

LOOK

JUNE 1, 1943 **10¢** 12¢ IN CANADA
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50

When We Invade Europe—

By PAUL SCHUBERT

YOUR DOCTOR MEETS A WAR HEALTH CRISIS



GENERAL PATTON
(Page 10)



The Handiest Writing Set !..

SHEAFFER'S "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY

Utterly graceful . . . streamlined balance tip to tip . . . the "Triumph" Tuckaway—newest *Lifetime* for men or women—is designed to be carried safely in any position. Both the pen—and the matching Finline pencil with special rounded tip to prevent jabbing into cloth linings—are clipless! . . . made to fit snugly and securely into shirt, trouser, coat or watch pockets—handbags, almost anywhere! And, men! . . . here's a tip for hot weather comfort and convenience! Carry this handiest writing set safely in trouser pockets when you're without your coat and vest!

Sheaffer makes implements of peace and war. The peacetime products, by their very nature, are much in demand in wartime, but are necessarily curtailed, along with all similar products of other companies, by WPB order. Therefore, they are rationed to dealers and by them to the public. About half as many are available now as in 1941. The men and women of Sheaffer who have been freed from pen and pencil production are hard at work on their war jobs. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY *Lifetime* pen, \$12.50—pencil, \$4—for men or women, without clip, carries safely in all positions in purse or pocket.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.



FILINE LEADS

For your pencil—the original, strong, smooth-writing Finline leads. Developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

V-BLACK Skrip

When writing V-Mail to our men overseas—use V-Black SKRIP! V-Mail letters are photographed on 16 mm. film—flown overseas—reproduced and delivered. Black photographs best and V-Black SKRIP writes black—stays black! Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c.



You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow,
While doing the hitch
Fight flakes and itch...

IT MAY BE

Infectious Dandruff



Get after it now with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

That's a swell treatment whether you're in the Service or out, whether you're a man or a woman. It's the tested treatment that has helped so many to control this troublesome condition.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair twice daily and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. What coolness! What freshness! And what germ-killing power!

The minute Listerine Antiseptic hits the scalp it starts to kill millions of germs accompanying infectious dandruff including the "bottle bacillus." This ugly little customer is held, by numerous dermatologists, to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't Delay. Start Now!

After a few treatments you'll be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales, inflammation and itching begin to disappear. That is what 76% of dandruff sufferers found in a carefully supervised test.

If you have any of these symptoms don't delay. Start now. Remember, the infectious type of dandruff is a germ infection and, naturally, calls for germ-killing treatment. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Dear Mom:
One of the things I miss most in Camp is that good old Listerine Tooth Paste that does such a nifty job of cleansing and makes your mouth feel so clean. For Pete's sake, mail me a tube - the Post Exchange is sold out.

the Tested Treatment



Ever since 1924 the leading company in the motion picture business has been Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It has produced more first-rate films than all the other companies combined.

In the last year it has maintained its stride and its leadership with "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest" and "The Human Comedy."

Shortly you will hear about and see a great heroic production entitled significantly "Bataan." This too will go down through the years as a great contribution to American leadership in motion pictures.

A future column will be devoted exclusively to "Bataan." For the present we wish to tell you about a comedy—a delightful, young comedy that features great stars and virtually stars the great Virginia Weidler.

Do you know Virginia? She's the young lady you may have seen in "The Philadelphia Story"—the nuisance, the thorn in Katharine Hepburn's side.

Like Judy Garland (whose "Presenting Lily Mars" is now hitting the boards and proving its entertainment merit) Miss Weidler has come of age.

Well—almost of age. For she plays the part of the president of an autograph club in "The Youngest Profession."

This uproarious picture was instantly booked by the world's largest theatre, New York's Radio City Music Hall. And no wonder.

Cleverly introduced in well-written and well-played scenes are the great guest stars Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor and William Powell.

Edward Arnold, John Carroll and infectious Jean Porter join Virginia Weidler in a production of which director Edward Buzzell can be proud.

As for the guests, Lana Turner is herself in this one—and a nice self too.

Greer Garson again reveals that charm which made "Random Harvest" a buy-word.

Walter Pidgeon does a scene that imparts his true human sympathies.

Robert Taylor just knocks 'em dead.

And William Powell's presence alone makes a fade-out situation that provides laughter in the theatre and on the way back home.

The youngest art welcomes the cleverness of "The Youngest Profession."

—Leo The Youngest Lion

LOOK

VOLUME 7, NO. 11 JUNE 1, 1943
OVER 2,000,000 CIRCULATION



For Victory
BUY
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

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ADVERTISING OFFICES: Warren Mayers, Advertising Manager; Robert E. Kennedy, Assistant Adv. Mgr.; Cornelius J. Sheehan, Promotion Manager, 511 Fifth Ave., New York; Fred Bauer, Chicago Adv. Mgr., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; William Mattimore, Detroit Adv. Mgr., General Motors Bldg., Detroit; Jean C. Herrick, West Coast Manager, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

CIRCULATION OFFICE: 511 Fifth Avenue, New York; Gene Kuefner and Bob Lewis, Asst. Circ. Managers; Felix Jager, Circulation Promotion Manager.

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Behind the Scenes with LOOK



Mark Gayn, who fashioned the word-pictures of Russia's five best generals (pages 40, 42), lived three years in the Soviet Far

East while the Red Army was in its infancy, watched it grow into today's vast and formidable fighting machine.

Born at Barim, tiny Mongol-Chinese town near the Soviet-Japanese battlefields of 1935-39. Gayn was nurtured on Oriental violence. His first memory, he recalls, is of a Chinese punitive expedition returning from the mountains, bringing back bandits' heads swinging by their

long queues from bamboo poles.

With his father, an American who managed lumber concessions, later as a working journalist, Gayn moved about Asia, saw civil wars and mutinies firsthand. From 1934 to 1939 he was special correspondent for the Washington Post, concurrently served as an editor of Domei, official Japanese news agency, until the invasion of China. Then he resigned, joined the China Press as news editor, remained until Jap puppet gunmen bombed and machine-gunned his offices.

Now 34, Gayn is an expert on Russia and the Far East for the magazine Newsweek, author of Fight for the Pacific and a new book, Journey From the East, to be published this fall.



COVER painting of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton is by Emery Clarke, whose draft board ordered him inducted soon after the painting was finished. For more on tough General Patton, hell-for-leather cavalryman turned tank expert, see p. 10.

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First step in your child's musical education . . . an FM radio-phonograph

"Play it once more, Mother!"

And again . . . and again! In the enchanted land of recorded music, your children will wander for hours . . . acquainted with princes and dragons, blue elephants and trees that walk, and golden mysteries hidden from all except a child.

A General Electric FM radio-phonograph is educator, friend and often nurse-maid all in one.

This electronic instrument opens to your child new vistas of the imagination. It brings to life great characters from legend, fairy tale, and history. It teaches a love for good music, and directs eager and active impulses into purposeful channels.

There are literally thousands of children's records . . . to say nothing of the "grown-up" music which your boy or girl will understand . . . ready now to train and develop the plastic young mind.

And this can happen while you, busy about the house in these war days, must often spend less time with the children than you wish.

General Electric is building radio for military purposes alone now. But after Victory, the General Electric radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be available to every one, at a modest and reasonable price. It will be a finer radio than ever before, because of wartime developments.

FREE: Send for the fascinating 32-page book in full color: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Includes the story of FM radio. Address Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

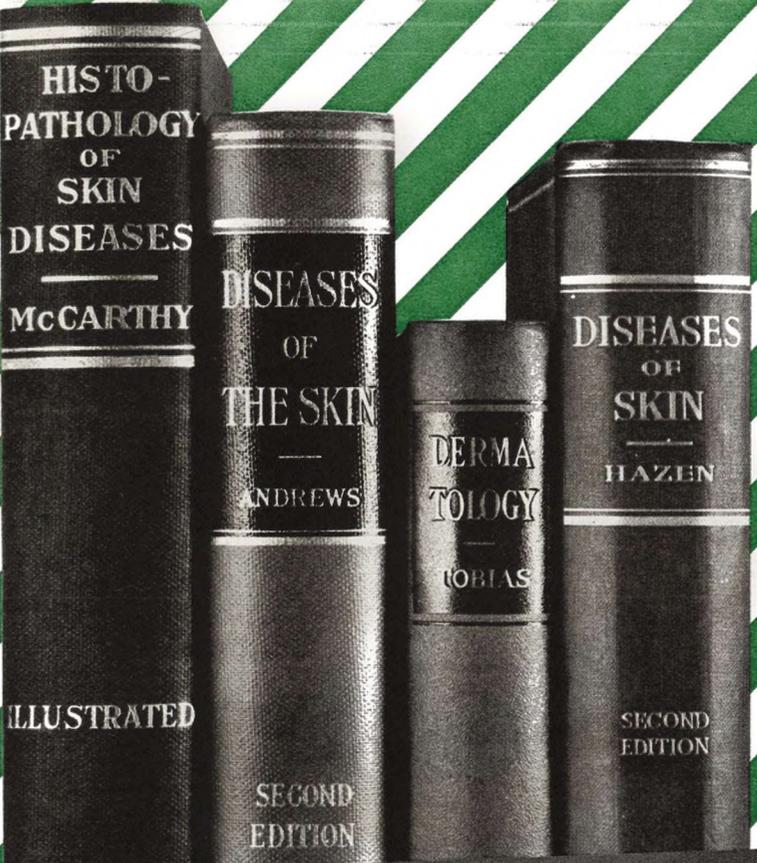
Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evening over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm" over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument
Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio—a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.





Books for a certain few

They are for a select few who are engaged in a highly specialized branch of medicine...in all the U.S. there are only twelve hundred doctors of dermatology. According to a recent survey, more of these skin authorities use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next four leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preference of men who know what is best for the skin?

... the choice of dermatologists



1 WHISKERS OFF!
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

2 FACE PEPPED-UP!
Skin Balm, (cream), soothes and refreshes after shaving. Skin Bracer, very scarce, due to restrictions and army use.

3 PERFECT FINISH!
Talcum for Men, its neutral tint doesn't show on the face. The perfect finishing touch

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

Letters and pictures from LOOK readers

Address letters to Editor of LOOK, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Soldiers—Please Note

To the Editor: In your article, "Prisoners of War" (Apr. 20), you made a gross and very dangerous error in saying that the Geneva Convention requires captured soldiers to give name, rank and regiment number.

No prisoner is at any time required to give his company, regiment or squadron number. That is the very thing the enemy wants to know.

Cpl. Don Kabitzke, U.S.A.A.F.
Lakeland, Fla.

To the dozens of readers who called our attention to this error, LOOK offers thanks and apologies. Though our article was cleared by the War Department before publication, we erred in using the word "regiment" for "regimental." British soldiers have a "regimental" number which is like the serial number in our Army. A captured U. S. soldier need give only his true name and rank, or else his serial number.—Ed.

More Homework Ahead

To the Editor: It is pleasant in these days of war to read your story, "The School of Tomorrow" (May 18), and see the cheerful pictures of children at the Crow Island School, Winnetka, Ill. In the postwar years I hope our schools will have some of the best features of this progressive education—but they will need also more discipline of mind and knowledge of fundamentals. The war has revealed grave defects in our education, and the school of tomorrow will have to equip our children for even harder problems to come.

Virginia E. Gildersleeve, Dean
Barnard College
New York City

Grateful She-Bee

To the Editor: Thanks for your article on the Seabees (Apr. 6). In the picture on p. 33, the big lug in the foreground is undoubtedly my husband, Anthony Bolinski, SF 2/c, the screwball of the 15th Battalion.

His battalion has been overseas so long now that I'm afraid I'll have to housebreak him when he comes back. But thanks again for giving us something to show our grandchildren (if any).

Mrs. Anthony Bolinski
Berkeley, Cal.

Womanpower in Connecticut

To the Editor: Our company, now making Army knives and gun mounts instead of household appliances, can endorse the campaign described in your article, "Manpower Problem Solved" (May 4). The campaign brought out a large number of women, mostly housewives, who have shown great patriotism in tackling unfamiliar tasks.

R. L. White, President
Landers, Frary & Clark
New Britain, Conn.

The Vertch

To the Editor: On my return to the U. S. from Australia and New Guinea, I noted your article on Larry Adler (Apr. 20) and the suggestion that the Virtuoso of the Harmonica (or, as he is sometimes informally known, The Vertch) be sent to the Pacific to play for the troops there.

He would be ideal for it. The harmonica as he plays it is one of the few morale-builders that could be

carried into the remote areas now inhabited by Americans with nothing to sustain them except their guts.

Warrant Officer E. J. Kahn, Jr.
c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

E. J. Kahn, Jr., former staff writer with The New Yorker and author of The Army Life, will soon publish another book, this time on his experiences in the Southwest Pacific.—Ed.

Oomph on Skis

To the Editor: The enclosed picture (see cut) was taken at camp where



ski-troopers train by hiking, on frosty mornings, carrying heavy, heavy packs. To drive us forward, a friend and I devised this new way of pinning-up Ann Sheridan's picture. We've selected Miss Sheridan as "the girl we would most like to be stranded with in a blizzard."

Pvt. Peter Groen
Camp Hale, Colo.

Desk Strategy

To the Editor: Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson's article, "Now Is the Time to Whip Japan" (Apr. 20) is the most sensible I have seen. His plan is the only hope of saving our beloved country. It is almost treasonable to neglect Japan now.

E. Claire Macon
Asheville, N. C.

... Our Government and Britain's decided a long time ago that Germany is our main opponent and must be licked first. Why doesn't the Major get behind the President instead of starting an argument?

John W. Houston
Inglewood, Cal.

... In your Apr. 20 issue I read with interest the article, "The Truth About American Air Power," condemning the controversy among so-called "desk pilots" as being dangerous and confusing. Turning a few pages, I was amazed to see Major Wheeler-Nicholson's piece. Being wholly opposed to Allied strategy, his thesis is certainly dangerous and confusing. Why don't you practice what you preach?

Thomas Ellison Bruce, Jr.
Charlottesville, Va.

A Matter of Form

To the Editor: I appreciate your pictures of Columbia University's high jumper, Bill Vessie (May 4). Step by step they show exactly the form of a great athlete. I am posting them in our dressing room so potential N. Y. U. jumpers can study them.

Emil Von Elling, Track Coach
New York University
New York City

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



★
*For Victory it takes
 War Bonds and
 MORE BONDS*
 ★

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS
This actual photograph shows Mr. Baber's pair of Goodyear tires after more than two years' use. He writes, "To date these tires have given 47,112 miles of service and are still going strong. Since ranching is my business, much of this mileage has been driven over country and second-rate roads, and I can assure you these tires were never babied."

"In 18 months of war, TIRES show their true colors"



ONE of the brightest spots on the home front since Pearl Harbor is the magnificent job tires have done in keeping America's cars running.

And what's even more pleasing to us Goodyear dealers is the way Goodyear tires are living up to every claim we made for them back in pre-war days — claims some folks may have thought were exaggerated then.

But now countless car owners are discovering for the first time how much more mileage you really do get for your money from Goodyears — *a performance-plus that runs into many precious months' extra service!*

Let's look at the record

Take the case of Mr. W. H. Baber, Superintendent, Llano Seco Rancho, Butte County, California. Today he's riding on a set of Goodyears, purchased in February 1941, that have gone 47,112 miles over some pretty rough roads.

The pay-off is that these tires are still far from worn out, as you can see from the photograph above. And this is only one of many cases of veteran Goodyears in service today with 40,000 to 60,000 miles behind them.

What about tomorrow's Goodyears?

The same skill and quality that gave these Goodyears

their long lease on life will go into future tires made of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

Just when such tires will be available to the public is something for the future to reveal. But they're in the works. The Army is already using some Goodyear-built synthetic tires, so you can be sure they'll be proved and tested when you get them.

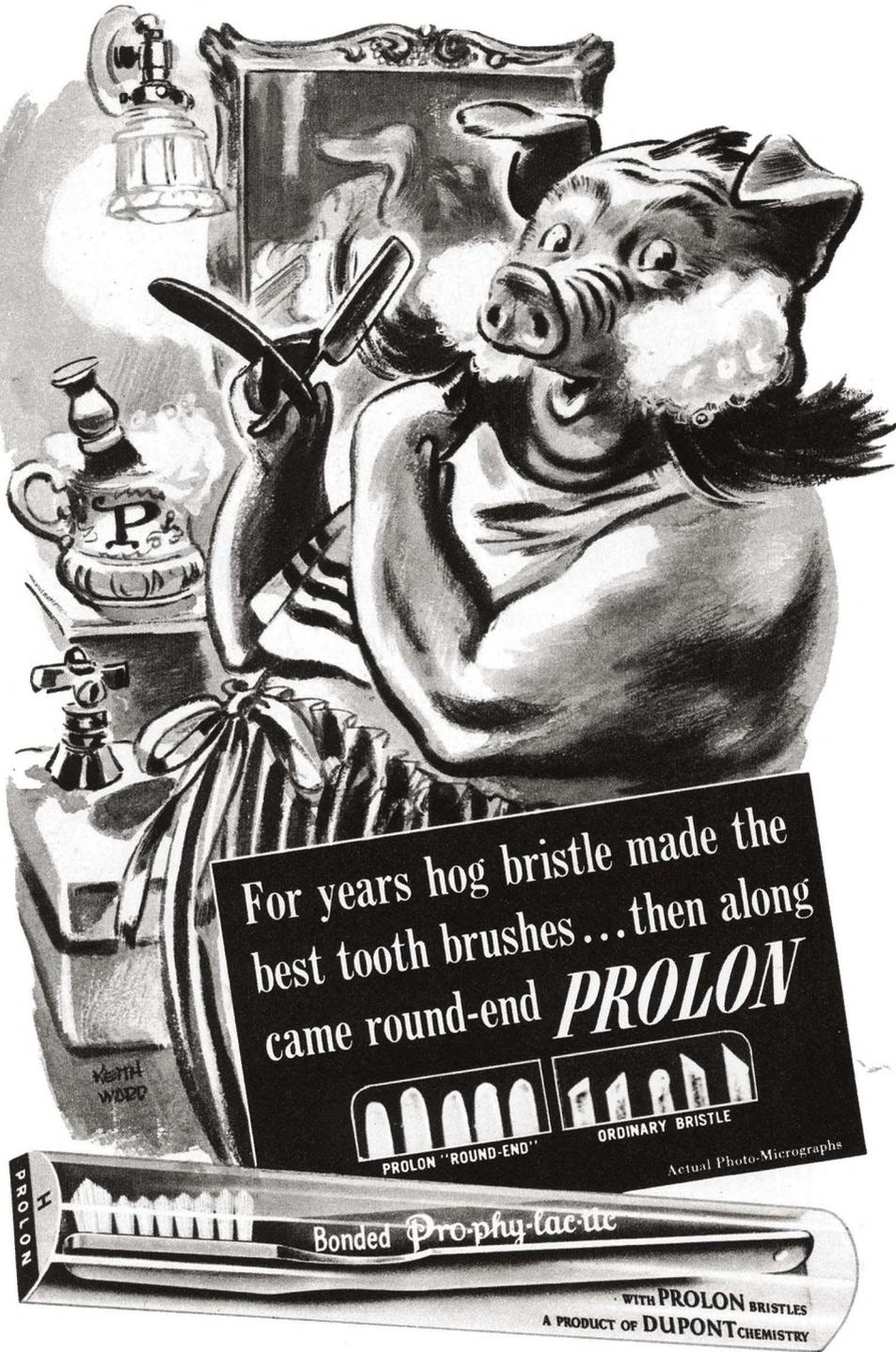
Meanwhile, count yourself lucky if you're riding on long-mileage Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly, obey the wartime driving rules that bring out their full quota of extra miles — and you'll see why so many car owners now say, "*When I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!*"

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-i-gum) -
 T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

WHY CUT 'EM OFF?...

Pro-phy-lac-tic won't buy 'em!



Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know

the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

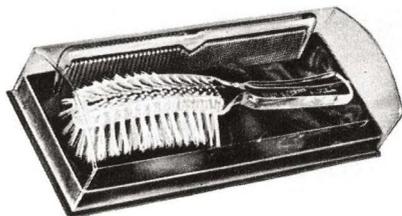
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Letters and pictures from LOOK readers

CONTINUED

Tomorrow's Gown

To the Editor: Regarding your article, "Dress of the Future" (May 18), I hope Mme. Valentina finds plenty of takers for the model shown on p. 68. I agree with her that the future will bring no startling changes in dress—except as the seasons roll by and designers knock themselves out keeping us up with Mrs. Jones.

Incidentally, we're certainly going to need girdles in tomorrow's world. War work is building muscles in women that will start to deteriorate the minute the war work stops.

Prunella Wood, Fashion Editor
King Features Syndicate, Inc.
New York City

. . . I'd say of Mme. Valentina's design that the men of the future will be very lucky. To wear this dress, a woman must have the figure of a slender goddess; to get such a figure she'd better work like a beaver in her Victory garden. Neatly binding up the present and the future, Mme. V. thus presents a feast for both the palate and the eye.

Ilka Chase
New York City

Actress Ilka Chase is author of the best-seller, *Past Imperfect*.—Ed.

Stomach Trouble

To the Editor: In *Photoquiz*, Apr. 6, your answer to question 20 is that a cow has four stomachs. I find whenever we butcher here that cows have only two stomachs. Paul A. Woehl
Wishek, N. D.

. . . We think a cow's stomach has four compartments.

T. C. Howard, A/C
Vincent G. Ahern, A/C
Gayle Bailey, A/C
Sheppard Field, Tex.

. . . Two stomachs.

Earl E. Reiter
Shillington, Pa.

. . . One stomach, in four parts.

Donald R. Henderson
Auburn, Ala.

A cow has one compound stomach of four compartments, the last of which is called the abomasum, or true stomach. The defense rests.—Ed.



Muddler Muddle

To the Editor: Let me set you straight on a picture in *Photoquiz* (Apr. 6). The implement in question 14 you call a "muddler," but it is really a bar spoon.

To illustrate my point I had the enclosed picture taken (see cut). It shows your "muddler" in my right hand, a genuine one in my left.

Oscar of the Waldorf
The Waldorf-Astoria
New York City

Absenteeism

To the Editor: Rollin Kirby's cartoon on "Absenteeism" (Apr. 20) puts the emphasis in the wrong place. Unnecessary absenteeism is not prevalent in American industry—at least in Connecticut. In the past four months, 85 to 90 per cent of our absences have been due to illness and injuries; only 2 per cent were illegitimate or unnecessary.

Lee Jay Whittles, M.D.
Glastonbury, Conn.

Movie Star at Home

To the Editor: Thanks so much for the nice words about my son Jackie Jenkins—"Butch"—in your review of the movie, *The Human Comedy* (Apr. 20). I'd like to thank you for him, too, but I honestly haven't shown him any of his reviews. He



and his older brother, Skipper, have led a pretty normal existence until now—even though my Dad, my brother and I are all theater people.

Both Butch and Skip (see cut) are ordinary, freckled-faced kids who love swimming, riding, adventuring. Before Butch stumbled into the family footsteps, he'd never seen a movie except Disney cartoons. Things have changed now, of course, but we're trying to meet the new situation with naturalness and balance.

Doris Dudley
Hollywood, Cal.

Salute From Britain

To the Editor: I was very much interested in your article, "The Women Take Over" (Jan. 26). We British women can really appreciate the feelings of American women entering jobs previously occupied by men. I was a hairdresser; now I'm a firewoman. Women of America—good luck!

Ruth H. Phillips
Banbury, Oxon
England

Extracurricular Debate

To the Editor: Thank you very much for the article on Exeter (May 4). I am well pleased with the result—including your pictures.

Lewis Perry, Principal
The Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N. H.

. . . We were disappointed. You didn't have any good outdoor pictures; you said the town of Exeter depends mainly on us, whereas it actually has several booming war plants; you didn't make it clear that 21 per cent of the students earn part of their tuition—a very high figure.

Boys of Ed. Gilman House
The Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N. H.



32 BILLION PARTS WORKING HARDER THAN EVER BEFORE

Maybe this will give you an idea of what the railroads are up against –

There are 32 *billion* parts in all the cars and locomotives now in service – 32 billion parts that have to work together and hold together to keep America's wartime traffic rolling.

