry Service.

 or berns to the National Theater Monday night. Below, are the
returs
beloved beloved old ladies, with homicial instincts, Josephine Hull and
Jean Adair. While they snuf out the lives of many who come

Gala Premiere For Nayy Film At Loew's Palace

## Will Be By for Action Will Be Seen by Navy Officials Wednesday

"Stand By for Action," which has
its Washington premiere wednesday evening at 8:45 at Loew's Palace,
has just been given the enthusiastic
indorsement of the Navy League of indorsement
the United S
of the Navy.


Living on $\$ 500$ Per Week
Offers Stars a Problem
Equality of Sacrifice
Presents Difficulties
To Film's Highly Paid
Holywood. North American Nevespaper riliance.
 hething to spare. But you and I are accustomed to a small living scale
hust, mane dare.



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## Coming Attractions

 NAITONAL-"Arsentc and Old Llage., returning to town with BortsKarion heading the cast; opening tomorrow night. CAprrop-"Whisting in Dxxie." with Red shelton and Ann Ruth-COLUMBIA-o
EARLE-Georse Washington slept Here," with Jack Benny an Ann Sheridin.
KErTHE
LTTLE-"Wratinn Nights,", with Marin Montez and Eabu. METROPOLITI.AN-"You Were Never Lovelier." another downtown
week for the Astaire--is worth combination. PALACE-"Stand By for Actior," with Robert Taylor, Oharle


Woods Brings Melodrama To National

## 'This Little Hand

 By Wilfred Petti Follows 'Arsenic' fim writer, will make its bow for a week's ongagement at the
National Theeter commencing
Monday night, January 4 , under the sponsorship of A. .H. Woods. The
play $\begin{aligned} & \text { will } \\ & \text { in wive three pertormances } \\ & \text { in Wimington and play a week in }\end{aligned}$ In wwill give three performances
altimingon and play \& week in
and alitimore, previous to its presenta-
Hon here.
An all-female cast is
 McCormack, Ruth K. Hill Marilyn
Erskine, Irene Dalley and Maxine
stuart.




Timid Investors Profit
On 'Arsenic and Old Lace'
Mystery Play Develops
Amazing Success for
Broadway Beginners







 prompled the eariy exit.
The crouse-Howard Lindsay




 man, two theater treasurers. one
playwritht, two actors anems. one
business manager one the


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 Wish you





 Having seen the mymert ithrilier
several times since that first momentous saturday matinee it strikes
one analyst tof the darame Gordon Bau Gets
















SHIP AHOY ROMANCE-Marilyn. Maxwell and Robert Taylor in
one of-the romantic moments in "Stand by for Action", opentng
 Louth many admmrals and oflcers from Secretary Prank Knox's
Navy Department present.

Today's Movie Puzzle:
Try to Find the Villain
Hollywood's Present Evildoers Look Too Much Like Heros


Gable's Hollywood Visit Prelude to Real Action

Mr. G. Insists He's 'In to Stay'
When Asked About Career Plans;
Industry Becoming Economy-Conscious


AMUSEMENTS


| Made the Leap |
| :--- |
| From Truck-Driving |
| To 'Moon Is Down' |



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|  | TODAYandContinuing <br> SundayEach |
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BARGAN MATINE WED. 55s द10
STM
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$\mathrm{N}_{\text {otes }}$
Annual Miniature Exhibition Has Nationwide Scope





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At Litite
Gallery.


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| Guide to Art |  |
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## Music Notes

 America Is Urged To Recognize ItsOwn Native Talent Own Native Talent
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Concert Schedule





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BOOK\&
Departure From Religion Alfred Noyes Views $\mathbf{I t}$ as Cause By Mary-Carter Robert
The Edge of the Abyss

## The Edge of the Abyss



## Sees Men's, Lives Ordered Anarchy of Expediency.

## 









| Best Sellers <br> (Compiled from information obtained in Washington by The Star and in New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco by the North American Newspaper Alliance.) <br> fiction. <br> Time of Peace, by Ben Ames Williams <br> Crescent Carnival, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. <br> The Song of Bernadette, by <br> The Prodigal Women, by <br> The Robe, by Lloyd C. Douglas. <br> NON-FICTION. <br> See Here, Pvt. Hargrove, by Marion Hargrove. Last Train From Berlin, by Howard K. Smith. W. L. White. <br> Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, by Cornelia Otis Skinner androm Suez to Sing Cecil Brown. |  |
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|  | of the salmon. His main theme, however, is the active volcanoes on the Aleutian Islands, which he studied for many years. He makes an aiready interesting story even mote interesting with his accounts of the pack dogs taken along on the expe ditions. A recent book, "Alaska Under Arms," by Jean Potter, contains in formation concerning the military situation, as well as some accoun of the Americans living in Alaska Miss Potter indicates that Alaska to the peace of the future. The Institute of Adult Education or Teachers College. Columbia Univer sity, has published in its series called North Pacific and Alaska," which should be just the answer for the thing about Alaska and the war. It has a good map and a short bibliog raphy. In 20 pages, it gives a sum Sam's Attic." is what in "Uncle Several other interesting and in formational books that also mav be Iound at the Public Library. Eighth and K streets N.W., and its branch are "The Time of My Life." by Harry C. De Vighne, the story of frontier doctor in Alaska: "Alaska "The Lure of Alaska." by Harry A tion. Guitde to Alaska. Last Ameri can Frontier," by the Federal Writ ers' |
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America's Last Frontier






Brief Reviews

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## Come Slowly, Eden

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Among the Stamp Collectors
News of the Philatelic World, Its Interests and People


It may be hoped that the Posi
Offce Department hereattte will
faithtul to the sentiment express






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+


Hobbies and Hobbyists

News of Group Meetings and Local
Exhibitions



In Local Bridge Circles

| us of Clubs | , | al Problem Hands |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| By Frank B |  |  |
| Northern Virginia to |  |  |
| ment, the classic contract even |  |  |
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| Alexandrita, has been temporarily | reem |  |
| sferred, perhaps for |  |  |
| tion, to Washington becaus conditions. The dates |  |  |
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|  | nee. 1.7860 points. |  |
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| later |  |  |
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|  | In the plaque contest the women |  |
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|  | Keener, Mrs. Lons, Mrs. Phar, Mrs. |  |
| so | won once ${ }^{\text {a }}$, |  |
|  |  | That would have indicated 12 |
|  |  | in the suit and only one adversely |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| A part or the cash proceeds will |  |  |
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| of |  | It was this board that enabied Mr. |
|  | There sems to be a fetish regard- |  |
|  |  | winning the open-pair match. The |
|  |  |  |
| regarded as one of the major tour- |  |  |
| ne | many of them prefer |  |
|  |  | spade bid with two hearts and east |
| interest in it. In the absence of Mr |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| pt. R |  |  |
| Baldin, now stationed near Wash |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| In a pre-Christmas event the |  | first lead, no matter what it was. |
| ad |  | a grand slam. He could have dis- |
| its organization early last year. | thr | carded all of his losing diamonds on |
| p |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| cigarettes for soldiers and | then a diamond. Which does not increase the contract and the de- | Mrs |
|  |  |  |
| ribution of both and the $m$ |  |  |

News From Dogdom
Notes on a Variety of Subjects of Interest

Today's Workout for the Crossword Puzzle Fans


 M M





Southeast Boy's Hobby Is Collection of Souvenirs of First World War


Who Goes to College Becomes One ofU.S.'s Big Wartime Puzzles

## Government Expected To Have as Much Say As Individual Student

Bs the Associated press.
Who is oging to college is a ques.
tion that is rapidy tion that is rapidly becoming one
of the big problems of wartime. With the draft lowered to include
18-year-olds, the questifn became, far as young men are concerned
largely one for the Governmen
rather the mine.
Part of the answer already has
been given in the Army and Navy been given in the Army and Navy
announcements of their training
programs. The rest yet to come
and may stir up a lively debate in Paul V . utt Gives Hint. Paul V. McNutt, the war man-
power commissioner, gave hint ond
what high officils have in mind
when he announced last week that

 time. Mr. Mchool year and mean
siald plans will
be worked out tor the eduation of
number of civilites but ment financing.
How large the program will be will
depend on how much money Con gress appropriates. and money it cons.
ered certain that the legislators will
examine and exalan which debate every detail of
a plates the question
of whether
 That applies, of course, o
young pen phycielly fit to
diers or saillors.




















 Army Corporal Sho In Louisville Cafe


 Eliot to Wed January 1




## 'Corky' Kelly

 Gets Results by Phoning Santa\section*{seattice Dece ${ }^{26 .- \text { Colin }} \mathbf{p}$} | got what he orde |
| :---: |
| Irom sant |
| corkn chas |




 guised person of Ensign R. W. Readid




## Where To Go What To Do


















War Planis Increase

| they employed persons with physica |
| :--- |
| handicaps such as blindness, deat | Hiring of Physically Impaired Workers Handicapped Persons

Do Excellent Work, Do Excellent Work,
NAM Survey Finds
$3 y$ he Associated Pre
NEW YORK,


 Store Hours Monday 12:30 Noon to 9 P.M.


Reduced from our regular stock
OPTICAL SLLE 2.99

Lenses Extre - Simuloted shell frome - Folding oxfords

Give yourself a pair of alasses with the money you
received for Christmas. You suve tremendoulv it received for Christmass You anve tremendously in
this sele. . and for a limited time only at this low price. Your choice of the four styles abov Optometritst' and Oculists' preseriptions securately
filled . . lenses duplicated from refulier slessee. Drs. G. A. Scott and A. I. Loric, retistered optom-
etrist, in attenter


Marines at Canal Find Varied Fun on Liberty in Panama

Shops and Clubs Draw 'Gyrenes' but Mail Cal Gets Biggest Play


STORE HOURS TOMORROW (MONDAY, DECEMBER 28th) 12:30 TO 9 P.M.

## Special Price Reductions

on many odd pieces of Lifetime Furniture For Immediate Clearance
$\mathrm{T}^{\mathrm{H}} \mathrm{H}$ seasono of the year finds us with many odd and we have specially reduced them for quick clearance. If you have a need for one or a few pieces of good furniture and want to save money as you select them, may we suggest that you stop in tomorrow and see these special offerings? get first pick of the-a-kind, so come early and

Dining Room Furniture
15


|  | 1 Buffet, ball-an pendole, style, ma ing price $\$ 82.50$, |
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Bedroom Furniture




## Occasional Pieces for Living Rooms Reduced

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| Cobinat, leotred monopory 14 | 1 High Back Karpen Chair, r |  |
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MAYER \& CD.
Seventh Street
Between D and E







WPB Order Requires Makers of Photo-Engravings to

## REDUCE ZINC CONSUMPTION

by $25 \%$, and $50 \%$ February 15

A IN ORDER to conserve zinc, essential in the manufacture of vita tion in the use of zinc by all makers of photo-engravings. And effective February 15, 1943, this reduction must be increased to 50 per cent. (Reduc tions are based on the amount of zinc used by cut makers during corres ponding quarters of 1941.)

To great advertising newspapers such as The Star, these reductions are serious and will require the utmost co-operation by all advertisers and minimum advertising in order that they may be accomplished with minimum of sacrifice on the part of any individual advertise

While the burden of making these reductions is placed on newspaper and commercial engraving plants, all users of photo-engravings will recogniz the vital objective to be attained-that is, MORE lend full co-operation in curtailing the use of zinc cuts wherever possible

The problems created by this order are a challenge to individual initiative but they will not prove burdensome to a profession of which initiative is a has formulated a Advertising Club of Washington lowed, should accomplish the necessary result and still permit the profes sional and judicious use of zinc plates to a satisfactory degree

The Evening Star endorses this program wholeheartedly and urges every advertiser to make it a daily part of his advertising polic

Consider every layout from viewpoint of eliminating all unnecessary use of engravings
the sunday star, Washingion, d. C., DEuEnider 27, 1942


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An American conception of a postwar world . . . . . by

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DEDICATED TO ALL THE CHILDREN OF WAR-TORN LANDS, WITH THE HOPE THAT SOON THEY MAY ONCE MORE KNOW THE JOYS OF A HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON

# New Paths To Freedom 

# An American concept of a postwar world: <br> Contrast it with Hitler's schemes for a <br> Nazi "new order" of universal slavery 

# by Vice-President Renry A. Wallace 

WE ARE witnessing today a race or struggle between geopolitics and the New Democracy. The outcome of that struggle will touch the lives of all of us, of our children, of our children's children.

What is geopolitics?
A generation ago a Scotch geographer by the name of Mackinder, living in England, unwittingly became the spiritual grandfather of that so-called science. He claimed that the nation which had control of Eastern Europe and Western Asia had control of the "heartland" of the world. In other words, he believed that if Russia conquered Germany or if Germany conquered Russia the heartland would be dominated by one nation, and that nation would, by reason of its domination of the heartland, be able to control the whole world.

A German by the name of Haushofer read the Mackinder thesis and was inspired to work out plans which would give Germans control of the heartland and therefore of the world. These plans are known in Germany as geopolitics.
Hitler put flesh on the dry bones of geopolitics, speaking again and again of Lebensraum (or breathing space) as the road to world empire for the German people. Breathing space was Hitler's excuse for moving into the Balkan States and Russia. He now holds much of the heartland which Mackinder declared was necessary for world control, and has been striking for the rest. All Hitler needs to do under the Mackinder thesis is to consolidate his gains, hold onto them and from time to time move from the center outward in perfecting his world domination.

