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TRAILER GIRL

By VERA BROWN

© Ladies

THE STORY THIS FAR

Lynn Morrow, beautiful blonde New York girl, is stranded in Palm Beach in her bathing suit and only a few cents when her employer, Mrs. Helen Warren, disappears with her car and trailer from a camp where she, Lynn, her son, and Lynn had been living. A note from Mrs. Warren advises Lynn to call at her New York attorney's office for her clothes and wages. She is rescued by Terry McGraw, whom she met at the beach. McGraw, who is a sailor, takes her to his home where he has a maid, a cook, and a butler. His sister appears and a quarrel ensues. Lynn goes to a hotel where she meets a stranger who takes her to his home where he has a maid, a cook, and a butler. His sister appears and a quarrel ensues. Lynn goes to a hotel where she meets a stranger who takes her to his home where he has a maid, a cook, and a butler. His sister appears and a quarrel ensues.

CHAPTER XIII

The weeks of Summer Sun. Lynn's life was a mad whirl of work, admiration, flowers, posing. Both Wild and Terry were giving the young woman the rush of her life.

The day after Lynn had first dined with Wild, Mr. Mortimer had telephoned the shop and asked her to stop off at his office on her lunch hour. It had been a queer interview and if Lynn's head had not been in such a whirl, she would have puzzled more about it at the time.

During the whole conversation Lynn wondered what Mr. Mortimer wanted. He seemed ill at ease, trying to find out something. It was not until she rose to leave that he remarked: "I saw you dining with Mr. Austin last night at 'The Fairway'."

"Yes, I met him once in Florida, in fact, the night I left there," Lynn's cheeks flushed.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

It was after 8 when Lynn finally left Rene. She had treated him some shops, but could not eat herself. She felt tired and tense. It was very hot and she dreaded her little apartment. As she walked out of the building, she heard her name called. It was Wild.

"I waited. Thought you might want to get cooled off."

Lynn accepted readily. "Just for a few minutes," she said.

"I wish you'd let me drive you out on Long Island," he said.

They rode in silence through the city traffic, over the bridge to the island. It was half an hour before traffic began to thin and Wild could step on it. The wind, the speed, the cooler air, were refreshing. Lynn was content just to ride on toward Great Neck, Wild said. "I'll bet you didn't eat any dinner."

"I had a cup of tea."

"We'll stop at a cool place I know."

"I look pretty hungry," Lynn said.

Wild did not even bother to answer. He pulled in at a sheltered little place on the shore and shortly they faced each other across the table.

"There, that's better." He touched her hand as it lay on the table. "Now I feel you're really forgiven me."

"There's nothing to forgive, really. I can see you might have been suspicious of me," Lynn replied. "It was all pretty crazy. But you were a little harsh."

He did not answer, but sat looking at her lovely, mobile face in the soft light from the table lamp.

"Yes, you're as lovely as I remembered you."

Lynn's cheeks colored unexpectedly under his eyes.

"I know what you're going to say. Please don't say it. Let me talk."

He moved restlessly. "I've done nothing but think of you since you left that night," he went on. "I tried to find you, but there wasn't a trace. I'd tried to make her look at him."

"Please, Mr. Austin."

"Lynn, look at me." She finally obeyed him.

"Do you believe me?" Under his intense gaze she had to answer honestly. "Yes."

"Will you let me see you now and then?"

Lynn hesitated. The conversation was getting well out of hand.

"Yes, if you wish," she finally said.

"Will you let me prove, too, all I want to say to you—and can't?"

She did not answer and he did not demand one.

When they left, although Lynn did not notice, they passed close to a group of people dining which included Mortimer. Mortimer saw Lynn and her companion, and turned away as she could not recognize him.

Wild came to get her to promise she'd come out to Long Island some week-end when his mother was having guests.

"I'm busy all week-end, for Monday I'm off and Rene works all day."

"You can't keep on working this way."

"For a while, until we're sure how Rene's pictures are going to stand the test."

"I want to ask you something. Are you in love with this artist?"

"Of course not," Lynn answered quickly, almost breathlessly, in a kind of panic.

He bent suddenly and kissed her on her red lips.

"Lynn, I'm going to make you love me whether you want to or not!" Then he let her go.

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Sherman Was Right, but Soldiers Still Take Fun as They Find It

WFO Service

"War is cruelty and you cannot refine it," said General William Tecumseh Sherman. Few people disagree with that statement, but there is a lighter side to war. Soldiers of every nation know that "all work and no play makes a dull war," and in seeking to amuse themselves, their humor takes a lusty turn.

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"Yes, I met him once in Florida, in fact, the night I left there," Lynn's cheeks flushed.