And no matter how much we need new equipment – the hard fact is that all the material we can get today cannot add up to much against such a total.

So the job confronting the railroads is the same confronting most Americans – the job of doing the best it is humanly possible to do with what we have and can get.

It's a fortunate thing, under the circumstances, that the American railroads worked out in peacetime the teamwork they're putting to such good use today. Any freight car in America can be repaired in any railroad shop in America – wherever it happens to be – without the

delay of getting back to "home base."

This is only one example of the cooperation among the nation's railroads, and of the broader cooperation among railroads, shippers and the government – all working together and pulling together to handle the biggest transportation job the world has ever seen.

RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A.

Do you know that the cars which the railroads deliver every day just to military camps and plants would make a freight train 150 miles long?

And that to handle troop movements takes more than 200 special trains a day?

This is something to remember when trains are held up to make way for victory freight, or cars are crowded, or reservations hard to get.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



Grease and sweat rot thread... that's why this **BUXTON** is **STITCHLESS!**

A "3-Way" depends on neither thread nor glue to hold together.



It's a one-piece, self-interlocking construction. Our guarantee: if any stitchless Buxton should give out in normal use before the leather itself wears out, we replace it **FREE!**



(top) "3-Way" in Pin Morocco—\$7.50
(center) "3-Way" in Levant Goat—\$3.50
(bottom) "3-Way" in India Goat—\$5.00

A patented construction permits a Buxton to keep that "just-bought" look. It's flexible—when you fill it full—it expands. Lighten the load, it eases back!

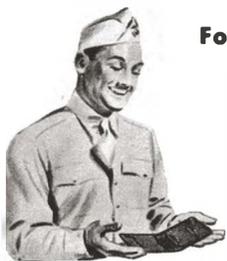
The "3-Way" is roomy. Three full-length compartments keep papers, bills, checks separated. In addition, it has eight smaller compartments.

Ask to see a Buxton at a department, leather goods or accessory store. Buxton, Inc., 4342 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. G, 47 West 34th St., N. Y. C.

For a man in service

1,000 Service Men from 47 states in an impartially conducted poll voted leather billfolds one of the five top favorites among 51 gift suggestions!

Be sure it's a stitchless Buxton. Only Buxton is guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!



3 billfolds for the price of 1

1. A REGULAR POCKET FILE!

Save fumbling for papers, money, cards, credentials! Buxton "3-Way" is trim yet contains 3 full-length compartments and 8 smaller ones! Best leathers are used throughout—craftsmanship is unexcelled!



2. A SECOND FOLD!

Lift it out. You have a complete, streamlined billfold that slips into an inside pocket without making a bulge. Can be separately checked at hotel—or used for evening wear.

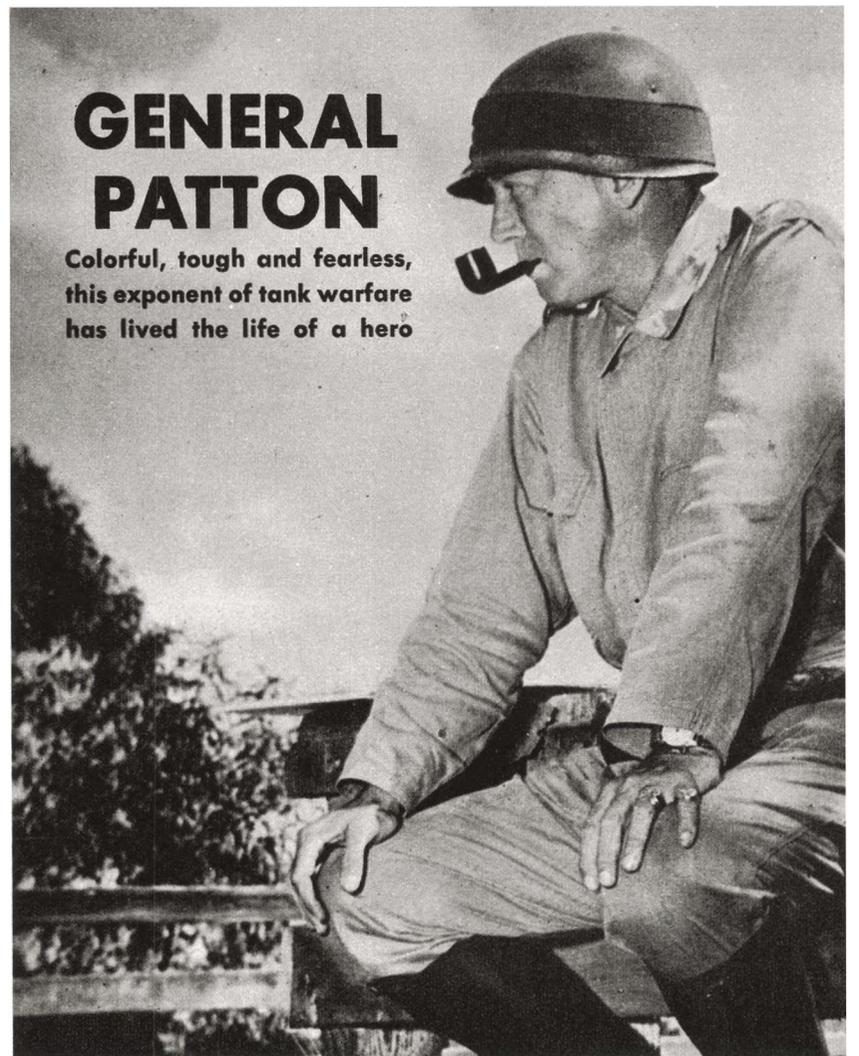


3. A SECRET POCKET!

A third billfold! When you don't want strangers to see contents of your billfold, simply reverse the inner fold. It becomes a hidden pocket for large bills!



Buxton "3-Way"



GENERAL PATTON

Colorful, tough and fearless, this exponent of tank warfare has lived the life of a hero

When Americans landed on the west coast of Africa they were commanded by a six-foot, gimlet-eyed, bald-headed general with the most profane vocabulary known to the U. S. Army. He led his troops through snipers and artillery fire in an attack on Casablanca, walked into the office of the local commander with two .45's swinging from his hips, a tommy gun cradled in his arms. Later he wrote his wife: "It was a real nice fight."

Born on a ranch in San Gabriel, California, in 1885, Lt. Gen. George Smith Patton grew up a poor student but a great athlete (he nearly won the Olympic pentathlon in 1912). Graduated from West Point, he entered the Cavalry, and in 1910 married Beatrice Ayer, a girl of wealth and talent.

Patton soon became known as a hell-for-leather cavalryman. He accompanied Pershing into Mexico in 1915, hounded his chief until he was permitted to go after a Mexican badman. He shot it out with the bandit, brought him back dead and strapped to the hood of an old car. "That," he said later, "was the first motorized action of the U. S. Army."

In 1917 he went to France as a member of Pershing's staff, and commanded the only tank brigade in the Army. It is said he rode into battle sitting on top of his tank, brandishing a cutlass, and at least once leaped to the ground to pursue an astonished German. Wounded in an action in which five of his seven men were killed, he received the D.S.C.

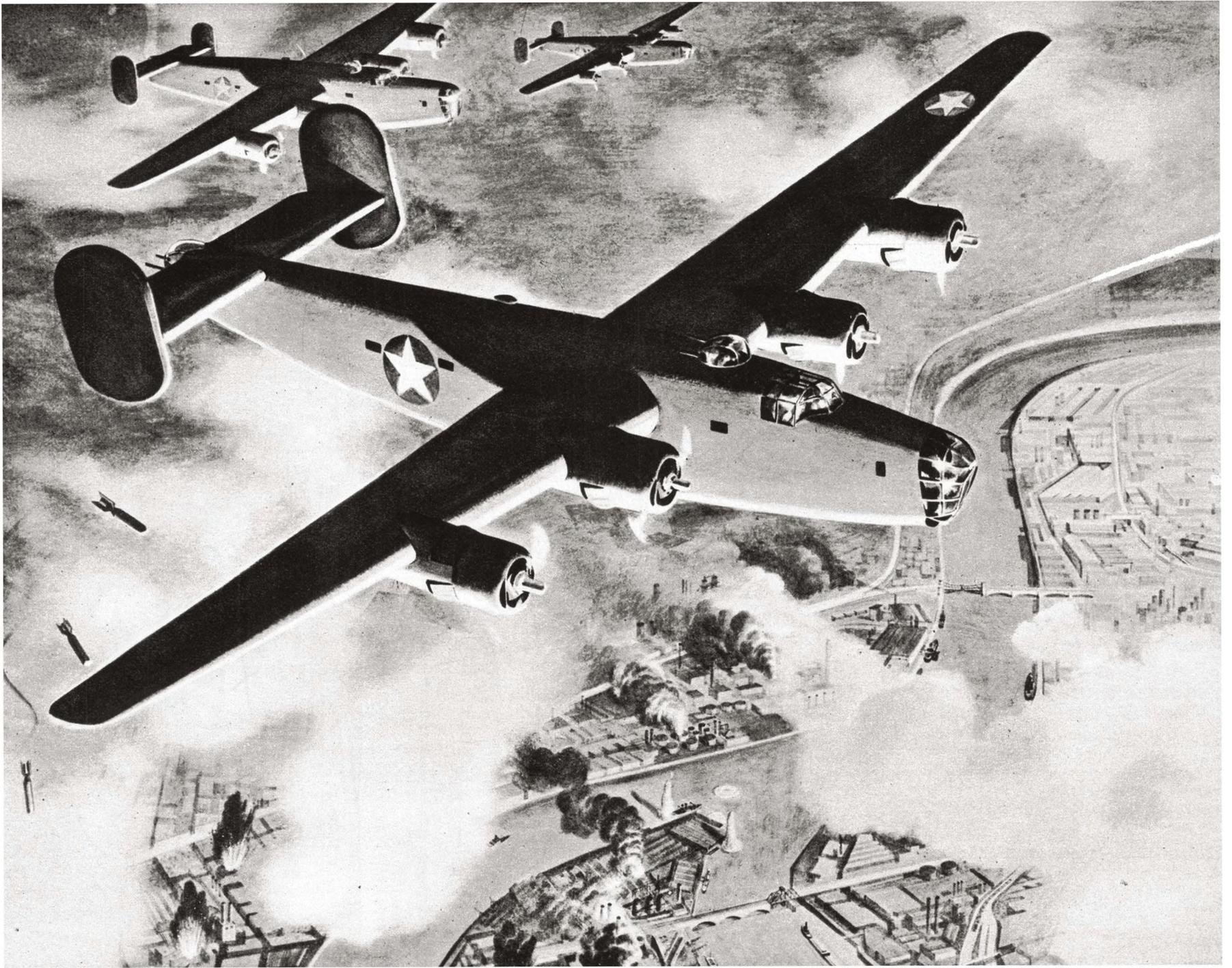
Between wars, Patton saw duty

in many posts. Then, in 1940, he was ordered to Fort Benning, Georgia, to serve with the 2nd Armored Division. He found confusion, red tape, rusty tanks. Patton repaired the tanks, cut the tape, bought quickly needed equipment from a mail-order house. Soon he had his men training under the worst possible desert conditions. He lived with them, was always at their head. "Tank warfare," he explained, "is like spaghetti—you can't push it from behind." During maneuvers staged for visiting South American officers, one of his tanks stalled in a stream; down jumped Patton, hauled away at the tank while screaming epithets which alone should have lifted it out.

A rigid disciplinarian, a wily tactician, he took his men to North Africa prepared for anything.

While winning their admiration, Patton has continually astonished his troops. Sometimes they call him "Flash Gordon" because of the helmet he wears and the grim face he sticks out of a tank turret as he bounces across country. But their pet name for him is "Old-Blood-and-Guts," a title earned partly through his speeches, to which they look forward with fascination. His most famous sentence begins: "When you put your hand on the mess of goo that a minute before was your best friend's face . . ." And he works up from there.

Patton expects his own death to be spectacular—expects to be blown to bits in an advancing tank. And if he has his way, that's how it will come.



POWERING THE BOMBERS OF VICTORY With Chevrolet-Built Pratt & Whitney Engines

For many months, Chevrolet craftsmen have been hard at work on the manufacture of Pratt & Whitney engines for America's powerful bombers and fighting planes.

Chevrolet's production schedule, already large, was recently increased *five-fold*.

It's important to build these engines quickly—and in great quantities—but it's even more important to build with quality. For our fighting men want their equipment *ready* and they also want it *right*.

At least, that is the way we of Chevrolet feel about all the many different kinds of war equipment we are manufacturing

today; and you may be certain we are meeting the demand for quality, just as we are meeting the demand for quantity.

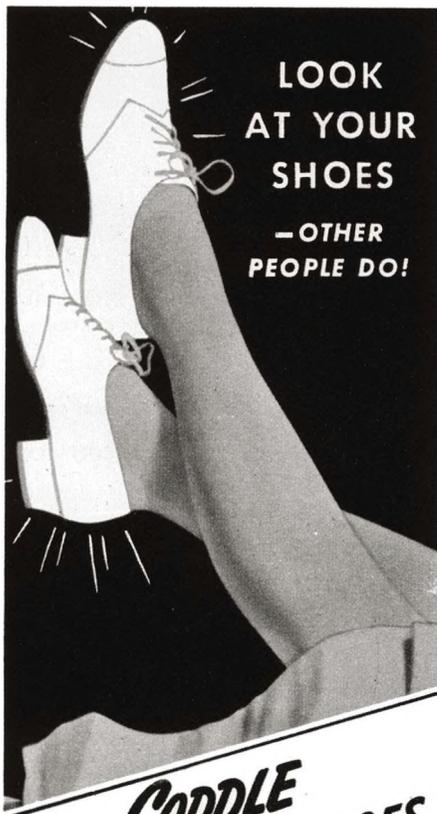
For example, in every Pratt & Whitney airplane engine we build there are over 6,000 individual parts. *Over 6,000 of them!* And our engineers, craftsmen and supervisors handle every part with surpassing care—hold it to the finest limits of precision.

So . . . when our fighting men fly a bomber powered by Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines, or use any other type of Chevrolet-built equipment . . . they will find that it serves with a fidelity matching their own.



CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS





LOOK
AT YOUR
SHOES
—OTHER
PEOPLE DO!

**CODDLE
THOSE WHITE SHOES
THEY'RE PRECIOUS!**

SHINOLA WHITE helps save their bright "new look" . . . and it's easy to put on—really hard to rub off!

• Today white shoes are rationed—so, for longer wear, clean your white shoes, both old and new, with a white shoe cleaner you're sure you can trust!

Shinola White is safe—contains no harsh alkalis. So easy to put on, a child can do it . . . but hard to rub off! Dazzling white, too—and it cleans as it whitens!

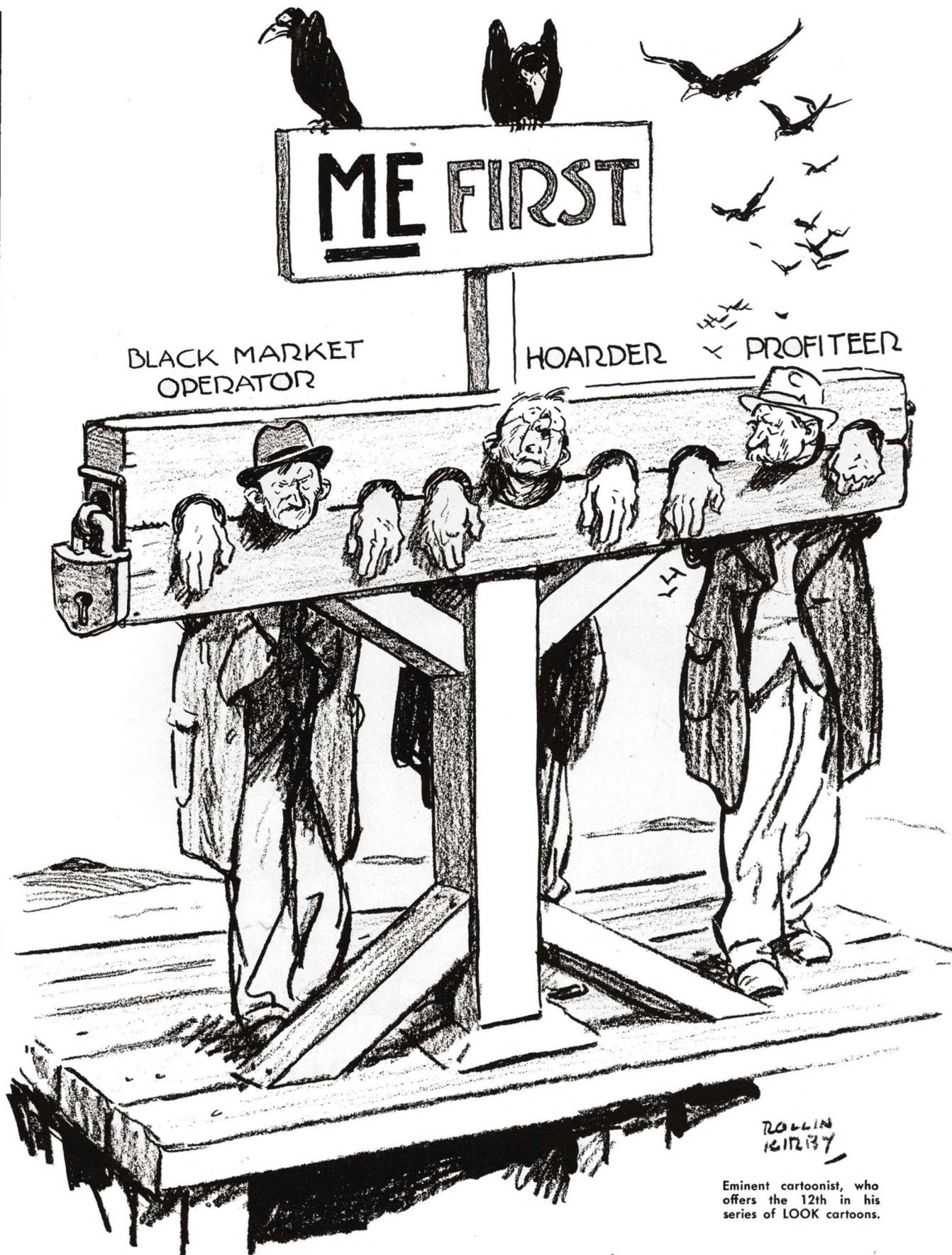
Shinola White's selected oils actually "feed" white shoe leather—help keep it "like new," prevent cracking! For your shoes' sake—try Shinola White today!



A Product of
THE BEST FOODS, Inc.

**SHINOLA
WHITE**

In the Big
Blue-and-White
Package **10¢**



ROLLIN
KIRBY

Eminent cartoonist, who offers the 12th in his series of LOOK cartoons.

THE PILLORY OF SHAME

A greedy few are trying to capitalize on the war for personal gain. It is our duty to expose them

Praise the Lord, there are more patriotic Americans than there are the other kind. Yet a bad, greedy minority is still trying to capitalize on the war effort to its own advantage by grabbing whatever illegal profits its grimy fists can touch.

Who make up this rotten crew? Those who operate black markets. Those who hoard food and other necessities in secret. Those among us who benefit unduly in any manner from essential war work.

It matters not to such slimy souls that American boys are surrounded by death on land, at sea and in the air. It matters not at all that others on the home front are going without, paying heavy taxes, suffering personal loss.

To the Me-Firsters, the only question of importance is, "What can I get out of it?"

We can answer that one: jail, a fine—or both—if they are caught. And they must be caught. For they are like a pestilential miasma that

seeps up from dark swamps of selfishness. They are a living, grasping insult to the name "American."

Big or little, they should be handled alike. It is the duty of every decent citizen to expose them to the scorn and shame they deserve. After that, the Government can be trusted to mete out the proper punishments.

The self-seeking few cannot be allowed to fatten at the expense of the self-sacrificing many.

ACHIEVEMENT OF A SINGLE PURPOSE

A SINGLE purpose spurred the engineers who planned the Allison engine.

A single purpose moves the metallurgists who test and choose the fine materials that go into it.

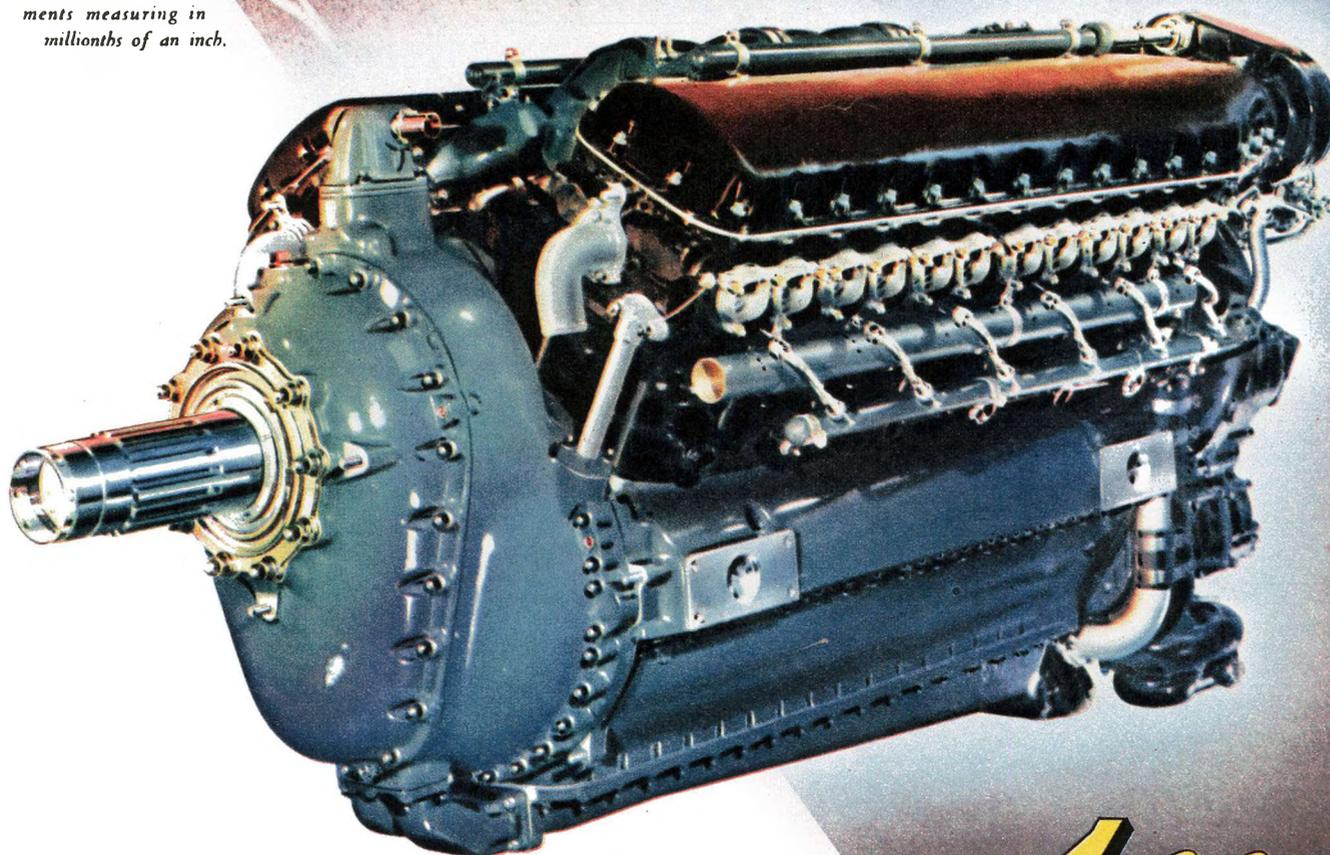
A single purpose guides the skilled hands of the craftsmen who machine and fit its gleaming parts with precision that finds few counterparts in volume production.

That purpose is to create the finest aircraft engine ever built.

How well that purpose is attained is being written in the records of the planes which the Allison powers—and in the standards it is establishing, at home and abroad, for sturdiness and dependability.

Employed in several types of American fighting planes, the Allison is proving before the world the ability of America to work to levels of quality and exactness never before approached.

