





SERIAL STORY
LOVERS AWEIGH

BY BETTY WALLACE

CAST OF CHARACTERS
JUDY ALCOTT—Admiral's daughter. She faced a choice between two navy sailors.

WILHELM CAMPBELL—Ambassador's son. He faced a choice between his wife and duty.

JACK HANLEY—Flying instructor. He faced a test of a patient love.

MARVEL HANLEY—Judy's new husband. He faced the test of being a good sailor.

Yesterday Jack warned Dwight that he had caused Judy too much grief already to bother her to write about Marvel's happy reunion.

CHAPTER VII
JUDY ALCOTT jumped between the two men. "Jack!" she implored. "Dwight! Please don't."

There had been too much said already. She suggested quickly. "If you're going after Marvel, Dwight, you ought to start right away. Before she'd had too much time to stew and make herself more furious."

Dwight left at once. Jack, his mouth tight, sat on the sofa while Judy went to the door with Dwight. When she returned he said, "Why don't you cut out interfering in his business?"

"He's blind... not to know what he's doing to you..."

But Judy only said, trying to smile brightly. "No. He's just madly in love with Marvel."

Jack grabbed her hands with sudden passion. "And you're madly in love with him. Aren't you?"

"No!" lied Judy, while she felt her very ears burning. "No, of course not. What makes you talk like that?"

She pulled her hands away from him. She said, "You must be hungry. Let's go in the kitchen and see what there is to eat."

But though he stayed all evening, Judy couldn't keep her mind on the things they talked about. It kept wandering queerly. Wondering what Dwight was saying to Marvel. Whether she was coming back. And wishing, fiercely, that she wasn't.

BUT Marvel did come back. Dwight told Judy about it, a few nights later. He had driven to Los Angeles, gone to the house of the wealthy friends she had fled to, in high anger and jealousy.

She's at the Coronado, again. At Judy—please—help me. I want her to meet the wives of the men I work with. Mrs. Lane, the captain's wife. And your

mother. And the exec's wife... all of them."

Putting his best foot forward, thought Judy. But she recognized the necessity. If Marvel was to marry into the navy, live on naval stations and among naval people, there was a certain amount expected of her.

She would have to know these people. Judy said quietly, "Mother was perfectly willing to have a little baby to introduce her. There's no reason why we can't give it now."

But the party was not a success. Judy had worked hard. There were flowers in the vases, delicious hors d'oeuvres, good cocktails. The others were prepared to be friendly. But Marvel arrived in a stunning gown that was cut too low and that was altogether too spectacular for an informal gathering.

Her red hair was piled high in the latest manner. Her fingernails were crimson, her silver slippers were merely three-inch heels and a slender strap with a rhinestone buckle.

JUDY, who knew she'd been a fool to work so hard on a party for Dwight's girl, tried her best to be nice to Marvel. But the other girl had evidently not forgotten that scene in the hotel, for her eyes danced knowingly, and she almost patronized her hostess.

Admiral Hanrahan and Dwight and Captain Lane were standing surrounding Marvel, now. She heard Marvel's light laughter, she heard her saying, "Oh, Washington! When my father was alive, we used to have the nicest dinners! The president's naval aide was a great friend of father's."

There was the deep boom of the admiral's voice, and then Dwight was saying something, which ended in the respectful "sir" everybody used to the admiral.

Marvel laughed again. "How silly! I want to go back to Washington! Why, everything's there! And Dwight, you know, I'm determined you shall have a glittering career!"

Judy turned her eyes away from them desperately. Diane said, "She'll soon find out it's the men who make careers in the navy, not the women." Her understanding was comforting, Judy said, "I suppose I shouldn't have done this."

"But Dwight asked you!" said Diane.

AT last the party broke up. Mrs. Hanrahan gave the signal, by thanking Judy's mother for a delightful evening, and sending the admiral a significant look.

Jack stayed after the others had gone. As if he could read her mind, he said to Judy, "Maybe

she's going to be the kind who goes in for outside society, and who cultivates the wealthiest and hardest drinking crowd in each city where they're stationed. She's got money enough for that."

Judy was tired. She sank down on the sofa, pushing the coffee table with its overflowing ashtrays to one side. Jack said, "The devil with her. She's Campbell's problem now."

He took her hand. "I want to talk to you, Judy. About you and me."

The touch of his big fingers was soothing. She said, "Go on, talk, and smiled at him."

"Judy, I know you're unhappy. I know you gave this party for him. Listen—try to forget it."

She could feel his hands tremble on hers. "I love you, Judy. Won't you marry me?"

She sat up straight, startled. "Love? Why, Jack was a friend. A good friend. Dependable, like a brother. But love—she had never thought of him in that way. She stared at him, her blue eyes wide. At last she said slowly, "I never dreamed—"

"Why do you think it hurt me when you let him take you out? Why do you think I nearly went crazy when you told me you were going to marry him?" His eyes burned with sudden passion.