"It might be well not to mention you'd had business dealings with Mrs. Warren, or me," he said with apparent casualness.

So that was it. Lynn smiled a little. Men were so stupid. Why didn't he say that in the beginning, instead of making her feel like a fool?

"I won't mention it, Mr. Mortimer," she promised. "You know I won't."

Lynn hurried over to the studio to get Rene's breakfast the next morning and found him painting away for dear life.

Lynn had never seen him like this. A fever burned in his eyes as he worked.

It must have been after 5 when Marty came and found Rene still hard at it.

"Go away!" grumbled Rene. "Now, that's a welcome for you! I just wanted to see how the picture was coming."

Rene stood resolutely in front of the canvas. Marty, looking at Lynn's direct face, felt sorry for the girl. The studio was stifling. Marty pushed Rene aside and looked at the canvas. He gasped in surprise. There stood a slender, shapely figure in deepest moonlight. Marty recognized the quality instantly. It was a lovely thing. Wild had been right.

The guy could paint—real pictures, not sugar and water stuff. "Well, are you satisfied, now you've stuck your nose in here?"

"(Rene!) Lynn reported him for his rudeness.

"Think, nothing of it. I'm used to being teased by artists. I walked around the canvas. "Good." Then he thrust his hands into his pockets. "What now? What about the lady of the hour?"

"Can she go hang?"

Marty threw up his hands. "Whatever you say."

Rene threw himself upon a couch exhausted. The exhausted. Rene was lengthening in the big, bare room. Shortly, Rene was asleep.

Marty, signing from Lynn, tipped out, and she went with him.

In the next few days, Lynn had little time for anything except work. Rene was painting like a madman now the spirit moved him. He finished the picture, began planning an ice one.

He had finished the portrait of Lynn and it was carefully hidden away. He refused to allow anybody to see it, even Wild, who appreciated his work so much.

Lynn's vacation was over and she went back to Mrs. Rescued's again for the Fall showing as she had promised.

Just before Labor Day, Rene went off for a few days' vacation up to Marty's cabin in Connecticut and Wild insisted that Lynn should keep her promise and come up to South Hampton. She hesitated, but that the time had come.

"Does your mother know I'm the girl you brought home that night I left Florida?"

"Of course she doesn't. I told her about it at the time, but that's all."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain," Wild smiled at Lynn and said: "There is not one other person you can give Lynn to go to."

So Lynn agreed.

Wild was bringing Lynn down after work on Friday. He was waiting for her at 5:30, and he'd had his chauffeur pick up her bag at her room.

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. FARTON
Compiled Features—WYU Service.

NEW YORK—If there is a touch of hysteria as we prepare to prepare, it is more among the bosses than the operators. Counselors **Women Leaders** of important **Women Leaders** have been singing **We Think** been singing **With Calmness** lately calm and collected.

Currently, Mrs. Solie Orr Dunbar, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Miss Juliet M. Bartlett, the latter talking of the New York Women's City club, were calmness. Miss Bartlett says we "should keep our feet on the ground and our heads cool."

Mrs. Dunbar, addressing the federation convention at MIT, was calm, whereas the collective mood for thought, rather than emotion. "Never in our nation's history has there been a more desperate need for clear understanding," she says. Mrs. Dunbar's job is "community organization," leading this effort for the University of Chicago and local school. It is understandable that she should emphasize reasoned discussion rather than emotional endorsement. "Community organization" seems to describe our present national endeavor.

Elected to the presidency of the federation in 1938, for a three-year term, Mrs. Dunbar represents about 1,000,000 club women. She tells them, "We want women to tune in with modern life." A widow and grandmother, of pioneer stock, she has behind her a unique tradition of "collective organization." Her grandfather was the first white man to plant corn in Georgia, where she was born in a log cabin. Her family trekked on to Chicago, Kan., to Fresno, Calif., and thence to Oregon, where, after her graduation from the State university she taught school. She has served six years as executive secretary of the Oregon Tuberculosis association. She was one of six children and is the mother of a grown son and daughter.

A GOOD reporter these days should have a diploma from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Making inquiries among experts, we find the possibility of **Experts Assure** use of swift industrial and military preparation, this inquiry finds the answers reassuring, but complicated to be taken on faith, with political factors still an unsolved X in the equation. Both periodical and our encouraging is a general agreement by authorities that with all our armaments and following the industrial productivity in a three state is higher than in a slave state once it gets going.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau recently met with representatives of the machine tool industry in Washington to start team work on tooling and standardization for the mass production of planes. Participating were Dr. George Jackson Mead, vice chairman of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics. He accepts a newly created post, at \$10,000 a year, the office being established to facilitate decision on types of planes, with standardization of parts and swift production.