We in the United States do not believe in the Mackinder-Haushofer-Hitler brand of geopolitics. In the air-power world which is now so rapidly coming into being, America is just as much the heartland of the world as is Eastern Europe. Moreover, we in the United States, while hav-
ing a full respect for geography, can't help wondering if ideas and organization do not play an even more important part in world destiny.
We believe the New Democracy is a more powerful tool than geopolitics. By New Democracy I do not mean AngloAmerican domination of the world. The New Democracy differs from the old democracy in its willingness to realize that democratic principles must eventually be made available to all nations. The New Democracy has faith in Chinese, Russians, Latin Americans and all citizens of the United Nations. It believes in tolerance toward all men except those who have taken up arms to crush democracy.
Today and for the immediate future it happens that the United States and England have an unusual responsibility. Our two countries have great natural resources which we have been able to exploit efficiently through the skill of the political and industrial system which was evolved in the nineteenth century. But that which the United States and England have learned does not belong to us alone. For our own preservation we must pass it on to the rest of the world.
I
am thinking especially of the billion people in Eastern Asia, the Middle East and Latin America. Four out of five of these people live on the land. Most of them because of small farms and lack of machines are less than one-tenth as efficient as United States farmers. They buy little - they sell little. Their average income per family is less than $\$ 100$ a year. Perhaps one out of six knows how to read and write. They are only lightly touched as yet by the auto, the airplane, the telephone and the newspaper. But radio has reached into their lives, and their leaders by the thousands have received excellent technical education. We know that, given a chance, they are as intelligent as anyone. The rank and file want education, too.

They want the machines of modern civi lization. They want our capital and our technical assistance, because that is their only quick way to get a higher standard of living. But above all, they want freedom from the fear of being jumped on or exploited by a powerful neighbor
$\mathbf{W}_{\text {Hether }}$ we of the United States are moved by altruistic or selfish motives, the fact remains that for us the great physical frontier of the future is helping these billion people to conquer peacefully a higher standard of living for themselves. If we help them on a just basis, we in the United States will have security for many centuries and the opportunity of establishing a vast and mutually profitable trade. If we do not help them, World War No. 3 will come and our destruction will not be far behind
Geographically speaking. I say the heartland of the future is not East Europe alone, but an arc extending from Buenos Aires at the south on up through the United States, Canada, Alaska, Siberia, Russia and Western Europe, and including China and India. Some day there will be a combination air and highway route linking this vast area together, and connecting by collateral water, land and air routes with the rest of the world. When the determined fight of our United Nations has won the peace of victory, no one power will be able to control this heartland of the future. Perhaps there will be a "Joint International Highway and Airway Authority," assuring access to all the nations which are eager to eliminate fear from the world and observe the principle of New Democracy in their dealings.
While this international highway-airway extending along the Americas and across Asia is being constructed, many efforts will be started to increase the agricultural efficiency and improve the education of the billion and more who are now so poverty stricken. As the standard of living of free peoples is lifted, the peace of the world can be made secure


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Copyrisht, 1942, United Newapapera Magazine Corporation

Wally's WAGON by Waluy Bor Be On Time ! ....................................by Emily Post 11 Beyond the Islands.............by Sewell Peaslee Wright 18 Cover by Sarra

THERE ate few American u'riters who have reflected the heartbeat of the United States and its people with such warmth and understanding as Booth Tarkinston. Here, in a few hundred words, he speaks eloquently once more. This time it is on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of American fighting men who are spending the holiday season in camps, on ships, at far-flung posts.

USO. I asked a soldier what the USO had meant in this new life of his. He said, "I was in the Army before the USO got into operation and at first we didn't believe in it. We'd hear some important big shots had given the USO a lot of money and we'd turn on a sour grin, pretty positive that we'd never get the slightest good out of it.

Then slowly for a while, but more and more as the thing got going, we began to see our mistake.

FUTURE. "But it's not just the material good - the recreation rooms, the books, the games, the cigarettes, the movies, the dinners in private houses and even the music and dancing - it's not those things that are the greatest help that's been brought into a soldier's life. There are two other things that count even more: one is that we're made to feel that the country's interested in us, that the American people think about us and feel friendly toward us, and, most of all, what we get from the USO is something to look forward to. Yes, I'm sure that's the biggest

thing of all that the USO does for us: It gives us something to look forward to."

It seems to me that this soldier said it. "Something to look forward to" is what keeps all of us going, isn't it? Take it away and how many of us will have a strong heart for the battle of life? We can bear drudgery, tough routine and a great deal of anguish if we have "something to look forward to." We can't bear much without that.
When this soldier said that because of the USO our men have "something to look forward to" it meant that the day is coming when Hitler won't.

- Booth Tarkington

The names and descriptions of all chorocters that appear in sinort stories, serials and semi-fiction articles in THIS WEEK MAGAZINE are wholly fictitious. Any use of a name which happens to be the some as that of any person, living or deod, is entirely coincidental.

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Leg Glasser runs the hardware store in our town. Lee is a girl - tall, competent, taciturn. I went in the other day looking for a certain aluminum gadget, and Lee shook her head.
"No more of those," she said.
I said it was too bad.
"What's too bad about it?" she snapped. "I have three brothers in uniform and another going, and I guess they need the aluminum worse than you do."
It shamed me. Somewhat lamely I parried, "But what's going to happen to your business if you can't get things to sell?"
She shook back her hair. "I'll get things to sell," she said, confidently. "I'll get along all right.'
Frank Barnes is a barber in an Ohio town. Stuck between trains, I dropped in for a haircut. We got to talking about income taxes, and I said that a lot of us were going to have a tough time meeting the ante this next year.
Frank just laughed. "It doesn't worry me," he said. "After all, I can only eat so much. I only need one roof, and one bed, and decent clothes. Beyond that, the gov'ment can take everything I've got, and welcome. The main thing is to win the war."

That's America talking - America, 1943.
The main thing is to win the war. Let the "gov'ment" take everything it needs to do the job. We'll get along all right. - That's what they're saying in the grass roots, and it makes your insides tingle with pride. It's pretty fine, this tough, hard, confident, new wartime America.
The funny thing is, we vill get along all right. It isn't going to be so bad this next year. Sure, we'll sacrifice plenty - if you want to call it that. We'll sacrifice, and we'll win the war, and a few years from now we'll have to think hard to remember what it was we sacrificed.

I've been in Washington trying to get a picture of what 1943 holds in store for you and me. It isn't easy. I talked with such men as James F. Byrnes, director of Economic Stabilization; Donald M. Nelson, chief of the War Production Board; Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Petroleum Co-ordinator Harold L. Ickes: Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard; Leon Henderson, the boss rationeer; Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission; Transportation Chief Joseph B. Eastman; Rubber Czar William M. Jeffers; Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, and others - scores of others. I talked with hard-boiled, far-seeing Washington correspondents, with anybody and everybody who could shed light on the future.


Some things they see ahead are not pretty. But when you blow away the smoke, you begin to take heart. For these, I believe, are as true as any prophecies it is possible to make for 1943:
No American is going to suffer from hunger or cold. We'll have sufficient food, homes, heat and clothing.
Americans won't go broke unless they refuse to work, and it may be hard to do even that. Severe adjustments are ahead for many small businessmen and employees of nonessential businesses, and for those who cannot adapt themselves to war work. But for the physically and mentally fit, there will be jobs, at good pay.
No American is going to be taxed to death. Taxes will be higher, but they'll leave enough for necessities and a few luxuries.
If we drive carefully, and protect our tires, most of us will keep our automobiles and keep them running.
We'll be able to travel for essential purposes but not for pleasure. We'll have electricity, movies, radio and beer. We'll even have gadgets. They'll be made of synthetics and nonessential metals, but they'll work just as well.
No, it isn't going to be so bad. We'll get along all right.
And now that we know the best general picture, let's examine the details. Let's see what things are in the minds of the men and women who are running the war - and us.

YOUR JOB. It is entirely possible that you will have to change your job. Thirteen and a half million more individuals will have to be in essential war work by the end of 1943, and you're apt to be one of them. You'll want to be, for nonessential workers won't be popular.
Unless you make the change voluntarily, Uncle Sam may do it for you. A strong Washington faction has been trying since midsummer to get Congress to pass a National Service Act which would make everybody, male and female, above

## Here's a forecast: Some of it bad, some good-but all of it based on the hard facts of what we must do to win the war <br> by Don Eddy

the age of 16 , subject to conscription for wartime work. You could be drafted, just as men are drafted for military service. Once you prove adept in a war job, you are apt to be "frozen" there for the duration. Workers in many lines already are forbidden to change jobs without permission, and this practice will be widely extended. You may work more than 40 hours a week before starting overtime, but probably not longer than 48.

If you don't go to work in war industry, you may be expected to help on a farm next summer. The shortage of farm labor in 1943 will be crucial. A land army will have to be recruited by some means, largely from among city people.

Women will have to come out of the kitchen. About 2,000,000 are in war production now; at least $5,000,000$ more will have to start work by the end of 1943.

Shortage of workers is the most serious situation facing America today. What's the answer? Find people who never worked with their hands before! Maybe that means you.

TOUR DNCOME. By and large, wages and salaries will be fairly static during 1943. If there are changes they are more likely to be up than down.

What about the "freezing" of wages and salaries? Will that stop you from getting a raise? Not necessarily. Increases in pay will be granted to "correct maladjustments or inequalities, to eliminate substandards of living, to correct gross inequities, or to aid in the effective prosecution of the war." Also, increases can be granted for "individual promotions or reclassifications, individual merit, or increased productivity." That seems to put it strictly up to you.

YOUR CRIANCE OF BEDNG DRAFTMD. If you are under 45 , single and sound, and have been passed over because you hold a so-called "key" job, you'll probably be taking orders

from a top sergeant any moment now. Employers will find it increasingly difficult to hold single men of military age, no matter how irreplaceable they may be.
Childless married men are already being drafted in some localities, and all others may expect to be re-examined early in 1943. Those classed as eligible will be inducted rapidly. Large numbers of married men will be in the Army before the year's end.

The Selective Service System has laid down hard-and-fast rules. They call for inductions in this order: 1. The teenagers and all remaining single men. 2 . Childless married men not working in one of the 34 essential industries. 3. Childless married men working in one of the essential industries, but who are not completely irreplaceable. 4. Married men with dependent children.

The first group will be exhausted by the middle of this winter, at which time induction of the second group will begin. The third group will be called by midsummer. Nobody in Washington, so far, expects that the fourth group will be called.

TOUR BUSDNEss. You've worked hard all your life to build up a little one-horse business, and now you see it shaking like a hula dancer. You can't get your regular merchandise. Your help is leaving. You can't make deliveries. What's going to
happen to you? Well, ask yourself whether your business is a commodity or a luxury. If it is a luxury, lock it up for the duration. But if it is a commodity business, take heart. Help may be coming.
Behind the scenes, Congress is trying to evolve a law intended to save the little businessmen in essential lines. Something is reasonably sure to come of all the talk, possibly by late spring.

Meantime, there are other things you can do. One of the best is to emphasize service. Things are going to get broken, and they'll have to be fixed. Why not be the fixer?
You can look into the substitute products. For many items that have disappeared through priorities, duplicates are coming along in nonessential materials. Perhaps it will take digging to find them, persuasion to sell them. So what? You didn't build that business by sucking your thumb, did you?
If you can't get clerks, start self-service. If you can't make deliveries, make jokes and let the customers carry their own.

TOUR TAXEs. More than $7,000,000$ people are going to pay income taxes in 1943 for the first time. Those taxes will be higher than we ever paid before - but lower than people are paying in most of our allied nations. Taxes will be higher because this year we have spent the equivalent of $\$ 600$ for every man, woman and child in the United States - on the war alone.

How much income tax will you have to pay? Here's the official dope. The first column represents net income before personal exemption. The second column is the tax for a single person with no dependents. The third column is the tax for a married person with no dependents. The fourth column is the tax for a married person with two dependents. This will give you an idea:

| $\$ 1,000$ | $\$ 89$ | $\$ 00$ | $\$ 00$ |
| ---: | ---: | ---: | ---: |
| 2,000 | 273 | 140 | 13 |
| 3,000 | 472 | 324 | 191 |
| 4,000 | 686 | 532 | 378 |

These figures do not include the Victory Tax, which, starting next Friday, will nip five per cent off all salaries over $\$ 624$. New tax legislation is sure in 1943. One faction is plugging for a sales tax on everything you buy - and they may win. Another faction wants a compulsory savings plan, with savings deducted from pay checks; they may win, too. And there is strong pressure for a plan to deduct all income taxes from pay checks, so that you will pay as you earn and not have a whopping tax bill staring you in the face the following March. Don't be surprised if that goes through early in the year but not early enough to stave off the jolt March 15 . Whatever new laws may be written, you'll have to pay the tax on 1942 earnings in the usual way during 1943.

TOUR FOOD. You'll have all you need - though it may not be the kind you've been used to. For the whole dope, see Clementine Paddleford's article, "What You'll Eat Next Year," in this same issue.

YOUR clothies. Early in the war it looked like we would have a shortage of wool, but that was before we started sending mammoth convoys to Australia. Now those ships go down loaded with munitions and come home loaded with wool. We'll have enough for everybody.
True, our stocks of cloth will have to be used wisely. Women will find fewer styles in ready-made coats, suits and dresses.

