



Lost IN THE THROES OF PERIODIC PAIN

Every month Peggy was lost in the throes of functional menstrual distress. Now she just takes MIDOL and goes her way in comfort because MIDOL tablets contain:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that STOPS CRAMPING...
- Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE and BACKACHE... CALM JUMPY NERVES...
- A special, mood-brightening medication that CHASES "BLUES."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book, explains womanhood's most common physical problems. Written by a physician. Write Dept. 34, Box 280, New York 16, N.Y. (sent in plain wrapper).



FOUND FAST RELIEF WITH



BUNIONS DOCTOR'S FAST RELIEF

You never tried anything so wonderful for bunions as Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber. Relief is immediate. Helps hite bulge, preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. If not obtainable locally, send price, shoe size, width, state if for Right or Left foot. DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 1795, Chicago 10, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's BUNION REDUCER

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

BACKACHE MISERIES

DeWitt's Pills, with positive analgesic action, bring fast palliative relief of symptomatic pains in back, joints and muscles. DeWitt's Pills are mildly diuretic and help flush out unwanted wastes left by sluggish kidneys. DeWitt's Pills may be just what you need to relieve backache miseries and help you avoid getting up nights.

DeWitt's Pills

FALSE TEETH KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that you can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. KLUTCH CO., Box 2806 Elmira, N.Y.

MY MOST INSPIRING MOMENT

A famed war correspondent recalls a visit with Winston Churchill during England's darkest hour—and the words that were a prelude to glory

ANY REASONABLY sane man who was in London in October, 1941, had to come to the reluctant conclusion that England was almost finished.

The Luftwaffe was chipping away at London nearly every night. Bombs had put many of the railroad terminals out of action, a hard blow because trains bearing war matériel all had to go through London. A dozen cities had been leveled, and the Luftwaffe seemed to grow stronger.

The only news that came from the fighting fronts was bad news. The Germans had occupied Greece, Yugoslavia, and Crete. On the Eastern front, the Germans were only 50 miles from Moscow, and most military observers thought that Russia soon would be knocked out of the war. This would release thousands of German planes to concentrate on bringing England to her knees. Rommel's *Afrika Korps* was clobbering British troops in the Libyan desert. Lend-Lease had brought England only a trickle of planes, tanks, and guns.

It was difficult for a correspondent like myself to write anything cheerful about the situation. We had exhausted the subject of the heroic fighting done by the R.A.F., and the courage of London's civilians was now an old story.

Many correspondents already had made up their minds that the Germans would soon invade England and that England had no adequate artillery or armored forces to stop them. The U.S. was not in the war yet, but there were a great many American military observers in England, and those to whom I talked were unanimous in saying that she was finished. It was hard not to share their views.

IT WAS DURING this dark period that I received an amazing telephone call. It was from Mrs. Winston Churchill, asking me to have lunch the next day at Chequers, the traditional country home of British prime ministers.

I was delighted but puzzled. I had never met either the Prime Minister or Mrs. Churchill. But I was ready when a car called for me. Less than an hour later, I was being greeted by a grinning Churchill.

"We have a friend of yours staying with us," he said. "Harry Hopkins. Hopkins is going to deliver a radio address on the B.B.C. next Sunday. He has had a long flight from Washington, and he thought you might help him with his speech."

That solved the mystery of why I had been invited. Only the Churchills, Harry Hopkins, and Averell Harriman were present at lunch, which, to my surprise, was an informal, almost gay, affair. The war was hardly mentioned.

The Secret of Victory

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Author of "London Diary," "Dress Rehearsal," "Courtroom," "Known But to God," and the forthcoming autobiography, "By Quentin Reynolds"



Churchill's proud spirit filled the room. Though the Nazis were winning on all fronts, he was confident of final victory.