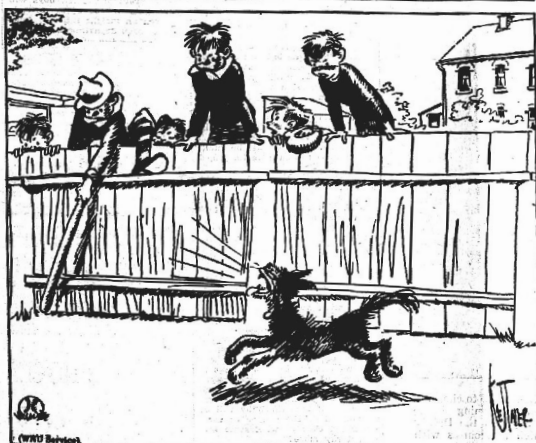
On technical qualifications, Dr. Mead shows a good report card, as one of the leading airplane designers of America. He received the Rydman Award of Honor, for 1939, for his technical contributions to the advancement of aviation, and his professional and business experience has covered both the technical and industrial field.

Dr. Mead attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1911 to 1915. In 1917, he was in charge of the power plants at the observatory of the United States air station at Dayton, Ohio. He then became a plane designer for the Wright-McCord Aircraft corporation. He later joined the Pratt & Whitney Co., and was chief engineer of the United Aircraft corporation. He is 49 years old, a native of Beverly, Mass.

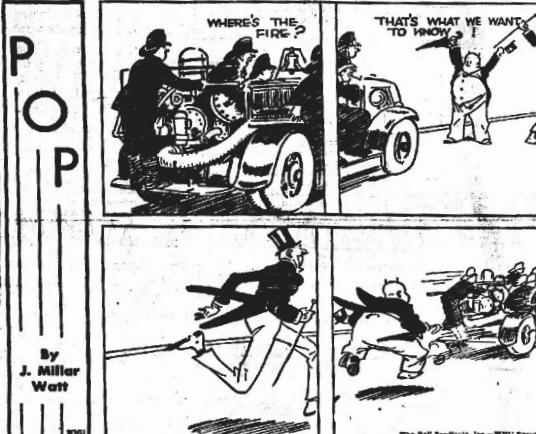
COOPERS and spoolers here, and men who know something about it, are in the James Farrell's play, over again, where specialized knowledge is shown at a time when the American steel industry is blue-printing a steel picture of national destiny. Walter A. Towne, a member of the American Iron and Steel Institute, which is the clearing house for plant and integrated steel-making in the industry. Mr. Towne is an expert in both economic and design.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



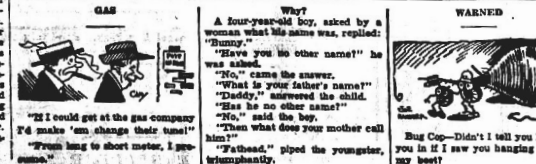
(WYU Service)



By J. Miller Watt



By C. M. Payne



GAS

A four-year-old boy, asked by a woman what his name was, replied: "Bunny."

"Have you got another name?" he was asked.

"No," came the answer.

"What is your father's name?"

"Daddy," answered the child.

"Has he no other name?"

"No," said the boy.

"Then what does your mother call him?"

"Father," piped the youngster, triumphantly.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Carter Field says that criticism of the President for the unpreparedness of the country is unfair... Rubber from Brazil becomes a lively topic of interest in official circles. (Staff Syndicate—WYU Service.)

WASHINGTON—President Roosevelt is being vigorously attacked in many quarters for the unprepared condition of national defense of the United States. Some of this criticism is fair, and some of it is not; but it is astonishing to anyone who has watched the wheels go round for years that so little of it is accurate.

The real criticism of the President—criticism which might be just, though some would certainly have to make it with their tongues in their cheeks—is that he did not start alarming the country about the condition of our army and navy at least four years ago.

The point is that, up until the Nazis demonstrated their bravery is of no avail against superior weapons. It is highly doubtful if any President could have obtained larger appropriations for national defense than Roosevelt did.

In the first place, despite our supposed efficient intelligence service, he would have found a good many generals and admirals opposing certain modernization plans which are now essential.

So that, had the President chosen to go to the country with the idea of securing our citizens into stirring up Congress to huge national defense appropriations, he would not have had a united front with which to oppose the pacifists plus the little army and navy men.

CAME DISILLUSIONMENT
It must be remembered that up until the invasion of Denmark and Norway there was a very large element, not only through the country, but in Congress, which believed that any nation that desired to do so could preserve its neutrality, and that it did not need an efficient national defense for that purpose.