## HOW THE WAR CHANGES OUR WAY OF LIFE



Men will continue cuffless, and vests may be ruled out, but who cares? Gloves will be scarcer, but you can have your coat pockets extra deep.

There's considerable fog about shoes. One group says they'll be scarce and rationed; another group says it isn't so. My personal guess is that all shoes will be rationed before the end of 1943. But before that happens, the thousands of present styles will be drastically reduced. If rationing starts, you may be required to turn in your worn-out shoes when buying a new pair. Don't count on that; it's just a guess.
Hats, socks, underwear, shirts, girdles, brassieres, slips all the essential garments will be normally abundant and reasonably priced. You may not get the precise material you want, but you'll get something that will fill the bill.
By and large, you'll be able to dress just as modishly at the end of 1943 as you do now, and at no material increase in cost.

YOUR TRANEPORTATION. The belief everywhere in Washington is that civilian automobiles must be kept running. We won't have gasoline for frivolity, but we'll have enough for the necessities of travel. Don't try to fool your ration board about necessity, though, because they'll smack you down!

The first synthetic tires are coming out of the factories, and they are good. The Army is taking them now, and it's very doubtful if you will be able to buy these before the end of 1943. Meanwhile Grade III War Tires, made from reclaimed rubber, are now being produced. You can get those, if you can prove you need them. And they'll last you 5,000 to 10,000 miles if you hold your speed under 35 miles.
There is no real shortage of gasoline; there is a severe shortage of carriers to transport it. Ocean tankers used to carry 95 per cent of it to the East; now, 70,000 tank cars are burning up the rails trying to do the job, and not quite accomplishing it. What's the answer? Pipe lines, of course. We're building a 24 -inch line from Texas to New York. When it is finished next summer, the gasoline shortage will be materially relieved.
Meantime, treat gas with care - and don't step on it! Judges are going to throw the book at speeders in 1943.
Rail transportation is apt to go on a priority basis by midyear, maybe sooner. You will be asked why you want to travel; you may have to fill out a form to buy a ticket. If your story is good, you get the ticket; if it isn't, you don't. Travel rationing isn't definite, but it is in the wind.
cmathral forecasts. The draft of the teen-agers is expected to revolutionize school curriculums. Educators are making plans to train youngsters for war and war work. New York City high schools switched over last fall, tossing fripperies out the window and concentrating on mathematics and manual arts. Schools elsewhere will follow suit. Many small colleges will close for the duration at the end of this semester; larger colleges and fancy-name preparatory schools will either cut out vacations and cram their courses into three years, or become military-training schools exclusively.
Rugs will get scarcer. So will draperies, all-woolen blankets, bed and table linen. New furniture, too, and candy and cosmetics. You may not get fancy cooking ranges and heating stoves, but "Victory" models will be plentiful.
Mechanical refrigerators will go the way of typewriters, but the iceman will be working overtime. Production- of 300,000 iceboxes has been okayed. Banned for the duration are washing machines and ironers, electrical appliances, ranges and fans, golf clubs and balls, lawn mowers, metal household furniture, musical instruments, outboard motors, radios, toys, vacuum cleaners and juke boxes.
There will be more babies but fewer baby buggies. Also fewer bicycles, coal stokers, hot-water heaters, hairpins and bobbie pins, electric-light bulbs, jewelry, kitchen and household utensils, razors, blades, sewing machines and a number of other items.
The present price-control system, with ceiling prices based on March, 1942, is likely to be junked before midyear, to be replaced with a specific dollar-and-cent ceiling for each item. Government inspectors will be numerous, and any dealer who tries to chisel will find himself behind the eight-ball. Moral: Whether you're buying or selling, don't cheat.
That's the picture of what life is going to be like for all of us next year. We're going to have to make sacrifices - sure. But they're for the best cause in the world - and worth making.
As Lee Glasser told me in her hardware store, "We'll get along all right!"

The End

## What was the most dangerous weapon of all? At last Von Hemmel had found out...

## by Leslie Gordon Barmard


"Tell me why you laughed just now in the Square?" he yelled

"shall not hesitate," his words rang harshly, "to use the utmost severity. The least infraction will be suitably punished."
There was no sound, no movement in the Square. One might almost think that these subdued people had ceased to breathe. Von Hemmel's chest inflated a little; he was aware of all faces turned toward the ancient stone balcony where he postured. This power was not his alone; he recognized its source, and his right arm was upflung rigidly.
"Heil Hitler!"
The hush in the Square was profound profound as death itself.

It held for a moment - to be shattered by a sound. Von Hemmel no longer held the center of the picture. All eyes had turned away from where he was enthroned on his stone balcony. It was at another balcony they stared, a balcony of wood so ancient that it clung precariously to the house it served.
The Square buzzed with voices.
"Silence!" Von Hemmel shouted. "Get me silence. Who is it that dared to laugh?"

They brought him to Von Hemmel, seated now behind a great oak table. "Here is the man," they said. So old a man? He stood humbly enough, a soldier securing each arm. The weight of years had bent his shoulders.
"You are the man who - who laughed?"
"That is so."
"How old are you? Come, speak!" he said.
"I stopped counting at ninety."
"You trusted to your age to spare you," said Von Hemmel, his voice rising. "Has it occurred to you that I have only to speak a word and you will be taken out and shot?"

The old man's head lifted. His eyes challenged Von Hemmel's.
"A few days more or less - does it matter? I have ploughed many a furrow in the good earth, and God has spoken to me when I broke bread by the hedge at the end of my field."
"The old man drivels - "
"Let him have his say," Von Hemmel told his aide. "He amuses me. Speaking of amusement, old man, why did you - tell me why you laughed just now out in the Square?"
"It was the only weapon I had."
Von Hemmel started. "Weapon?"
$T_{\text {HE thin }}$ cavernous face lighted; the eyes discomfited the questioner: "You would rather I had used a gun. Is that not true? An old man's aim is not so good with a gun. But I have laughed at you, and that is more terrible than a bullet, and travels further. All those people in the Square will remember it, and take heart. And you will remember it. Long after you forget what I am saying, you will be unable to forget that I set laughter loose in the sweet spring air."
Von Hemmel sprang up, pounding the table.
"Take this old fool away. He is a mental case. He is in his second childhood. Keep him in custody but treat him well.'
"I do not thank you for that," said the old man. "It is not that you wish me to be treated well. It is because you are afraid of me."
Von hemmel had work to do. It is good to have work to do. It keeps one from thinking. A sheaf of papers on the table: reports, he could only hope, of civilian insubordination in this district.
These people would find out the kind of man with whom they had to deal.
He went to the window, now that he was alone, and looked down into the Square. Where were all these people now? Of what were they talking? Damn their tongues! He knew. "Ah," they would be saying, "ah, the old fellow! You heard of him, of course?" One would say, "I heard the old man laughing." And another, "Too bad you were not there to hear him!" And they would be thinking: "In years to come it will be told to our children how the old man laughed in the Square."
The sunlight was almost gone out there now. Deep shadows growing everywhere. For a moment it slanted against a house whose gallery clung precariously to an ancient façade.
Von Hemmel turned suddenly away

He summoned his aide. "Who is that laughing?"
"Only the staff in the messroom."
"Tell them to stop. No - no, not that. But see it does not occur again. And have lights brought. Can I see to work in the dark?"
"There were only candles," Kurt said. When brought, they served to emphasize the shadows and the impressive loftiness of the room. They flung Von Hemmel in caricature against the wall.

The pen rustling on paper made a harsh sound which subsided when, now and again, Von Hemmel cocked an ear, listening.
"Kurt!" he called.
"You wanted me?"
"Where is it you have put the old man?"
"In a small, empty room along the hall. He sits there in the darkness."
"Doing what?"
The aide shrugged; he said: "At times, I think, laughing to himself after the manner of the old.'
"Exactly. Listen."
"I did not know it could be heard from here. I am sorry."
The veins in Von Hemmel's face and neck distended. "So you, too - "
"It is only that I did not wish you to be disturbed."
"Yes, yes. Of course."
The two men eyed each other.
"It is annoying," Von Hemmel said. "See that he is removed at once."
Kurt's eyes lidded. "You mean - "
"Ach Gott, must I put everything in words of one syllable? - Take the senile old fool out and have him shot."
$V_{\text {on hemmel felt better. This is what he }}$ should have had done at the first. Not parleyed with senility. One could now become comfortably immersed in work. Nothing now but the sound of pen on paper; or his own thick voice repeating the lines . . . "The least infraction . . . punished . . . utmost severity." Tomorrow the Square would bristle with placards. Von Hemmel rose and went to the window.
All was quiet. Quiet with a stillness, with a tranquillity that was very old. Old as the sunlight now fled, to return with tomorrow's rising. Old as the immemorial flight of pigeons, whose wings were folded only until daybreak.

Von Hemmel coughed. He spat out of the open casement into the Square. Tomorrow his placards would be everywhere; posted by the door of the church now deeply in shadow; posted upon the walls of buildings. . . and upon that house from whose crazy balcony . . . Gott, they should know the stifling power of force, the silencing power of a bullet. The old fool with only laughter as his weapon.

Von Hemmel almost laughed himself. But not quite. Instead he strode across the room, purple with anger, shouting for his aide. The flame of the candles bent as he passed them, then burned clear again. His words when he spoke them were thick and clotted:
"Can not a simple command be obeyed? Must I speak twice to get things done?" he demanded.
"But - "
"I will take no excuses. How long do my ears have to be offended by his senile laughter?"
Kurt drew back like a man warding off evil. A wind, unsuspected before, moved through the branches of the trees in the darkened square. It lifted the curtains at the window and let them fall again. The aide stared at them, and then at Von Hemmel.
"The old man was executed half an hour ago," he said.


## "Want To Be A Star?"



FDN. Hitchcock always casts to type. Edna May's just right


WOBE. A scene with Macdonald Carey in "Shadow of a Doubt"


DAD. He's a grocer. Edna May and her father sample the stock

## "Yes," replied Edna May: And sure enough, she was!

this weers $\quad$ dna May Wonacotr was standing E on a corner in Santa Rosa, California, waiting for a bus.
SPOTLIGHT As she shifted her schoolbooks from one arm to the other, she beheld, approaching at an undulating gait, the fattest man she could remember seeing in all of her 10 years.

Fascinated, she watched him. Then the man began watching her. He saw her pigtails, noticed her spectacles, her freckles. Obviously he was fascinated, too.
"Little girl," said he, "what's your name?"
"Edna May Wonacott," she answered.
"What's yours?"
"Hitchcock," he said. "Alfred Hitchcock. Would you like to be a movie actress?"
"Of course," said Edna May, who could go along with a gag.

But it wasn't a gag. The famed director actually was looking for a little girl with freckles, pigtails and glasses, just like Edna May. He was in Santa Rosa with a location company of "Shadow of a Doubt" and the pigtailed urchins that Universal's casting department had sent him didn't appeal to him.

## Mother 8aid . . .

Edna May didn't become a picture star immediately. She had to ask her mother first. Her mother, wife of a Santa Rosa grocer, said yes in a slight delirium. The next morning a shiny limousine hauled Edna May and her mother to the "Shadow of a Doubt" location. Hitchoock received her in style. So did Stars Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten and Macdonald Carey.
"He gave me a book and told me to read aloud," Edna May says of Director Hitchcock. "I read aloud and then he told me to yawn, like he was going to fix my teeth. I yawned and he said 'Bully!' and then I was in a movie."
Two days later, Edna May was in Hollywood with a dressing room, a stand-in, a private tutor and a seven-year contract, with options. She also had a limousine to take her to the studio, but she declined that. For reasons slightly removed from patriotism, she insisted upon taking the red streetcar which rolls past the Universal plant. There are no streetcars in Santa Rosa.

Edna May Wonacott wants to keep right on being an actress. Hitchoock says she will. In fact, he predicts she'll be a genuine star in six months.

- DUGAL OLLAM



## AND TOOLS FOR VICTORY

Eager hands, adept in the specialized business of making quality toilet preparations, now also play a part in the all-important task of supplying
war materials. We are proud of the privilege proud to be contributing in a small but direct way to

Victory. The war effort is our first allegiance . . . our
second is to continue to provide you with the fine
toiletries that belong to the American scene...


Perbaps you've been unable recently to secure all tbe Sbullon Toiletries, you "wanted. In view of present condilions, we ask your patience and will supply you to tbe ulmoet of our ability in 1945.

SHULTON, INC. Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y.

# What You'll eat next year 

$\mathcal{O}_{\text {eet }}$ Clementine Paddleford, noted foodnews authority, who today presents the shape of foods to come: Some of them will be here imme-
 diately; others will arrive as war conditions allow. Miss Paddleford's articles will appear twice a month hereafter, as features in our new foodeditorial program to help homemakers meet problems they have never had to face before. The program also includes plans for a late-January special issue devoted to wartime problems in the home.

- The Editor

WAR WRITES the minvo. Tie on that apron with a double knot. A tough year lies ahead for the cook. The public pantry is comfortably stocked but with substantial, solid foods and in limited numbers. There are foods in new forms. Gone with tin are the luxuries. New Year's ushers in the new order of eating. Food rationing ahead. Sugar, coffee, meat, butter? That's a mere beginning, sister. Before the year is out expect rationing of almost every food you buy

Book of the month for March is called "all-purpose rationing," now in the hands of the printer. Coupons are in blocks of red and blue, each bearing letter and number designations, to be useable for straight coupon rationing as with sugar, or by a point system being modeled after the English plan, but more flexible.

