

SOON THEY WILL NEED A MINISTER . . . I Love You, Adore You—Will You Divorce Me? . . . AND BEST MAN AT DIVORCE TRIALS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

MY HUSBAND AND I are parting on the friendliest terms. I am very sorry to say we have parted for some time," said a charming star of the stage and screen the other day. The mood was that of numerous recent divorce announcements. What's become of the old-fashioned couple who used to part with the crash of pots and pans, mutual cries of "Sez you!" and a stern demand

from the cops: "Make way for the wagon. They're both all cut up?" In Hollywood a husband announcing that he is through with his bride says, "she is a very fine person. I have the highest regard for her. We just agreed to disagree." A New York society gal, enduring matrimony for a couple of years, announces: "We are both very fond of each other."

What goes? Away with these folk who announce a separation in tones and manner of making known a decision to cancel a magazine subscription or change the brand of white shoe polish. Let's demand some harsh words, a few swings and a blow by blow of the fight leading up to the parting.

Divorce has been a sufficient blight on the social fabric without this nonsense about it entailing merely a slight drop in friendliness. It is getting routine to read of marriages being busted up because he and she like each other so much! If matrimony must go on the rocks, let's cut the business of fitting the ship with lovecats and assigning a flock of harpists to sit on the rocks and play "When We Come to the End of a Perfect Day," and "Dear Old Pal of Mine."

What is civilization coming to, mates? There was a time when the marriage state was regarded as sufficiently binding to command a little respect and nothing to be smashed up without a rousing battle, some broken furniture, a few shattered window panes and mutual shrieks of "Oh, Yeah! I was warned about you three months before the wedding."

You couldn't get a good lawyer to take the case if neither side had an arm in a sling.

Not even a gossip reporter would credit a rumor of divorce proceeding if the principals were still capable of exchanging tender looks. No court would go on with the hearing if there were no dirty looks.

No self-respecting neighborhood would stand for a couple breaking up a home on the friendliest of terms, and a sweet "please don't get the idea we dislike each other." It would regard such a mood as definitely tougher on community mor-

als than if all the kids had seen him throw her from the second-story window, and if what she said to him withered the leaves on the backyard maples.

Parting on the friendliest of terms! The very thought is corroding. It cheapens marriage. You wish to break up your home? Gwan, get in there and do it right away! There should always be an excuse for divorce.

YE GOTHAM BUGLE AND BANNER

The picture of the year was Art Whitaker's recent flash of the Sonja Henie wedding showing the kids "under the tent" with expressions which painters strive to catch . . . Sonja's new husband has failed in three marriage tries, but the skating star figures that if he keeps hold of her arm he can get the hang of it yet . . . Attorney General McGrath has sued the A & P stores . . . The Democrats want those little bundle-wagons in the chain stores to carry the customers, too . . . Walt Disney has the screen rights to the life of Sigmund Freud, and F. X. Scincinati says the title may be "Who's A-Freud of the Big Bad Wolf" . . . Ernie Bevin left a tooth in America in memory of the British "bite" . . . Broadway now has a sort of tip sheet on new shows with quotations on what it costs to get a share . . . What're Rodgers & Hammerstein First Refunding Sixes selling for?

Joe's Star and Big Muddy won a daily double at \$2,420 in Chicago recently. "I nearly had it," declared Shudda Haddim today. "I was at the mutuels window when I changed my mind."

A Peruvian mummy has been unwrapped at the Museum of Natural History. He is dry as dust and about 3,000 years old. At noon today, strange as it seems, neither party had nominated him for the presidency.



His Own Way

A little old lady tried to console the heartbroken youngster. She was unable to determine the cause of his anguish so she just tried to stop his crying. "Oh, come now," she urged him, "I wouldn't cry like that if I were you." "You can cry as you want to," he sobbed, "I wanna cry my own way."

Variation

The question before the class

was whether "trousers" was singular or plural. The point was settled by declaring them singular at the top and plural at the other extremity.

Prodigal

The optometrist adjusted the patient's new eyeglasses carefully and said with a tone of satisfaction, "There, now you'll be able to read without straining your eyes." The man looked a little doubtful. "You mean I'll be able to read without going to school?" he asked.



Temporary Adhesive

For a temporary adhesive—or to mend something that will just be kept around and never used or put in hot water—try transparent nail polish. It works on dishes as well as glassware.

Stuffing Fowl

If your aim isn't so good when it comes to getting the stuffing inside a fowl, stuff it through the kind of wide-mouth funnel that's used for filling preserving jars.

