Why millions love to use The Wonder Paint

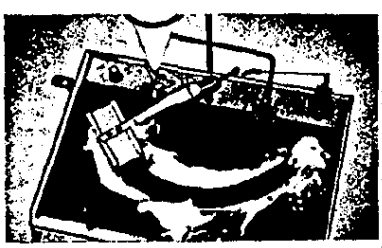


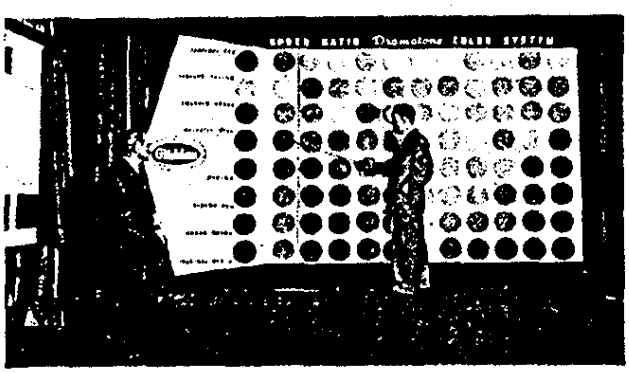
- Goes on so quickly you can paint a room in half a day!
- Dries in 20 minutes
- No streaks, no laps, no brushmarks
- No painty odor—you can paint with windows closed
- Washes perfectly time and again—without a trace!

NO PAINT EASIER TO USE!
Spred SATIN flows on with brush or roller and covers most surfaces—wallpaper, painted walls, new plaster, concrete—without laps or brushmarks. Start or stop any time—touch up missed spots later. You're assured of a perfect satin finish in every room.



PROVED WASHABILITY!
In rigid laboratory tests, Spred SATIN withstood 40,000 scrubbing strokes on this "torture machine." Test panel did not change color or texture . . . only Spred SATIN is so washable, *scrubbable, durable!*





IT HAPPENED AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA—The exciting Spred SATIN Dramatone System was recently unveiled for hundreds of leading decorators, magazine and newspaper editors at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City. It won their praise—as it will win yours!

SATIN

THE 100% LATEX EMULSION PAINT

THE FINGERS OF FEAR

(Continued from Page 43)

"Oh, yes." Mary studied the list again and sighed. "There's an awful lot of them," she said, and then, "*Wait a minute!* Didn't Carter say he saw the first two figures of the number—Eight something ——"

"Eight F," Connor said.

"But these are all any old numbers!" She tapped on the list. "See? There's a Six B—and a Nine C—and a Three S."

"Look," Connor said. "This guy Carter wasn't lookin' for numbers. He wasn't checkin' 'em. Why, folks don't get numbers right even when they're lookin' for 'em!"

"Yes, I see." Mary sighed again. "But what do we do? How do we start?"

"We cut that list in two," he said. "An' you take half, an' I take the other half. An' then we go visitin'. House to house. An' we never say 'Police'! Get that, hon!" He put a hand on her arm. "If we slip up anyplace an' it gets around I was doin' this on my own—*well, that's it; we've* had it! So you don't like me bein' a cop, but we wouldn't look so good without the pay checks."

"I understand, Jim. Don't worry." She looked at the list again, helplessly.

Connor said, "Maybe we'll get nothin', an' that's my bet. But let's do some supposin', an' suppose we hit on one where *the car looks right, with* loose chrome on the back too. Suppose that; then whadda we do?"

Mary's eyes were alight again. "Check the owner's blood type," she said, and the light went away. "But how do we do that—punch him in the nose?"

Connor slipped an arm around her shoulders. "Take it easy," he said. "There's lots of people now know their blood types."

"But why would they tell us?" Mary said. "I don't even see how we get to *talk to them in the first place!*"

Connor grinned at her. It was the last smile of any kind that she was going to see on his face for a long time. He said, "You better let someone figure it who's had some experience. A cop, maybe."

ON the following Monday morning, six days later, Captain Merriman closed the front door of his apartment behind him and sauntered, humming to himself, down the stairs which led to the main thoroughfare of Coronado. The apartment was over a florist's shop called Bessons', and Captain Merriman looked into the shop to give Mrs. Besson a cheerful "good morning" before going out into the sun-bathed street.