EPREAD BUTHMR THEM; slice bread thick. There's no shortage of wheat, oats, rye or corn. But butter will be rationed; butter will be exceedingly scarce until the cows freshen this spring - and even then not much for home tables.
Fats are in the fight. Rationing of other fats and oils will go along with butter. Growers of the oil vegetables - peanuts, soy beans, flaxseed - have come through with enormous crops but wartime demand is great civilians must skimp. Kitchen fat is a weapon of war. Use every ounce of the meat drippings for seasoning, baking, frying.
Cream for the coffee is a luxury until the flush milk season brings the cream to the top. Whipping cream will probably remain off the market next year. But light coffee cream is expected around. Even the ice cream industry is asked to curtail production.
Less fluid milk for the kitchen although total production is over last year. There may be enough evaporated milk to stretch; again, maybe not. Dried skim milk, if available, would be adequate for use in puddings, in gravies, in cakes. Skim milk contains virtually all the food elements found in whole milk except fat. Heretofore, skim milk has been fed to chickens and pigs. Now it is used for human food in lend-lease countries. No good for drinking, it reconstitutes poorly.
mor drecery! We are going to eat less meat this year than we have money to buy. No meat for Fido or puss unless you share your portion. You will be cooking gourmet dishes from all ends of the cow. Head meat, tail meat, shins and knuckles - these are unrationed. So are meats from the inside. You will be scrambling brains for breakfast, stuffing hearts, stewing the kidney, tendering the honeycombed tripe. Hot diggety!

> You'll have plenty of solid food - but almost no fancy trimmings. There'll be more rationing, less variety. Go down the list and you'll see ...
> by Clementine Paddleford


Can women shop successfully in wartime markets? The answer is: Yes

Hot dogs are going to be plentiful, made from the trimmings of beef and pork prepared for the Army.

Poultry and fish are unrationed. But the fishing's not so fine. Canned fish will be scarce. Tuna production is less than half normal as the Navy has enlisted the best of the tuna fleet. The submarine menace has interfered with fishing along the east coast. Only one-fifth of the pack of canned salmon and mackerel and sardines is released for civilian tables. Inland areas far from the sea get most of this.

Chicken in the pot any night for dinner. No difficulty gathering the breakfast eggs. Poultry and egg supplies promise larger this year than any time in history - a Congressional medal to the little red hen.
ATtimytion, corfithloviras! Prospects are looking brighter for the coffee cup. Members of the Inter-American Coffee trade
have conferred long and earnestly with the War Production Board, arguing that coffee be provided shipping space whenever possible. Eight countries of Central and South America grow coffee as a major industry. The War Production Board got the point and will do what they can for a fair adjustment. Chocolate cakes have gone out of style. 'No, dear, you can't make fudge. Mother hasn't a spoonful of cocoa left in the house."
Vanilla extract is on the slim list; imitations abound. Your spice cupboard will show a few shortages, but there is pepper enough for two years and a conservation order will make it stretch. Plenty of salt. Most of the common spices are on hand to see us through the year even if all imports should be cut. Louisiana supplies us with red pepper. Chili powder comes from the southwest. Sage is being grown experimentally in Maryland. Paprika is a trial crop in California and Loui-
siana - this year's harvest totaled close to a million pounds.

The lion's share of dried fruits is absent on war duty. About 20 per cent of this year's crop of raisins and prunes has been released for civilian use. Apricots, dried peaches, pears and apples go in toto for military and lendlease requirements.

NEW CROPS come to the aid of the menu. Soya beans will march to the head of the bean class, a pinch-hitter for meat. Soya has all the food values of the other dry beans but is lower in carbohydrates, higher in protein, higher in fat and a good source of the B vitamins. This year's giant crop will be turned into oil and considerable flour will be milled. Mix soya flour with wheat flour to 10 per cent and the protein value of the bread will be increased ten times.

Many products are promised boasting soya-flour additions. There is a new macaroni around now that has 12 per cent soya. Wheat and soya flours combine in a pancake mix. A canned pork sausage for the Army is using soya flour as a filler. Cereal companies are experimenting with soya flour to add to the protein values of the porridge bowl.

TAEE A POWDER! Dehydration promises new foods in new forms for our men abroad, for lend-lease, and sooner or later for ourselves: shreds, powders, nuggets, flakes, shavings and crystals. Take a few spoonsful of white powder, add water and boil. Cream of celery soup waits in the pot. Take a package of white shreds, add water, follow directions carefully - mashed potatoes for dinner in seven minutes flat. A reddish brown powder is a tomato-cheese sauce to dress a dish of spaghetti. A dehydrated gravy, when it can be widely distributed, should take the country by storm with meat and fats running short. Newest item is the pre-cooked, dehydrated beans. A baked-bean dish for dinner in no longer time than to boil potatoes.

Government orders allow for tremendous increases in dehydrating equipment and production this year. The industry is asked to pool its technical knowledge and do its darndest to produce 400 million pounds of vegetables. This will be about $671 / 2$ million pounds above lend-lease needs. But most of the vegetables for civilian use will be marketed in the form of soup mixes.

Dried egg production is going great guns and will be upped this year from 300 million to 460 million pounds. As military and lendlease requirements take but 350 million, civilians will probably get a chance at this product.

THE BIG FREFER. The frozen-food industry shoulders a heavy part of the canner's job. Coming is a long line of ready-prepared foods quick-frozen. Boston baked beans, corned beef hash, ready cooked soups are already in markets. Beef stew, lamb stew, spaghetti with tomato sauce are on test in limited areas.

Priorities come to the fresh vegetable kingdom as well as to the canned goods shelf. Production of luxury items will be curtailed to allow land, labor and transportation to be shifted to more essential products in line with eating for health. A watermelon, all water and flavor, hasn't a ghost of a chance.

Coming next week are a famous chef's suggestions for unrationed, delicious, unusual varieties of meats.

# Loaid De Brass 

"Aye, aye, sir," said the admiral. A rattling good story of adventure over the Pacific by Hoffman Birney<br>Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

LCurry was enjoying himself; Mary Lou Emmons was not. The night was perfect, the music and the food somewhat better, but whenever he asked her what was wrong she said, "Nothing," so brightly that it meant. "Something, and it's very important.'

Supper was served under the palms in the patio, and Sally Howard came by very much on the arm of Lieutenant (J.G.) William B. Thorn, U.S.N.R., who wore the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross on his breast and whom the newspapers had christened, with sundry trumpetings, "Billy-be damned Thorn." They lingered by the table where Mary Lou and Les sat. They chatted a few moments. They passed on. And Mary Lou said:

If it was anybody else, I wouldn't mind it a bit!'
Les gulped on a bite of avocado. "Now what?" he asked, and was told that - being a man - he couldn't be expected to understand.
"She's the cattiest cat in the state of California." said Mary Lou. "and I think she's proud of it. She hasn't done a thing all evening except strut around with that aviation lieutenant and show him and herself off and lord it over me because -
"Because you're with an enlisted man, a C.P.O. Is that it?" asked Les, and Mary Lou informed him with considerable detail that that was it, exactly

For the love of mud!"' observed Chief Aviation Machinist Les Curry. "You didn't notice Mr. Thorn swinging his rank did you? If your girl friend's trying to play quarterdeck against fo'c'stle, she'd better look for another Navy, and you can tell her so. It's what you've got on the ball. not what's on your sleeve, that counts in this one.

Try to make Sally Howard believe that!" remarked Miss Emmons. "Last week she had a lieutenant-commander." Her eves followed the pink that was Miss Howard, the white that was Thorn, through the crowd. "She's pulling the same trick on Babs kennedy now. Oh, Les. I wish that you -

Would show up all over gold and ribbons? Sorry, but there's not a chance. honey. I'm engineer on a BT-40 in the ferrying service and that's not the ribbon department. We're cartine important brass hats all over the Pacific Ocean, and if they pard off on mileage we'd all be admirals. We'll never see action, though. and we know it. Those big tubs aren't fighters. and a crack at a Jap isn't worth the chance of something happening to a million dollars' worth of passengers. Can't you understand that?
"Yes," said Mary Lou. Then, being entirely feminine, she added: "Just the same. I wish
was in the cockpit with Mr. Lang, the co-pilot, when the big ship was eased down the ramp. The four motors crashed into noisy life, and Les studied his dials and gauges as the transport was warped to the embarkation dock where Mr . Sherwin. Lieutenant. U.S.N., and the ship's commander, checked his passengers and their credentials with the embarkation officer. Skolsky and McGuire, tail and bow gunners, were with Hodges, the bombardier, in the little space - chartroom by courtesy - aft of the pilots' seats.

Same load of brass," said McGuire. "One admiral and three four-stripers already. Say, there's two girls - Army nurses. They're only second looeys. How do they rate this ride?"

Pipe down, McGuire," Les growled. "Get aft for take-off, both of you." He touched his cap brim as Mr. Sherwin entered the cockpit. "Props set, sir." he said. "Engines okay."
Dawn was a slow paling of the stars and a miraculous westward sweeping, a league a second, of the suddenly visible horizon. The voices of the passengers rose as their surroundings became commonplace. Mr. Sherwin said, "She's all yours. Pete," to his second in command and walked aft.
Les couldn't help envying him at that moment. His shoulder tabs bore only the two stripes of a lieutenant. but he was captain and commander of the big transport, and everyone
aboard knew it. As such - and by virtue of custom which stemmed back to Barry and John Paul Jones - no captain or admiral would question an act of his, none would pass forward of the bomb-bay bulkhead except upon his invitation. It was law, absolute and inflexible. Before an apprentice seaman had learned to distinguish bow, beam, and quarter, he had heard stories of ensigns, warrant officers and even C.P.O.'s who. catapulted to command by the deaths in action of their superiors, had temporarily outranked admirals.
Benson followed close behind Mr. Sherwin. He'd had his hot-plate going for half an hour, and he distributed cups of steaming coffee. The radioman passed a cup to Les in the "greenhouse." the topside blister which was the engineer's post when the motors did not require his attention. McGuire's red head passed beneath him. headed aft to relieve Skolsky in the tail. Morning coffee patrol was a formal ceremony on the BT-40. Mr. Sherwin was talking to the two Army nurses
"This is Wednesday, isn't it?" said one. "Gosh, last Friday we were in Brooklyn. Will we see any Japs, Captain?'
"Not if we see them first." said Sherwin, and the officers in the cabin laughed. "Our job's to get you where you're going - fighting's for specialists.'

What did I tell you, Mary Lou? Action? Not one single blistered chance!
I $_{\text {T cave on the second day. two hours out from Ilo-llo. }}$ The transport was slipping in and out of the scattered cloud islands as a rabbit dodges from brush to brier when - from behind the high-piled cumulus - three silvery motes danced between Les Curry's eyes and the sun. He swung the twin fifties and fired several warning bursts as he shouted the alarm. Sherwin's voice, calling "Action stations. all hands!" came through the interphone above the stuttering reports.
Les held the leader of the diving ships in the innermost sight-ring. Strange - how even in split seconds one's eyes could observe and one's brain record many things. They were trim but sturdy jobs, these Nip fighters, with big radial motors. Single-seaters, too, with fixed wheels. Carrier-based! Now, what
The guns bucked under his hands as the first of the diving Zeros came into range. Got him, by gosh! Look at that black smoke pouring out of his engine The two others were firing -

Then the transport's nose dropped, so suddenly that he found himself hanging in his belt and staring at the gray water nearly two miles below. He could see two of the Zeros, one still belching heavy smoke from its engine, the other in flames from nose to tail. Mr. Sherwin could pull out of his dive now - and then Les saw torn metal and clustered holes where the bullets from the other Zero had poured into the pilots' cock pit. He jerked his belt release and let himself drop, sliding along the steep-pitched floor to the nose of the ship.

The cockpit was a mess of blood, mixed with oil from a smashed hydraulic line. Sherwin's body was jammed against the control column, pressing it forward and holding the ship in its dive. Les clawed for the release of the pilot's belt and tumbled the body from the seat. His feet found the rudder pedals, and he horsed back on the controls. The nose rose thank God the flippers hadn't been shot off - and the transport came out of the dive.
"Good work! Oh, good work!"
Les looked down quickly. A man was sprawled on the messy floor, a man whose golden shoulder tabs bore the twin stars of a rear admiral. "I saw what happened." the admiral said 'I tried to get to the controls. but you beat me to them." And he repeated: "Good work."
Les glanced toward the other seat. Mr. Lang should have taken over when the Jap bullets had crashed into Mr. Sherwin's body. But only his belt held Lang in his seat. His head was between his limp knees, and he fought gaspingly for breath.
"Those nurses aft!" snapped Les Curry. "Get 'em up here
Please turn to page 12

"If your girl friend's playing quarterdeck against fo'c'stle, she'd better look for another Navy,' he said

# Remember - ts the foods you cant qet that are helping to win the war! 

 cer today! He's trying to do everything possible for you!

Here's how to help him - and help yourself, too - in these days of war shortages
If we all use our heads, everybody will have enough.
Some foods will be plentiful - use them. Some will be scarce - some will be out for the duration. They've gon ol our
fronts. to gear our buying to wartime conitions. But that won't be so hard, if you follow the De Monte "Buy-for-2-Week" plan. Here's how easy it is to do 1. Plan meals a week ahead. It's really simple, and a great time-saver. The Del Monte (See below.)
2. Buy for a week at a time-as many as possible of your week's food needs in a single grocery order. Shop early the week if you can, and when the store isn't crowded, to
Your grocer can serve you better - you'll see! And think Your grocer can serve you better-youirs set
what you save-time, work, gasoline, tires!
3. Take the foods your grocer has. On this page, you'll see a few of the many Del Monte Fruits and Vegetables. Don't blame your grocer when he doesn't have just the ones ou want! Look for others in the same food group, instead, right in the Del Monte line.
Above all-don't buy more of anytbing than you'll need. Let's prove that this is still the land of freedom - that
individual citizens we are big enough and broad enough to share - and work out our problems together, through to share - and work out our probiems togethe
the voluntary and intelligent cooperation of all.

