



**CONFESS!**

**Wouldn't you rather  
use Tampax?**

Come now, aren't you really fed up with other methods of sanitary protection?

Haven't you had it with chafing . . . irritation . . . odor . . . all the unpleasantnesses of time-of-the-month problems?

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is invisible and unfelt when in place. It prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. It gives you so much freedom, you're hardly aware of differences in days of the month. What on earth are you waiting for?

Perhaps you feel internal protection is not for you. Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. It has a silky applicator that is firm enough, smooth enough, to make insertion simple.

But don't take our word for it—try it! Try Tampax this very month. Trying it doesn't commit you to it. We doubt seriously, however, that you'll ever go back to "the other way." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Canam Co., Dept. 218 L, Rockport, Mass.

# The Hollered Headline



By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Novelist ("The Human Comedy") and playwright ("The Time of Your Life"); author of the recently published autobiography, "Here Comes, There Goes You Know Who"

THE YEAR WAS 1922, the place was Fresno, the character was 13 years old, the event was the lightning-swift recognition by him of a man in the world at last who really knew what it was all about.

The name of this man was William Saroyan. He was walking at the time and he said, "Croak, that's me. Am I the man who knows what it's all about?"

He was.

The way it happened was this.

The world was cold, crazy, and crooked—it was so cold, so crazy, and so crooked it was all anybody could do to get up in the morning even. It didn't seem worth the bother. Being asleep seemed a million times better. All the same, he got up every morning and tried again.

The trouble was he didn't know what he was trying for.

It seemed to be money, because he always needed money, his whole family always needed money, everybody he knew always needed money, but he knew it wasn't money. Selling papers every day made him feel he was getting somewhere, but he knew it was only to the bakery for bread, and that wasn't what he was trying for, either.

Was it shoes? Well, shoes were fine, but all you had to do to get shoes was take enough money to a shoe store and buy a pair, so it couldn't be shoes.

Was it a house? Well, a house was always a good idea, but having a house was nothing more than having money with which to buy a house, so it couldn't be a house, either.

Was it importance? Well, of course every man in the world ought to be important, but how important can anybody possibly be without making a fool of himself, so it couldn't be importance, either.

Was it power? Well, being strong in body was always sensible, but what good could it do to be strong in body and weak in mind? In any case, he was strong, certainly strong enough for all practical purposes. He had absolutely no wish to order people around, or to scare them, or to make them work for him for nothing, or to punish them, or anything else stupid like that, so of course it couldn't be power, either.

Was it handsomeness? Well, of



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