He made his unhurried, strolling way toward the club. Almost everyone he *met gave him some sort of salutation,* and he smiled and replied in kind. There was very little difference—and perhaps this was a key to his popularity—between the manner in which he greeted the cronies who hailed him as "Tod" and that he used toward those to whom he was "Cap," or "Captain," or even "Cap'n Merriman, *sir.*"

It was a quarter to eleven when he reached the school, and the children were streaming out for recess. The swings and teeter-totters were just by the corner where Captain Merriman had to cross the road, and he stopped for an idle moment to watch a little



The Perfect Squelch

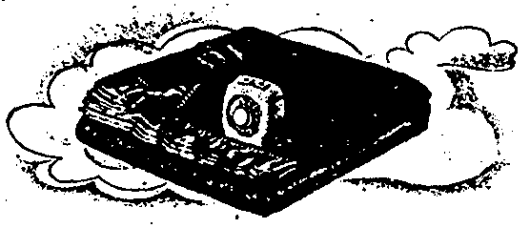
THE two sailors had stopped for a beer on their first leave ashore at Norfolk after an extremely long, rough cruise. Suddenly they heard a voice behind them call out, "I hate sailors!"

Turning, they saw a soldier ablaze with alcoholic belligerence. The sailors decided to ignore him and turned their backs. The soldier, however, would not be silenced. He marched directly up to them and shouted, "I hate the Navy!"

Calmly one of the sailors silenced him. "So do we," he said, "but it's too late now."

—PFC. MICHAEL BREEN.

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Ask anyone who's already enjoying this modern way to sleeping comfort and hear him say—"I just wouldn't part with my General Electric Blanket for *anything!*"

Any of the more than 1,300,000 folks who have already bought G-E Blankets could tell you what a *grand* feeling it is—to sleep in *automatic* comfort!

You relax gratefully in a prewarmed bed. You're cozy, protected from changing *temperatures all night long.* You wake up *really* refreshed!

Dampness, icy sheets, that weighed-down feeling from stacks of heavy covers will certainly *never* bother the happy "G-E sleeper"!

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Just go to your G-E dealer today—ask to see the luxurious new G-E Blanket with its lovely colors, its downy texture, its amazing "Sleep-Guard"!

"Sleep-Guard" guards your sleeping comfort against normal changes in room temperature all night long. It is designed to provide protection against overheating throughout the entire blanket and, too, it eliminates lumpy thermostats. Only G-E has "Sleep-Guard."

G-E Blankets are priced from $44.95* to $67.95*, and well worth every penny. (One G-E Blanket, you know, takes the place of 3 ordinary blankets!) No other blanket can compare with the superb new G-E Automatic Blanket! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

girl with a mop of chestnut curls and a gaily patterned frock as she jumped on the nearest swing.

The brim of Captain Merriman's hat was pulled down and his face was in shadow. Which possibly explains why Admiral Selkirk's wife didn't recognize him for an instant as she came around the corner and almost bumped into him.

Captain Merriman smiled at her and said, "Morning, Mildred. Were you going to cut me?"

"Oh, Tod!" Mrs. Selkirk gave him an answering smile. "Of course I wasn't! It's funny—first I thought it was you, then I thought it wasn't." She shifted her shopping basket to the other hand and started off again. "Don't forget Thursday evening," she called back over her shoulder.

Captain Merriman gave her a reassuring wave and crossed the road.

At the club he had his usual glass of sherry, and glanced at the papers, and then settled a nine-hole foursome for the afternoon with Murray and a couple of other men. Murray was going to lunch with the Wilsons, who lived almost opposite Bessons', and so Captain Merriman walked back with him, and then crossed the street and went up to his own apartment.

He had hardly let himself in when there were footsteps on the stair and his bell rang. He opened the door and saw a big man with a craggy face and tired eyes; a big man who looked at him and asked civilly, "Captain Merriman?"

"That's me," Captain Merriman said. He noticed that the visitor was carrying a big black notebook, which might well be for recording orders or subscriptions. He smiled and added, "Only fair to warn you I'm feeling unusually broke."