Weadresoday







Page Ten

- take care of him!"' And the admiral - a two-starred rear admiral of the line - said, "Aye, aye, sir," as he scrambled to his feet.

Sherwin was dead, Lang badly shot up, but the passengers were unharmed. McGuire - he stuck his head through the hatch and muttered "For the love of heaven!" when he saw Mr. Sherwin's body on the floor and Les Curry at the controls - McGuire reported that he had sent the second Zero down in flames. Les sent him back to his guns, and called Benson to cap the broken oil line and clean up the cockpit.
"Get Hodges to help you. Carry Mr. Sherwin aft and and take care of him."
$I_{\text {r wns }}$ a captain who came forward and reported that Mr. Lang would probably live. He'd been struck three times in the body, but high enough to miss heart and lungs; his right shoulder was a bloody mess, and he had a thigh wound but he'd probably live.
"He was navigator, too, wasn't he?" the captain asked. Les nodded and the officer continued: "I thought so. With your permission, chief, I'll get his sextant. If you'll take us above these clouds, Commander Ellis and I will get a solar and put you back on course."
It was not until then, not until that "with your permission," that Les Curry realized his status. "By glory," he said, "that means - that means I'm in command, doesn't it?"
"You are!" The captain's eyes were a bit chilly. "And in the Navy, chief, a commander commands! Do you understand?"
"I think I do, sir." Les Curry was suddenly humble. He had enlisted a few days after Pearl Harbor, and before the ink on his papers was dry had been given his promised rating of chief petty officer. As such, he had dozed through the lectures given by a smooth-faced young ensign on naval history and traditions, on honors and courtesies, on the niceties of rank and precedence; the use of the starboard gangway by officers, the port by enlisted men; and on the countless customs and regulations, to Les supremely unnecessary.
"My job's engines," he grumbled to himself after one session in a stuffy classroom. "What difference does it make to me who rates sideboys, and why? We've got a war to win!"'
Three words - "with your permission" - changed that. This man who stood at his elbow, two miles above the Pacific, bowed to custom, too. He was the Navy, a single unit in a mighty team whose playing field was all the oceans of the earth and the heavens above the seas. Behind him, crowding the cockpit, were men of Pearl Harbor, of the North Sea Patrot, of Manila and Santiago, of Mobile Bay and Lake Erie. That was what the ensign-instructor had been trying to put over. The Navy was a team - a team of planes and ships and men, and it was aided to victory by men's obedience to the very traditions and regulations which had made him, a C.P.O., commander of the BT-40 and all aboard her.
"Thank you, sir." Les gulped down the lump which was in his throat. "I'd appreciate it very much. I'm no navigator."
"You've got a pilot's rate, haven't you?"
"No, sir. Only a private license - civilian. When I got out of Caltech I went with Barron Aircraft, and was flight engineer on all their tests. I couldn't help picking up how to handie the big ships, but I don't call myself a pilot. I just scrambled in and took over, that's all."
"Damned good work, too." The captain's eyes were no longer chilly. "I'll call Commander Ellis."
The observations disclosed that they were nearly a hundred miles to the west of their course. The air, Benson reported, was full of "monkey chatter," the angry voices of Jap pilots who searched for the transport in the area of the fight. Captain Hammett suggested that they remain in the clouds until they had escaped from the enemy-infested zone. He had taken over the navigator's duties, and was at the table behind the pilot's seat when McGuire gave the second alarm.
"Enemy carrier, chief," said the Irishman calmly. "I just seen it through a hole in the clouds."
Three officers made the identification positive when Les circled and carefully let down until the clouds parted for an instant beneath the blue-gray hull. Jap, they said, when they

# LOAD OF BRASS Continued from page nime 

sighted the yellowish rectangle - a Jap carrier of the Oruku class, with planes on her deck.
"I'd sure like to give her one - for Mr. Sherwin!" said Les thickly.
"Give, then." The admiral's eyes were blue, and hard.
"I'm asking myself what Mr. Sherwin would do," said Les slowly. "I've heard him say a dozen times our job was to get the passengers through."
"Mr. Sherwin is dead," said the admiral calmly. "His second is wounded. Circumstances have placed you in command and your decision is final."

Les felt the smooth plastic of the wheel slip beneath his sweating palms. He could hold the course and save the ship and everyone aboard, and none would censure him - or he could attack. He could invite concentrated antiaircraft fire, the attack of fighter planes, while he made the long bombing run. If lucky, they might put out of action an irreplaceable enemy craft. Otherwise - well, there might be a chance to break radio silence and, before the crash, tell Parrot Island or another base what had happened. These men, the men of the Team, were waiting on his word. He wiped his hands on his shirt. He wasn't Les Curry, Barron Aircraft engineer, and - temporarily - chief aviation machinist. He was the Navy, the Team! His hands were dry now.
"Thank you, sir," he said to the admiral. "Gentlemen, we will attack immediately. I will want someone to man the topside guns and another in the port blister." He noticed the gold wings of a naval aviator worn by one of the commanders. "Will you, sir, sit in as co-pilot?"
"Glad to. My name's Cadman." The commander edged past and took the starboard seat. Les saw him pull a handkerchief from his pocket, wipe the wheel, and stuff the reddened linen under the cushion.
"Battle stations!" commanded Les Curry.
There was a four-striper manning the twin fifties in the greenhouse, a three-striper at the port guns. Another commander, slide rule in hand, crouched beside Hodges to check the bombardier's calculations. His co-pilot leaned forward, Lang's binoculars at his eyes, as Les left the clouds behind and dropped to ten thousand feet to make the bombing run. Flame ripped from the batteries on the carrier's island, and from other guns in outboard blisters below the flight deck. Silvery tracers arched ahead. Shrapnel burst below and aft - Les could hear the sharp spang of the explosions.
"Damn poor shootin'," said the commander critically. "Pour on the coal, chief."
The carrier was outlined in the flame of her own guns. Its speed increased, but it couldn't dodge. It had to keep into the wind if the fighters on deck were to get off. One pilot, desperate, opened his throttle and streaked down three-quarters of the runway. He crashed dead ahead, and the wreckage vanished under the carrier's cutwater. There were other planes, though, and they took the full run of the deck and got away, one after another.
"Bomb doors open!" Hodges called, and then, a second later, "Bombs awa-a-ay!"
THE BT-40 leaped as it parted from the load of explosives. Les pushed the throttle wide open and set the propellors at maximum pitch as he nosed up. If he could reach the clouds -
"Fighters dead astern. Dey're gainin' slow."
"Never mind 'em, Skolsky. Watch those bombs!"
The ineffective ack-ack fire ceased. Seven Zeros had left the carrier and were so close now that the antiaircraft could not risk hitting them. Skolsky's voice shrieked again over the interphone.
"You godt her, Hodges, you godt her! Righdt on d' nose wit' both th' big babies. She's blown up! She's busted in half! She's on fire all over!"

The Japs in the air were already dead men. Their carrier
was gone, and even with full tanks the fighters could not make the distant island bases. There would be no turning them aside with heavy fire: they would shoot him down or ram him or both. Already they were above him, and through the transparent panel above him he watched them bunch, all seven, into a tight V - a suicide formation formed on the assumption that one, at least, would be able to ram the transport. Farragut and Dewey wouldn't know the answer to this, but Mr. Sherwin would have. What was that stunt he'd tried in mock air combat over Kameha? Les saw the tails of the Zeros go up and their painted noses drop. He watched them, his left hand on the wheel, right on the master throttle for the four bellowing motors.
McGuire was firing already. Now the top guns were going, and the Skibbies were in an all-out dive. Closer . . . closer NOW! Les pulled the transport's nose still higher as he slammed shut the throttles and, swiftly, spun the wheel which dropped the landing flaps in the trailing edge of the wing. It was as though the driver of a speeding automobile had lifted his foot and slammed his weight on the brakes. Mushing, perilously close to stalling, the transport's speed dropped from two-forty to a little more than a hundred. The Zeros, diving on the faster target, must change direction in a fraction of a second or streak harmlessly past the bow.
"Good man!" yelled the commander. "Give 'em hell!"
The leader of the formation tried to swerve. then nosed down even more steeply as the two on his port flank locked wings in the attempt to follow him - locked wings and exploded as their tanks burst. The third man avoided the wreckage in a zoom which left him upside down astern, where Skolsky, the flat-faced Polish Jew in the rear turret, shot him to pieces. "Fry, you snake." Skolsky addressed the man in the flames. "I only wisht you had t'ree Heinies in dere wit' you."
Benson, from starboard, riddled the formation leader. The three other ships flashed past the transport's nose, so close that Les could see the snarling faces of monkey men in the cockpits. Flame was leaping from the wings of one, licking back over the scarlet emblem of the Rising Sun. It was over within the time that a man could strike a match and raise it to his cigarette. Les pushed the throttles open and dropped the nose to regain speed. Then the clouds closed around them.
There was an admiral who gripped his hand and spoke the two words that are the Navy's highest meed of praise: "Well done!" There was a captain who displayed, with grinning pride, a hand which dripped blood from where he'd caught it in the gun gear, and who announced, even more proudly, that he'd accounted for one of the little monkey unprintables. There was Mr. Lang, as pale as waxed paper, who whispered, "Damned good work, Curry. You evened the score for Bob Sherwin!" And there was a commander who kept him on course until he had landed the big ship on the waters of the atoll at Parrot Island. "You should get something sweet out of this, chief," he said, as they taxied toward the dock. "If a pretty ribbon isn't coming your way, my name's Hirohito."
THe official photographs didn't cover the whole show. They had pictures of the review, and of the admiral pinning on the medals - the Navy Cross for all hands, even for Mr. Lang. who protested in writing that he didn't deserve it - and of Les Curry with the Distinguished Flying Cross on his breast in addition to the higher honor. The photographers weren't present when - an hour before the ceremony - a marine orderly ushered Les Curry into the admiral's office. Les saluted stiffly; the admiral shook hands and said he was glad to meet him again.
"You'll have to do a lot of handshaking before this day's over, chief," he said, "and it doesn't seem to me you're dressed for it. There's a new suit of whites and a cap in my private quarters that I wish you'd try on.'

The cap bore the eagle, shield, and crossed anchors which identify a commissioned officer. On the shoulder tabs of the white uniforn were the stripe and half-stripe of a lieutenant junior grade.
"That's the old man's idea of a joke," said the orderly "They call him hard-boiled, and they say he runs an almighty tight ship, but he's a great old guy when you get to know him. chief - I mean, sir!' He was suddenly aware that Chief Aviation Machinist Curry had vanished; that the tall young J. G. in the spotless whites was a commissioned officer.

The cameramen didn't get that, nor did any reporters listen in on the long-distance call which Lieutenant Curry - with the admiral's O.K. - put in to San Leandro.
"I'll be seeing you, Mary Lou," said Mr. Curry. "Can't tell just when, or they'd cut me off for talking too much, but I'll be seeing you."

The End

Mr. Bottleneck and his cronies, "Too Little" and "Too Late," are in full retreat. They are being routed every day by an army in overalls which is turning out a warplane every eight minutes, a hardhitting tank every half-hour and three speedy ships each sunup to sundown.
Behind this surging battle of production is the dramatic story of one of our greatest weapons. There is nothing "secret" about this weapon. It is simply American ingenuity. But it works. In barely six months, the nation's factory folk have hatched over 300,000 ideas on how to turn out more and more war goods in less and less time.
We have heard a lot about how handy the Germans are with tools and machines. But our workers go the Nazis one better. They have that happy faculty for improvising short cuts and for concocting gadgets which have saved vital man-hours, increased output and improved the quality of our fighting equipment.
Who are these heroes on the production line?
The list is long, but let's single out Louis Leonhard as typical of the factory-front soldiers who do their job with brawn - and brain. Leonhard is a quiet, unassuming fellow who helps build tanks at the PullmanStandard Car Manufacturing Company in Hammond, Ind. His particular task is to mount the guns on M-3 tanks, those 28 -ton battle babies so much desired by both our own and Allied military commanders.
While engineers pondered on how to step up the assembly of this vital weapon, Lou did some thinking on his own. He noticed that when the guns arrived from other factories they were covered with thick layers of grease to protect them from rust. And it took three men three hours to clean each one.

## Inspiration

$\mathbf{N}_{\text {ight }}$ after night Leonhard came home, thoughtful, disturbed. There ought to be a quicker way. One evening while reading his newspaper he jumped up. grabbed his hat and ran off to the plant without so much as a good-by to his wife.
Reaching the factory, Leonhard cornered the plant superintendent
"Melt it," he snapped, "melt it."
The supervisor understood. Together they hunted up an old oil drum. In it they placed a grease-encased gun. They then applied heat. The grease disappeared in five minutes. Time saved: nine hours on every tank. Those M-3's began to roll out 30 per cent faster.