Prevent Cracking

To prevent the glaze on china-ware from cracking, don't pile freshly washed cups on top of each other. Spread them out and give them plenty of time to cool before they are put away.

Separating Stuck Glasses

To separate two glasses which are stuck together, dip the outside glass in warm—not hot—water, and at the same time put cold—not iced—water into the inside glass.

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds!

When Jesus Saw Their Faith

HERE are phrases running through the word of God That strike the ear, that gleam to catch the eye:

These simple words, "When Jesus saw their faith,"

Ring out as clear and startling as a cry. He saw their faith, the one thing he required Before he granted what their hearts desired.

When Jesus saw their faith, the lame arose, And darkened eyes were given sudden sight; The dead were quickened into life again, And hearts bowed down with sorrow were made light.

Because of that white inner burning flame He changed the world for everyone who came.

Lord, Lord, I, too, have faith; behold the fire That burns in me and grant my heart's desire.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

BY INEZ GERHARD

IN 20 YEARS Gertrude Berg has made "The Goldbergs" one of the best loved families in the country, with herself, as "Molly Goldberg," its most popular member. This is one radio show that the country evidently cannot do without. It went off the air in 1946, and



GERTRUDE BERG

Mrs. Berg turned it into a successful play; last January it began on television, and soon people were giving its presence as the best reason for buying a set. Now it's on the air again, on CBS Friday evenings. And charming, warm-hearted Mrs. Berg is spending her days writing and rehearsing, but saving evenings for her husband, two children and friends.

Some years ago Susan Hayward was brought to New York by Paramount, part of a plan to build up a gorgeous looking young actress into a star. Everyone who met her admitted that she was all the press agent said. Susan has gone right ahead, though not still with Paramount; it's reported that she gets \$5,000 a week since 20th Century-Fox bought her contract from Wanger.

Paramount's stars will be linked with a kind of crackers on the air beginning November 14. Three times a week, over 366 Mutual stations, Erskine Johnson will interview a Paramount star—one star each week. Alan Ladd leads off.

Vaughn Monroe will have Ella Raines to sing to in the color movie he is slated for; made independently, it will be released by Republic. It's a wild western, "Singing Guns"; Monroe will broadcast from Hollywood while making it.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have been joking for years on the air about brother Willie. Few listeners knew that Burns' brother Willie wrote gags for the show and managed George's affairs. Now he is the show's producer.

The Fiction Corner

RANDY'S GIRL

By Richard H. Wilkinson

RANDY SUMNER told the girl he loved her. She was beautiful and he was human and he couldn't help himself. He felt chagrined when he thought of it later because that night he had forgotten that he was a police detective and she the girl friend and accomplice of the notorious Tony Quarles.

He had to get away from her for a few days. It was the only way he could think clearly. So he ran up to Chicago and there he dropped in on the chief. The chief got sore when he saw him.

"What the hell! The dame will take a powder on you. If she blows it's curtains as far as our chance of bringing in Tony is concerned."

Randy felt like telling the chief to jump in the lake. But he didn't. He knew the chief was right. Pamela was Tony's girl. A new one. They'd been seen together at The Lobster Club and the story was that Tony was nuts over her.

Right after that the Ryegate job was pulled; a night watchman and a cop shot dead. Of course Tony vanished. They couldn't hope to find him. The girl vanished too. A week later one of the boys saw her down at Ocean Bluffs.

They didn't pick her up. The chief was too smart for that. He sent Randy down. "You're a good looking kid, Randy, with a nice, friendly smile. Go down there and play the sucker game. Sooner or later she and Tony will join up. It's our only chance."

Randy's part was easy. He played the part of a lumber king's son down from Michigan on vacation. The friendly smile worked. Pamela trusted him. She seemed lonesome and glad to have him around.

Then came that night when impulsiveness gave way to logic. He kissed her and told her he loved her.

Randy made plans. The payoff was due to come soon now. He had orders to take both the girl and Tony. Well, he'd do just that.

Days passed. They saw each other once at least every 24 hours. They danced and went sailing and swam and played tennis. Randy suffered. He was haunted by the scene that was inevitable.

There was a haunting light in the girl's eyes also. He wondered if she too, were suffering because the same thing had happened to her.

THEN ONE DAY he called for her and found wild fright in her eyes.

"Randy! I'm afraid! He's here!"

"Who's here?"

"That man. The man I tried to tell you about—why I left Chicago. He—he's horrible! At first he was

nice to me, then—I had to run away to keep him from—from—"

"What's his name?" said Randy hoarsely.

"Lancey. Tom Lancey. He's at the Seaside. He called and said—"

"We'll go down and have a talk with him," Randy snapped. "Randy! I can't! I—"

"You're coming too!" She didn't understand Randy's attitude, but she trusted him.