The big man smiled too. He said his name was O'Brien, and that he came from the Citizens' Civilian Defense Association. "It's a nonprofit deal, captain," he said. "And nonofficial too. But you might be interested. Every patriotic American oughta be interested."

Captain Merriman asked Mr. O'Brien to come in and explain some more, and as the man took off his hat, Captain Merriman glanced at him with quickened interest, as if he thought he recognized him. But it was only a momentary thought, it seemed, and Captain Merriman, hospitably insisting on his visitor having a glass of sherry, and taking one himself, settled down to listen.

Mr. O'Brien was commendably brief. The C.C.D.A., it appeared, was a volunteer group—they hoped to have the governor's blessing very soon—founded to help the very tenuous official Civilian Defense scheme. Might they count on Captain Merriman's support? Nothing arduous at present; in fact, nothing for Captain Merriman to do at all except give some particulars concerning his availability in time of emergency. If, of course, he sympathized with the organization's aims.

Captain Merriman was only too glad to help, it turned out, and Mr. O'Brien opened the black notebook and took out a typewritten form and filled it in himself as Captain Merriman answered the questions on it: His full name, his address, his age, weight, state of health and so on.

Mr. O'Brien turned the form over. "Pretty near through, captain," he said. "Now let's see. You have a car?"

Captain Merriman nodded. "A '50 Ford. Sedan. In pretty good shape, if it's volunteer transport you're thinking of." He smiled his boyish smile. "I'd show you, only it's down at the gas station, having the oil changed."

"*That's all right, captain,*" *said Mr.* O'Brien, and started to put the cap on his fountain pen. But then he remembered something and looked back on the other side of the form. "Oh-oh!" he said. "One thing I missed. Do you happen to know what blood group you're in, captain? We like to find out if we can—transfusions an' all that."

"Certainly I know," said Captain Merriman. "I guess everyone who's been in the Navy does. I'm H."

Mr. O'Brien wrote that down, too, and got up and found his hat and was ushered to the door. "Glad to help," *said Captain Merriman, when Mr.*

(Continued on Page 133)



"Well, I won't keep you. Tell Ethel I'll call and . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GLD33564

Those famous Chair-Height Seats look even more inviting in Plymouth's new Tone-Tailored Interiors with their rich, harmonizing colors. Mighty comfortable, too, because all passengers ride forward of the rear axle.

Believe it or not, the spectacular Safety-Flow Ride is still s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r in the 1952 Plymouth. Advanced Oriflow Shock Absorbers, plus balanced-weight distribution and synchronized springing, really take the bounce out of bumps.

You'll have to listen carefully to hear the powerful 97-horsepower engine of the 1952 Plymouth with its high (7.0 to 1) compression ratio. The newly-designed combustion chamber makes it run smoother, quieter, than ever before.

The trusty Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are even safer with the 1952 Plymouth's new Cyclebond brake linings. They give you more braking surface than the rivet type and longer lining wear.

And Plymouth's ignition-key starting with new "follow-through" keeps the starter engaged until the engine is surely started. It saves fuel and saves the battery. And the Plymouth choke is automatic.

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials



good talking points for back-seat drivers

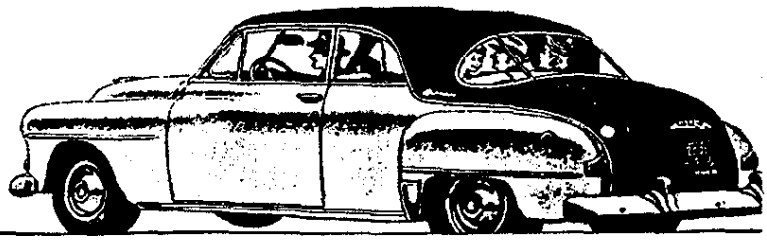
You haven't heard the half of it about the 1952 Plymouth! Get the full story when you make arrangements with your Plymouth Dealer for a demonstration. Then see if you can honestly say that any other car—at any price—gives you as much for your money. And always remember: When it comes to service, Plymouth has more dealers, more trained servicemen, than any car made! More than 10,500 dealerships ready to serve you across the nation.

