

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Real Roses in the Cheeks — You Call That a Handicap?

By BILLY ROSE

When Eleanor and I first moved up to Mt. Kisco, some of our neighbors dropped by to pay their respects, but I didn't encourage these visits. The landed gentry of Westchester are nice enough folk, but they don't talk my lingo. Besides, I see no point in cultivating people who think it's smart to chase a fox.

But a little down the road from us live a couple I cultivate as often as they'll have me. Their names are Fred and Jane Newell. I met them through Eleanor two years ago, and I'll never forget the first night we had dinner at their house.

Jane answered the doorbell. She was pretty all over, and I liked her right away. "Excuse the peasant skirt," she said. "I have a baby penciled in for the fall."

Fred was in the living room listening to the radio. He had the tweedy look of the good guy in the women's magazine stories. We talked for a couple of minutes before I realized he was blind. He told me he was a writer, and answered my unspoken question by explaining he dictated his stuff to his wife.

It was a fine dinner and a fine evening. Jane carried her child as if baby-having were some kind of party. Around eleven o'clock, Fred said to Jane, "Maybe the Roses would like ice cream."

"Maybe they would," said Jane, "but we haven't any. I'll drive down to the village and get some." "I'll go with you," I said, "just to make sure you don't forget chocolate."

ON THE WAY to the ice-cream parlor I said, "Tell me something. What makes you kids act as if you had a gold mine in the cellar?"

Jane smiled. "I don't know. I guess we've been pretty lucky." "Lucky!" I said, and then stopped, embarrassed.

"It's all right," said Jane. "Of course, it would be nice if Fred could see, but neither of us thinks that's very important."

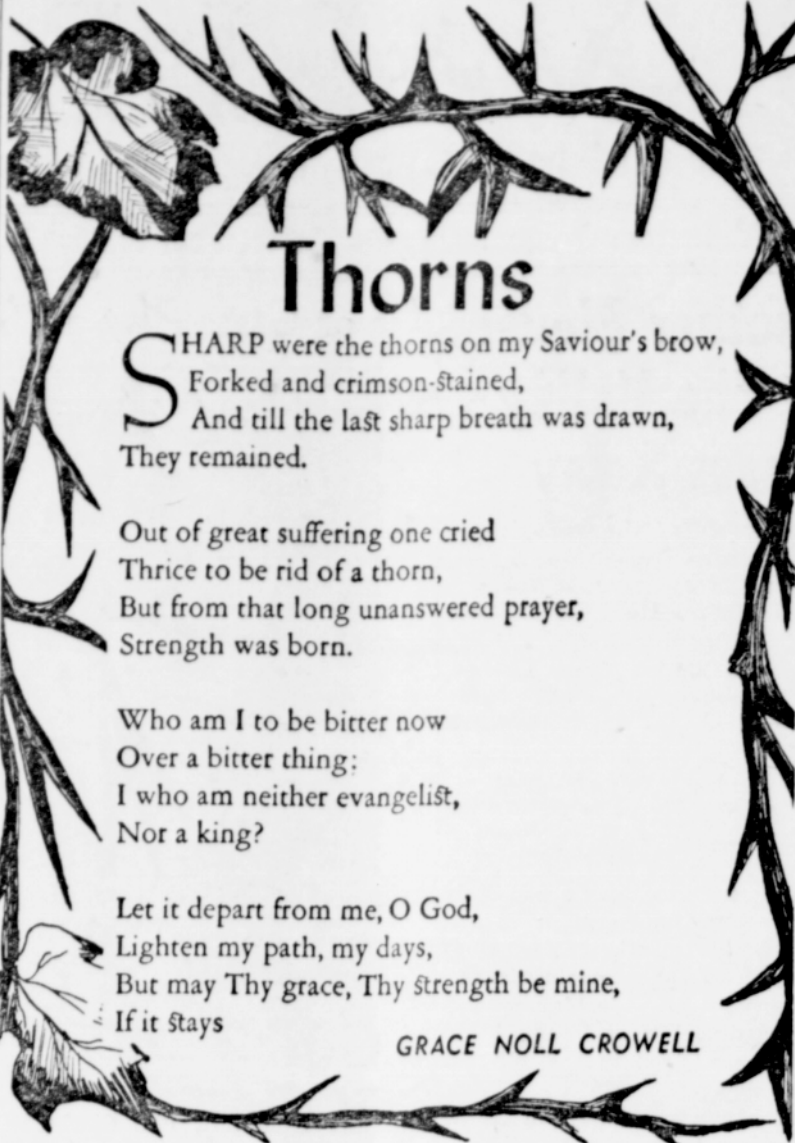
"How'd it happen?" "War stuff," said Jane. "Fragments of a land mine on Okinawa. We weren't married then. Fred was moved to a hospital in San Francisco. The first letters he sent me weren't in his own handwriting. He explained that he was dictating to a nurse because he'd been wounded in the right hand.