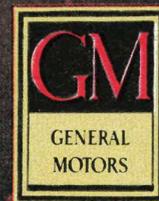
Many Allison parts are electrically checked for accuracy by instruments measuring in millionths of an inch.



LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF





A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. HG-06 Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

PHOTOCRIME

BY AUSTIN RIPLEY AND ROY POST

NO TIME FOR MURDER: Can you solve this short, short mystery?



1 Maria Morel, beautiful socialite whom most men find irresistible, fights desperately against the attack of one of the many women whose happiness she has wrecked. The struggle sways back and forth, then a shot rings out. Maria dies. The murderer arranges her torn clothing: "Yes, I must risk the time element—that's my only danger!"



2 At 7:05 p.m., this conversation takes place between Sue Cort and Lucille Tudor, whose front windows afford a view of Maria's house. Lucille: "Seen Maria today?" Sue: "Yes, about half an hour ago I took her a bottle of my hand lotion—oh, there goes her maid, Sida. Have you seen Maria?" Lucille: "Yes, I took her a book this afternoon."



3 Maria Morel's body is discovered, and in the glare of a police floodlight, Hannibal Cobb studies three sets of footprints in the snow. As he measures strides, he recalls that the wind-driven snow which had fallen all day stopped abruptly at 7:00. No doubt—one set of prints was made by Sida, leaving; the others were made by Sue Cort . . .



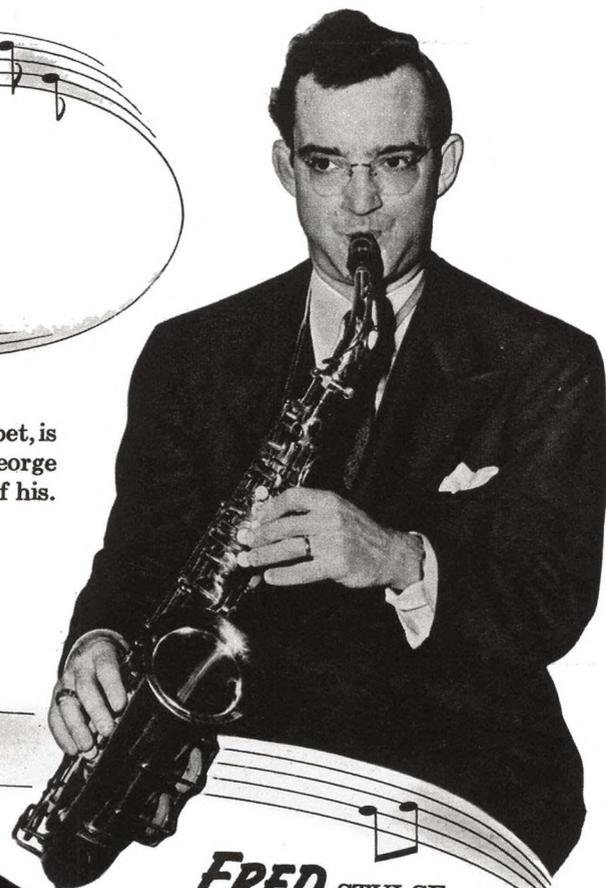
4 Cobb questions the three women. Sue: "At 6:30 I ran over with that bottle of lotion. I left at 6:50." Lucille: "I was here at 2:30, brought the book you're holding." Sida: "Madame was alive when I left at 7:05. I did not see either Mrs. Cort or Miss Tudor—perhaps I was busy." Cobb says: "I know who murdered her!" *How did he? See p. 60.*



TOMMY DORSEY finds out his first name means "a twin." However, he was born about three years ahead of his brother Jimmy—who also heads a top-notch dance orchestra. Maybe we can stretch a point and call them "musical twins."



GEORGE SEABERG, trumpet, is by first name "a farmer." But George produces no corn on that trumpet of his.



FRED STULCE was given a first name meaning "peaceful ruler." Right now he's a king of the saxophone section of Tommy's band, and he's peaceful until somebody gets offbeat.

AS PORTRAYED BY SOME OF THE BOYS IN TOMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA



MAURICE PURTILL, who beats out the rhythm for Tommy, has a first name meaning "dark of complexion." He promises to sock anybody who refers to him as "tall, dark and handsome."



ETHYL

IS A TRADE MARK NAME

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN ?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free — no obligation — just mail coupon.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF NAME MEANINGS



ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3511, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Rice Krispies offer **CRISP** whole grain nutrition.* Hear them

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

"Rice Krispies reporting for duty 'round the clock." What a help they are these hurried days. How they save on other foods!

They save time, work, fuel, too. Just add milk for a dish that brims with nourishment. Needed protein, vitamins and minerals in every spoonful. *Rice Krispies are restored to

whole grain nutritive values in thiamin (Vitamin B₁), niacin and iron.

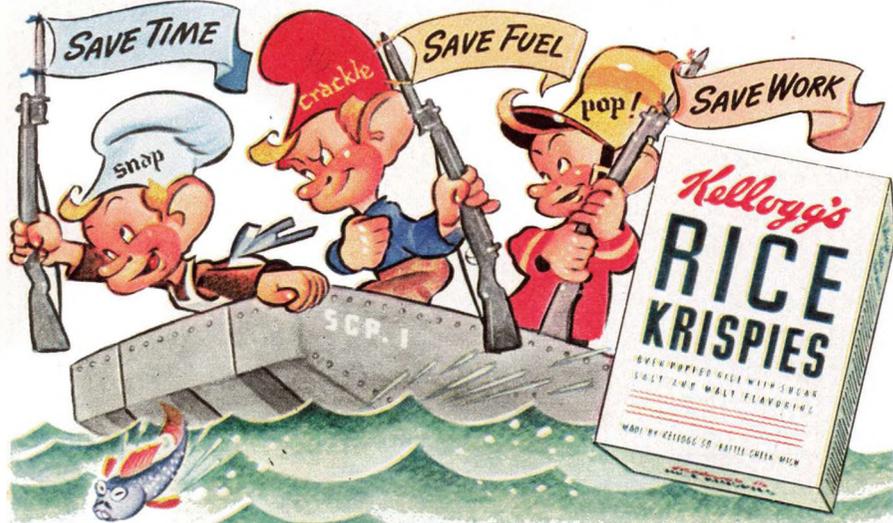
That deep richness of flavor? That snap-crackle-pop crispness? Thank Kellogg's exclusive recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting.

To brighten and simplify *all* your wartime meal planning, get a thrifty package of Rice Krispies now.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Copr. 1943 by Kellogg Company



PHOTOQUIZ

BOB HAWK, GUEST EDITOR

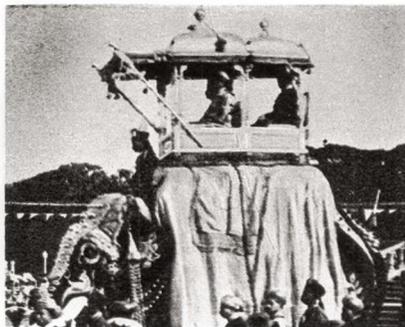
Quizmaster on "Thanks to the Yanks" (CBS) Saturday night



1 For his slant on life, read and see:
(a) Tobacco Road (c) The Robe
(b) The Human Comedy (d) Macbeth



2 The leader gets a bead on Nazis and:
(a) hits the silk (c) nose-dives
(b) peels off (d) bails out



5 Royalty takes friends joyriding in a:
(a) carryall (c) howdah
(b) wagon-lit (d) punkah



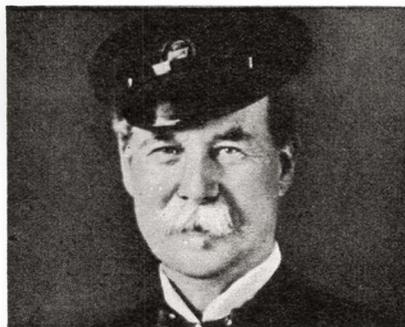
6 Rarely seen in a hair-do like this is:
(a) Janet Blair (c) Veronica Lake
(b) Virginia Bruce (d) Dolores Costello



9 The man who earned these wings is:
(a) a navigator (c) an observer
(b) a bombardier (d) a parachutist



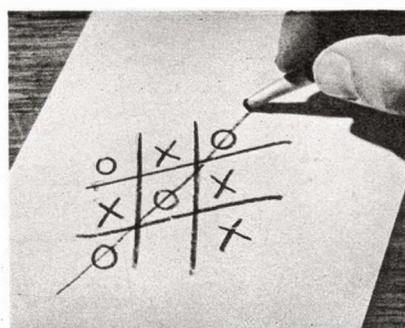
10 This contraption is widely used in:
(a) dairies (c) soda fountains
(b) coal mines (d) orchestras



13 You've seen his face on containers of:
(a) salt (c) tea
(b) sauce (d) tonic



14 A doctor uses this instrument for:
(a) psychoanalysis (c) electrolysis
(b) X-raying (d) intravenous injections



17 The unseen player has just won at:
(a) ticktacktoe (c) lotto
(b) gin rummy (d) old maid



18 Piping Bach or boogie-woogie is:
(a) Eddie Cantor (c) Larry Adler
(b) Alec Templeton (d) Paul Draper

To start off, our quiz-wizard quips:

Miss Number Six looks mighty pert
And Number Ten's a little squirt,
But Number Four is just absurd—
No parrot can give Hawk the bird!

5 FOR EACH ANSWER

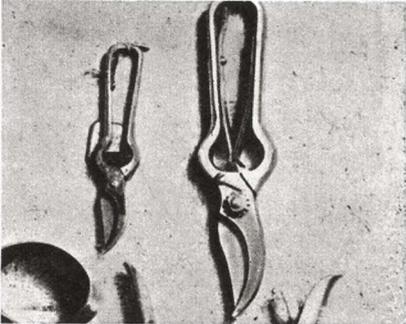
65 passing
70 fair
80 good
90 excellent



3 U. S. soldiers are using this new, tough:
(a) carbine (c) turbine
(b) woodbine (d) tommy gun



4 Donald Duck toured Rio with sporty:
(a) Pete Parakeet (c) Dan Juan
(b) Pancho Sanza (d) José Cariaca



7 You get these out when you feel like:
(a) pruning (c) manicuring
(b) pinking (d) mayhem



8 Rolling along is an ammunition-packed:
(a) brassard (c) pillbox
(b) bastion (d) caisson



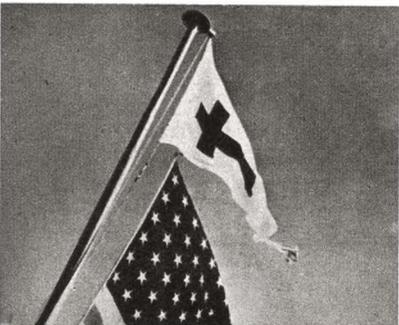
11 Over to the Allies came the gallant:
(a) Richelieu (c) Ile de France
(b) Voltaire (d) Drottningholm



12 Paris is the home of this grotesque:
(a) leprechaun (c) chimera
(b) gargoye (d) Naziphile



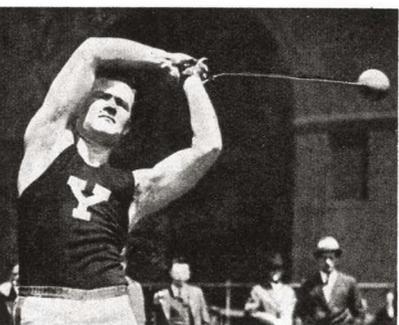
15 They're all set for a speedy game of:
(a) jai alai (c) ping-pong
(b) tennis (d) squash



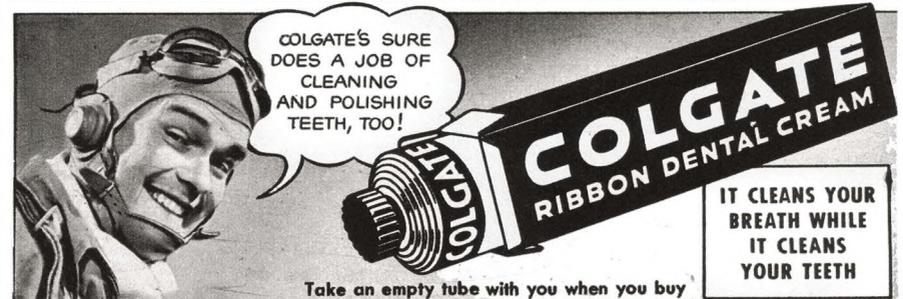
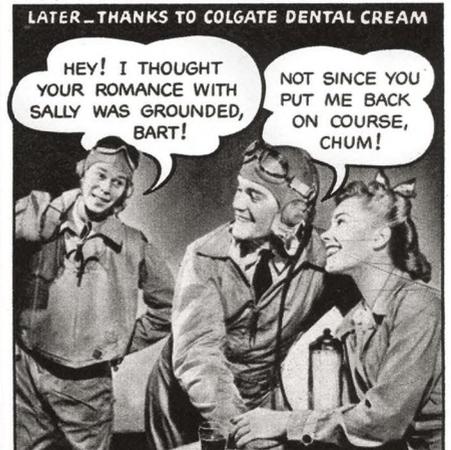
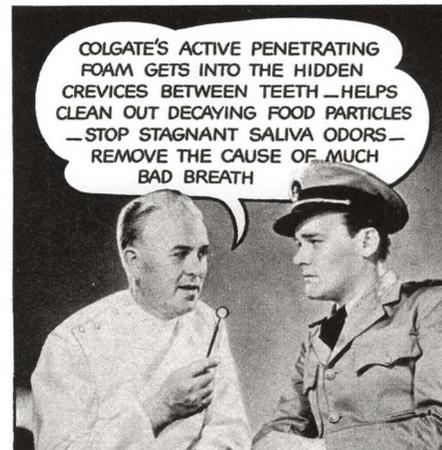
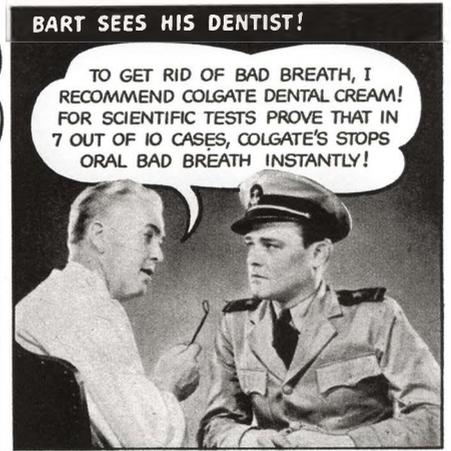
16 The flag above Old Glory denotes:
(a) Memorial Day (c) church services
(b) Knights of Malta (d) British 8th Army



19 He signals "come in" on his handy:
(a) Bren gun (c) walkie-talkie
(b) biscuit gun (d) zoat-shoot



20 He needs strong biceps to throw the:
(a) ring (c) bullock
(b) hammer (d) discus



Take an empty tube with you when you buy
Tune in! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network



I CAN'T ROLL ANYTHING BUT STRIKES
SINCE I'VE BEEN DRINKING **Hemo!**

Hemo... grand and glorious way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

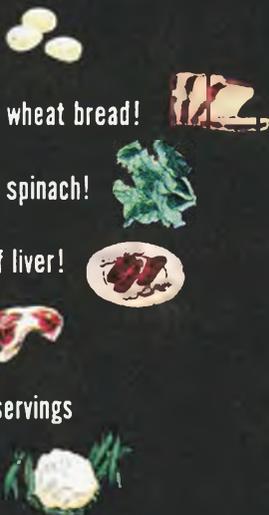
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

PLUS

Significant quantity of Niacin.



Borden's
Hemo



IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"IF I HAD one wish," dreamed Elsie, "I'd wish I could put up a HEMO fountain alongside of every water fountain in town!"

"Why don't you include the whole country, while you're at it?" asked Elmer sarcastically.

"That would be perfect, dear!" Elsie's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "You know, our government nutrition authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals!"

"Don't talk of food!" groaned Elmer. "I want to go home and EAT!"



"Just a minute, dear!" smiled Elsie. "I want to tell everybody that just one glass of HEMO (mixed in milk) supplies half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D, and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus. Plus a significant quantity of Niacin...We purposely omitted

Vitamin C from HEMO—you can get it easily if you drink fruit and tomato juices."

"Now, LOOK!" wheedled Elmer, "can't that wait until after supper?"

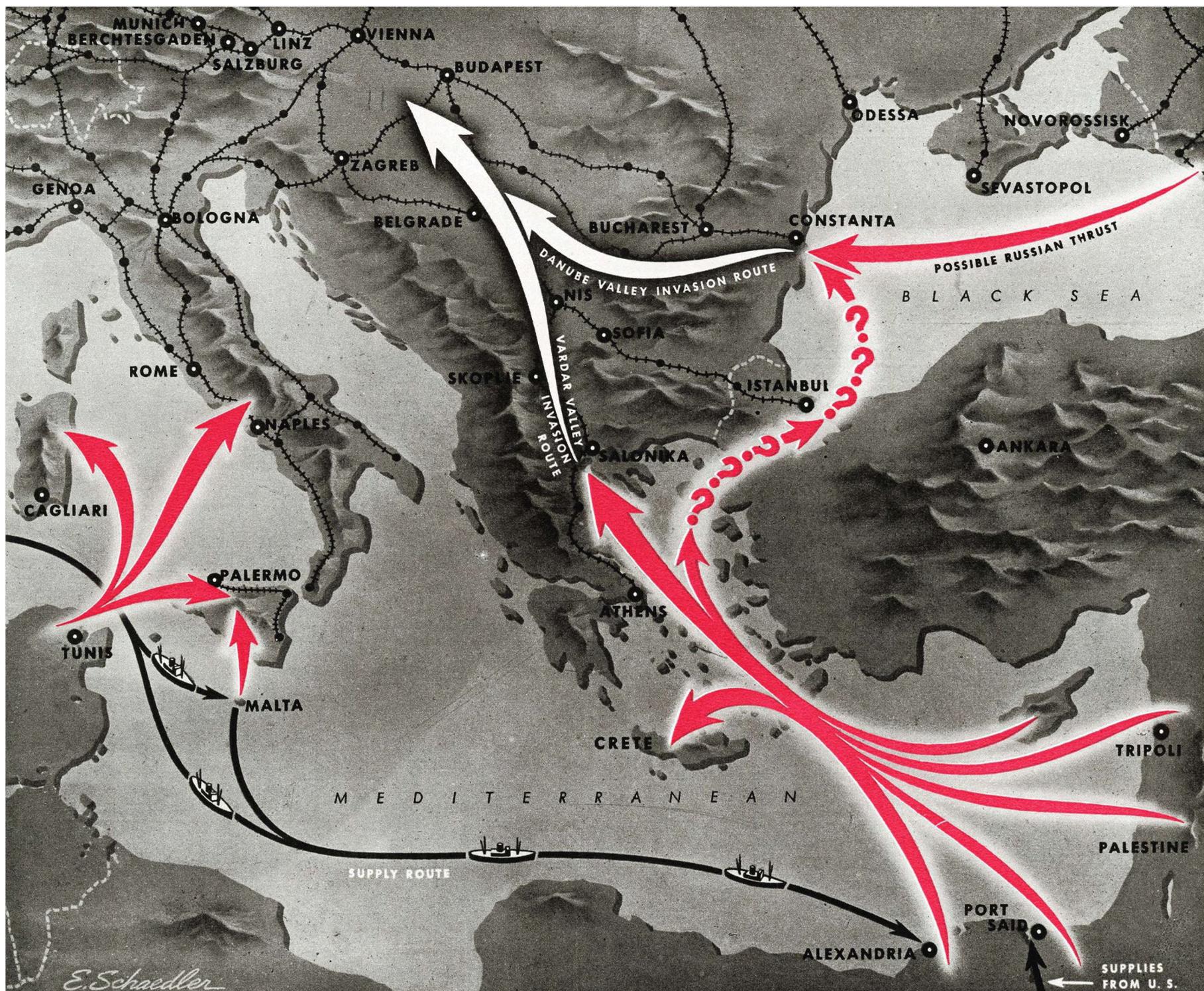


"Speaking of supper," beamed Elsie, "HEMO is wonderful with supper, or lunch! Grand with snacks, too!"

"Darling! I'm saying PLEASE can't we go home and eat?" begged Elmer.

"Why, certainly, dear!" agreed Elsie. "Just as soon as I remind folks that HEMO costs only 2½¢ a serving. You can get a full-pound jar—enough for 24 delicious drinks—at any drug or grocery store for 59¢...And when you lunch at fountains, you can have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer! And—What are you waiting for, Elmer? Let's get home to supper!"

© Borden Co.



Southeastern Europe is rugged—as the map shows—offering but two invasion routes. But both lead to Hitler’s heart, and through the lands of our friends.

Keep Your Eye on the Balkans

The Vardar Valley is the side door to Hitler’s European fortress—the Danube Valley is the back door . . . Both beckon to the armies of the United Nations

This map has been studied long and carefully. Hitler has spent hours over it. So has Prime Minister Churchill. So has President Roosevelt. So has Premier Stalin.

For the Balkan Peninsula beckons to the invading armies of the United Nations.

Of the half-dozen pathways into Europe, the Balkan Peninsula is one of the wildest—mountainous with a rugged coastline, forested, grooved by magnificent valleys.

The people are fierce and handsome—a mixture of Greeks, Slavs, Latins, Albanians, Turks, Semites—speaking a variety of tongues. The Peninsula is a crossroads of East and West, North and South, Europe and Asia.

There are three reasons the Balkans beckon to the invading armies of the United Nations:

1 We have large concentrations of British, American and Russian forces in the Middle East. So long as we have Hitler on the defensive, we

need no longer hold that strength for defensive purposes—it is available to strike.

2 The Peninsula offers two excellent, traditional routes of invasion. The Vardar Valley runs straight into the heart of the Balkans. The Danube Valley leads up into Europe with one of the world’s greatest rivers as its main road.

3 The rebellious Balkan peoples would be a fifth column of tremendous value.

The cost of an invasion of the Balkans would be heavy. What would we gain in return?

A blow here jabs toward Germany’s heart like a knife through the ribs. The first penetration may seem less spectacular than a knockout sock on the jaw . . . but let the knife go deep enough, and it will kill.

It threatens Hitler’s sources of wheat and minerals, and drives a wedge up toward the flank of his invasion of Russia. Also it threatens Rumania’s oil fields—this alone probably justifies in-

vasion. Most important of all, it forces the enemy to shift crack troops from other theaters and fight where he doesn’t want to.

A Balkan invasion need not be “the” second front, it needn’t even be our main invasion of the continent—this may come out of French Africa, or it may come against France or the Lowlands—but it might be the most effective of all.

To go into the Balkans, we must first reduce Crete. The Germans took Crete by a fancy-Dan parachute operation. To get Crete back—well, we have some fancy-Dan tricks of our own.

Once we reach the coast, the Vardar Valley beckons, but the enemy knows that, too. And we can be sure he will have stiff fortifications there.

The big question mark is the possibility of a Turkish alliance permitting us to send men through the Dardanelles, bound for the Danube, perhaps supported by the Russians. This could be a one-two stab that would mean Hitler’s end.



He can smile through it all

So let's keep a smile a-going back here, too.

Even though war is crowding the wires, telephone people still want to give you pleasant, friendly service. Materials for new telephone facilities are not to be had. But there's no shortage of patience and understanding.

Takes a lot of pulling together to do this and we appreciate the help from your end of the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WAR CALLS COME FIRST

• Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is more and more essential every day.

YOUR DOCTOR MEETS A WAR HEALTH CRISIS

**While younger physicians go to war,
"Doc" is guarding the civilian front**

Doggone it!" says Harry A. Keenan, M.D., "I've often made calls when I felt a lot sicker than my patients." At 66, diabetic and asthmatic, "Doc" sees 50 to 60 patients a day, serves an area of 150 square miles around Stoughton, Wis. At his office, he feels the strain every afternoon about 4, interrupts his work for a cup of tea. On country calls, he has had to stop his car ("I couldn't breathe") and give himself a shot of adrenalin to ease an asthma attack. He averages five hours of sleep a night, hasn't had a free week end or time for a movie in nine months.