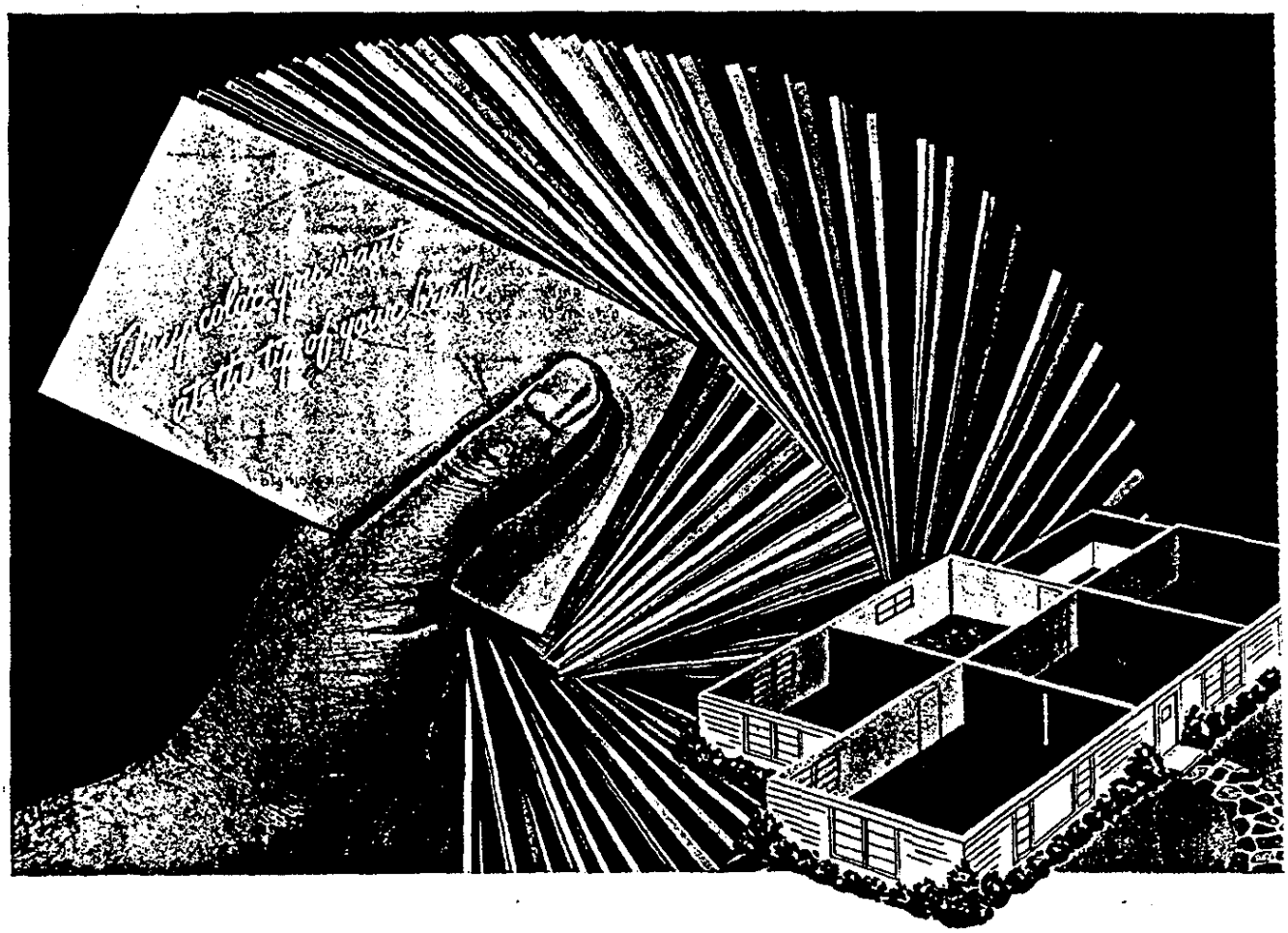
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PLYMOUTH

The luxurious two-toned 1952 Plymouth Belvedere

GLD33565





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Yes, now you can go as far as you like with color on your walls, ceilings and woodwork—with Spred SATIN—the paint that won't let you make a mistake.

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