Max Harris, a motor mechanic, is another member of America's idea battalion. He hails from Detroit, the nation's No. 1 arsenal. Harris's specialty is tightening bolts on airplane motors. Sounds simple - but mighty important. Working with a little wrench, it used to take him four hours to do a job on a single engine - two engines a day. A long time, sighed the engineers, and Harris agreed.

Industrial bigwigs scurried in and out of the plant where Harris worked, making time studies and checking production schedules.

At night and on Sunday, away from the noise and clamor of the machines, Harris began to putter around in his cellar workshop. There he built an exact replica of the engine he worked on in the factory. Then one day he called at the engineering department of the company. Out of his pocket he took a sheet of paper. On it was a design for a new type of wrench - a simple gadget which now enables Harris and his co-workers to tighten six bolts at once - cutting the operation from four hours to 40 minutes.

The bottleneck was broken.
Similar inventions and ideas to speed our war machine abound. Some are simple, others


INVENTION. Aircraft Worker Senick's device speeds the output of plane gears


ONE-MAN FACTORY. William Morris won an award that, big plants covet


TRIPLE UINNER. WPB cited Max Harris for three vital labor-saving ideas

## NON-SECRET WEAPON...

It's plain, old-fashioned American ingenuity. Here's how some tough production problems have been unexpectedly solved by heroes in overalls

## by Lawrence Stessin

more complex: many are so valuable that descriptions of them must be limited to the words "military secret." But whether their contributions are publicly announced or not, the men who make them do not go unrecognized. Like heroes on the battlefield, our heroes of the production line are honored, too. Workers whose exceptional suggestions have helped to increase the output of war goods receive special citations from

## ON THE

Hover Donald M. Nelson. chief of the War Production Board.
Not all the award winners have earned their spurs by originating time-saving devices. Thousands of unsung men and women are doing their bit in outproducing the Axis through sheer sweat and elbow grease.
Consider William Morris, the veritable oneman factory. By day, Mr. Morris, a postman in the town of Rockville Center, N. Y., keeps Uncle Sam's mail moving. At night he works at a homemade lathe manufacturing spokes for the steering wheels of our merchant ships.

In two months of "spare time" he has turned out equipment for hundreds of ships. The other day Mr. Morris paused long enough to accept a Maritime award for meritorious service on the home front.

## Special Delivery

Lost in the drama of battle is this hitherto untold tale of a group of anonymous American workmen who played a nick-of-time role in our victory at Midway. Just a few days prior to that historic battle, word reached a California plant that American forces were in a hurry for more bombers. At that very moment a fleet of powerful Flying Fortresses was almost ready, lacking only certain minor parts. Those missing castings were in manufacture by a firm back East. An anxious telephone call went through. The president of the Eastern plant put the problem up to his workers.
All that day and night the men toiled feverishly at their machines and benches. When dawn broke, the parts were complete
and immediately flown across the continent. A few minutes after the castings were installed, the bombers took off. They arrived at a Pacific base early on June 3. By noon, four of the ships went into action in the Battle of Midway. They arrived just in time to sink two Jap aircraft carriers a toll which may well have turned the fight from defeat to victory.
No less exciting was a home-front performance which took place in a steel mill about the time our flyers were blasting the Japs at Midway. In Pittsburgh the vortex of a furnace used in molding the sides of fighting ships suddenly broke down from overwork. To fix it, the furnace fires would have to be banked. That meant production would be shut down for at least a week, and serious delay in the nation's shipbuilding program. But there was no shutdown. A repair crew volunteered to tackle the job while the furnace fire still roared. They climbed up the unmercifully hot outer shell and in six blistering hours mended the break while the men in the plant just kept 'em rolling. For this death-defying feat the intrepid five won medals, which they now proudly wear - on their overalls.
Such are the examples of fortitude and ingenuity which prove that the man behind the machine has more to contribute to our war effort than just a day's work for a day's pay.
He has ideas.
And ideas are weapons.
The End

# Now. Actual Proof of New Skin Beauty for 2 out of 3 Women in 14 days! 

## BETTER COMPLEXIONS PROVED BY 9 DOCTORS IN 402 TESTS ON ALL TYPES OF SKIN!

Never before have the women of America witnessed proved results so startling and sensational!

$\mathrm{A}^{\top}$T LAST! Not just a promise of beauty . . . but $\mathbf{A}_{\text {actual proof! For scientifically conducted }}$ tests on 402 women, under the supervision of 9 doctors, have now proved conclusively that in 14 days a new method of using Palmolive Soap brings better complexions to 2 out of 3 women . . . with spectacular ease!

Yes, after separate scientific tests on 402 *omen with all types of skin_old, young, dry and oily -these doctors report: "Softer, smoother skin! Less oiliness! Less dryness! Clearer skin! Complexions more radiant . . . glowing . . . sparkling! And these were just a few of the specific improvements which we found to be true." Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking -a way to beautify your complexion that really works. So start this new Palmolive way to beauty_today.


## here is the proved new method:

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then each time take one minute more_a full 60 seconds_and massage Palmolive remarkable beautifying lather into your skin like a cream. It's that 60 -second massage with Palmolive's rich and wondrously gentle beautifying lather that works such wonders. Now rinse thoroughly_that's all.

## HERES PROOF THIS METHOD WORKS AT HOME!

Naturally, you wonder "Will Palmolive's New Beauty Method work for me?" Well, here is the answer__not from us, but from hundreds of women all over the country-women who tried out this new method, right in their own homes! And 683 of them have already reported to us -with results every bit as sensational as those reported by the doctors! Actually, far more than 2 out of 3 of these women write that, in only 14 days, Palmolive brought them greater shin beauty than anything they had ever used before! Chances are, it will do the same for you! So start using Palmolive Soap . . . today!

PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

[^5]NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS:


Lily Thorndyke's emotions toward women were as a rule vaguely amiable. In truth, women did not impinge much upon her horizon. Lily was, not to put too fine a point on it, a man's woman.
But on the evening of Sumner Bryce's party, when she first met Carol Burke, her feelings were primitive to a turn. A certain yearning seized her to dig her rosy nails into Carol's becomingly tanned epidermis, for no apparent reason. Or for any hardly apparent reason. The fact that Carol kept pawing at Jason, Lily's own, new and delightful husband, and prattling to him of the good old days they'd had together, might have had something to do with it.
And Jason kept on laughing appreciatively, and abetting the woman with "And remember, Caro?"
Caro! This diminutive struck Lily as odiously offensive. So Lily, her calm common sense for once immersed in irritation, walked into her own trap.
"We've been missing you at the hunts, Jason," Carol was saying. She turned punctiliously to Lily. "I don't suppose you go in for riding to hounds, do you?"
Now Carol was possibly five years younger than Lily; but implicit in her question and the stressed deference of her tone, was the picture of Lily doddering toward her eighties while she, Carol, remained a charming chit of a girl.
Lily simply couldn't take it. "Oh yes, indeed," she said heartily. "How I used to enjoy the hunts at the Tor di Quinto in Rome. And the breakfast afterward with the dear Duchessa!"
The moment Lily had made this statement, she regretted it. All of it was true, but for one little point. Lily, though born and bred in New York State, had lived brightly and

# Tady Be Clapetail! 

"These may be my last words to You," said Lily, "so treasure them carefully: Never have anything to do with a horse!"

by Ellen Gatti<br>Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

dangerously over the face of Europe until the war had driven her home. She had attended hunts at the Tor di Quinto. She had been a guest at the Duchessa's famous breakfasts. But strictly as a sports spectator. Lily and saddle leather had never met.
"Why, Lily, I didn't know you rode!" Jason exclaimed - obviously delighted.
"How odd!" was Carol's comment. Any woman would have understood that her look of sceptical surprise was the deadliest of insults.
"We just haven't got round to it yet," said Lily.
Her eye met Jason's, and the pleasant realization that in their short married life there'd been more pressing matters to deal with than hunts and horses, passed between them. Then their host joined them; the whole thing washed out of Lily's mind.
$I_{\text {T was not, in fact, until three days later }}$ that horses again galloped into Lily's happy existence. They had been uncommonly crowded days, and nobody had chanced to bring the subject up.
Then Jason came home and said, "I've accepted an invitation for us which I know you'll like. Caro has asked us down to her place on Long Island for a hunt week end after next."
"Oh!" said Lily, trying to conceal the jolt she sustained in the midriff. She clutched hastily at a straw. "I didn't suppose one held hunts in wartime," she said. "It doesn't seem patriotic."
"This one is," said Jason. "Caro's been awfully clever in organizing it. She's let in a lot of outsiders, and everyone kicks in for the USO. Anyway," he added, "this'll be the last hunt for the duration. I'm darn glad we'll get one in together."

This was Lily's moment to escape. She opened her mouth to tell Jason the truth, but at that exact instant he said, "Caro's a swell girl, isn't she? Wait till you see her on a horse. She's a beaut of a rider."

Lily closed her mouth. Carol's insulting look returned to her forcibly. Carol had known, Lily was absolutely certain, that she, Lily, had lied.
"You two," Jason went on fatuously, "will be a picture together." Lily's lush blonde beauty was classic, while Carol looked slightly like Dolores Del Rio.
"Where did you see Carol?" Lily asked, to gain time.
"We had lunch together. You don't mind, do you, Lily?"
"But, of course not. She's an old friend of yours, isn't she?"'
"Oh, Carol and I grew up together," said Jason easily.

Lily was in a fix. She saw all angles of it with appalling clarity. She simply could not admit that she had allowed Carol to goad her into such a stupid and vulgar boast. She simply could not cut this horrible figure before Jason - and Carol!
Jason chose this moment to kiss her leisurely, behind an ear.

Lily melted in his embrace, but inwardly she writhed. "I bet you'll be a knockout," murmured Jason.
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {HE Riding Academy was, Lily decided at }}$ first glance, the most loathsome place she had ever seen. She did not find the pungent stable odor inspiring. The riding master was a repulsive little bowlegged runt named Joe, with a gap between his front teeth.

Lily had not reached her decision and her destination lightly. She had fumed and raged all the night - or at least for a good hour.


But only one solution emerged crystal clear. Somehow, in the two weeks at her disposal, she had to learn to ride. For Lily, who considered all for: is of exercise barbaric, the decision was cataclysmic.
Joe shook his head mournfully. "I'd advise against it, lady," he said. His eye roved over her form with a clinical regard for her bone structure that was immensely disconcerting.
"Nonsense," said Lily curtly. "I mean to learn to ride."
Joe scratched his head. "Anyway, I'm about to close up here. I'm doing volunteer coastal patrol duty down on Long Island. It'd be hard to work you in."
"But I must learn to ride," said Lily earnestly. "You simply must help me."
Lily's violet eyes seldom beseeched a male without results. Joe grunted. "All right, lady," he told her," "I guess we can manage. You got an outfit?"
"I'll order one today from my tailor."
"You can pick up a pair of practice breeches for the meantime."
"Breeches?"
"Yes, lady. What did you expect to wear?"
"Why, an kabit d'amazone, naturally."
"A what?"
"A riding habit. You know -" she sketched airily the gesture of a lady gathering up the long skirt of her habit.
"You mean you want to ride sidesaddle?" Joe demanded incredulously.
Lily looked at him blankly. It had never occurred to her that in America the European manner of riding was not the mode.
"Of course I've got a couple of old sidesaddles if you want to learn that seat," Joe said, "but nobody rides like that any more."
"How preposterous! Do you mean that all the ladies at the hunt will ride astride?"
"Sure they will," said Joe. "I doubt if any


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of 'em ever even saw a sidesaddle in their life."
Lily sighed profoundly. This was going to be far worse than she'd bargained for. But it was hers not to reason why.
"Where's the best place to get those breeches you spoke of?"
"There's a little place around the corner."
Lily thoughtfully wended her way around the corner. But as she wended, a faint will-o'-the-wisp of hope be gan to dance before her.

Ir was well for the happy home life of Jason Thorndyke that his publishing business took
him to the Coast at this
juncture Lily, in the days that followed, was a sight to crack a heart of granite. On the third night, when the crisis was at its worst, she even rode Bernice, her maid and a sceptical soul by nature, to the point of tears.
"Madame," she wept as she ministered, "you will kill yourself."
"I'm as good as dead already," moaned Lily. "And if these should be my last words to you, Bernice, treasure them. Never have anything to do with a horse" She moved unwisely, and emitted a sharp yelp. "Do you think another pillow here might ease you?" asked Bernice.
Lily ignored the pillow. "If I die during the night, Bernice," she said dramatically, "remember - Mr. Thorndyke is never to know of this."
"Never, Madame," Bernice promised tearfully.
Each evening, Lily called on all the saints to witness that she would never, never, again approach a horse. Yet each morning she delivered her stiff, aching, lacerated body into the grim hands of that arch-torturer, Joe.

Three things drove her on. First, she was by nature one who, having laid her hand to the plow, never țurned back - though she sometimes cut many a fancy furrow.
Second, she wasn't going to lose face before Carol, and let Jason down, if it killed her
Thirdly, there was the thrifty impulse that she didn't want to waste all that good pain and suffering by quitting now.

By the time they boarded the train for Long Island, however, Lily could lower the rear portion of her anatomy onto the plush without visible signs of agony. She felt decidedly Marie Antoinettish, and the guiliotine loomed large. Joe had warned her in no uncertain terms that she'd break her neck if she got any but the gentlest horse. And it did not take a high voltage of feminine intuition to imagine the mount Carol would select for her.

Still, she had gambled her all on her will-o'-the-wisp, and its glimmering faintly sustained her.