With bouncing vitality, this jovial little doctor—who looks like America's family physician—carries on selflessly at home while over 45,000 of his colleagues (53,000 by the end of 1943) serve the armed forces. Before Pearl Harbor, the Stoughton area (pop. 15,000) had five doctors. When one joined the Army, another the Marines, Dr. Keenan took over much of their practice. "If anything should happen to me," he worries, "the other two doctors remaining in town couldn't handle the added burden."

Throughout the nation, 10,000 communities like Stoughton must also "make do" with less medical care. In many sections, the shortage has become critical. But with the American people lending a hand, our supply of doctors more evenly distributed, and men like Dr. Keenan unswervingly devoted to their calling, we can hold our own for the duration.

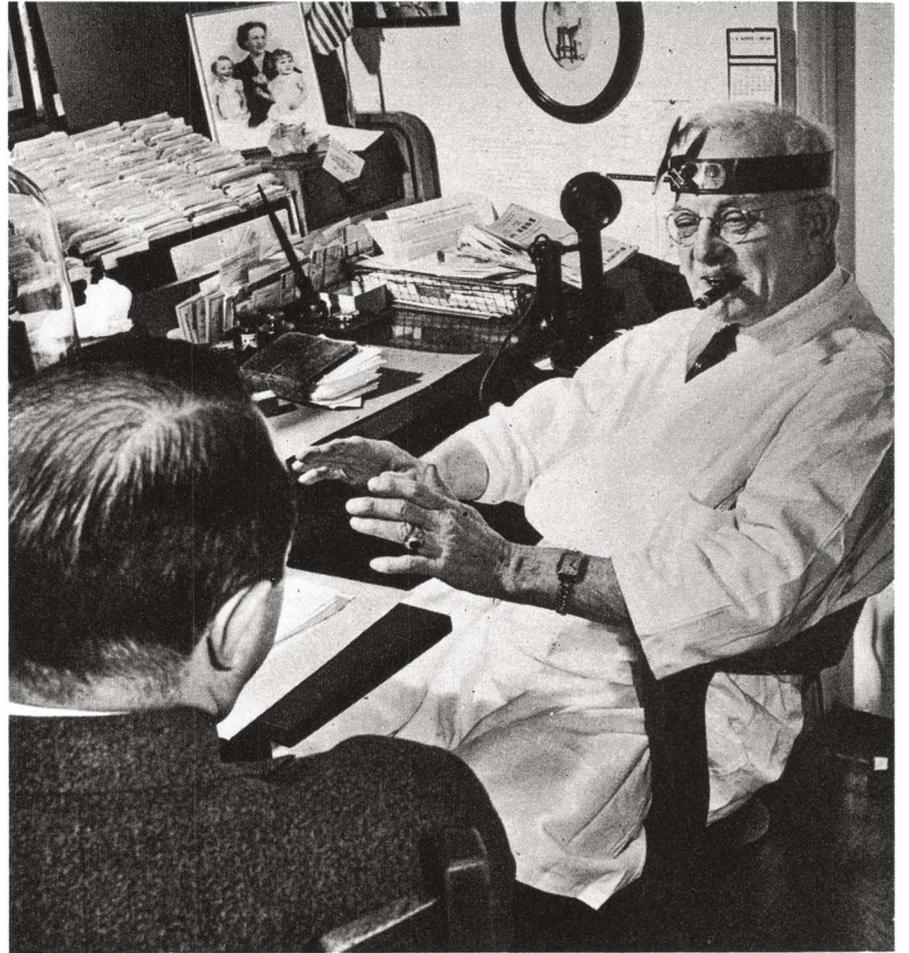
THIRD IN A NEW LOOK SERIES: FIGHTERS ON THE HOME FRONT



"Doc" carries on: Harry A. Keenan, one of 90,000 American doctors continuing private practice, examines a sick child.



Dr. Keenan and his assistant, Ethel Olsen, set the fractured arm of a patient who has come in from her farm 12 miles away. Many patients travel 25 miles to see him. "Doc" discourages home visits, gives advice on the phone more often.



With his last patient of the long afternoon, "Doc" lights a cigar, growls genially: "There's not enough hours in the day." A captain in the last war, he recently was put on the Army Reserve inactive list. "I was never more active in my life!"



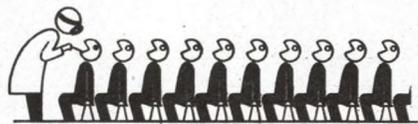
Two hours or more of "Doc's" day are spent at Stoughton's neat, modern, 37-bed hospital, where he generally has at least ten patients under treatment. Here, with the aid of head nurse Mary Evans, he operates on a breast tumor.



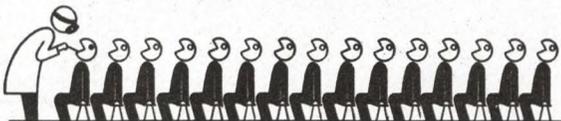
Like 32,570 other physicians, Dr. Keenan serves as draft board examiner. He devotes every Wednesday evening to the job at a Madison hospital, checks final records after 14 other doctors have tested the men, sees 250-400 men a session.



Tumbling out of bed at 3 a.m., "Doc" sighs wearily: "The stork's a busy man these days."



1939 One active, full-time doctor for 1,022 civilians.



1943 By year's end: one doctor for 1,500 civilians.

HOW YOU CAN SPARE YOUR DOCTOR

1. Avoid summoning him needlessly; visit him instead.
2. Take the Red Cross course in home nursing or first aid.
3. Eat wisely, obtain plenty of sleep, recreation, fresh air.
4. Get immunized, if possible, against contagious diseases.
5. Unless imperative, don't move to an overcrowded area.

YOUR DOCTOR MEETS A CRISIS

continued

To prevent a serious breakdown of the nation's health, steps must be taken soon to remedy the shortage of doctors

Wartime Stoughton, Wis., dependent on Dr. Keenan and two colleagues for medical care, is fortunate compared to some rural areas and swollen industrial communities which have only one doctor for 7,000 or more people. One sector in the Middle South is entirely without a physician for its 12,000 population; a druggist is pinch-hitting. Yet throughout the country a soaring birth rate, long hours in war plants and a sharp rise in industrial accidents emphasize the need for medical care.

Our Doctors Are Unevenly Apportioned

Responsible for a dearth of doctors is the call to colors of more than a third of our 143,000 active practitioners. The Army and Navy now maintain a ratio of about eight doctors to 1,000 men, recruiting physicians through the War Manpower Commission's Procurement and Assignment Service. State and local committees of P. and A. declare doctors under 45 either "available" to the armed forces or "essential" to their communities.

Thus far, this system has proved inadequate. By permitting voluntary enlistments, 38 states—including those which need their doctors most—went beyond their quotas. Other states, with a large surplus of physicians, undersubscribed, thereby accentuating prewar maldistribution of medical men—especially in boom towns with a heavy labor influx.

Measures to Alleviate the Shortage

To relieve the situation, Procurement and Assignment is confining its 1943 recruiting to "scarcity states." Medical schools, which turn out 6,000 doctors a year, now omit summer vacations, cutting the four-year course to three. Less effective is the voluntary relocation of physicians to areas acutely in need; to date, only about 600 have moved.

One suggested solution is a form of compulsion (as in England) for relocating doctors. A further step would be the granting of temporary licenses to the 6,000 refugee doctors in the U. S., particularly in states with mushroomed defense towns.

Although the paucity of doctors threatens civilian working power, so far it has not seriously impaired the health of the nation as a whole. Enough doctors remain to give us adequate care—if their services can be wisely rationed.

Until forthright measures are adopted, men like Dr. Keenan must carry on, working 'round the clock, driving themselves to the verge of collapse. "Doc" says he'll never retire—"I'll die in harness." Our men in white are showing us that not all heroes are fighting in the foxholes.



Day's end: "Doc," his wife and dog relax at midnight.

In Dr. Keenan's waiting room, packed every afternoon, patients sit for hours.



This is one division

THE MAN WITH THE GUN at right represents one division of U. S. Army troops such as will be used to invade Europe. The items around him represent the equipment one division will need to seize and hold a beachhead. Figures are approximations, as true for the enemy as for us, and disclose no Army secrets.

Great as it is, the collection of matériel pictured here is incomplete. It does not include, for instance, such essentials as 11,700 rifles, carbines and pistols, 5 bulldozers and other tractors, 6 portable power plants, 1000 radio sets, 9 motorized air compressors, 5 utility power boats and 12 tool equipment sets.

When We Invade Europe

It will be a tremendous transport job . . . Here a military expert tells why

By **PAUL SCHUBERT**

Author and Mutual's military analyst

It is gray dawn. All night long the huge invasion convoy has steamed toward the coast. Battleships and heavy cruisers are up ahead; aircraft carriers with their screen of lighter ships are over the horizon.

On the big transports, heavily packed, men check over their equipment—tommy guns, hand grenades, food for three days. Invasion barges are ready, engines warm. Everyone is tense to the job ahead.

Just as day breaks, the armada reaches the chosen spot. The beach, a low gray line in the dawn, is 6 to 10 miles inshore—a long stretch of curving sand.

Crump! CRUMP! The enemy is firing. He knows as well as we that this beach is one of few where barges can land.

And now our battleships open up. Salvos of 16-inch shells roar overhead. Tiny as ducks flying high, our aircraft join in pounding the life out of the enemy. Landing barges are in the water on timetable

schedule—all this was planned months ago. The first wave is heading for the beach. Far inshore, unseen by us, men have already landed—parachutists to storm and seize the enemy airdromes . . .

This is invasion—amphibian invasion—one of the high spots in the still unacted history of 1943.

But invasion is more than this.

This is only the opening day. Spectacular, to be sure, and dramatic—all the world is reading the headlines:

U. S. TROOPS LAND IN EUROPE!



Behind each fighter—8½ soldiers and workers.

Yet this is merely the seizure of a beachhead. Ahead of us lies one of the war's great campaigns. To fight that campaign, we must land real armed strength.

What is armed strength? Is it men? Equipment? Supplies?

Above, artist Austin Briggs illustrates graphically what one division of armed strength means—in men, equipment and supplies. (These figures are for an armored division, key unit in modern warfare.)

Impressive as this looks, however, one division is only a small part of the strength we must land. Even the first wave of invasion would require a task force of from three to five divisions—say two armored divisions plus three divisions of motorized infantry, plus special troops for this particular job.

Consequently, you must multiply everything in the drawing by five. Even then the invading army is still under 100,000 men—while in Europe we face millions.



25 TO 35 SHIPS

10 LOCOMOTIVES

250 RAILWAY CARS

477 TRAILERS

1000-FOOT PONTOON BRIDGE

400 TANKS

200 MOTORCYCLES

1803 TRUCKS

925 COMBAT CARS

MEDICAL BATTALION 1322 MEN & WOMEN

40 AMBULANCES

The real problem of invasion is not the capture of a beachhead. That part of the job can be accomplished by a combination of shock and surprise, good organization and hard fighting . . .

It's not even the holding of the beachhead. That's a job that can be handled if calculations are right.

The real problem of invasion is the problem of moving freight—heavy freight—in ships. It is literally impossible to put through a large amphibian invasion without capturing a good-sized seaport complete with harbor, docks, cranes and dockside railways.

A beachhead, then, must consist of a combination of sandy, shelving beaches for the first landing . . . plus a harbor able to accommodate deep-sea ships . . . plus, also, at least one airport that can be used by heavy aircraft.

All three of these must be taken in the first assault, and then held while the main invasion forces are landing.

Let's take it for granted that we achieve all three objectives. But we don't get them in good condition. The enemy smashed the cranes on the piers. He has wrecked all the railway cars in

the port and driven the steam engines away, part of long evacuation trains. Some of the rails are torn up, and our own shellfire has destroyed some dock areas and warehouses.

Among the first to land are our repair parties. They work feverishly to get the harbor in shape.

Freight cars? We've brought 250 of them along. They will be unloaded and put to work as soon as cranes are ready to handle them.

Locomotives? We've brought 10 of them with us.

Motor trucks? We have whole shiploads of trucks, bulldozers, portable cranes, portable repair shops.

Also along, but not pictured, are such items as water purifiers, light plants, telephone switchboards, 275 tons (daily) of miscellaneous supplies.

What about unloading all this? The local population is friendly, but there



Supplies for 1 soldier—2 tons a month.

isn't much manpower left in the city. The enemy has seen to that. The able-bodied men have been hauled away.

But we have stevedore companies with us—specialists in unloading ships, intensively trained for just this task—and we borrow working parties of troops in the first furious 48 hours of unloading tanks, guns and supplies.

As we labor, we can hear from the hills behind the harbor the rumble of battle. Six times the first day, eight the second, we are bombed—pretty severely. The enemy has numerous airdromes within easy bombing reach of the harbor and he gives us no rest.

We pay the price of invasion from the start. Such an invasion, from the sea against a fortified enemy, is an uphill job—the toughest in war. But that's not going to stop us. We're in this war to win—and we will win.

But, remember, what we've witnessed in preview here is but one small segment of an invasion of Europe. Multiply it by two, or five, or ten to get the real proportions of the biggest event of the war. That will be the Second Front—the real thing of 1943.



Elbows bend—over “cokes”
—at Club Westchester bar
(sale: 10 cases a night).
Above: Diane Wormser and
Bill Webster “sit” one out.



The Club Westchester band blows sweet or hot. led by Dick Goddard (left), who plays sax and clarinet. Navy-bound, he hopes for a business career later on.

HIGH-SCHOOL NIGHT CLUB

Teen-agers run their own dance hall in New Rochelle, N. Y.

A night club doesn't need liquor and dim-lit booths to be fun for a teen-ager. Recognizing this, 22 students who attend New Rochelle (N. Y.) High School have organized what is perhaps the first after-dark hang-out of its kind in America.

Setting: a made-over movie house in downtown New Rochelle, with a dance floor replacing the first rows of seats. Music: a 14-piece all-student orchestra, which dishes up slow-beat treacle spiced with fresh, hot jive. Refreshments: bottled "pop" and sandwiches.

Such is "Club Westchester," run by—and for—the 14-to-19 set. Its name is that of the county (suburban to New York City) in which New Rochelle is located. And each Saturday night, from 8:30 to 1:30, the club is filled with two to four hundred young Westchesterites.

Guiding spirit of this enterprise is 17-year-old Dick Goddard, son of a New Rochelle lawyer. Dick had an orchestra. He knew his contemporaries leaned toward spots where glasses clinked and the company was unsavory. So he persuaded two of his father's friends to back a new type of Youth rendezvous—and hire his band at the extravagant price of about \$4 a week per man.

The backers still handle Club Westchester's financial problems. But Dick and his pals do all the work. They clean up, wax floors, make sandwiches. They even redecored the club, fixed up a second-hand piano (cost: \$5) for the band.

The result is endorsed by parents, school authorities, churches. And by the club's patrons. Soft drinks and sweet music—what more do you need for a Saturday date, anyway?



The club is convenient: couples come on foot, by bus, trolley, train.



Girl vocalist of Dick Goddard's band is Lillian Giles, 17, whose clear soprano often ties up traffic on the dance floor. There is also a male trio, the "Mel-lowaires." The band plays 20 minutes, rests 10; phonograph records fill the gap.



Between dances customers sit in the folding seats left from the days when Club Westchester was a theater. Some of the boys and a sprinkling of the girls smoke. Conversational topics include school doings, personalities, the war, sex.



Jitterbugging to fast numbers calls for mopping-up operations. This couple wears regular "date night" costume: school or sport suit, sweater and skirt. Formal clothes and zoot suits are taboo. The club has, and needs, no chaperons.



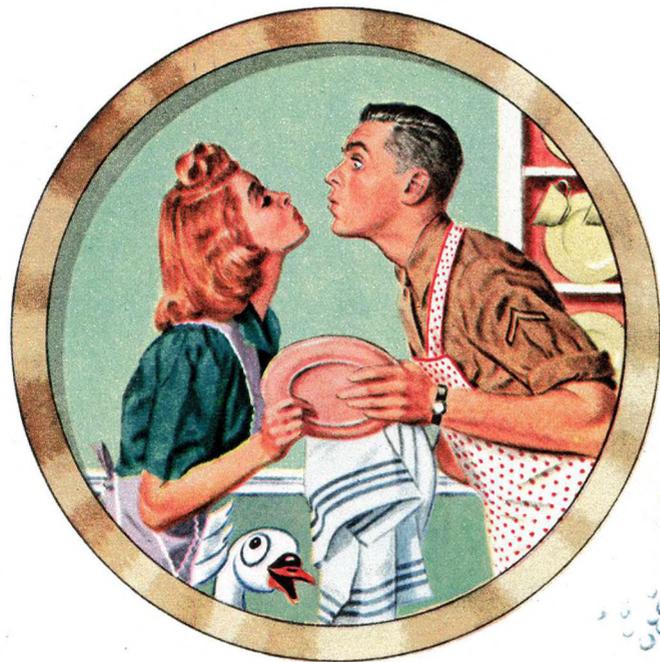
The new Westchester grip for slower steps is displayed here. The dance floor is far more spacious than in most night spots. Other reasons why pleasure-bent young people flock to Club Westchester: It's good fun and—it's their very own.

Look how Swan

gets around... 'cause it's
purer than *Finest Castiles!*



SAY—guess that's Junior's first love affair! And why shouldn't he love Swan—it's purer than even the costly castiles that used to be in every baby's soap dish! No soap is purer than Swan—and it's mild as May!



HEY! Look at Pop! He's headed for a tubful of rich, lively Swan lather, guaranteed to make a man feel so good he'll warble like the birds in springtime!

AND MOM? Nothing but Swan baths for her, either! Those great gobs of pure, mild Swan suds agree with her skin—help her keep her complexion as smooth and lovely as it was the day Pop came a-courting!

HONEST—you'll love faster-sudsing, purer-than-castile Swan—for dishes, bath, undies—everything! Get Swan today!

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular



H'M! Looks like Bill loves Dora—and Dora loves Swan 'cause it's purer than castiles and helps keep her hands so soft and lovely! Yep, Swan is swell for dishes—it suds faster than other floating soaps! It's thrifty! It's firmer! It lasts and lasts!

Purer than

finest *Castiles*

MADE BY
LEVER BROS. CO.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TUNE IN—Burns & Allen • CBS, Tuesday nights
Tommy Riggs & Betty Lou • NBC, Friday nights



Spellman has known Roosevelt for years, admires him, isn't afraid to disagree with him. Proof of their warm mutual regard: they correspond in longhand.

The World Is His Parish

New York's Archbishop Spellman is a priest who serves all mankind

The troops in North Africa were lined up for an address by the military vicar of the armed forces. They were glad he was there; respectfully, they heard him exhort them to labor mightily for God and country. But they needed something more, and the vicar knew it.

Abruptly he changed character. Dropping his clerical majesty, he moved down into the ranks as a simple priest. He chatted with the men, asked if they wanted him to write to anyone when he got home. He ended with a sackful of names and the soldiers' loud vote of approval.

Thus does the Most Reverend Francis Joseph Spellman, archbishop of New York, approach the human problems of global war. Direct, perceptive, friendly, this staunch little Catholic is at once a parish priest and a servant of God whose heart embraces all men.

One evening in midtown Manhattan he met an elderly missionary in the street. The stranger, homeward bound after years overseas, was lost and bewildered. Gently the Archbishop took him in tow, fed him, lodged him, bought him a bus ticket to his destination.

At one point the missionary asked the name

of the current archbishop. Spellman told him. "Never heard of him," the stranger confessed. To this day he has no idea who his exalted benefactor was that night.

He Mingles With the Great

Millions of other people know, however, that Spellman is currently one of the key figures in the world Church. Archbishop since 1939, he has yet to wear a cardinal's red hat as this is written (no cardinals have been elected since war broke out). But, as spiritual ruler of the richest archdiocese on earth, he logically speaks at the Vatican for America's 23,000,000 Catholics. And his long intimacy with Pope Pius XII insures that his words are heeded.

Thus observers have imputed semi-diplomatic significance to his recent tour of the world's main fighting fronts. Nominally planned to let the military vicar confer with some of the more than 2,000 chaplains under his charge, the trip also entailed visits to the Pope—and other government

heads—which stirred wide curiosity. Whatever part the leader of the world's 340,000,000 Catholics is playing on the wartime stage, Spellman clearly has a strong supporting role.

Clam-quiet when need be, forthright about his own beliefs, the kindly, bespectacled little priest offers this credo for the times: "My thoughts and prayers are for a total victory—a victory not only on land, in the air and on the sea, but a victory also for America's ideals."

For the Archbishop's piety is blended with a fierce loyalty to—and faith in—his homeland. He feels strongly that America must share with the Church the guidance of the future. Though he prays for the whole human race, he knows America has come closer than any other nation to realizing the ancient Christian dream of the brotherhood of man.

And he should know. At 54, Francis J. Spellman is in his own way an American success-story—a small-town boy who made good in the biggest city of the land.



Pope Pius XII

Between Two Ten-Thousandths and the High, Blue Heavens



ARMY and Navy blueprints are hard masters.

When they say "Tolerance, .0002," they mean two ten-thousandths of an inch, and not a whisper more.

So the work that goes into these Buick-built Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines—engines powering Liberator bombers *now*—must be right and fine to the last suspicion of an inch.

But that isn't the only driving force that keeps Buick men and Buick

work on the button.

These men know what a little thing means.

They've seen their engine get the maximum working altitude out of the sheer exactness of its parts and assembly.

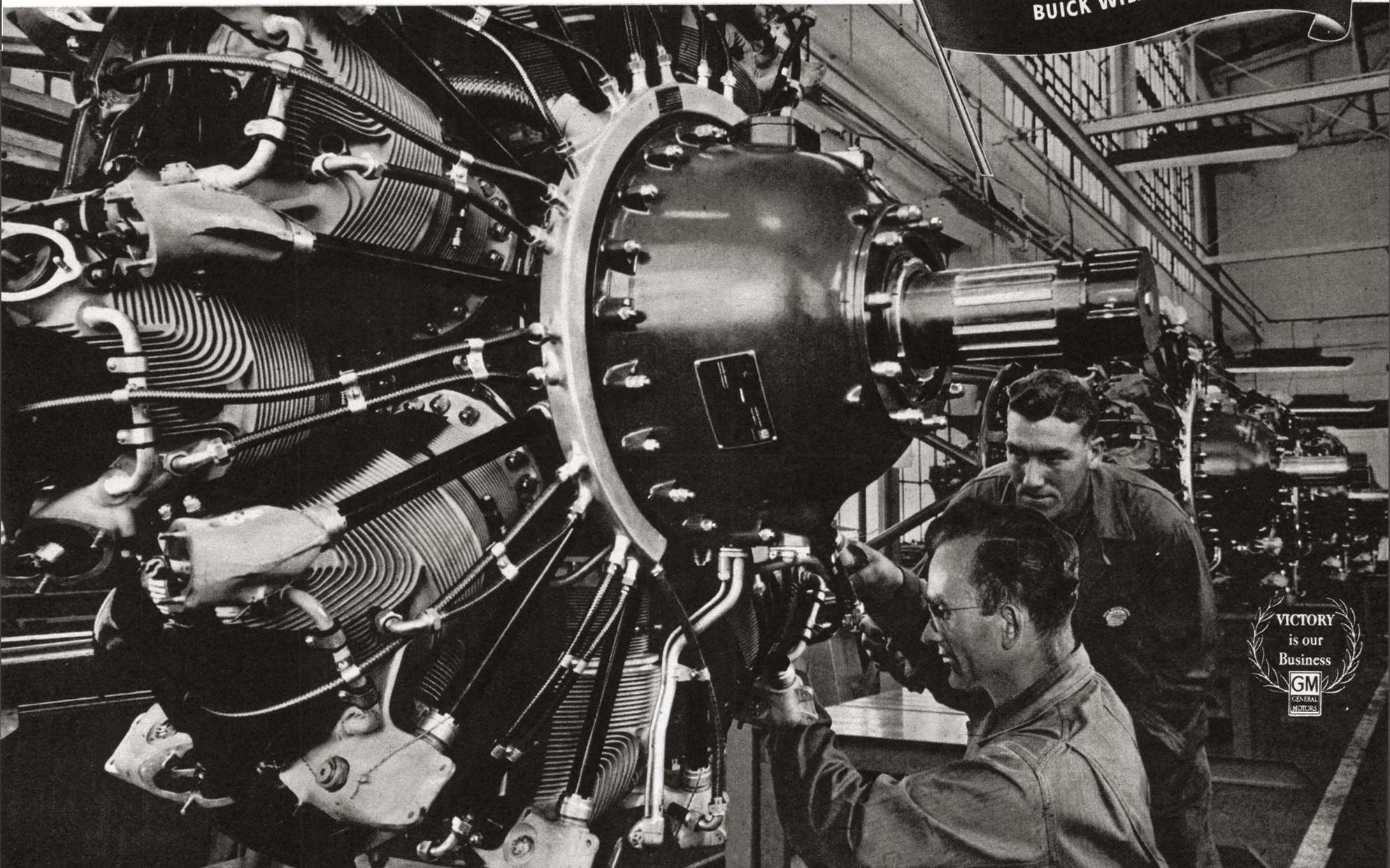
They know without being told that the success of a mission or the safe return of a bomber's crew may depend on the faultless functioning of some small part in the thin, cold air of the high, blue heavens.