As for the generals and admirals, who people are saying, should have warned Congress and the country, there are plenty of answers. In the first place, some of them did. But do you remember what happened to General William Mitchell? He found that just saying the things he believed—and which have since been to a large degree justified, he is not enough. He had to say more than he believed in order to shock the country, as he saw it, into a realization of the necessities of the situation.

That was why he used the word "warning" in his attacks on the senior officers he regarded as responsible. Everybody knew the man he attacked was not guilty of treason, and there was not much sympathy for him when he was court-martialed.

Roosevelt might easily have supposed had he tried to scare the country four years ago, two years ago, or even two months ago!

RUBBER, LIVELY TOPIC
Rubber from Brazil has become a much livelier topic of interest in the administration since the possibility not only that the allies might lose the war, but that the Dutch East Indies might eventually fall into other hands.

Of course, after the war is over, this country could always buy rubber from the islands which are now the Dutch East Indies. Even if they belong to Germany, or for that matter Japan—though Cordell Hull has certainly put his foot down on any change in his national status. But as officials here contemplate the various possibilities of a world with no British empire, and particularly a world with no friendly British fleet, the possibilities change considerably.

There would be no assurance in any future war that this country could maintain trade routes to the Dutch East Indies, even if it had its own shipping. It is still the notion, despite various alarmist predictions as to what the Nazis would do in South America, that this country could depend on a supply of rubber or anything else it might wish to buy from Brazil.

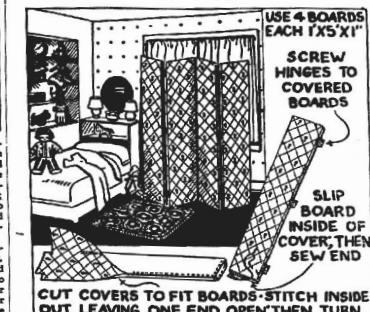
This view is held notwithstanding the fact that there are more rumors about a Nazi inspired revolution in Brazil than any other country in the world, except the Pan American Union.

But that is only one side of the picture. The other has been growing in importance since the outbreak of the German export to South America. British and French exporters are able to sell South America all they can produce, but our exporters, while the South American market is open, are in difficulty in getting payment.

The answer, of course, is that, it is clear to you at once that you have a few other things, this country does not want to buy many South American products.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



CUT COVERS TO FIT BOARDS—STITCH INSIDE OUT LEAVING ONE END OPEN THEN TURN

Do you need a screen to keep drafts from a child's bed? Or perhaps you would like to have a good-looking one to cut off the view from the dining room into the kitchen or from a bedroom into a bathroom? Well, here is an idea for that screen. Buy four well-seasoned boards each 1 foot wide; 1 inch thick and as long as the height you wish the screen to be; also 9 hinges of the 1-inch butt type used for cupboard doors. Next, select a smart cloth to cover your boards. To estimate the amount of cloth, multiply the height of the screen by three and then add 16-yard. Now, just follow the directions in the sketch and you will have your screen in no time.

And, by the way, if you are interested in making a collection of

AROUND THE HOUSE

Standing on a heavy rug or rubber mat will go a long way toward preventing fatigue during long periods of ironing.

Take advantage of the next windy day to clean your chimneys, coverings and curtains. Hang them on a clothes line and brush them quickly with a clean white broom dipped frequently in warm water.

Ice cubes or desserts are frozen faster in a mechanical refrigerator if a quarter-cup of water is poured on the freezing surface before the trays are put in place.

If you rinse a plate with cold water before breaking eggs on it, add to them a pinch of salt and then stand where there is a current of air, you will have no difficulty in beating them to a froth.

BRINGING ON MISCHIEF
To mourn a mischievous child that is past and gone is the next way to draw new mischief on.—Shakespeare.

NEW LINE FERRIS CORRUPT STEEL WAGON
KENT IS FULLY GUARANTEED
100% SATISFACTION
100% KENT

Golden Age
The age of gold was the age when gold did not rule.—Lesly de Marsillac.

For that marvelous can't-be-copied FLAVOR

SAY

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

BEFORE YOU SAY CORN FLAKES!

Switch to something you'll like!

MADE BY KELLOGGS IN BATTLE CREEK

The Housewife...

"Research Professor of Economy"

SHE'S not a P.D. or an I.L. She has a diploma or a cap and gown. Her course is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.

So reads the advertisement in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes her purchases so that she will deserve the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers them after them, as the years roll on, combining high quality with low.

It is clear to you at once that you... and all who make and keep a home... have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indolence into the faculty of frugal purchases!

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