"At the time, he still had some hope that a special operation might restore his sight. He didn't want to tell me about his eyes until he knew for sure.

"WELL, THE OPERATION was a complete miss-out. When Fred knew he'd never see again, the darn fool wrote me that I was free to marry anybody I liked. Of course, I hopped a plane to San Francisco and got my fella."

"Atta girl," I said. "Now tell me to shut my face if I'm out of line, but doesn't it ever bother you—I mean, making this sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice, my foot," said Jane softly. "Look at it this way. I'm



Thorns

SHARP were the thorns on my Saviour's brow,
Forked and crimson-stained,
And till the last sharp breath was drawn,
They remained.

Out of great suffering one cried
Thrice to be rid of a thorn,
But from that long unanswered prayer,
Strength was born.

Who am I to be bitter now
Over a bitter thing;
I who am neither evangelist,
Nor a king?

Let it depart from me, O God,
Lighten my path, my days,
But may Thy grace, Thy strength be mine,
If it stays

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

two years away from 30. In 10 years, I'll be two away from 40. When Fred went off to war, I was 23. Real roses in cheeks. Probably the best I ever looked in my life.

"From here in, no matter what happens to me—wrinkles, dry skin, gray hairs, babies—Fred will always see me as the fresh-faced kid

he kissed goodbye at Penn station in '42. For the guy I'm crazy about, I'll be 23 the rest of my life. Is that bad?"

"No," I said. "That isn't bad at all."

Star Dust
STAGE SCREEN RADIO
By INEZ GERHARD

HEDY LAMARR has never been more beautiful and seductive than in Cecil B. DeMille's "Samson and Delilah", with magnificent costumes designed by Edith Head largely responsible. A good deal of credit should be given, too, to the sets and to the excellent



HEDY LAMARR

color effects. In fact, this is a picture in which art directors, photographers and others who never appear are among the stars. The scenes actually photographed in the Holy Land, Algiers and Morocco are beautiful and memorable.

Film star Van Johnson and band-leader Elliot Lawrence are dead ringers for each other. Their resemblance is so remarkable that sometimes it's difficult for them to convince autograph seekers they're not each other.

Dan Seymour never visits Hollywood, doesn't have to to see movie stars; he sees as many in a year as a head-waiter at Ciro's. During the past 12 months, on "We the People", Dan has interviewed such celebrities as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Glenn Ford, Dick Haymes, Kirk Douglas, Janet Blair, John Payne, Marie Wilson, Linda Christian, Tyrone Power, among others.

Jane Wyatt was puzzled when crowds of visitors arrived at the Samuel Goldwyn studio to see her work in "Our Very Own". She discovered that her 12-year-old son, Christopher, was responsible. He had been promising a trip to see his famous mother with every new subscription to a local paper he delivers. Ann Blyth, Farley Granger and Joan Evans co-star.

The power of radio has never been better demonstrated than in the success of the fund raising project to aid the fight against polio which is being conducted on Horace Heidt's "Youth Opportunity" and Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" shows. Helen Hayes' appearance as one of the guest speakers on the former was touching, since her daughter died of polio.

No matter how he switched plane and train schedules, Don Ameche couldn't figure a way to get his whole family together for Christmas. So he will have an early celebration with his two boys in school in Iowa, then spend Christmas Day in New York with his wife, who accompanied him East for the Manhattan broadcasts of the Jimmie Durante show.

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THE ORIGINAL BAUME ANALGESIQUE

The Fiction ★ LIKE A FOX ★ By Richard H. Wilkinson

town of Dexter. Al Slater is determined to be elected state representative from the 31st Belknap district. Al has tried for three consecutive terms to win out over Tyler Jenkins. At every election he had the vote sewed up. But Tyler, who is one of the shrewdest politicians a man would want to meet, always contrived to pull a fast one, two or three days before voting day, and succeeded in swinging the vote his way.

"Folks think I'm dumb," Al confided to his wife. "It's got to be a joke, me running for office against Jenkins."

Al began his campaign 10 months before election. He knew that folks in Dexter were eager to have the contemplated new state highway run through town, instead of swinging off to the northward toward Bartlett. And he knew that if he could persuade the highway commissioner to chart the course of the proposed road through Dexter, it would mean a big thing; it would probably mean Al's election.

And so Al went to the capitol, looked up the highway commissioner, whose name was Higgins, and talked the thing over. At first Higgins was obstinate. The highway, he told Al, was scheduled to run through Bartlett.

Well, Al didn't get discouraged. He called on Mr. Higgins a month later and talked things over again. This time he took Mr. Higgins to lunch and bought tickets for the theater afterward. Higgins began to weaken. Al talked himself blue in



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the face, and finally went away with a promise that Mr. Higgins would think the matter over. Al was mighty satisfied with himself. A month before election a story came out in the papers that, through the efforts of Albert T. Slater, the new state highway would run through Dexter.