The morning of the hunt could not have been fairer.

Lily, who had prayed for rain, hail, a tornado or a blizzard, could only regard the brazen Dlue sly as a personal affront.
She made her entrance on the scene a little late.
Her golden hair was knotted low on her neck, and gleamed through the sheer black veil swathing her smart little derby.
A black cape fell to her boots. She looked so superlatively beautiful that Jason, who had preceded her, gasped.

Horses and dogs and grooms, gentlemen in pink coats and ladies

in masculine attire milled about the courtyard.
"Lily dear," cried Carol. "I was afraid you'd changed your mind and weren't coming!"
"I?" said Lily lightly.
"That's your mount over there" - Carol pointed with her crop "He needs a good firm hand on the bit."
Lily looked at the horse. Horsemen might have described the beast as a fractious Irish hunter who'd been given too much oats and too little exercise. To Lily, he seemed a mammoth creature breathing fire and brimstone.
Well, it was now or never. Lily braced herself and played her will-'-the-wisp. Tossing her cape to a groom, she revealed herself, a stunning figure clad in a well-cut habit d'amazone.
With one gloved hand she unfastened the loop that held up the train of her habit, and took a few indifferent steps toward the horse. Then she turned, and beamed upon Then 8
" "So sorry to be a nuisance," said she, "but I'll have to ask you to have the horse re-saddled. I've never ridden astride, you know.'
"My dear, how quaint!" cried Carol.
She gave a small shriek which focussed everybody's attention. "How adorably quaint!"
Lily relaxed a little. Better be quaint than fall off the horse.
"And what luck!" Carol went on. "I've an old saddle of Mother's. I noticed it just the other day." She gave a crisp order to a groom.

IIIL's knees shook so they nearly buckled under her.

Until this horrible moment she had not realized how deeply she had counted on that fiend Joe's words "Doubt if any of 'em ever even saw a sidesaddle" - to provide an elegant exit.
Though she had put herself through the hoops to prepare for this very disaster if it should befall, she had never actually believed it would befall.

Now only a Miracle straight from heaven could save her.
Lily stared balefully at The Horse, which appeared to be trying to kick the roof off the stable out of sheer excess of vitamins A, B, C and D. She stared so intently that the Miracle took her unawares. She did not
perceive the sudden clatter of hooves as a stranger rode into the courtyard.

She did not notice the sudden buzz of comment. It was Carol's voice, raised in sharp protest, that recalled her.

Lily turned her head. Carol's face was as black as a thundercloud.
Hunched forward on a big horse, a little man was cracking orders at her. Lily's gaze came to rest upon his face, then clung in mute astonishment.

Then Jason swung toward her, grinning. "Coast Guard's got a tip a U-boat is going to try to land saboteurs tonight. They've commandeered us all for patrol work.'
"Women, too?" asked Lily faintly.
Jason shook his head disdainfully. "They need all the horses, though. It's rough on you girls."
He was, Lily saw, pleased as Punch. All the gentlemen were pleased.

All the ladies drooped despondently around Carol, as hoof-beats died away down the road.
"I can't understand," said Carol crossly, "how they knew to come here on this particular day."

Lily remained aloof from the chorus of speculation. If anyone had ever told her that the sight of Joe the Torturer would be pleasing, she would never have believed it. But the vision of him, hunched on his big horse, cracking orders at Carol, was now enshrined in a hallowed spot in her memory.
"Dear old Joe," thought Lily fondly. "Thank heavens I told him all about the hunt."
"How about some bridge?' Carol was proposing lamely. A parcel of women in riding clothes to entertain for the day was clearly on the grim

"We could add the winnings to the USO fund," said Lily helpfully.

Carol herded her guests toward the house.

But Lily tripped lightly after her hostess.

For bridge was Lily's dish.
The End


IJUST had a birthday, an' I got a letter from my mother that I'm gonna let you read.
It kinda seemed to me she hit an idea worth thinkin' about, now that we're on top $o^{\prime}$ the New Year.
"Dear Son," she wrote, "I don't guess you remember your first New Year's. You were only a few days old and I was terribly weak and sick. There was a cold wind blowing outside that crept
through the cracks of the house. "Some of your uncles and aunts came in for a little while and tried to cheer me up. And your dad got up in the night and put one of his covers on my bed, and spread his overcoat on his own bed.
"I lay there scared to death of the future. Of course, you were welcome and I loved you, but I couldn't see how everything was going to work out. It wasn't easy
to face the future with all its uncertainties.
"But I got well, and you grew up, and the other children came along and they grew up. And times got better, and you all married and raised your own families. Now I sometimes laugh at that scared little mother.
'I guess, Son, Old Mother Earth is going through some birth pangs these nights. Birth is always hard, and when you think of Mother Earth trying to give birth to a better world, you've got to expect some labor pains. And there must be some sacrifice, I suppose, even the lives of many of Mother Earth's children.
"But I think many of us will live to see this better world. And I'm praying that you and your kids will live to enjoy it - even as you have already lived to enjoy a better world than I brought you into. So may the New Year be happy, Son, and God bless you. - Mother."


## Be On Time!

While the nation's at war, promptness is a social "must"

## by Eimily PPost

Now that our thoughts are centered on the winning of the war, the importance of timing is realized by us all. Yet not very long ago this word "timing" was unfamiliar except to the directors of radio and screen, the coaches of sports or the industrial efficiency experts.

The aspects of timing which come within my own province are those which apply to human characteristics. These are aided by perfect timing, or handicapped by lack of timing.

An essential requirement of social skill is knowing when to go forward, and how long to stay. One whose whole sense of timing is lacking is the visitor who overstays his welcome, or the speaker who talks on and on until people look at their watches and shake them to see if they can still be going, or the person who postpones a letter of thanks or sympathy so long that the warmth has grown chilled.

Among the younger generation, there is a new awareness of timing. I might cite Sally Spoilding as an example. Six months ago when meeting her best boy friend in the lobby of a restaurant for lunch, she thought nothing of how long she kept him waiting, but was rather annoyed by the abruptness when he had to rush back to the office.

When he came to the house to take her to the theater, she would let him sit talking with her family while she took her time to put on the finishing touches of her make-up. In greater part this was to let her "make an entrance." It did not occur to her that her "entrance" would have been much more pleasing to him had
it made possible their seeing the beginning of the first act!
Today, however, note the change: Not only is she downstairs long before the time set, but out on the front steps anxiously watching for a familiar figure in a khaki uniform who, she knows, may not even appear - who may have gone without a chance to say goodby.
Before the war, the question about time invariably asked me was how long to wait for guests who came late to meals. At present, however, questions about guests invited to meals are comparatively feuc. The question most often asked is what to do about happen-in visitors who come so late (or stay so long) that they interfere with the routine. Surely everyone goWAR TIME ing to see a neighbor who has no maid should be thoughtful when late afternoon approaches and should be able to ask frankly: "Tell me, won't you, when you want to begin getting the supper?" If the hostess smiles weakly and says hesitatingly: "I don't think it's very late," a visitor who has any sense at all will certainly leave in a very few moments. On the other hand, if the hostess replies in a positive tone of voice: "Oh don't go yet. I have lots of time; I haven't a thing to do for almost an hour," a visitor would plainly be permitted to stay for twenty minutes or even a little longer.
The answer to the question of how a hostess could courteously tell visitor that she had no further time to give her was, until the war, "she couldn't." But now that promptness in every war situation so definitely a factor which can't be set aside, a hostess who is due at hospital or on post frankly looks at her watch and rises to go! Or a visitor, even in the middle of another's half finished narrative, not only can, but must, break in with: "Sorry! but I'm due at my station in ten minutes! Goodby!"'
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## by

SENATOR
HARRY F. BYRD
Next Week!

Page Seventeen

THE wind was coming down the lake, and Roger set off across it on a broad reach, a course that would take them out beyond the islands, and out of sight from the shore.
That was the place Roger Hayes had selected for the . . . accident.
Big and blond and looking a few years older than he really was, Roger himself was at the helm. His partner, Dan Wheeler, lounged comfortably on the high side of the little sailboat, just aft the shroud.
"We'll really take a dusting when we get out there!" Dan shouted above the wind. His lean, freckled face was glowing. He was crazy about sailing, and wind and wave never seemed to bother him, even though he was an indifferent swimmer. "If this is our last sail together, it's going to be a honey!"
He was thinking of what Roger had said when they started out: "This may be our last sail together, Dan; the way things are going at the office, I'm thinking of selling the old girl."
"That'll be tough," Dan had said soberly. "But it might be the smart thing to do, Rog. I doubt things are going to pick up much for us in the near future.'

It was perfectly obvious to Roger that things were not going to pick up in the near future for the firm of Wheeler \& Hayes, Architects.

Building was slow, and priorities was a word with a thousand meanings and a million implications. Actually, it was Dan himself who had put this whole idea into Roger's head, weeks before, during one of their all-too-frequent discussions of finances.
"It's a tough situation, and there's nothing we.gan do about it, Rog. No use kidding ourselves any longer: we're going to be splitting two ways what would be just a fair living for one, until things start breaking again. But if a married man can get along, I guess a bachelor can, eh?"
$\mathrm{T}_{\text {Hat one significant phrase had kept com- }}$ ing back to Roger: ". . . splitting two ways what would be just a fair living for one." If there were only one of them, there wouldn't be any split; their partnership agreement took care of that. Mona, Dan's wife, would get his insurance, paid for by the firm; the business would belong to Roger.
An idea like that could grow upon you. It could hammer at you all day, and haunt you by night. Success had been easy for Roger. He'd always made a lot of money, and spent every penny of it. He couldn't learn to get along without it.

But Roger was not a fool. More than that, he wasn't taking any chances. An accident was an accident, and the smartest cop in the world couldn't prove otherwise.
Roger had thought about it so much, planned it all so carefully, that it all seemed like a matter of course now. He felt a little flushed and feverish, and his heart was pounding just a bit harder than usual, but that was all.
THE little sailboat slipped out from between two islands, and leaped like a live thing as the full force of the wind struck. Dan whooped joyously; this was what he liked.
Roger glanced up at the peak of his sail, and down at the lee rail, which was running just under the surface. "This is the life, Dan," he shouted. He looked all around, carefully. There was one sail in sight, but it was just a remote fleck of white. Behind them, nothing but the islands; ahead, only water, cut off from the sky by the dark, thin line of the distant shore.
Carefully Roger brought the boat closer to the wind, and when she was pointing exactly where he wanted her, he suddenly

hauled in the mainsheet, so that the craft heeled sharply, and the rushing water foamed up to the very edge of the cockpit.
Dan leaned far out on the high side to counterbalance the boat, just as Roger had known he would do - and at that instant, Roger slammed the tiller hard down.
As the boat came about, the mast straightened up like a released spring. The sail filled on the opposite tack, and the side of the boat upon which Dan had been sitting plunged under water. With a shout of alarm, Dan let go the jib sheet and grabbed the steel wire of the shroud, the rushing water tugging at his submerged, wildly flailing body.
"Rog!" he screamed. "Help me!"
Roger watched him without moving, holding the boat on its course. His heart thumped loudly, the blood rushing in his ears. Wouldn't the fool ever let go?
"Roger!" Dan's eyes were bulging now with the strain. "For God's sake - "
He was gone, and Roger drew in a deep sigh of relief. He looked back, and saw Dan come up floundering. Roger started throwing lifesaver cushions at him; there were four in the boat and he threw them all - carefully
wild, where Dan couldn't possibly reach them.

The sails were flapping thunderously. Twice he almost capsized, which would have been perfectly satisfactory to Roger, for he had planned on the possibility, and staged the accident so that the boat would drift by beyond Dan's reach.

It would have been unpleasant, riding the partially submerged hull for an hour or so, until he was rescued or washed ashore, but that was all.
In three or four minutes it was all over. Dan was gone, and the cushions had drifted almost out of sight. Roger was wet to the skin, and felt bruised and shaken all over. He couldn't have put on a better show if he'd had a thousand spectators. Carefully, he cruised up and down, to make sure there was no sign of Dan, and when he was positive, he headed for the dock.
$\boldsymbol{I}_{\text {Is story was short, simple. He told them }}$ exactly what he had planned to tell them:
"It was all my fault!" he said with convincingly bitter self-reproach. "We were out on the big stretch. There was a lot of wind;
about all we could handle. I called out 'Ready about!', but I didn't look to make sure Dan underatood, and apparently he didn't hear me over the wind. He went overboard in a flash. I threw him all the cushions, and tried to get back to him, but you fellows know what it is to sail singlehanded in a stiff wind, with the jib flapping like a rag, and - in a spot like that, you're all thumbs. It was awful!"
So somebody gave him a drink, and everybody tried to tell him that accidents are horrible things, but they will happen. And that was all there was to it.
Oh, there was the coroner, and the inquest, and a session with old Ed Beck, the sheriff, but those things were just formalities. Roger told the same story every time, with just variation enough to make it sound natural.
The toughest job of all, really, was the business conference with little Mona Wheeler, Dan's wife, after it was all over.
She was apparently so stunned by what had happened that she just sat there staring at him, nodding her head once in a while, and twisting her handkerchief. "I understand," she said drearily, when he had finished. "I knew most of the details. Dan told me. Is
there - anything else that I should know - ?" ' $N$ o, Mona. Unless there's something I can do for you. If there's anything at all -"
"Nothing." she said quietly. "Absolutely nothing." Roger sub-leased what had been Dan's office, and fired one of the girls. A couple of rather nice commissions that had been hanging fire came through. By-midsummer Roger Hayes, Architect, had not a worry in the world. He sold his little sailboat and bought a larger one from young Jimmy Grear, who was going into the Army. Got it at his own price.