They went to the Seaside. Inside the door Pamela stopped. "There he is!" she whispered. "On the divan reading the newspaper."

It was Tony Quarles. Randy felt sick. He put his hand under his coat and started across the lobby. Tony saw him coming. But it was too late. Randy got his gun out and shot before Tony reached his feet.

The gangster went down. Randy looked at him, then remembered the girl. He had to take her too.

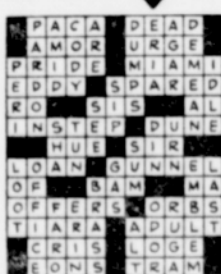
He looked around, and there she was, staring in wild-eyed horror. "Randy! You shouldn't have—you've killed him!"

Randy's lip curled. Tony Quarles opened his eyes and saw the girl. "Hello, sister," he managed. "Congratulations. You're the first woman a copper who ever fooled me, but I guess you were worth it. Baby, you're a looker."

Of course she wasn't a copper. But she wasn't Tony's girl either. She was just who she said she was. She'd been telling the truth. And Randy was so surprised he let her swoon in his arms before he could gather his senses enough to explain his own identity.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

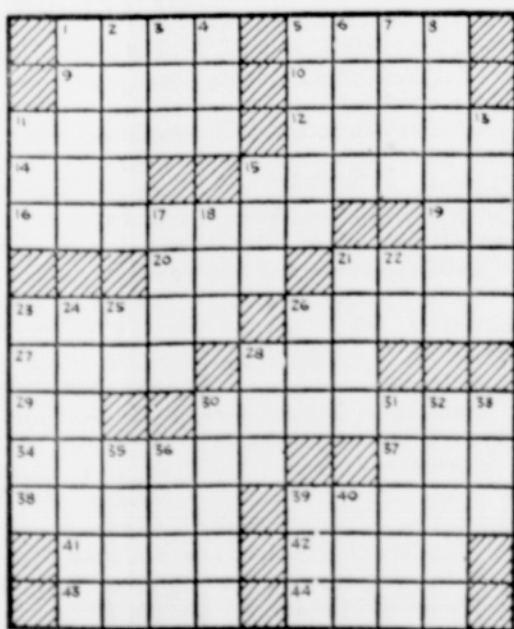


ACROSS

- 1 A retired gien
- 5 Precious stone
- 9 Amazon porpoise
- 10 Masculine
- 11 Lost color
- 12 Jason's ship (poss.)
- 14 Biblical character
- 15 Fascinated
- 16 Peddlers instrument
- 20 Coin (Swed.)
- 21 French novelist
- 23 Small doses, as injections
- 26 Breezy
- 27 French novelist
- 28 Fastener
- 29 Part of "to be"
- 30 Former governor (Mass.)
- 34 Teased
- 37 By way of
- 38 Hatred
- 39 Fawn upon
- 41 Gumbo
- 42 Poker stake
- 43 Genuine
- 44 Malt beverage
- DOWN
- 1 Goddess of the moon
- 2 Bequeath, as a fund
- 3 Recline
- 4 Young boy

DOWN

- 5 Independent state.
- 6 Young salmon
- 7 Seaweed
- 8 Man's name
- 11 Chinese name for Buddha
- 13 Wander
- 15 Before
- 17 Musical instrument
- 18 Bitter vetch
- 21 Metal
- 22 Ahead
- 23 Military cap
- 24 Box for storing cigars
- 25 King of Bashan (Bib.)
- 26 Gain
- 28 Tablet
- 30 Per. to blood
- 31 Egg-shaped
- 32 Expressed juice of apples
- 33 Girl's nickname (Jap.)
- 35 An embankment against flood
- 36 — mater, a brain covering
- 39 Flap
- 40 Undivided



PUZZLE NO. 22

FOR WOMEN (WHO BAKE AT HOME) ONLY

GOOD NEWS GETS AROUND



LOOK—get 3 packages at a time. When you want it—there it is!

3 times as many women prefer FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



Don't let "Cold Demons" make his chest feel sore and congested—rub on Mentholum. Fast, safe Mentholum helps lessen congestion. Its vapors soothe inflamed passages, ease coughing spasms. For head colds, too . . . makes breathing easier. In jars, tubes.

Quick Relief with MENTHOLATUM

Lips rough as a file?

Lips like that need new Mentholum Medicated Stick. Brings quick relief for dry, cracked, chapped lips. Easy to carry, easy to use. For pocket or purse. Mentholum medication in stick form. Only 35¢.