"Judy, I've been crazy about you for a long time. Even when you were 16—and you and Ward—"

She couldn't speak. His arm was around her now, and his voice, low and husky, was pleading with her. "You can't go on mooning about him when he's engaged to her, Judy. I won't let you. If you'd marry me, we could have such a good life together. Oh, even if you don't love me now—you could learn. I'd be patient. I'd be so good to you. And Judy, Judy, I need you so!"

Almost without her own volition, her hands were pushing at his chest, and she was moving away from the circle of his arms. "No, Jack," she said. "I—I think you're a swell guy, you know that. But I don't love you."

"You could learn." She shook her head. "No. Oh, Jack, don't let's spoil our friendship! Can't we go on the way we've been—just friends?"

His face was shadowed. He stood up. All at once he said violently, "I don't want you to throw me crumbs while you give your heart to him! I've stood by and watched you long enough. I can't stand any more of it!"

And then he was striding out of the room, and she was left alone on the sofa, her eyes suddenly stinging, her head aching. (To Be Continued)

"OUT OUR WAY" - - - - - By Williams



A WIDE SPREAD

stores, filling stations and other roadside establishments and are equipped with complete emergency kits by local chapters. The volunteer personnel, trained by authorized Red Cross instructors, is ready at all times to give emergency aid in traffic accidents. These units are part of a national Red Cross program, and they eventually, as membership increases, will dot highways wherever accidents happen repeatedly.

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS—By Blosser



SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

BY MRS. GAYNOR MADDOX
NEA Service Staff Writer
THERE'S more to a Kaffee Klatsch, than good coffee and good gossip. There must be at least one of these, also: Strussel coffee cake, poppyseed torte, chocolate potato torte, cheese, apple or herring torte. The American Dietetic Association tasters had a big Kaffee Klatsch in Milwaukee recently. Here are two of their personal experiences.

Mrs. Van's Dutch Apple Cake

One and one-quarter cups bread flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1-2 cup butter, 1 egg yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups raw sliced apples.

Sift dry ingredients. Combine with butter, add egg yolk to which the milk has been added. Line coffee cake tin, spreading mixture with fingers. Cover with apples cut in eighths. Over the apples spread this mixture: 3-4 cup sugar, 1-2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-4 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix well. Bake cake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until apples are tender. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Poppy Seed Torte

Three-quarter cup, poppyseed, 1-2 cups milk, 1-2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 cups bread flour, 1-2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 egg whites beaten stiff, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Heat 1 cup of milk, pour over poppyseed and allow to stand over night. Cream butter and sugar, add poppyseed mixture. Add, alternately, remainder of milk and flour and baking powder sifted together. Fold in beaten egg whites and vanilla.

Bake in either layer or loaf tin in a moderate oven (350 degree F.) for 45 minutes. When cold serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Red Cross Installs New Services In The State of Texas

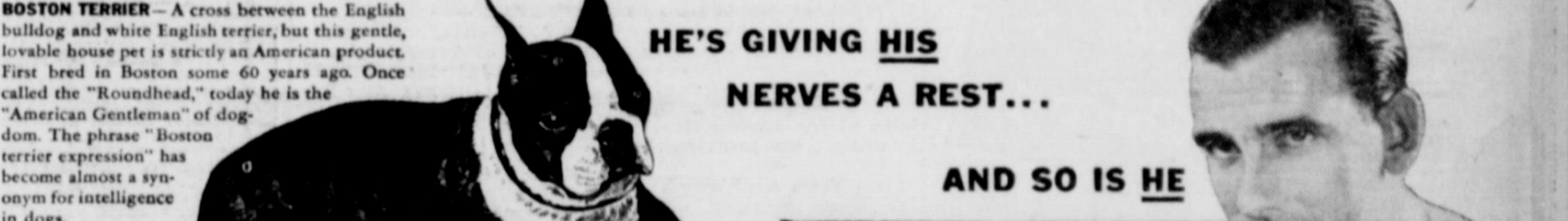
By United Press
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The American Red Cross instituted several vital new services to safeguard the lives and well being of Texas during the last fiscal year, William M. Baxter, Jr., manager of the Red Cross Midwestern Branch here, reported today.

Baxter said that the new services—aimed at highways, homes, farms, swimming places and other common scenes of accidents—were made possible by a Texas Red Cross membership of 172,067 persons enrolled last November.

"In one of the newest Red Cross programs, aimed to cut the death and permanent injury toll of highway accidents, 150 Red Cross highway first aid stations are operating or in process of early completion along Texas highways," Baxter said.

"The stations are located in

YOUR BUSY LIFE LETS DOWN THE BARS TO NERVE STRAIN



HE'S GIVING HIS NERVES A REST... AND SO IS HE

ARE these busy, trying days for you? Do you find yourself, at day's end, irritable, nerve-weary? Take a moment—study the dog above. He's resting his nerves. Even in the midst of strenuous action he will stop, relax. The dog does that instinctively, though his nerves are complex, high-keyed like our own.

We, trained for the intense stress of modern life, are likely to ignore the distress signals of our nerves—the

They break Nerve Tension — Millions do — They "Let up—Light up a Camel"

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

MYRA NORTH, Special Nurse — By Thompson and Coll. Comic strip panels showing Myra North and other characters in a nursing home setting.