So they work, these men, between the rigid, written demands of blueprints, and the even more inflexible rulings of their own consciences.

The country, its fighting men, and some 4,500-odd former workmates now in uniform, look to them to be good at their jobs.

We're proud of just how good they are.

war goods
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



BETTER BUY BONDS
Let your dollars
lend a hand

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



Francis J. Spellman, 54 years old, a grocer's son—archbishop of New York. Although he calls himself "just a parish priest," he confers as an equal with the spiritual and temporal leaders of Europe.

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN

continued

Forty years ago the dignified man in this picture answered to the name of "Frank." He lived then in Whitman, Mass. (a Boston suburb), where he had been born into an Irish Catholic family that included four other children.

Even as a boy Frank liked to excel in whatever he enjoyed doing. School left him lukewarm;

but he loved baseball, played it well, and was village champion at horseshoe-pitching. These feats failed to move his father, the town grocer, who once urged Frank to associate with boys smarter than himself.

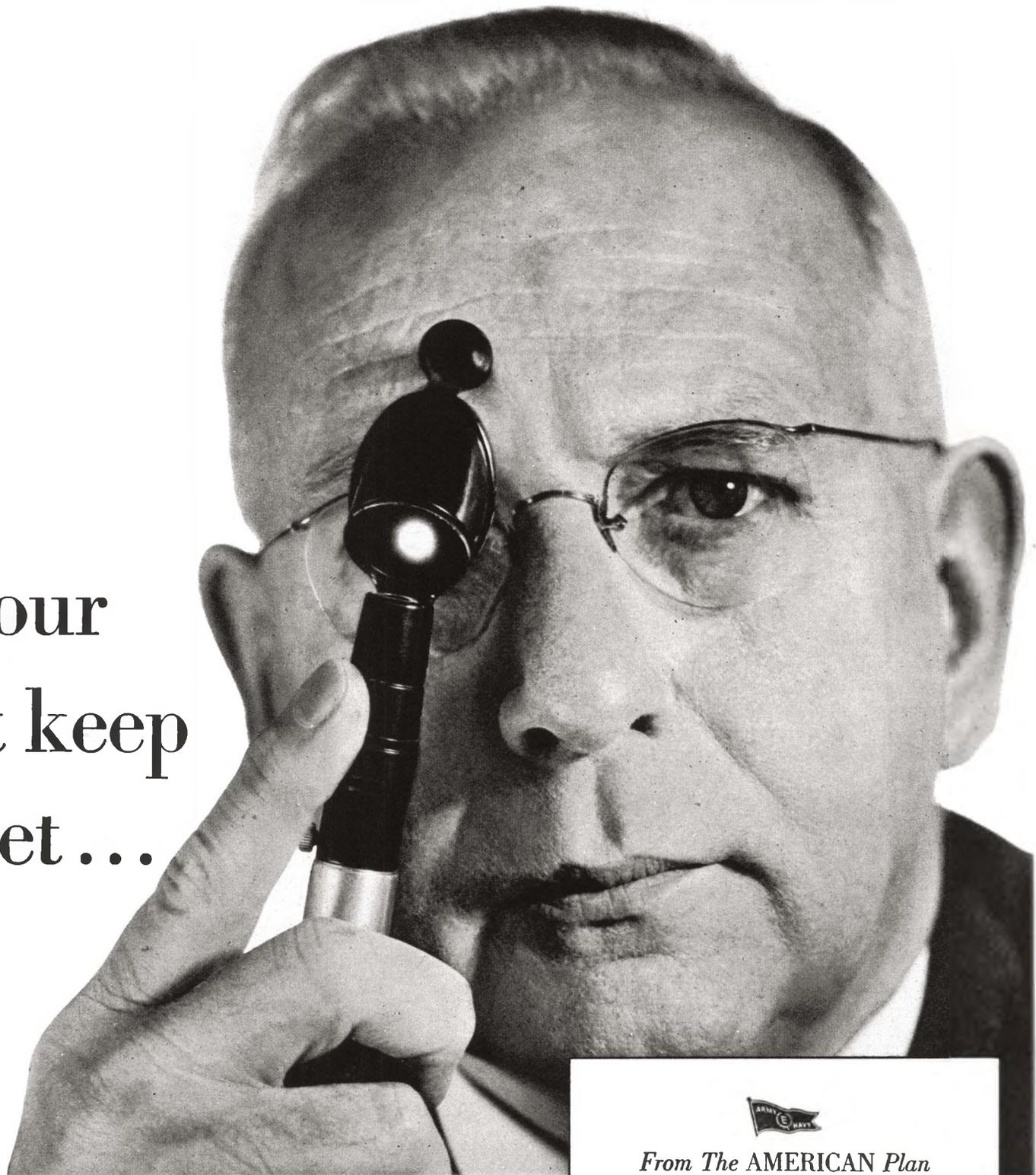
"That shouldn't be difficult," he added.

In high school, Frank delighted his family by displaying a knack for languages. (He still has it: today he converses easily in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German.) His father felt college

was indicated; Frank chose Fordham, a Jesuit school in New York City. There he realized that he wanted to become a priest.

Five years of intensive study at the North American University in Rome were needed before he achieved his goal. In 1916, however, he came home to Whitman in triumph—the first local boy ever ordained to the priesthood.

Since then Spellman has devoted his life to the job he himself prefers: being a good priest.



Why your eyes can't keep a secret . . .

To professional eye men this instrument is known as a retinoscope. To their scientifically trained minds it tells many important truths about your eyes.

By directing a ray of light into your eyes their characteristics can be determined, disclosing facts you might never have suspected, yet vital to your vision.

This is but one of many professional steps employed to discover the secrets of vision hidden in your eyes. This professional skill combined with the expert services of those who interpret prescriptions has made American vision the best in the world.

American eyes have not kept their secrets from professional and scientific skill and training.

SEEK PROFESSIONAL ADVICE
— not glasses at a price

Give your eyes the benefit of this professional service by consulting ethical, professional practitioners to learn the truth about your eyesight.

No two pairs of eyes are exactly alike, and spectacles, if you need them, can never be any better than the prescription they interpret and then only if they fit your individual needs.

Beware of glasses advertised at a price. Seek the professional skill and service that your priceless sight demands. Select your Ophthalmologist, Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser with the utmost care.

Don't buy glasses — invest in eye care.

American  Optical
COMPANY



From The AMERICAN Plan for Better Vision

The professional services are worth infinitely more than the cost of the material in the glasses themselves.

EXAMINATION: Professional examination for possible pathological eye conditions.

REFRACTION: Scientific measure of your ability to see.

PRESCRIPTION: Carefully prepared professional conclusions and the proper instructions necessary to correct your vision.

INTERPRETATION: Careful technical and scientific compounding of the exact materials of your prescription.

FITTING: Scientific, minute adjustment of your prescription to *your* eyes.

REEVALUATING: Verification of the refraction and the prescription.

SERVICING: Assurance that the requirements of your prescription are being constantly maintained.

DINING CAR SERVICE—AT HOME? ... CERTAINLY!



Of course, we're not traveling these days—but that doesn't prevent us from having some of the fun at home. You see, when we made that last trip to Grandma's, the children discovered that dining cars serve *individual boxes of cereal!* Such fun to pick Post Toasties, or Nabisco Shredded Wheat, or Grape-Nuts, or Grape-Nuts Flakes. (Of course, it was Post's Bran Flakes for Dad!) "Why can't we have these at home, Mom?" was the question. And, it turned out, we *could!*



The dining car steward gave ME a tip! He whispered that children always like those little packages—and that I can get them right in my own grocery store, all done up in one big assortment package called *Post-Tens*. Five favorite kinds . . . ten individual servings . . . and every one has that wholesome, whole-grain nourishment folks need every day.



Now—everybody's happy with Post-Tens right here at home! The children like to pick and choose—it's so grown-up! Dad likes the variety, and the way cereals stay crisper in individual packages. I like the economy of having no leftovers, no waste. That makes it unanimous—for Post-Tens!



**FOR WHOLE-BRAIN NOURISHMENT EVERY DAY...
PICK AND CHOOSE THE POST-TENS WAY!**



POST-TENS OFFERS a tempting variety of delicious cereals—and *every one* provides whole-grain nourishment! For good nutrition and good wartime economy too, eat more whole-grain cereals.



**5 OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CEREALS . . .
10 INDIVIDUAL PACKAGES**

Post Toasties (3 pkgs.)
Post's Bran Flakes . . . (2 pkgs.)

Grape-Nuts (2 pkgs.)
Grape-Nuts Flakes (2 pkgs.)
Nabisco Shredded Wheat (1 pkg.—2 biscuits)

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN . . . continued



Spellman met Willkie in the 1940 campaign. They're friends, not intimate.

Journalist, diplomat, linguist, pilot, his first concern is still humanity

Today Archbishop Francis J. Spellman remains a good priest whose industry in many fields should amaze and rebuke the average non-priest.

He has been an able newspaper editor. After two years in Roxbury, Mass.—his first parish—he was transferred to the Boston archdiocese. Though lacking previous journalistic experience, he was soon running the diocesan weekly, markedly increasing its circulation and prestige.

He has been a diplomat. His stay in Boston ended in 1925, when the Vatican made him the first U. S. attaché to the Papal Secretary of State. For seven years he helped handle the Vatican's relations with America.

During this period he won wide lay attention when Benito Mussolini banned Catholic Action groups in Italy and Pope Pius XI replied with an encyclical convening such groups all over the world. Fearing Fascist suppression of his message, the Pontiff entrusted it to Spellman.

The American flew with it over the Alps to Paris, translated it into English, put it on the press wires before Mussolini even knew he had left Rome.

He Can Fly a Plane

In this exploit, which provoked Fascist threats against his life, Spellman didn't fly the plane—but he could have. He had learned how a few years before (in Rome), today holds an American pilot's license and might still fly his own plane if conditions permitted.

He left Rome in 1932 a bishop, returning once again to Boston. His consecration was presided over by Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, then Papal Secretary of State. When Pacelli visited the United States in 1936, it was Spellman who accompanied him on an airplane tour of the country.

Three years later the Cardinal became Pope Pius XII—and appointed Spellman to succeed the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes as archbishop of New York.

The Archbishop's Parish

Spellman's spiritual domain now embraces 1,300,000 Catholic souls; 450 churches, 400 schools; 1,600 priests, 4,000 nuns.

His is the richest parish in the world—and he is still a parish priest. Disdaining ceremony, he shaves himself each morning, says Mass, breakfasts on orange juice and coffee. As much of the day as possible he devotes to answering his mountainous mail.

But other demands on his time are prodigious: religious functions, school graduations, ordinations, confirmations. Though gregarious, he refuses social life as such. An omnivorous reader, he has time for few books. He plays a good game of golf—but again has no time for it.

Today, utter seriousness glows behind his twinkling blue eyes. This war began, he says, because people "have spurned or have forgotten God." And since he is as direct as a ray of sunlight, he is doing everything he can to make people remember again.

***New Moisture-Protecting agent developed by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture!**
We call it
APPLE "HONEY"

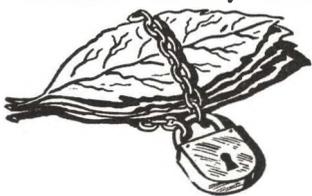
Every smoker wants a fresh cigarette. An apple concentrate has been developed that protects the freshness and flavor of fine tobaccos. Read about it . . .

Guards Moisture!



We now use this mellow, golden nectar—which we call *apple "honey"*—to safeguard the precious moisture of our choice tobaccos.

Protects Flavor, too!



The Old Gold blend is bathed in mellow *apple "honey"*. You get the same fine tobaccos, the same delicious taste — but now freshness and flavor are guarded by *apple "honey"*.

"Make this Test, Folks!"



RED BARBER

"Take it from the Old Red Head . . . you'll like Old Gold freshness a lot! Test it yourself! Light up an Old Gold—take a good drag...ahhhhhh!"

★ ★ ★

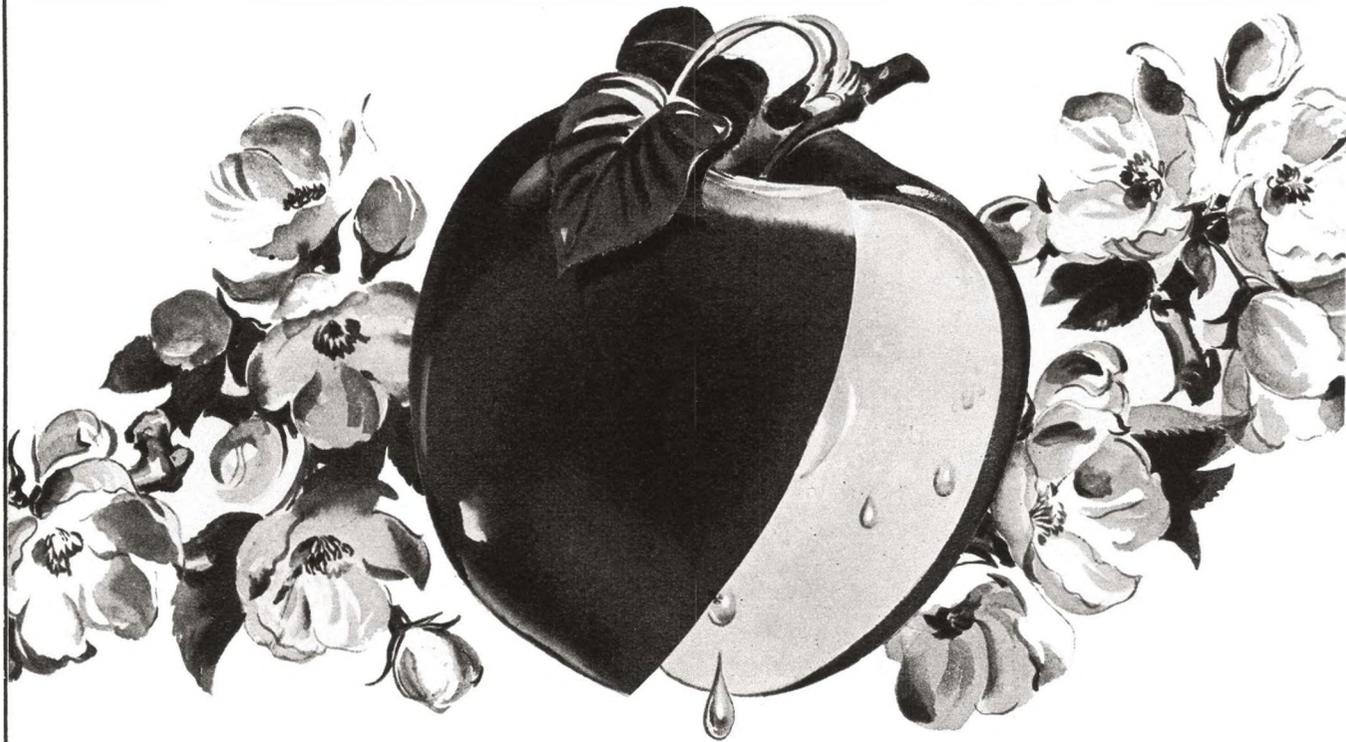
Remember, too, Old Golds were shown

LOWEST IN NICOTINE
LOWEST IN THROAT-IRRITATING TARS AND RESINS

in unbiased, independent, unsolicited tests of 7 leading brands—made for Reader's Digest

Another *NEW**

has been Added!



Apple "Honey"

Now Protects Old Gold *Freshness*

NO CHANGE IN TASTE!



P. Lorillard Co.—Established 1760

Buy more War Bonds NOW!

Old Gold

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The Toughest



Fords Ever Built!

Hard-Hitting M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers Built, Armored and Powered by Ford—Praised by Army for Performance Under Fire!

THE Ford line for 1943 features the toughest Fords ever built — technically known in the Army as 32-Ton M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers.

But whatever you call them they're Fords through and through . . . Armored with Ford Steel . . . Powered by a V-type Ford tank engine . . . Assembled by Ford workmen with the same skill, precision and cost-cutting ability learned in building more than 29,000,000 Ford Cars and Trucks.

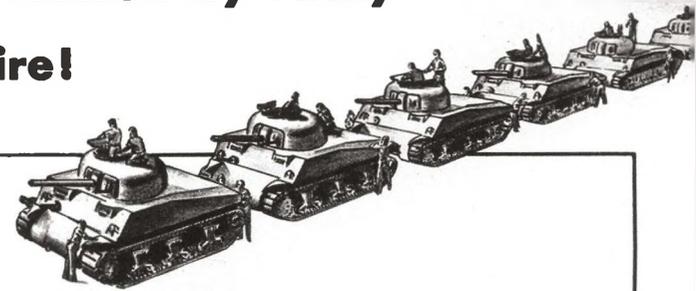
Ford-made tanks *alone* are built, armored and powered by the same manufacturer! And like their peacetime predecessors, these wartime Fords have won the praise and affection of the men who use them. In the words of one high Allied commander—"The Medium Tank M-4 is the answer to a tank man's prayer!"

Of course, actual production figures are a military secret but these built-for-battle models are pouring off the lines in fleets. M-4 Tank output is far ahead of schedule. What's more, there's plenty of *extra capacity* to produce even more if required.

This is just one example of the way the men who built *your* Ford are doing today's big job. There are many more, such as the way they are producing aircraft engines, for which Ford has received the Army-Navy "E", Liberator Bombers, Gliders and Jeeps. All of these armaments are being produced in quantity. All meet the exacting quality standards demanded by the armed forces.

Measured by the most uncompromising yardsticks these wartime achievements of the Ford organization would be counted great. But we feel that *no effort short of Victory is enough.*

F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y



FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS
PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • JEEPS
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AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
ARMOR PLATE • GUN MOUNTS
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS
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This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

Listen to "Watch The World Go By" featuring Earl Godwin.
Every night 8:00 p.m. E.W.T. on The Blue Network.



M-4 TANK

M-10 TANK DESTROYER



F U L L P R O D U C T I O N F O R V I C T O R Y

These Are Russia's Five Best Generals

All are under 50 and all but one are virtually unknown

By **MARK GAYN**

Expert on Russia and the Far East for *Newsweek*

When Moscow proudly announced names of the Red generals who beat Hitler in the great winter drive, the Russian man in the street was bewildered—he knew so few of them.

This strange phenomenon mirrors the Soviet passion for anonymity. It also, to a great degree, reflects the sharp changes wrought in the Red command by the war. The old, the timorous, the incompetent are gone. Those who survive are young, tough and superbly skilled.

Today the average age of Red Army generals is under 45. Russia has air force generals of 32 and army commanders of 38. This matter of age is vitally important. It means that these generals have the physical stamina for round-the-clock, round-the-calendar fighting. It means they have firm nerves. Youth, too, keeps them irreverent

toward the orthodox, gives them ingenuity, makes them ready to try new tricks.

Finally, their age means that they belong to the Soviet crop, untainted by contact with Czarist Russia, fanatically devoted to Communism.

The Red generals have been one of the major surprises of this war. After the Finnish campaign, the world—including Hitler—smugly gave the Red generals a low rating. Hitler and the world were wrong. These are the men who proved it.



SEMYON TIMOSHENKO, huge, tough as steel and as unbending, is the best-known of the Red generals. Twice, he has met and defeated Hitler's best—before Moscow in 1941 and at Lake Ilmen in the winter of 1943.

Timoshenko first saw Hitler's *Panzer* columns in action in Poland. From there he was rushed to Finland to direct the assault on the Mannerheim Line. When he succeeded, Stalin made him Defense Commissar. Emphasizing discipline, mechanization and training, he transformed the Red Army into a smooth-working war machine.

"Tim" was born in a poverty-ridden Bessarabian village 48 years ago. In 1917, a Czarist conscript, he nearly killed an abusive officer with his fists. Saved by the Revolution from court-martial and death, he joined the Red Army.

He rose fast. At 24 he was a cavalry divisional

commander. When the civil war ended he was a general, with five wounds and a chestful of decorations—but still an illiterate peasant. Thereafter, 10 years of schooling made him a match for any general in the world.

Timoshenko has what the Russians call *napor*—push, drive, energy. He drinks lustily, eats heartily, likes women. He is an expert rider and skier, a crack shot, a still better swordsman.

Watching his men at a firing range, he bellows with delight in a deep bass, slaps his thighs with ham-size hands, and then grabs a rifle or sub-machine gun to show "how the experts do it."

Timoshenko loves and understands the common soldier, for at heart he is still a Bessarabian peasant. But he will not hesitate a second in sending a division to certain death if he considers the goal he seeks worth the lives of 18,000 men.



GEORGII ZHUKOFF, a compact, self-assured officer of 45, is Russia's military mastermind, and a tough fighter. Within four months last winter, he directed the huge offensives in the Ukraine, at Leningrad and at Rzhev.

Zhukoff's motto is: "Attack! Attack from the front, or from the flank. But always attack!" His favorite weapons are tanks and planes used as a team, and he is expert in evolving new methods. An indignant Japanese told me this story:

The Japanese Army marched into Outer Mongolia in 1939 and entrenched itself behind a wide and unfordable river where aerial reconnaissance showed no large Red forces within 100 miles.

Then one night there was a dull and distant roar. An hour later huge Soviet tanks were tearing up Japanese defenses. Before dawn an entire Japanese division was in full flight.

Months later the Japanese discovered that Zhukoff—anticipating the Japanese drive—had strengthened the river bed with rocks and piles strong enough to support his 30-ton tanks. But they never did learn how he hid his tanks so their observation planes failed to detect them.

Later, called on to draw plans for cracking the Mannerheim Line, Zhukoff built an exact replica of the Finnish defenses and went over them painstakingly in search of flaws. He found them. Then special shock troops were trained for assault and these—plus artillery—smashed the Mannerheim Line to bits.

This, then, is Zhukoff—methodical, thorough, unorthodox, skilled. The Red Army calls him its most brilliant general. It has rewarded him lavishly. In 1917, he was a barely literate peasant; in 1940, a full general; today, a marshal.



FILIP GOLIKOFF, a small, sturdy, taciturn man, is Russia's Rommel in daring and brilliance. As a tank tactician, however, he is probably better than the German, for he has bested Heinz Guderian, Rommel's chief and mentor.

In the fall of 1941 Golikoff commanded one of the seven armies defending Moscow. It was a crucial assignment. His opponent was the famous Guderian, who sent one motorized and two tank divisions (800 tanks) into the attack. All Golikoff had was one tank brigade (270 tanks), but so bold and original were his tactics that he kept Guderian at bay until he could get reinforcements. Then he drove the Nazis back.

Golikoff's reward was command of the Voronezh front. The 1942 German plan provided for a break through at Voronezh, and then a sweep northward to Moscow's rear. Voronezh, thus, was

the key to Moscow. The Germans captured a part of the key, but Golikoff, stubbornly and skillfully, held the rest of it. Thwarted, the *Wehrmacht* veered south—to doom at Stalingrad.

Last winter Golikoff struck south from Voronezh, helping to trap the Nazis at Stalingrad and to drive them from Rostov. Then, pivoted on Voronezh, Golikoff's army turned until it pointed, not south, but northwest. It was a tremendously difficult maneuver, carried out across snowbound, storm-swept, bitterly defended territory. In the course of it, Golikoff, at night in a blinding blizzard, surprised and captured Kursk, one of the strongest Nazi forts in Russia.