$\mathbf{H}_{\mathrm{E}}$$\mathbf{H}_{\text {E olvN't see much of Mona, and he was glad of }}$ that. Mona had never liked him particularly, and probably it was only natural that she should feel still less friendly now. She might even have ideas about the accident; she and Ed Beck, the sheriff, had been very chummy at the inquest, and Roger was pretty sure that Ed had been a little suspicious ... which didn't mean anything, because Ed was suspicious of everything. That was what made him such a good sheriff that he'd held the job, no matter how the political tide went, for at least fifteen years.
But if Ed had had ideas, he obviously had forgotten them. He'd taken up sailing, and Roger ran into him often at the dock where they both kept their boats. He was always very friendly, and he loved to talk.
'I don't know's I'll ever make a sailor, Roger." he said one afternoon late in the summer. "I guess there's a lot to that saying about teaching an old dog new tricks. I don't get the hang of setting my sail right to get the most drive out of it, and the same goes for the jib. Some afternoon mebbe you wouldn't mind giving me some pointers, eh?"
Roger's first impulse was to pass up the very obvious bid, but that wouldn't have been smart. No harm ever came to anybody by being friendly with a sheriff - and Ed had undoubtedly been waiting for him. Roger always went sailing Saturday afternoons when there was a good breeze and the weather was fair. "How about now?" Roger said with forced joviality, "I'm going out, and I'd be glad to have company."
"Well, that's mighty fine of you, Roger." Ed's face beamed. "I was hoping you'd say something like that."
Ed wasn't as bad a sailor as Roger had imagined. After Roger had cautioned him a few times to ease off the jib sheet, so that the jib wouldn't back-wind the mainsail, he was a pretty good crew, and he grinned all over when Roger complimented him. "I used to sail some when I was a kid." he admitted. "But you forget an awful lot. It's working the mainsail and tiller together that seems to get me down. I wish I could handle a boat like you can."
"It's not so difficult. Look; there's a nice breeze out here. You skipper her for a while, and maybe I can set you right on a few things."
It was a long lesson. Ed was full of questions, but he learned quickly, and it was a pleasure to show the old boy a few of the fine points of sailing. "Maybe," Roger suggested at length, "we'd better be turning back. The wind's freshening, and it looks as though it might get puffy, later on.'
IT was only a minute or so later that it happened. Roger was leaning out on the high side, looking up at the sail. Suddenly, the boat seemed to drop from beneath him, and plunged him into the water.
He fought his way up, and shook the water from his eyes. The boat was some little distance away, but it was turning. and starting back. Ed was handling her beautifully.
Roger reached down and pulled off both shoes. He wasn't much of a swimmer, but he could manage to stay afloat until Ed reached him; it would take only a few seconds. But as the boat came close, it veered away. Roger shouted angrily. "Here I am, damn it! Throw me a cushion or a rope - quick!"
"No," said Ed calmly, spilling wind from the sail, and keeping the boat just beyond Roger's reach. "I'd kind of like you to know just how Dan Wheeler felt when he went under for the last time. You got that coming to you, Roger."
"You're crazy! What do you mean? Pull me aboard that boat, do you hear? I can't swim!"'
"You can swim every mite as good as Dan Wheeler could. You didn't pull him aboard.'
Roger started cursing, and went under. He came
up strangling and frightened. "I couldn't! Ed! Get me on board, I tell you, before I drown!"
Again the Sheriff shook his head. "Not until you tell me the truth," he said. "You toppled Dan in just like I did you, didn't you? On purpose, I mean?"
"No! It was an accident, I tell you!"
The Sheriff shrugged, and studied the shaking peak of the mainsail, waiting. Roger went under again, and in that instant the fear of cold, dark death struck home. "Yes, I did it!" he screamed when he broke water. "Pull me in! I did it, I tell you!"
The boat eased close, but not quite close enough. The Sheriff said, "But he didn't pop off quite as quickly as you did. He grabbed something. Held onto it quite a spell. What was it?"
"The shroud!"
"That's what I thought. You did murder Dan!"
"Yes! Ed! For God's sake - "
The Sheriff reached out a long, skinny arm; Roger grabbed it with both hands, and a moment later was stretched out, weak and trembling, in the cockpit.
"It was a trick!" he muttered. "You did it deliberately. The whole thing was a trick."
"That's right. Just a trick. You see, I've known all along there was something awfully wrong with your story. You said time and again that Dan Wheeler just fell backward off the boat, and was far astern before you could do a thing - but the palms of his hands said different. He'd held onto something as only a desperate man, a drowning man, mebbe, would hold on. Plenty long enough for you to have saved him had you been so minded."
"Why didn't you say something at the time?"
"Because it wasn't a case. You can't get a conviction on that sort of evidence, Roger. It's too circumstantial. But a confession, now, that's different."
Roger waited a moment before he replied. He thought hard and straight and fast.
"I haven't confessed a thing. Ed," he said quietly. "I don't know what you're talking about. And my word's as good as yours, you know."
"Why, so it is. But two against one is pretty good in a court of law, with some good circumstantial evidence," said Ed. "Mrs. Wheeler, come out now!"

Roger turned, following Ed's gaze. From beneath the deck, where she had been hidden, came Mona Wheeler. Her slacks were filthy with bilge water, and she was so cramped she could hardly straighten up, but her small, pale face was shining in cold triumph. "I heard every word," she said.
"Fine." Ed nodded. "It worked out just like we planned, didn't it? But you must be awful uncomfortable; you were hidden away there at least an hour before Roger showed up, and we've been out longer than that."
"It was nothing!" the woman said bitterly. "Ever since you showed me Dan's poor, torn hands, and told me what you thought, I've been waiting for this moment.".

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IF YOUR RETURN IS MADE OUT FOR YOU

Many people have thei returns prepared for them by bookkeepers, account-
ants or agents of the ants or agents of the Treasury Department. But
your counsel can't know of some of the deduction to which you are justly entitiled unless you report them to him. Among the listed in this book there are many which are not direetly connected with
your job or business. Find your job or business. Fin expected to take. so you may tell your counse
about them!

# The sinday star 



## Aboard a Coast Guard 'Corsair'


From the Widener Collection at the National Gallery




## IT'S A IDATE

By W. E. Hill




Picture Pattern of the Week


"The Picture of the Week"
of the National Gallery of Art is "The Mill," by Rembrandt. It will be the subject of a brief daily this week, Monday through Saturday, at $12: 40$ and 1 1. $\mathrm{pm} . \mathrm{m}^{2}$, and next Sunday at



Members of the WAAC Life Guard Corps at Daytona Beach man the recruits during their off-duty surf bathing at the new WAAC training center at the Florida resort.


An in-boat view of a WAAC life guard team mastering the oars of a surfboat under the instruc
tion of Bert Powell, captain of the Daytona Beach Red Cross Life Saving Corps.


$\leftarrow_{\text {She had heord }}$ about it in the Army
the K. P. chore of
peeling spuds. Now peeling spuds. Now
Ruby Newell of Long Beach, Calif,
WAAC recruit ot Daytona Beach,
knows more about


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# The siundixy stat 2 SECTIONS OF 

SECTION ONE-YOUR FAVORITE N WECTION TWO - COMIC WEEKLY STARS OF HUMOR \& ADVENTURE


WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1942

## Edgar Rtce Burroughs' [a heart of The -an An /L/L/L/1/1/



NEARBY WAS A STRANGE PASSAGE, LEADING TOA MAMHOTH CAVERN, WHIC'H



BUT A MOMENT LATER, TO HIS SURPRISE, HE STRUCK
SOLID EARTH.



TWO HOURS
TWO
LAER AS JENNY,
FLYINGAT SIX
THOUSAND
FEETIN
PERFECT
WEATHER.
NEARS THE
CIENGA
RANGE..



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Fun And Adventure In The Star's Daily Comics


CICERÓS CAT


时 BUD FISHER


## - SEERET OPERATIVE 4 E






PIT'S THE PERFESSER! THAT SOMETHIN …


PAGE 2


HAW-HAW- AND HOW ISIT



BAD, BAD-I'M BUTHON
SUST GOT
SRRUNG
FROMTHE TH
STIR!


HE CITY.........



## HMM-LET'S SEE--HOW DO

 OU SPELL REPRESENTATIVE ?? I OUGHT TO BE OLICE COMMISSIONERAND I CAN'T EVEN SPELL THAT
LASTED WORD


The Spirit


## PAGE 4




BUT AT THAT MOMNTF



The Spiris
MEANWHILE, IN DOLAN'S OFFICE
NOW LET ME SEE--AS I WAS


PAGE 6



PAGE 7


THE SKINNY ONE POINTED AT ME, AN' THEN IT WENT BANG-BANG AGAIN AN I DROPPED MY DOLL AN' : SOB: I FELL


SOON AFTER- ALL OVER TOWN!?


SPREAD IT AROUND! DOLAN'S GOT THE COPS OUT AGAIN - AND

THE SPIRIT'S ON THE WARPATH!!



IM AFRAID YOULL HAVE
TO STAY BOYS 1 TO STAY BOYS-


THERE IS NO ONE MORE VICIOUS THAN A COLD BLOODED KILLER-ANO DESPITE HIS EVERY EFFORT TO ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT, JUSTICE WILL TRIUMPH-* CRIME NEVER PAYS!


Lady Luek


## PAGE 10



PAGE 11


Lady Luck



Lady Luck


AGE 12


YOU TORPEDOES AREN'T OVERBURDENED WITH

BRAINS, ARE YOU?

 THEM OUT OF THE Y OF COURSE, BUT WE'O RATHER NE THEIR HELP... OH! AND BE REFUL OF THEIR CHIEF, 'IBN NO"-HIS WORD IS BOOD, BUT HE'S A CRAFTY
 HY'D HE GIVE ME THE BHI! - BRUSH OFF?? IS LOVE-SICK-- AND MT MAKES YOU AN MONENT! BUT ME-AND 1 ILL EX:


HIS WORD IS GIVEN, THAT WHICHEVER NATION IS THE MOST POWERFUL IN MAGIC, WE WILL SUPPORT... NOW IBN SAID, IS A JUST MAN, BUT ALAS- HE IS JUST A MAN!


AFRICA......TEN DAYS LATER-*


AND MANIS VON KNOLTE IS A
BEAUTIFUL AND CLEVER SOR: CERESS! SHE...WELLTAKE A LOOK!

PAGE 14


AS THE DAYS PASS, MANIS VON KNOLTE FALLS MORE AND MORE DEEPLY IN LOVE-


IF HE WERE OUT OF THE WAY-OR IF I WERE SURE MANIS WOULD WIN THE CONTEST OF MAGIC POWER, I COULD HAVE HER FOR MY-SELF--HMMM---M'GOGO, WE MUST THINK CAREFULLIY ABOUT THIS...

ANOTHER WEEX PASSES-VAINLY, MR. MYSTIC Tरiles TO KEEP MANIS AWAY FROM HM THE MORE HE RRE THE MORE SHE FOLLOWS HIMAND THEN ONE DAY-

PAGE 15
Mr. Mystic


DARLING-DARLING! PROVE THAT YOU LOVE ME - COME
BUT, AWAY WITH MEMANIS - I NOW-FOREVER! CAN'T! MY COUNTRY-
IT IS MY FIRST LOVE! IT IS MY FIRST LOVE!
I MUST DO MY DUTY !? (omil)


CALLING THE CONTESTANTS BEFORE HIM, IBN


HNG IN THE CENTER OF A FITID. COUPLE PROJECT THER INVISIBLE IRAL BODIES INTO TNE SKY...
IAR!-CHEAT! I

WHY IS M'GOGO FOLLOW--.
MLL DESTROY YOU-
MRTT


Past 16





[^0]:    Somples and reductions from stock-slightly
    soiled but one laundering will make em fresh as new snow. For women: Hand-embroidered or initial linens, cottons with colored border
    or lace trim. For men. . linens and cottons . also white cottons with colorful borders Handkerchiefs, Main Floor, F Street Building
    The Heche Co.

[^1]:    25-14.95 $1 \& 2$ 2.Pc. Afternoon Crepes! WOMEN'S DRESSES
     with tet fortering wives
    9.97 18 -10.95 1.PC. DRESSES $15-14.95$ 1.PC. DRESSES
    
    
     LANSBURGH'S-Women's Drever-seme morr

[^2]:    Here's how an unarmed soldier takes rifle with fixed bayonet away from enemy soldier-part of the training of infantrymen at Camp Atterbury, Columbus, Ind. (Left to right): Staff Sergt. Leonard
    Bell, Redwood Falls, Minn., reaches out and grabs rifle as Sergt. Marvin White, Chicago, parries; Sergt. Bell reaches over with his left hand and grabs wrist of Sergt. White; Sergt. Bell has slipped has made a half body turn in preparation to throwing White over his head as well as to protect his groin from possible injury

[^3]:    ## Fosyph gestling <br> Oosgpk Sperling

    Washington's oldest Exclustive Furriers

[^4]:    Tailored Shirts-with short sleeves.
    Drawstring necklines-rayon jersey styles.
    Pretty Prints-in rayon jerseys.
    Eyelet Embroidery-trimmed rayon crepe blouses
    White, Pastels, Red, Green, Black.

[^5]:    $\qquad$