AL RECEIVED a lot of credit for his work, and a lot of promises of votes.

Tyler disappeared shortly after

that. He didn't show up until two weeks before election, and then it was to announce a piece of news that overshadowed Al's great work. Tyler, it seemed, had made a trip to the capitol himself. He had consulted the proper authorities and received a promise that the state would employ local labor in constructing that section of the road that ran through Dexter.

The news was something to cheer about. It began to look as if Tyler had pulled another fast one.

Well, Tyler might have been elected if news hadn't drifted back into town that the state, because of adverse business conditions, had decided to abandon the idea of building the road that year.

Al made a hurried trip to the capitol. He didn't return during the next week, and folks began to forget he was even a candidate.

And then on the day before election one of the newspapers from the capitol that claims a fair-sized circulation in Dexter came out with

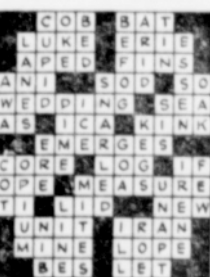
the announcement that the road would definitely be put through. The words were a direct quotation from Commissioner Higgins, whose picture appeared on the front page alongside a picture of Al Slater. It was through Al's efforts, the article read, that the course of the road would pass through Dexter.

Dexter was jubilant. At the polls on the day following, Al was unanimously elected to fill the expired term of Tyler Jenkins.

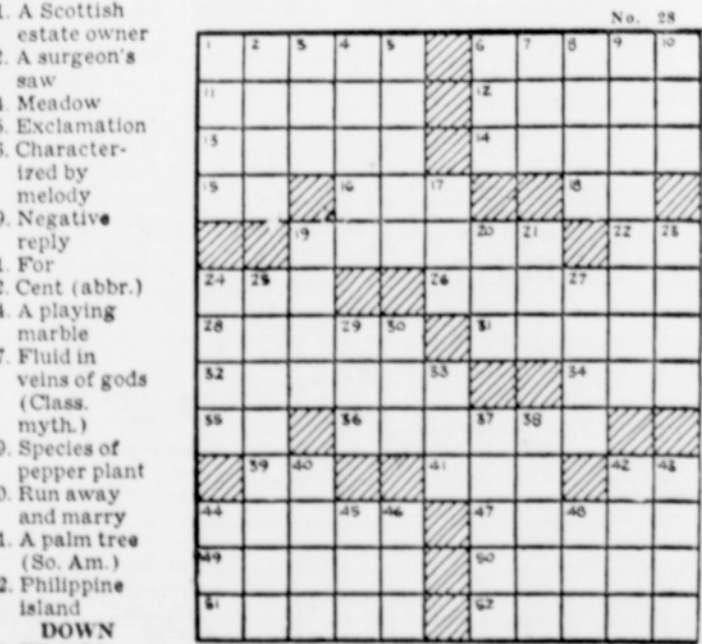
"Dumb, am I?" Al said to his wife after it was over. "Well, this is one time Tyler pulled his fast one too early in the game. He thought the psychological moment was two weeks ago, instead of yesterday. I wonder," he went on, "what Tyler would say if he knew I started that rumor about abandoning the road idea. I wonder if the folks would say I was dumb if they knew I just did it so's I could make it appear like I persuaded the state to change its mind on the day before election. Dumb, am I? Dumb—like a fox."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|
| ACROSS | 2. Flat-bottomed boat | 24. Footway |
| 1. Scorched | 3. Employ | 25. Plans |
| 6. Calm | 4. Meaning | 27. A baked piece of clay |
| 11. One who fails to win | 5. Retinue | 29. Mineral spring |
| 12. Odorless, inert | 6. Knave of clubs (Loo) | 30. Organ o hearing |
| 13. A gaseous element | 7. Epoch | 33. Pinch |
| 14. A sphere of action | 8. Exchange premium | 37. Bay window |
| 15. Railway (abbr.) | 9. A fellow worker | 38. Molded, projecting member at foot of a wall |
| 16. A small drink | 10. Half ems | 40. Cereal grains |
| 17. Animal's foot | 11. Astrigent fruit | 42. An Egyptian |
| 18. From | 20. Sesame | 43. Woody perennial |
| 19. Legislative body | 21. Gildo's highest note | |
| 22. Music note | 23. An Old Norse work | |
| 24. Buddy | | |
| 26. Withered | | |
| 28. Ascended | | |
| 31. A Scottish estate owner | | |
| 32. A surgeon's saw | | |
| 34. Meadow | | |
| 35. Exclamation | | |
| 36. Characterized by melody | | |
| 39. Negative reply | | |
| 41. For | | |
| 42. Cent (abbr.) | | |
| 44. A playing marble | | |
| 47. Fluid in veins of gods (Class. myth.) | | |
| 49. Species of pepper plant | | |
| 50. Run away and marry | | |
| 51. A palm tree (So. Am.) | | |
| 52. Philippine island | | |



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