For this, British high-ranking officers named him in a poll one of the world's 10 best generals. Only other Russians on the list were Golikoff's two seniors, Timoshenko and Zhukoff.

JUST ELEVEN HOURS ON EARTH . . . WITH HITLER!

When Hitler launched his merciless air-blitz on England, 42,000 civilians were killed. The youngest was only 11 hours old . . . only 11 hours of life on the same earth with Adolf Hitler.

America bows her head in horror and sorrow for that child . . . *and then goes forth to fight.*

We fight with all the strength of our youth . . . our sons and brothers who are crossing the seas to get within range of the axis gangsters.

We fight with all the might of our industry. Machines that once formed the comfortable things of peace now shape the cold, hard steel of war.

It is grim business. But we must do it. We of The Texas Company know how grim it is to turn the petroleum that might have been used for transportation and warmth into toluene for high explosives, into Diesel oil for deadly submarines, into lubricants to speed the manufacture of huge projectiles.

But we are glad we had the oil wells, the refineries, the plant capacity, built up in time of peace, to accomplish this stern task.

There is no other way . . . no other way to assure for the children of the future a world where never again can savagery take the place of government.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS





RUSSIA'S BEST GENERALS

continued

Voronoff is the man who married a cannon—
Chuikoff is nicknamed "General Stubbornness"



NIKOLAI VORONOFF, marshal of artillery, is Zhukoff's opposite number—one of Stalin's two liaison agents who oversee the execution of his strategy.

"A cannon," says Voronoff, "is the god of war." And: "A cannon is mightier than a tank." For 25 of his 43 years, cannons have been his constant companions.

Voronoff's biography is simple. He joined the Red Army as a youth of 18. After four years, a battle-scarred veteran, he entered an artillery school in Leningrad; 15 years later he was chief of the Red Army's artillery.

Voronoff has made his artillery battle onrushing Nazi *Panzer* columns by itself. He also has made it the handmaid of the infantryman. Today not even platoons go into action without artillery.

Voronoff's guns do not wait at a safe distance until new positions

have been cleared for them. They roll ahead with the first wave, and fire over open sights.

When the Red High Command began to map plans for a counter-offensive late last summer, Voronoff came forth with one. He proposed to crush the Nazi "hedgehog" defenses, *Panzer* columns and huge masses of men with fire power.

The test was at Stalingrad. For weeks, under the shroud of darkness, tugs and rafts carried Voronoff's cannon across the Volga. On the right bank they were placed in position and so skillfully camouflaged that the *Luftwaffe* never suspected.

Then at the zero hour the guns spat fire and death. The German guns were destroyed in the first few minutes. Steel-and-log pillboxes were blasted into bits. Trenches were leveled.

When, an hour later, the Red tanks rumbled into action, there was almost nothing to hinder them but shell craters. Voronoff had proved his point.

A big, cheerful man, with a double chin and a bulbous nose, Voronoff is publicity shy, even for a Russian general. The radiophoto above is the best photograph of him in America.

He likes to crack a joke, likes a drink and likes soccer. But his real love is artillery. He sleeps, eats and dreams cannon.

Chuikoff, the hero of Stalingrad, cannot be pictured here because no picture of him is available as yet in America.

VASILII CHUIKOFF, a sturdy, soft-spoken ex-farmer, 43, is the hero of the siege of Stalingrad, which cost Hitler half a million picked men, a year of precious time and much prestige.

When Stalingrad's defenses began to buckle last September, the High Command called on Chuikoff. He promptly purged all officers who doubted the city could be held, then told his troops that Stalingrad was the end of the world: There was to be no retreat.

He set up headquarters in a dugout in the side of a ravine. Enemy lines were never more than 200 yards away and often only 20. Once Nazis shot liquid fire through the doorway. One dugout was demolished by a direct hit. Chuikoff changed dugouts five

times in a single day, but he never moved into a safer area. And he inspired his men with his own resolution.

Battles were fought for every building, then for every floor, then for every room. Ambushes were staged in corridors and liquid fire was shot through holes drilled in floors and ceilings.

Chuikoff's typical order read: "When you rush a house, have a grenade in your hand. Leave your knapsack behind. Be sure the grenade is ready for use. Hurl the grenade, then go ahead. Repeat—until you have cleared the house."

When the big push came on October 14, even Chuikoff admitted he had never imagined men could stand so much punishment. That day, 1000 Nazi bombers constantly soared overhead, and fire, smoke and the dust of explosions cut visibility to 10 feet. But the Germans were stopped.

Chuikoff expected to be killed, together with his men. The reason they were not is explained by his simple recipe for victory: "Guts and the readiness to die."

Chuikoff is one of eight sons of a peasant who lives on a collective farm not far from Moscow. His men like him for his earthiness, skill and will. They call him "General Stubbornness."

How good is the helmet your soldier wears?



If you're an American soldier . . . or have a son, brother or husband who is . . . you'll get a lot of comfort out of the answer to this question.

The new-style American helmet gives your soldier real protection against shrapnel and grenade fragments. Against glancing bullets. In rigid Army tests, it can even tangle with a .45 bullet fired at close range, and have nothing but a dent to show for it!

They call it a "tin hat." But that outer shell is steel, strong and tough. And thin enough to avoid burdening the soldier with too much weight.

This special steel is hard to make. It takes unusual facilities and specialized treatment. United States Steel is producing practically all of it.

Other amazing things are coming out of steel laboratories these days. United States Steel, for example, has developed for certain war uses a stainless steel wire that's thinner than human hair.

Your stake in the new steels

Right now, the new steels are helping you preserve American freedom. As long as the war lasts, you won't be able to buy things marked with the U·S·S Label. But when peace is won, this label on scores of products will again assure you of quality steel . . . the material that has no rival in usefulness and long-range economy.

**NEW STEELS
FOR AMERICA**

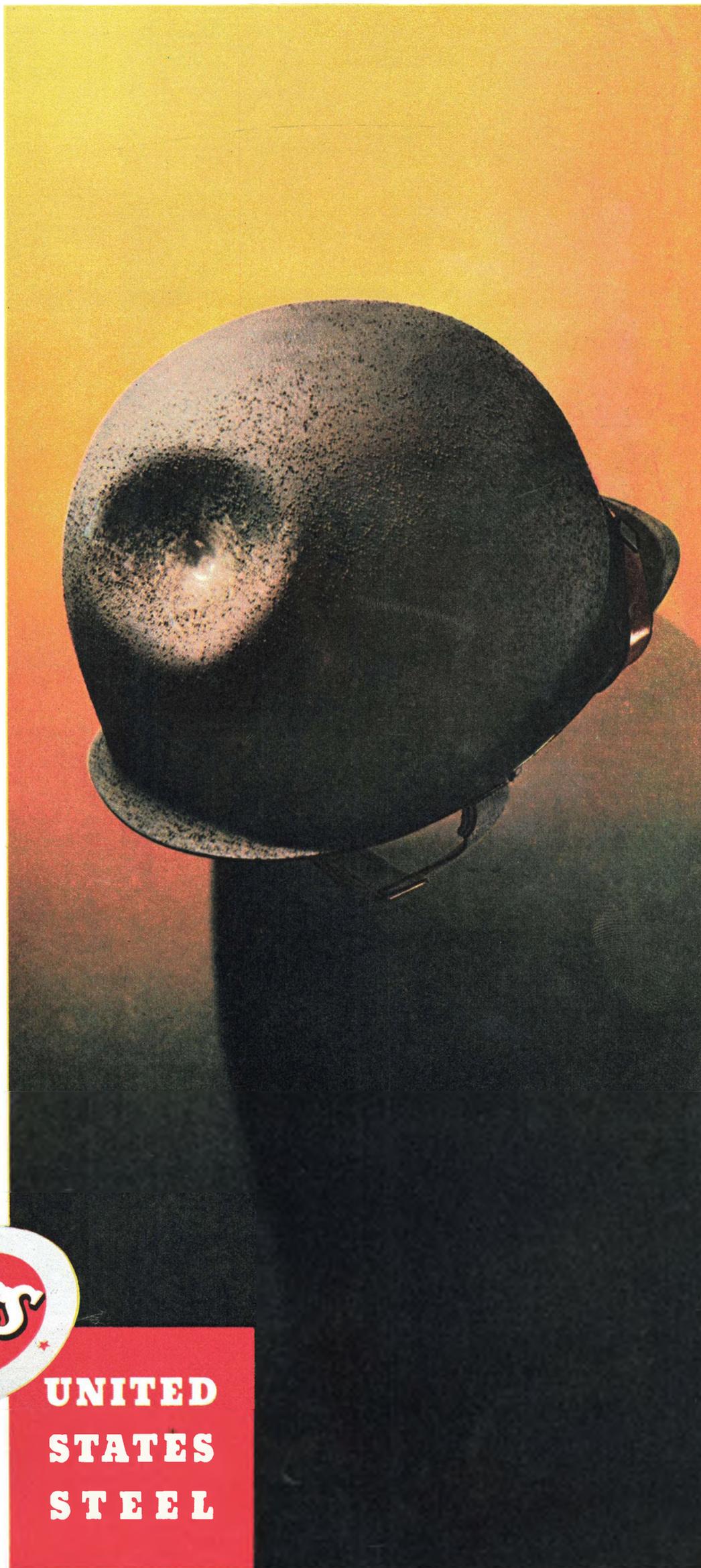
BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.



**UNITED
STATES
STEEL**

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY





WHO PAYS

FOR THE RING?...
FOR THE LICENSE?... FOR THE BOUQUET?

It's Etiquet for the groom to send a bouquet to the bride... to pay for the ring and the license... and to give a fee to the clergyman or justice. Don't embarrass him by sending *yourself* a bouquet! And, above all, don't embarrass him with *under-arm perspiration and its odor*. Use *Etiquet*—new *antiseptic deodorant cream*. More effective! * Works 5 ways!

Copyright, 1948,
by Lehn & Pink Products
Corporation,
Bloomfield, N. J.

*It's Etiquet that stops
under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days*



Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- SAVES ON CLOTHES. Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- ANTISEPTIC. Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- WORKS FAST. Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

LOOK FOR THE BLUE PLAID JAR AT
TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢

Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM



MEET THE PEOPLE

KATE SMITH, who speaks over CBS every week-day, visits the New York Defense Recreation Center and asks men in the armed services a question which has bothered the folks at home:

What kind of letters do you like to get?



Carl J. Russo, Virginia, Minn.: "One like I got recently from my home town. It was 320 ft. long, 2 ft. wide and about 200 people wrote it—the Mayor wrote last and signed it."



Norman Mann, Army corporal, Brooklyn: "I want my girl to write fat letters every day—and to skip all the stuff about men in her office and the pretty new clothes she has."



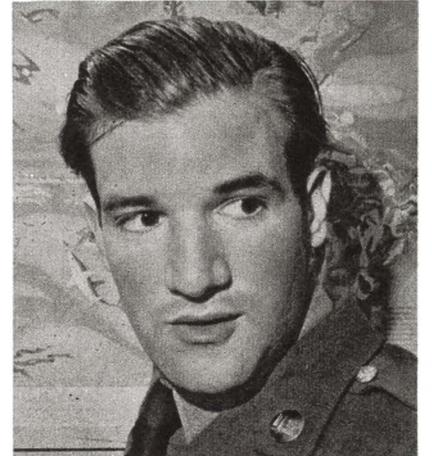
Richard Allen, Army private, Astoria, L. I.: "Letters from my family—long and newsy, which tell in detail everything they're doing. These things make home seem closer."



Tom Wilder, Navy radioman, Minneapolis: "You've no idea how crazy you get for home-town news when you're at sea. That's what we like, not mushy stuff some dames write."



Jim McLaughlin, Navy specialist, New York: "My old gang is spread all over the map. I surely appreciate it when my pals' girl-friends take the time to write me about them."



Charles Reed, Army sergeant, Philadelphia: "I like to get news—but good news. It depresses me to hear about things going wrong when I can't be there to help fix them up."

**ALAN LADD
AND TWENTY GIRLS...**

**TRAPPED BY
THE RAPACIOUS
JAPS!**

The hottest Ladd
on the screen in his first
big production!

William Bendix ...
that "Wake Island"
torpedo is about
to explode again!



TOO LATE... to save her—in time to avenge her!



Dynamiting a grave for the Japs!

Starring **LORETTA**

ALAN

YOUNG · LADD

with **WILLIAM
BENDIX**
Tougher, more lovable than ever!
DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW
Director of "Wake Island"
Screen Play by Frank Butler • Based on a Play
by Archibald Forbes
A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW THIS THRILLING HIT!



One of the strangest juries ever called! . . .

Who were they?... Six of the world's most sensitive palates... making a professional jury of top-rank tasters of fine wines, teas, coffees. They worked with Fleetwood's blender until a blend was developed which they found is *both milder* and *better-tasting* than any of the six largest selling cigarette brands! We hope that you will try the result... a rare and luxurious combination of extreme mildness and exquisite flavor.

FLEETWOOD TOBACCOS are mild, fine vintage leaf, sun-ripened and aged-in-wood to perfect mellowness.

FLEETWOOD EXTRA LENGTH gives extra smoke filtration, thus means *less* throat irritants, less nicotine, and less tars that stain fingers and teeth . . . pro-

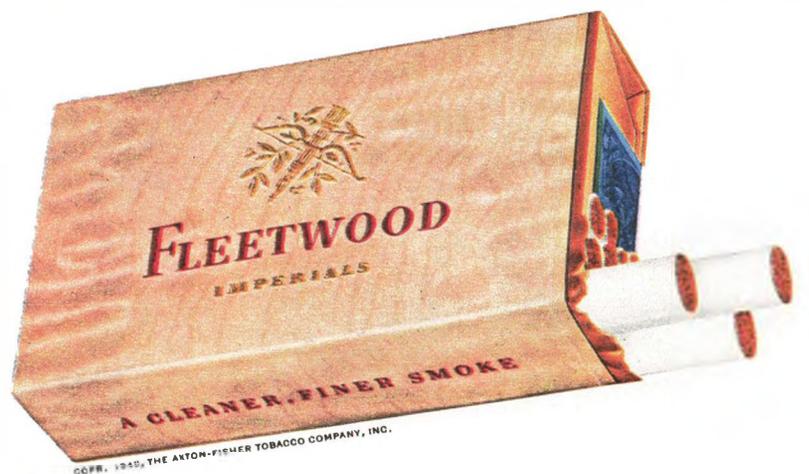
vided you do not smoke more of a Fleetwood than of an old-size cigarette. (See test results in chart below.)

FLEETWOOD SAFETY is increased by a moisture-retaining agent which *does not produce* acrolein, an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke.

FLEETWOOD A cleaner, finer smoke

RESULTS OF TESTS of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large-selling brands which were also included in the famous Reader's Digest test. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to an average distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4



A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE
The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc. • "House of Tradition" • Louisville, Ky.

BETTY GRABLE

As "Miss Ideal America" she wows the armed forces—and the public

Betty Grable, who, between 1930 and 1939, was fired five times from four movie studios, is today the leading feminine box-office draw in pictures. Although she probably won't ever win an Academy Award, her appeal is so basic that one theater manager said reverently: "People would come to see Grable in a Burton Holmes travelogue."

But movies and Betty (now 26) have been some years getting intimate. Born in St. Louis, of "South-Side Dutch" parents, Betty was groomed to be a star almost from birth. Under a firm maternal thumb, she took ballet, acrobatics and tap dancing, studied ukulele and saxophone. At 12, with her mother pushing hard behind her, a reluctant Betty went to Hollywood, lied about her age and got a job in a Fox chorus. When dropped, she began a round of studios, danced her head off, sang in a torrid, untrained voice. But always, at option time, it was the same old story. The directors did not love Betty.

Leg Art Queen

However, the publicity boys did. Betty's first ten years in Hollywood were a patchwork of leg art. She was in the Sunday roto sections far oftener than on the screen. She was always being named "Miss Ideal America," modeling bathing suits, posing for publicity-minded artists. One day she was being "Spirit of Hollywood" for a sculptor and he asked her to take off her bathing suit because it hampered his mood. When she refused, he turned his back and finished in disgust. Miss Grable, usually the soul of co-operation, insisted a bathing suit be added to the figure (right) before it was displayed. "I was very reactionary about that," she recalls.



But Betty is seldom reactionary. Rather, she is consistently friendly, cheerful, agreeable to all suggestions. She is frankly grateful to the press agents for all the space her legs occupied in newspapers during the ten lean movie years. Because, when a part came along which suited her, in a Broadway hit, *Du Barry Was a Lady*, she needed no public introduction. Miss Grable was already a household pin-up girl. And when, a few months later, Alice Faye was taken ill, Twentieth Century-Fox promptly called Betty to substitute in *Down Argentine Way*. Successes like *Tin Pan Alley* and *Moon Over Miami* followed. Her current picture, *Coney Island*, and four others Fox has for her, all promise to raise her gross salary to \$100,000 this year. Miss Grable is not palpitated. Stardom means little to her, except enough money to buy all the Shalimar perfume in sight. And, in her easygoing way, she has provided so many financial feather beds for so many folks that she seldom has money in the bank. When the President's \$25,000 salary ceiling was rescinded, Betty said: "It doesn't matter to me, but will my relatives celebrate!"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



She's a canteen favorite



At the Hollywood Canteen, Betty Grable finds an outlet for her abundant energy. Although she is five-feet-four and weighs only 114 pounds, she has

the stamina of six prize fighters. While other stars collapse around her on Bond tours, the Grable dynamo speeds up. When she finished *Coney Island*,

the studio gave her a week off to rest. She spent every night at the Canteen, dancing vigorously with boys like the sailor above, who almost wept when cut in on.



She likes to jitterbug so much that, although her shift is from 7 until 9:30, she frequently dances clear through until midnight, when the Canteen closes.



Friendly and entirely unaffected, Betty is a great favorite at the Canteen. She sometimes signs autographs for an hour before she can start dancing.



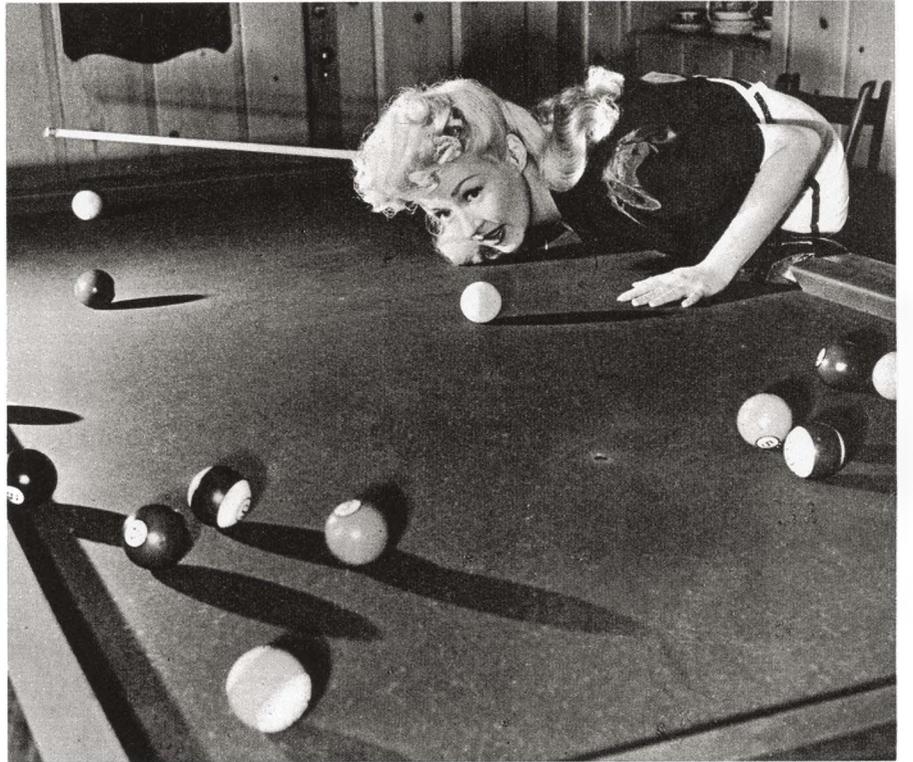
A War Bond and a kiss from a star are nightly awards for service men. Winners are particularly lucky if Betty is kissing—when she gives, she gives.



Her natural bounce keeps her weight the same, although she has an astonishing appetite for hamburgers, fried shrimp, banana cream pie. She frequently plows through a seven-course dinner, then orders two filling desserts.



At Grauman's Chinese Theater, Miss Grable left the full imprint of one of her famous legs. Now painted a conservative red, it proves to all comers that the Grable underpinnings are just as magnificent as they look in pictures.



She has an expensive house with a de luxe pool table and other costly trifles in an exclusive section of Hollywood—all of which rather embarrasses her. She frequently explains to friends that she bought the house at a terrific bargain.



A dissolved marriage to Jackie Coogan in 1937 was one of the real heart-breaks of her life. Not ambitious, she frequently horrifies people—notably those she supports—by wishing that she could quit the movies and get married.



AMERICAN HEROES

DOUG MUNRO

He landed the marines; and, in a tight spot, he got 'em out

In this war the marines have lived up to the slogan "First to land." But the Coast Guard handles our troop-landing operations: coast-guardmen man boats which land marines. And when our fighters are in a hole, must be pulled out, the Coast Guard goes in and gets them.

Douglas A. Munro, of South Cle Elum, Wash., a Coast Guard signalman, 1st class, helped land marines on Tulagi. Off Guadalcanal he led ten boats sent to rescue marines from a beleaguered beach. Munro was killed, but the marines he went after were saved. Cited for bravery, he was recommended for a Congressional Medal of Honor.

TWENTY-FOURTH IN LOOK'S SERIES ON AMERICAN HEROES—STORY BY DON WHARTON—DRAWINGS BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR., CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, U. S. COAST GUARD RESERVE.

1 Under heavy Jap fire Coast Guard surfmen rush wave after wave of marines to the shores of Tulagi. The first three waves are mowed down by the Japs, but in their Higgins landing boats the coastguardmen bring more marines. A beachhead is gained, and Doug



2 At night, Jap warships close in to shell our positions. On Kukum's signal tower, Doug watches for Jap gun flashes. "Off Lunga Point," he yells to his commander, who phones Jap positions to our batteries. Jap searchlights pick up the tower. Jap shells land close by. Doug Munro sticks it out.



3 Doug lands 225 marines on a Jap beach at daybreak and gets his boats back to Kukum. Mid-afternoon brings word that overwhelming Jap forces are driving the marine expedition into the sea. A little Dunkerque is ordered—and Doug takes command of the desperate operation. With ten Higgins boats he starts for the trapped marines. On the way he passes a U. S. destroyer from which someone yells, "You'll never get in there." Doug yells back, "You watch us."



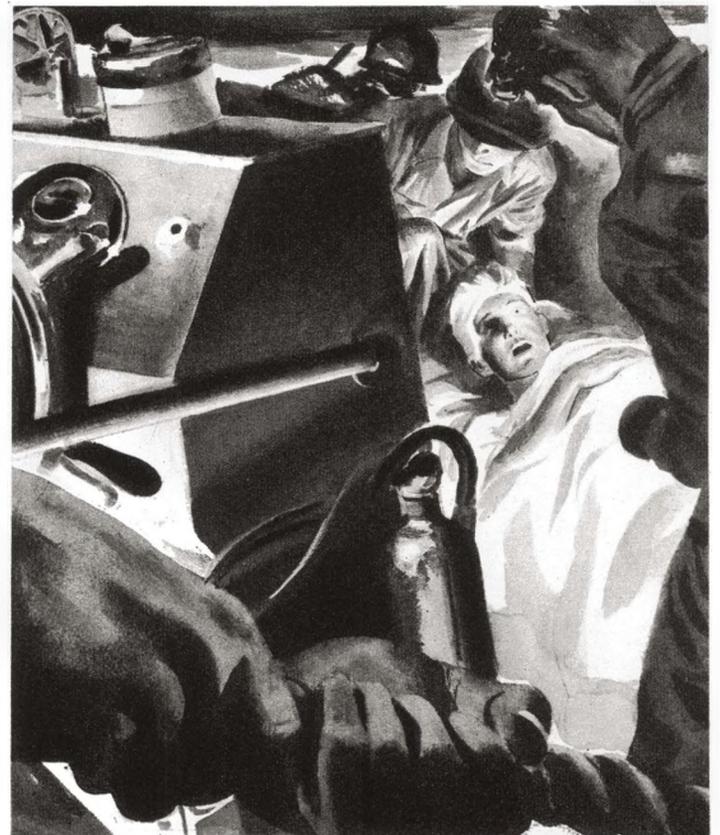
Munro lands, sets up a signal station, establishes communications between forces ashore and forces at sea. When the marines capture a Japanese generator, 22-year-old Doug Munro speedily gets it working again. When the Japs are cleaned out of Tulagi, Doug trans-

fers to the hard-pressed forces at Guadalcanal. Stationed at the Navy's supply base at Kukum, he volunteers for one dangerous mission after another. When an outpost is needed down the coast, Munro loads a Higgins boat with marines, takes them safely

through 35 miles of enemy-swept waters. Several Navy fliers are forced down off Savo Island. Munro helps man a boat rushing to their rescue. Sighting activities ashore, the crew pushes in close to Jap-held territory, finds what's up, reports to our bombers.



