

Shefford

for fine cheese

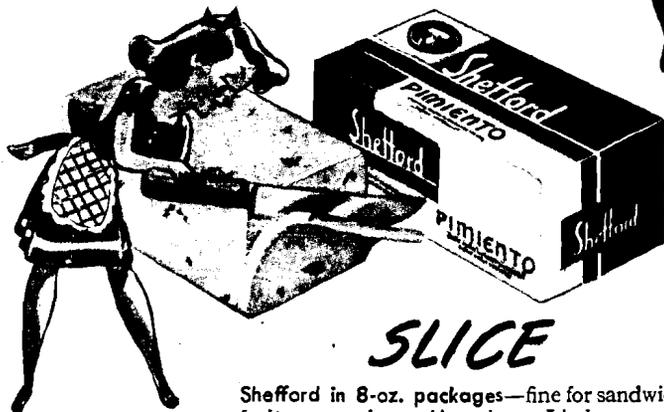


MELT

Shefford Chevelle—for smooth, rich sauce. Melts fast. Favorite for broiled sandwiches, casserole dishes. Shefford American—perfect choice for a delicious rarebit.

SPREAD

Shefford Cream Spreads—for something quick and good, spread on white, whole wheat or rye bread, toast or crackers. (Bleu, Cream Relish, Pineapple, Olive Pimiento, Olde Yorke, Swiss, Pimiento, Limburger.) Shefford Cream Cheese—so good for sandwich loaves. Shefford Snappy—a grand idea for potato chip or toast snacks.



SLICE

Shefford in 8-oz. packages—fine for sandwiches, serving with fruit or crackers. (American, Limburger, Swiss, Pimiento, Olde Yorke, Olive Pimiento and Chevelle.)



So many good cheese flavors, for so many good uses, that you need to know all these Shefford products. When you can't find one, try another—remember, Shefford ships millions of pounds of cheese to war. And, remember too, that Shefford is for those who want cheese that's just a little finer.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC. . . . Green Bay, Wisconsin

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"Well, I'm not so sure that we should write a book," he said.

"Oh, I know. I really didn't mean that. That's just the way I feel, though. I'm so happy I feel as if I could write a book."

The soldier and his girl were kissing. Helen turned and stared at them. Their embrace was shameless. After the kiss the soldier sighed deeply and the girl glanced sadly into his eyes.

"I wish we had someplace to go where we could be alone," he said.

"So do I," the girl said, "but it's so crowded at home. There isn't any privacy."

"Someday we'll have a place of our own," the boy said.

"I've never been in love like this," the girl said shyly.

"You and me both," the soldier said. He put his arms around her again.

Helen noticed that they both wore wedding rings. The close proximity of the two benches made it possible for her not to overhear their conversation unless she herself was speaking, and when she turned and spoke to Robert it was in a loud, forced, unnatural voice. "It's simple things," she said. "Simple things like having meals on time and going to bed on time that matter, I think."

"What are those birds?" Robert asked. He was looking at the sky.

"Sea gulls, I guess."

"What time is it?" the girl asked her soldier.

"We got an hour yet," the soldier said.

"I HAVE a theory," Helen told her husband. "I believe that people who are demonstrative about their love in public really are exercising a kind of vanity. I don't believe that people who are really in love express themselves that way."

"Well, I wouldn't say that, dear," Robert said. "I just think some people are demonstrative and some people aren't."

"I know, but think of all the people we've known," Helen said, "people like the Griswolds, who were always staring at each other and kissing in public and worrying about each other's health and so forth. We never do that sort of thing. We do we, and yet no one could be more in love than we are."

"It's just not our way of doing things, that's all."

"We couldn't be any happier. I think other people envy us. I really do. I think the Haworths envy us."

"They seem to be happy enough."

"Oh, they're happy enough, but it's not quite like us. It's not the kind of happiness we have."

"Sometimes it seems dangerous," she heard the soldier say, "the way we love each other."

"Can you hear what this couple on my right are saying?" Helen asked her husband.

"I can hear some of it," Robert whispered. He was anxious not to embarrass the soldier and his girl.

"Like now," the soldier was saying. "I know at nine o'clock I got to go and take a train. Maybe it'll be three years before I see you again. They could beat me over the head with baseball bats, but it wouldn't hurt me as much as it hurts me to walk away from you."

"Listen to them," Helen whispered.

"Shhh," Robert said.

"I don't know where you begin and where I leave off," the girl said sadly.

"Aren't they silly?" Helen asked.

"Shhh," Robert said.