4 While Jap machine guns spit out a crisscrossing fire Doug goes in with the first wave. He touches shore, loads up, backs out—and then tries to provide cover for the other waves by circling and playing his machine guns at the Jap machine-gun nests ashore. Doug stands up and motions the other boats in. He pulls off his helmet—possibly to watch the operations better. A Japanese bullet plows into Doug's right temple and knocks him down in the boat.



5 Doug's buddy, Ray Evans, takes command, gets most of the marines off, races them back to Kukum. Doug is dying as his boat reaches the base. A doctor rushes aboard in the dark, examines him by flashlight, shakes his head. Doug's last words are directed at Evans: "Did we get them out?"

CHILDREN'S ZOO

The Bronx Children's Zoo in New York attracts more than 200,000 visitors a season, half of them adults. These, however, may not crawl crabwise under the low entrance bridge unless accompanied by a minor. Further inflating infantile egos is the scaling of admissions: 10 cents for adults, 15 cents for children. Animal houses are planned for a four-foot eye level, fences are low. Certain exhibits and the gay souvenir medals are *for children only*.



In a big, straw-filled play ring youngsters may fondle, get acquainted with a variety of tame and domestic animals under supervision of the Zooperintendent.



His parents, barred from ring, have no place to sit.



Pork baby (eating buttons) is news to city kids.



Not even a goose could resist an approach like this.



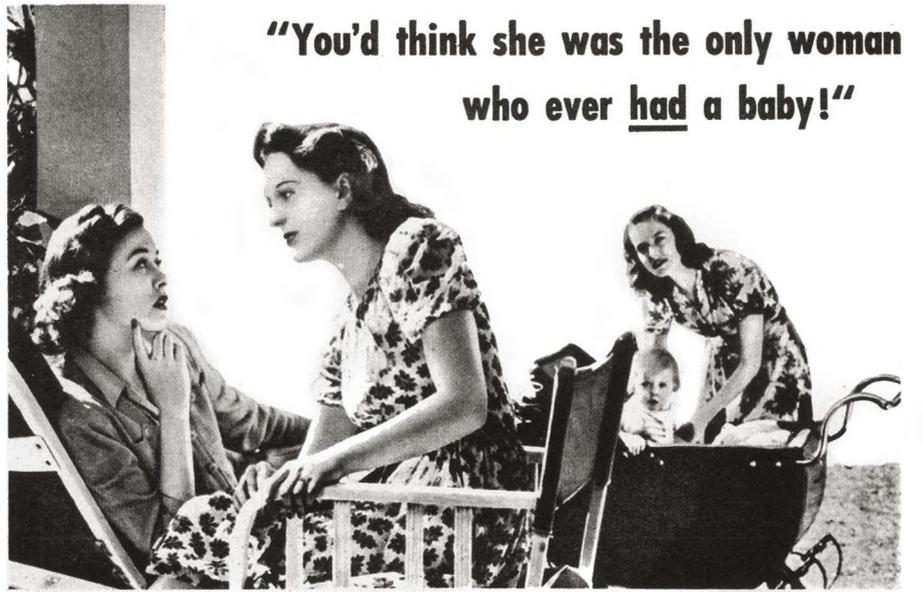
Lettuce was meant for the lamb. Children may feed animals approved food.



Kitten and curlylocks are cuddlesome combination in this urban barnyard.



Small boys beg for return visits to see fierce-looking Penny, the rooster.



"You'd think she was the only woman who ever had a baby!"

1. This neighbor of mine was a perfect peach when we moved in next door. Helped me get settled and even stayed with the baby several times while I went down town. So you can imagine how flabbergasted I was when I heard that she was telling *other* women I was spoiling little Janey.



2. A thing like that, you know, can make things awfully uncomfortable between neighbors, so I decided to march right over and straighten things out. "Mildred," I said, "is it true that you think I'm pampering my baby?"



3. "Well," she said, "maybe I've talked out of turn, but heavens alive! All the *special* things you have for that child! Special toys... special foods... and, to top it off, even a special *laxative!*" "Oho!" I said. "so *that's* it!"



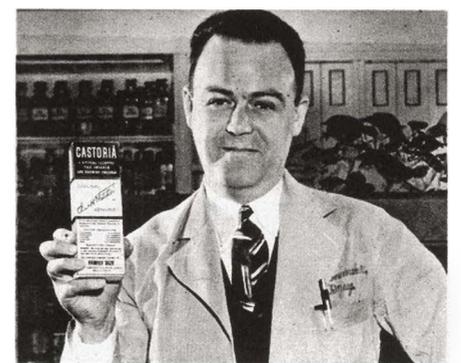
4. "But, Mildred," I said, "many modern doctors *advise* special things for babies. My doctor says you shouldn't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. It's much more sensitive. And *he* suggested the laxative made *especially* for children—Fletcher's Castoria.



5. "Fletcher's Castoria is safe and mild; still it's effective. There isn't a harsh drug in it... and it won't upset the baby's stomach or interfere with digestion. Facts like these show why Fletcher's Castoria is the *right* laxative for a child."



6. Well, as a clincher for my case, I asked Mildred over the next time I gave Janey Fletcher's Castoria. "See," I said, "it's even pleasant-tasting, so there's no fuss or struggle." And Mildred just said: "I guess there are a few remarks I'll have to take back."



7. Many doctors approve and many druggists recommend Fletcher's Castoria as a laxative for children from babyhood up to 10 years. They know that its chief ingredient—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature. And wise mothers know that it pays to buy the money-saving Family Size Bottle.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA** The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

The Hochs Plant a VICTORY GARDEN



"Look, Mom!" exults 15-year-old Bill Hoch, thrusting a bunch of radishes under his mother's nose. First fruits of the Victory garden are the most exciting.

Like millions of other American families, they turn once more to the Good Earth for sustenance.

The Hochs have always eaten well. Now they and their neighbors have discovered that shortages and rationing can happen here. The past winter's food crisis drove home to this representative American family the necessity for heeding the government's recommendation to cultivate every available plot of soil. Austin and Helen Hoch know that this is an abundant land, that therefore the United Nations look to us for food as well as armaments. Clogged railroads, farm-labor shortages, the heavy and humanitarian demands of Lend-Lease all tend to slow up, siphon off food distribution. That our fighting men in every part of the globe must eat the best is indisputable. So, like some 18,000,000 other Americans, the Hochs planted Victory in their garden this spring.

Hard-working Austin Hoch, assistant supervisor at the Fairchild Aircraft Corp. in Hagerstown, Md., has little time for gardening. He has, however, the enthusiastic co-operation of his entire family, plus a rich fund of past experience. During the last war Hoch and his father, Austin O'Dell Hoch, who, at 68, is one of Fairchild's oldest employees, had a garden. He is an old hand at such tricks as growing "corn-beans": planting string beans among corn, so the beans use the cornstalks for stakes. "If you plant it and work it," says Austin simply, "the Lord will grow it."

The Hoch's back yard is a plot 75 feet square.

Another chapter in LOOK's series on a representative American family: The Austin Hochs, of Hagerstown, Md. **AUSTIN HOCH**, skilled worker in an airplane factory, has a knack for growing things. His wife, **HELEN HOCH**, forewoman in a war plant, shares his love of gardens. Their sons, **JACK** and **BILL**, help with the hoeing and weeding. A daughter, **MARIE (MRS. RAY) RAUBER**, is a war bride, will leave soon to visit her in-laws in Kansas.

Near the house Mrs. Hoch has planted flowering shrubs, roses and salvia. Austin's portulacas, carefully seeded in cigar boxes, will be added. Clumps of narcissus, iris, tulips have already flowered. Growing in the rest of the ground are radishes, lettuce, beets, carrots, parsley, string beans, limas, corn, peas, cabbages, tomatoes, turnips, celery, asparagus, peppers, cucumbers, onions and enough potatoes to see the family through most of next winter. At the upper edge of the vegetable garden, Austin is rooting an experimental piece of hedge.

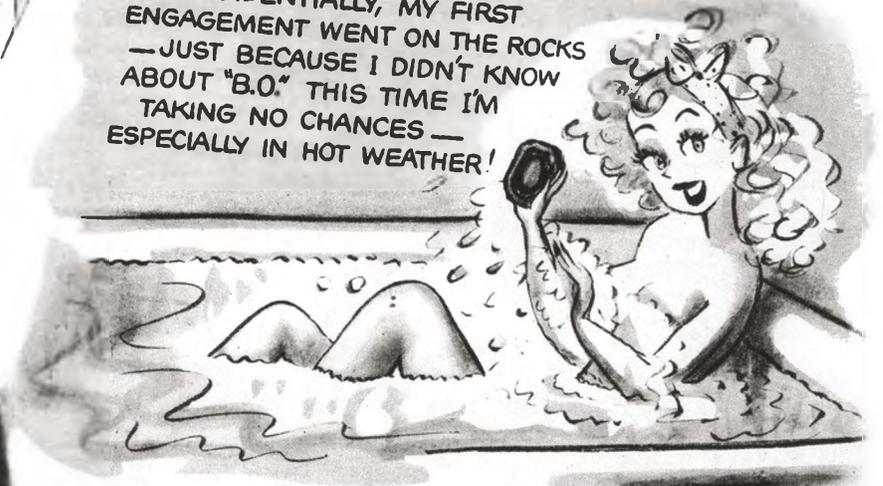
Late in summer, Helen will start canning and preserving. An all-time record home-canning season is expected this year, with the War Production Board providing enough jars, lids and rubber rings to meet demands (more than 3,000,000,000 new ones will be added to 2,000,000,000 on hand). Furthermore, so that women like Helen Hoch can put up home-grown produce, the Office of Price Administration is making extra sugar, imported from Cuba, available to home canners without ration coupons.

If you'd be headin' for a weddin'

BE CAREFUL IN JUNE



CONFIDENTIALLY, MY FIRST ENGAGEMENT WENT ON THE ROCKS — JUST BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT "B.O." THIS TIME I'M TAKING NO CHANCES — ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER!



NO "B.O." TO SPOIL HER ROMANCE NOW!

SWEETHEART, LET'S MAKE IT A JUNE WEDDING

SHE THINKS:

THIS ROMANCE HAS A HAPPY ENDING... THANKS TO LIFEBOUY SOAP!



No, we're not all headin' for a weddin', but we all are headin' for those hot sticky days that make us perspire whether we're brides or soldiers, workers or farmers. And we all need that daily bath with Lifebuoy, the only soap especially made to stop "B.O."! We've got to sweat to win a war—we can't afford to lose friends doing it. So let's all go for Lifebuoy!



CORRECT ARMY MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

Mr. and Mrs. John William Doe
announce the marriage of their daughter
Mary Jane

to
Corporal Robert Allan Smith
Signal Corps, Army of the United States
On Saturday, the twenty-sixth of June
One thousand nine hundred and forty-three
New York

Use formal announcement—but add army status of groom under name. Noting rank and branch of service is optional. For men in for duration use term, Army of the United States.

At last the big day has been set! And you plan to be wed at your fiance's camp. Oh, dear, what to do? Now be calm, child. Your fiance may confide in the wife of his commanding officer, who may make all arrangements for a simple church wedding. Or the local minister will be glad to help. But you pay all the bills, of course!

There are no obligatory invitations if your one-and-only is a Private or a Non-Com. But if he's a Commissioned Officer, it is courtesy to invite the Commanding Officer and immediate superiors. The groom wears the olive drab field service uniform.

P. S. There's no regulation as to the soap an army man should use, but Lifebuoy is the No. 1 choice of army men—not a bad idea for an army man's wife is it?

HARD WORK AND HOT WEATHER ARE DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR LOVE! PLAY SAFE! USE LIFEBOUY DAILY. IT'S ESPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O." AND YOU'LL SAY YOU NEVER FELT SO CLEAN!



Hollywood-

FAMOUS FOR
MOVIES

A New Hollywood
Production—the
Paramount picture
"SALUTE FOR
THREE" starring
Betty Rhodes and
Macdonald Carey.



Detroit-

FAMOUS FOR
AUTOMOBILES
TANKS • JEEPS



Kalamazoo-

FAMOUS FOR STOVES
AND FURNACES

Buy War Bonds to-
day—enjoy new and
improved Kalamazoo
products tomorrow.

Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan



Kalamazoo
Stoves and Furnaces

QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901

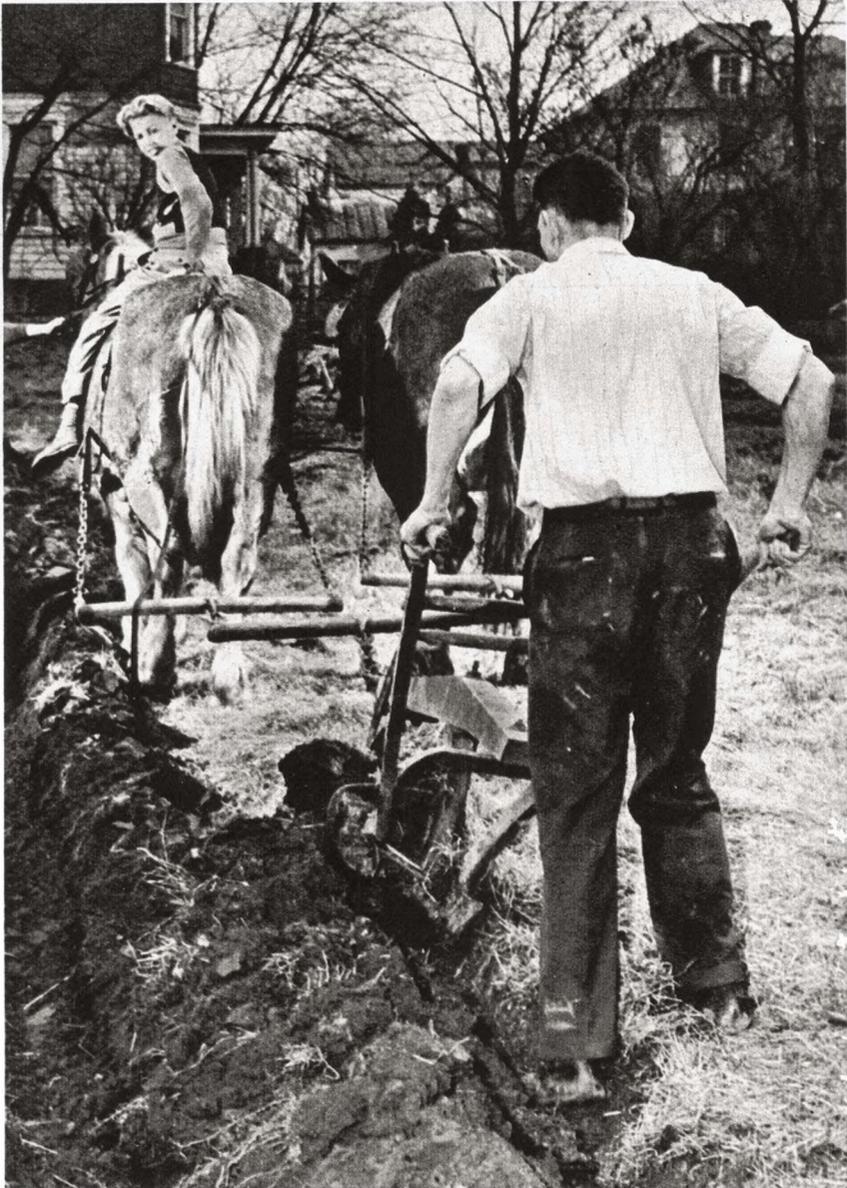
OUR FAMILY ... continued



Rocks, heaved out of the proposed Victory garden by the industrious Hoch family, may form the foundation for an outdoor fireplace which Austin Hoch (left) hopes to build in his back yard this summer. Bill, followed closely by his older brother, Jack, piles stones under direction of their mother, Mrs. Hoch.



Tender tomato plants flourish in the sunny dining-room window, are watered by Marie Hoch Rauber and brother Bill. Seed flats were started in the basement in February, the seedlings transplanted as the leaves unfurled. The young plants are set outdoors as soon as the earth is warm enough.

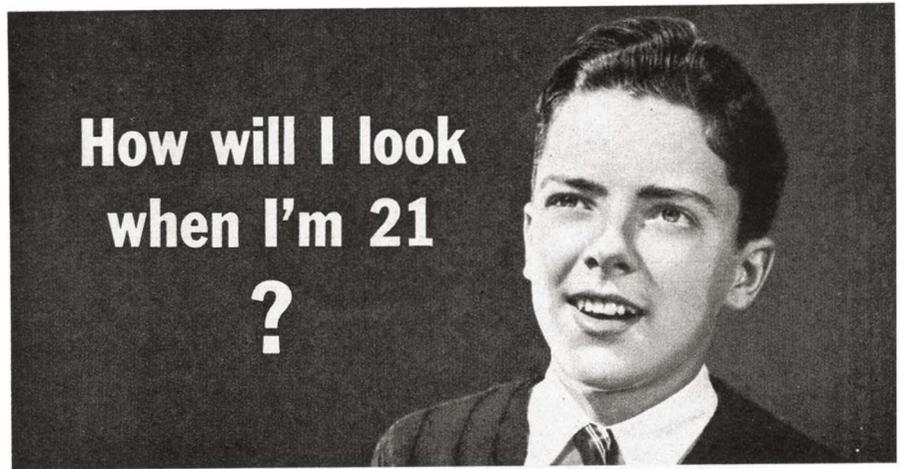


Breaking the soil with a borrowed plow and a team of horses, Austin Hoch labored until long after dusk. "Don't think I've plowed in 20 years," he puffed at Helen. Bill, astride horse, was chief kibitzer at this opening event. He often spends an afternoon riding bareback at one of the neighbors' farms.



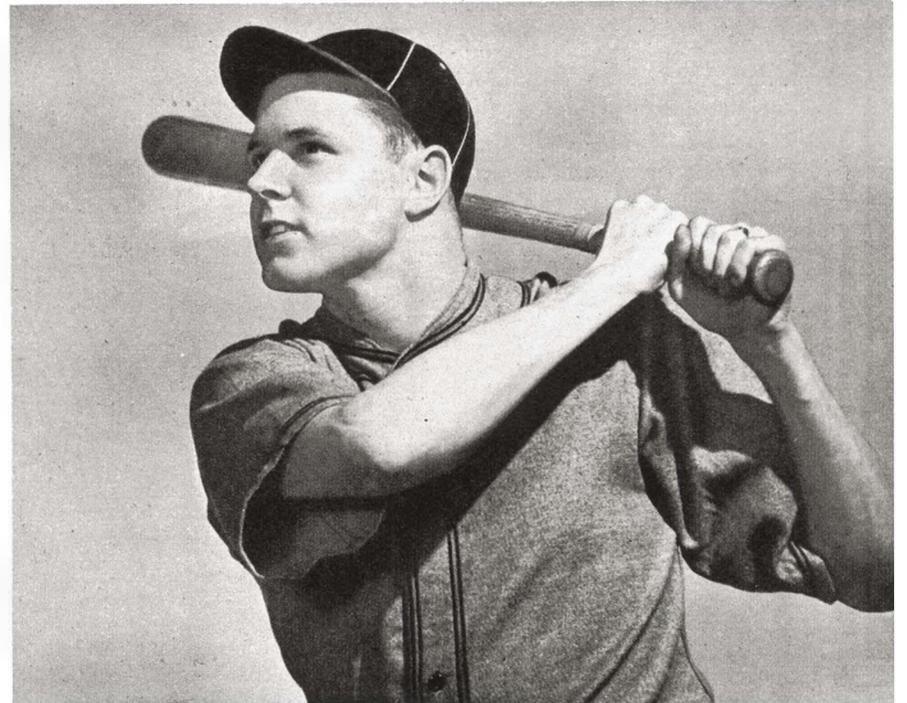
Jack Hoch and his father plant cabbages, which are easy to grow. Surplus can be made into sauerkraut. Hard coal ashes spaded into the ground hold moisture. This rich Maryland clay, New England's hardy soil, the fertile land in the South and West will yield abundant harvests by autumn to feed America.

OUR FAMILY CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



How will I look
when I'm 21
?

This is what I'm hoping for!



So I'm eating the right foods now!



We are what we eat. Good health depends on the right foods . . . such as a whole grain cereal like Nabisco Shredded Wheat. 100% whole wheat made up into crisp, toasted biscuits, Nabisco Shredded Wheat brings you valuable minerals such as iron and phosphorus. A good source, too, of Vitamin B₁ as nature provides it. A taste you'll enjoy year after year. Begin serving Nabisco Shredded Wheat—today!



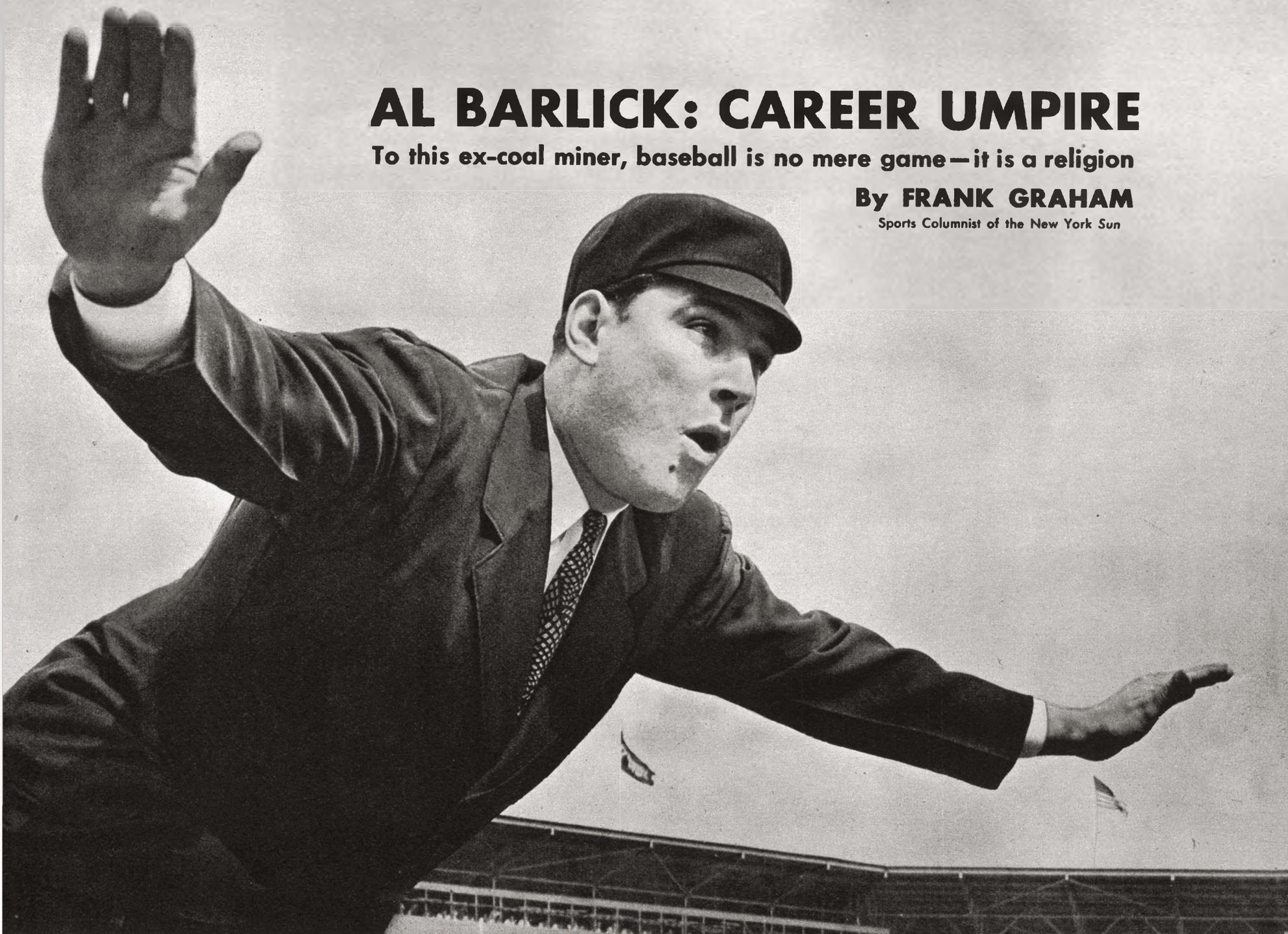
BAKED BY NABISCO . . . NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

AL BARLICK: CAREER UMPIRE

To this ex-coal miner, baseball is no mere game—it is a religion

By **FRANK GRAHAM**

Sports Columnist of the New York Sun



Cool and quick, accurate and emphatic, Barlick is praised by veteran Bill Klem, chief of National League arbiters, as potentially "the greatest umpire in history."

Al Barlick, at 28 the youngest umpire in the National League, wouldn't swap jobs with a king

A baseball umpire's lot is not usually a happy one. His hours are short and his wages are high (\$5,000-10,000 for a six-month season), but his work is exacting and his life is lonely. On the field, he receives no cheers, but many jeers. Off the field, he is ordered to shun fans and players alike, is permitted to associate publicly only with his colleagues.

Only rarely does an umpire emerge from behind the veil of anonymity which has become as traditional as his blue serge uniform. Barring a few oldsters, such as Bill Klem or Beans Reardon, umpires are seldom publicized. One notable exception: Albert (Al) Barlick, a husky ex-Springfield, Ill., coal miner, who has won fame as the youngest arbiter in big league records.

Al Barlick is one of the rarest figures in sports—a *career* umpire. In 1936, after serving two hitches at a CCC camp and working three years in neighborhood coal mines, he decided to make umpiring his business instead of just his hobby and vowed to become the best umpire in America.

To date, he has been singularly successful. He climbed from the sandlots through the Northeast Arkansas, Piedmont, Eastern and International leagues in just four years, reached the majors at the unprecedentedly early age of 25. To-

day, at 28, he is regarded as the most promising National League arbiter in more than a decade.

Baseball men say that in action Barlick is a carbon copy of Klem, his boss and his strongest booster. They claim that Al walks like Klem, talks like him and has the same fanatical love of his work. During a game, the stocky 200-pounder is as emphatic as the most seasoned old-

timer. On the base paths, he accents decisions with violently exaggerated gestures; behind the plate he calls pitches in a voice which carries to the most remote section of the bleachers. Says Frank Frisch, Pittsburgh Pirate manager and a notorious umpire baiter: "I like Barlick. When he gives it to you, he really gives it good."

Studios and ambitious, Al tackles his job with gusto, claims he has never found time to get lonely. On the road, he listens to the radio (usually sweet dance bands), goes to the movies (his favorites: Ingrid Bergman, Humphrey Bogart), writes to his wife. Two years ago, the suddenness of his marriage astonished his baseball friends. Advised by Klem in the fall that "every umpire needs a wife," Barlick protested: "I don't even have a girl." Six months later, when he reported for spring practice, he marched up to Klem and announced: "Well, I'm married." (Actually, he had known his wife for two years.)

During the baseball season, Al is able to visit his wife and seven-month-old daughter only when he is assigned to officiate at games in St. Louis. In the winter, he remains in Springfield, serving as an assistant to the state highway engineer and renewing friendships. His current ambition: to umpire a World Series game. His biggest headache: changing the subject when cronies ask him for his personal opinion of star baseball players. His proudest professional boast: that while at rare intervals there have been dishonest big league baseball players, there has never been a dishonest big league umpire.



The Barlick family: Jennie, Al, daughter Marlene.



Barlick is a typical second-generation American. His father emigrated from Austria in 1902, at 71 still toils in the coal mines, dances a lively folk step. His mother, born in Yugoslavia, reared six children. Al is strongly attached to his parents, maintains his home in Springfield to be near them.



During his long vacations (October 1 to April 1), Al works, farms, fishes, hunts; spends his evenings playing penny card games (above, stud poker) or bowling (he bowls three times a week, averages 200). Local papers, proud of his rapid climb, refer to him as "Springfield's favorite sporting son."

END

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS •
HART SCHAFFNER



...this makes two good
 buys for me today!

Why simmer this summer? Get into a Dixie Weave . . . the most comfortable, most efficient hot weather suit made. Tailored of zephyr-light, all-wool fabric that's porous and cool . . . Dixie actually lets your body breathe. Tailored and styled by Hart Schaffner & Marx, Dixie looks and feels like a cool million, yet has the appearance of a regular weight suit. And because Dixie is painstakingly crafted and is all wool, this smart suit holds its shape and press like a regular-weight! At your Hart Schaffner & Marx Dealer's.



Now more than ever . . . a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

What Do Americans Know About Englishmen?

Yanks "invading" England may rub Britishers the wrong way by occasionally pulling boners despite good intent. Here are some pointers for our boys:



When Englishmen give strangers the cold shoulder, they're not being uppity. They're naturally reserved.



Americans go for anything that's new, but Englishmen stick to the old—especially the rationed items.



Don't sound off against their King or government. They do their own panning, resent help from outsiders.



Watch your language. "Bloody" and "bum" may sound innocent, but to the British they are off-color.



Englishmen really have a sense of humor. They may not get your joke—but neither may you fathom theirs.



Don't be a show-off, particularly on payday. Wages in America are generally higher than in Britain.



You'll get along better if you remember that Britons don't call acquaintances by their first names.



Don't be misled by the British soft-spoken politeness. They can be tough and they can "take it."

I LOVE CORN



It wasn't too much corn...there wasn't enough boy! Even with the best of food, too much and too fast is just too bad! Be gentle with your stomach at such a time...take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

•Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.



Debutante... 1943 style... she stays sweeter with NEET

Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

Try New Neet Cream Deodorant today! Won't dry in jar. 10¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

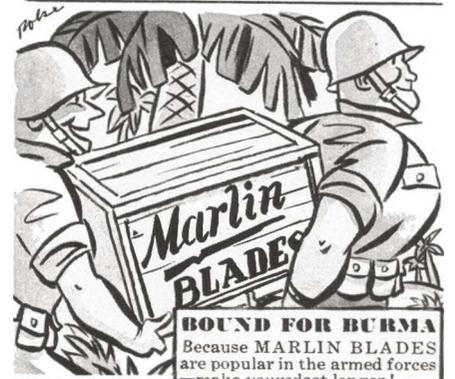
KEEP NEAT WITH...



PHOTOCRIME SOLUTION

(See page 14)

The wind-driven snow stopped falling at exactly 7 o'clock. Sue Cort said she went to Maria's house at 6:30, left at 6:50. Yet her footprints were just as sharp and clear as Sida's footprints, who left the house at 7:05, after the snow had stopped. If Sue really had visited the house when she claimed, her footprints would have been partially or perhaps wholly covered. Therefore, Sue must have been at Maria's house after Sida left. Faced with this incontrovertible evidence, Sue confessed. Convinced her husband was having an affair with the alluring Maria, Sue had carefully planned the murder. Knowing Sida habitually left at 7 or shortly after, she called Lucille Tudor, kept her in conversation until Sida left, calling Lucille's attention to her departure. She also told Lucille she had been at Maria's a half hour earlier with the lotion. Waiting a few minutes until it was dark, Sue then crossed the deserted street to Maria's, and killed her. She had thought of everything—except the conditions against which her footprints would be read. Arrested, she was indicted for murder.



THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.

BOUND FOR BURMA
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces—make yours last longer!



QUICK RELIEF FOR SUN-PARCHED LIPS!
Fleet's Chap Stick makes cracked lips smooth again fast. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting—helps heal blistered, broken skin. Used by U. S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, weather-sore lips. 25¢ at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

What Do Englishmen Know About Americans?

Eager to make friends and influence the Yanks, Britons mingling with our boys are discovering America all over again. Here's what they learn:



Americans like to talk to people almost anywhere. We enjoy telling tall tales about things we've done.



Contrary to what most Englishmen believe, all the people in Texas do not sing cowboy songs all the time.



Believe it or not, all America is not Hollywood, nor do we behave as the mugs and molls do in the movies.



When Americans go all out for sport it is with the determined idea of winning, not merely to have a game.



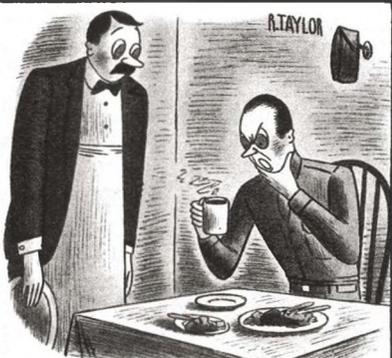
Most Americans do business as they play games—earnestly, to win. We go after money as if it were a medal.



We really have a home life, do not spend every evening in night clubs. And divorce is not a national habit.



America and England are two nations separated by the same language. We say "suspenders," they say "braces."



While Americans don't know how to brew good tea, neither can the British prepare a good cup of coffee.

Drawings by Richard Taylor

END

How long since your smile won a compliment?

Try a new "50-Tuft" Tooth Brush

50 tufts in a small head . . . extra tufts for cleaner teeth.

Now improved with heavier, sturdier "FIBREX" bristles

- ★ 50 tufts—more than any other tooth brush having such a small, compact head.
- ★ Small, compact head—reaches hard-to-get-at places. Feels comfortable in the mouth.
- ★ Firm, but gentle, synthetic bristles won't get soggy . . . won't stay wet. Anchored tightly . . . won't shed.

REPLACEMENT OF A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

IT TAKES BOTH
WAR BONDS and TAXES
FOR VICTORY

Are . . .
BEACH and SWIMMING
PLEASURES DENIED YOU
because of

PSORIASIS

Is summer a continuous heartache to you? While others are enjoying the thrills of outdoor sports and pleasures, are you merely an onlooker because of ugly psoriasis lesions? Then why not try **SIROIL**? **SIROIL** tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of **SIROIL** will help keep them under control. Applied externally, **SIROIL** does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. It is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

Sirol Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-41, Detroit, Mich.
Sirol of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES
Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon

"Andy Devine thinks Cheerioats are fine!"

SAYS CHEERI O'LEARY, THE CHEERIOATS GIRL

AND HERE'S HOW FAMOUS "GRAVEL-VOICE" ANDY GOT WISE!



I'M PLUMB DISCOURAGED, CHEERI! CAN'T EVEN GET ENOUGH GRAVEL INTO MY VOICE TO CALL THEM PIGS!

WHY ANDY! BETCHA YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR OATMEAL CEREAL THIS MORNING... I BETCHA!

'COURSE NOT, CHEERI! I NEVER HAVE TIME FOR A COOKED CEREAL!

BUT YOU DON'T COOK CHEERIOATS, ANDY! IT COMES ALL READY-TO-EAT! LOOK!



WHAT? YOU SAY THIS SWELL STUFF REALLY IS AN OATMEAL CEREAL?

YES SIR! ALL IN THE FORM OF CRISP, TASTY, LITTLE "DOUGHNUTS"!

PLUG YOUR EARS, CHEERI! I'M GOIN' INTO ACTION! SOO-EEE! SOO-EEE!

LOOK AT 'EM COME! YOU SURE CAN CHARM 'EM NOW, ANDY! HURRAY FOR CHEERIOATS!



A DELICIOUS NEW OATMEAL CEREAL

with CORN and RYE added!

Here it is, folks! America's old reliable for breakfast nourishment, in a delectable ready-to-eat form! Cheerioats comes in crisp little "doughnuts," filled with flavor and nutritive value! For it's 75% ground oatmeal, with corn and rye added for crispness and flavor! Actually provides full oatmeal amounts of Vitamin B₁, Vitamin G, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron! Try a bowlful of CHEERIOATS for breakfast tomorrow! GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"YEP FOLKS, FINE IS THE WORD FOR CHEERIOATS! FINE FOR FLAVOR AND FINE FOR OATMEAL GOODNESS!"

SAYS ANDY DEVINE

Now Starring in Howard Hawks'

"CORVETTES IN ACTION"

A Universal Picture

Cheerioats

NEEDS NO COOKING!



Copyr. 1943, Gen. Mills, Inc. CHEERIOATS is a reg. trade mark of Gen. Mills, Inc.



"Hey, Duffy, I gotta hunch in the daily double at Belmont. Put me two bucks on Rayon in the first and Cottontop in the second."

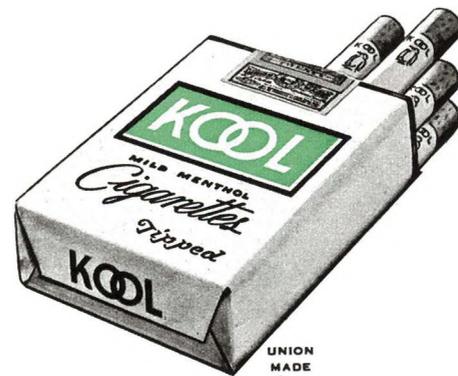
DUFFY'S

Where the Elite Meet To Eat



Superdooper sensation of radio these days is Duffy's, a screwball Blue Network show generated by ace screwball Ed Gardner (above). Gardner was a radio producer when he snared the idea for a tough character—Archie, a tavern manager—and built a program around him. Now, in addition to directing the show and writing much of it, Gardner—naturally tough (he has played poker since the age of 5) and uninhibited (he wears his hat in the house)—also plays Archie with a Brooklyn accent. On these pages LOOK takes you to Duffy's—as the radio audience knows it.

This is a
package
of KOOLS



You probably
smoked them
the last time
you had a cold

If they tasted
fresh and
soothing then



(when your nose and throat were sensitive)



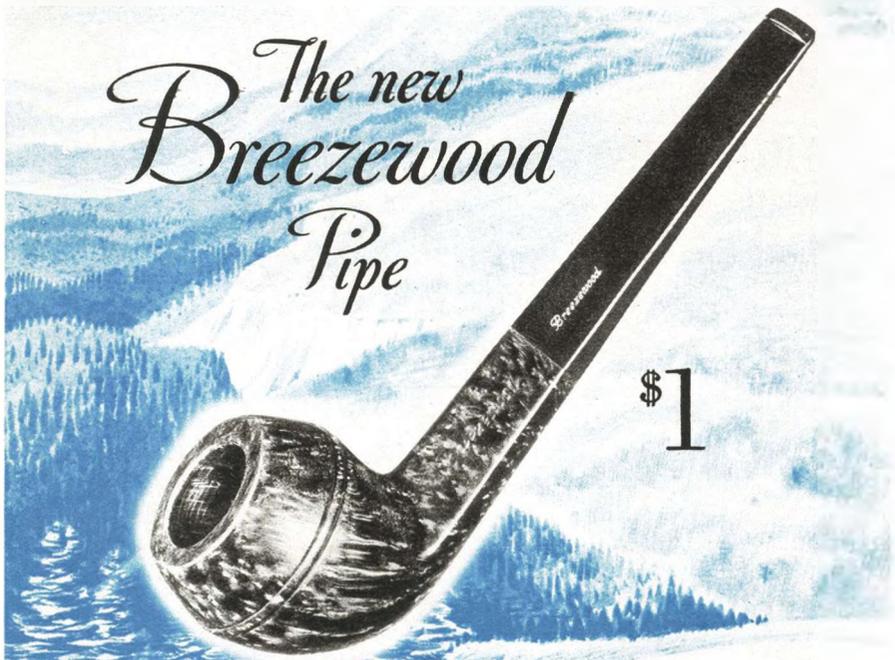
Wouldn't you
be smart
to smoke them
all the time?

Start today!
Switch from
**"HOTS" TO
KOOLS**

for good!



Save your Kool and Raleigh coupons for War Stamps and Bonds



*From the Great Smoky Mountains
a new pipe — light in weight!*

Again America has given Americans a new treasure! A virgin forest, deep in North Carolina, now sends out pipes astonishingly light in weight, remarkably sweet-smoking! Ask your dealer to let you weigh a Breezewood pipe in your hand—then buy one, and discover America's big success story in pipe-smoking pleasure! Ask for the pipe from the Great Smokies—Breezewood!



Both guessed too high! A Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter.

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54, 56-57—Harold Rhodenbaugh-
LOOK
58-59—Frank Bauman-LOOK
60-61—Drawings by Richard Tay-
lor
62-63, 64-65—Harold Rhoden-
baugh-LOOK
66-67—Longworth
68—Bob Sandberg-LOOK
70-71—Bob Sandberg-LOOK</p> |
|---|---|

DUFFY'S ... continued



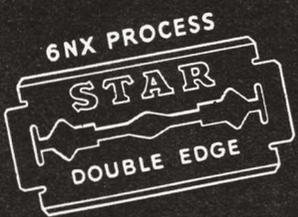
Finnegan (Charlie Cantor) makes music with the nose, to Eddie Green's astonishment. "We want you for our pig roast and musicale," says Archie. "Naturally, you'll play. You'd look silly with an apple in your mouth."



Guest stars like Colonel Stoopnagle (right), an old "colic" of Archie's, and Benay Venuta (left) occasionally visit Duffy's. But they take a beating—like this one, when Miss Duffy (Shirley Booth, center) snatches the stage.

**MY, YOUR
TECHNIQUE'S
SMOOTH!**

**SO'S MY CHEEK-
THANKS TO KEEN
STAR BLADES!**



4 for 10¢





"Hello—Duffy's, where-the-elite-meet-to-eat. Archie the manager speaking. Duffy ain't here—oh, hello, Duffy. What's that you say? A free meal tonight to anyone in uniform? Oh, I see. He has to be a Civil War veteran."



Wearing her beau's fraternity pin, Miss Duffy (the Irish soprano who bloodshots smiling eyes) says to Vera, her girl-friend: "What, you didn't pick up that sailor? You just happened to be swimming past a battleship?"



"Lousy hours," says Archie, "but consider the pay—\$15 a week." Not long ago, Gardner thought \$15 a week was pretty good, too. Everything's different now. In addition to radio, he's making a movie, "Duffy's Tavern."



1. See down there? That's the Smith house. Mr. and Mrs. are sleeping like baby doves. At night they don't give a hoot about taxes 'n' rationing 'n' such. But over here are—



2. The Joneses. Jones is in the kitchen again on a scavenger hunt. Can't sleep, poor guy, and it's making him a wreck . . . Hey, Jones, training to be an owl?



3. "Who me?" Oh, if I could only get some sleep! I'm as jittery as a witch with a Hallowe'en hangover." . . . Y'see he's one of those people kept awake by caffein.



4. Listen, Jonesy. Even the caffein in one cup of coffee can get ahold of your nerves and jangle 'em, mangle 'em, and rob you of sleep. One of these days—



5. Sit down to a cup of Sanka Coffee, the delicious coffee that's 97% caffein-free! It's real coffee . . . all coffee . . . and it *can't* get on your nerves. Only the caffein is removed.



6. Ask your wife to get Sanka Coffee with the next ration coupon. Sanka is fine coffee that can't keep you awake—it's easy on the palate and easy on the nerves.

SANKA COFFEE



NOTE: Your grocer probably has the new "all-purpose" grind Sanka, swell no matter what kind of coffee-maker you have! And it's vacuum-packed!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer**, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

A smile that
SPARKLES
is a good sign of
HEALTH!

DR. WEST'S
"25"
IN CARTONS
25¢

Made by the makers of
DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT TOOTHBRUSH

★ ★ ★
IT TAKES BOTH
WAR BONDS and TAXES
FOR VICTORY.
★ ★ ★

'NOTHING BETTER'
to relieve itching of
SKIN and SCALP
IRRITATIONS

So
Many
Druggists
Claim!



To quickly relieve maddening itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and similar skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful medicated *liquid Zemo*—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success! Zemo starts at once to aid healing.

Apply clean, stainless, invisible Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces!
At all druggists.

ZEMO



"Messenger": With elbows bent, head high, chest out, Faye Emerson goes into a brisk "run" while staying in one spot. She starts from a standing position, speeding up as she swings into stride, "runs" for five minutes.

GET TOUGH, GIRLS!

Develop the endurance and co-ordination you need for home, farm and factory jobs

Uncle Sam has discovered that his nieces work skillfully at their new war jobs but weary too soon and too often. "That tired feeling" is a deadly and constant saboteur. Because listless bodies and aching backs make poor production records, physical fitness has become a tool against the enemy.

All over America, women are changing lifelong habits. They are forsaking the cup-of-coffee breakfast, the "ham-on" lunch,

eating three filling and vitamin-packed meals a day. They are learning to sleep a full eight hours every night. And they are doing exercises to strengthen soft muscles, drooping bodies.

Here young Faye Emerson, whom you may have seen in Warner's *Air Force*, demonstrates two routines planned to toughen you to take back-breaking work. They come from the New York State War Council's manual, *Physical Fitness for Girls and Women*.

Pass a
good thing
along



LOOK must save paper as a war measure—tons per issue. One way to do it would be to print a thinner magazine—and everybody would lose. So we're doing it a better way—keeping a full-sized magazine and printing *fewer* copies. And we're asking you to share your LOOK with your friends and neighbors after you've read it...just as most of us are sharing our cars these days. They'll thank you—and so will we—for passing a good thing along.

★ Sell your Typewriter to Uncle Sam. Call the nearest Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch Office for details. ★ ★

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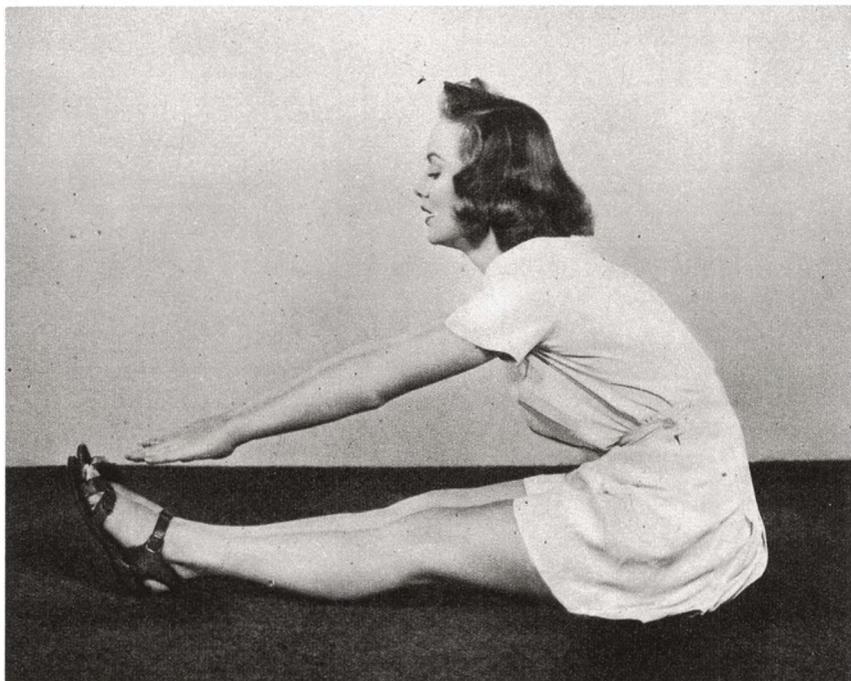
IT TAKES BOTH
WAR BONDS
and **TAXES**
FOR VICTORY

Thrilling 'BEAUTY-LIFT' helps give dazzling beauty to FACE AND THROAT



This exercise will help you lose that tired, aching back

"Channel Crossing": Faye Emerson sits on the floor, legs straight out in front, hands on the floor behind her back. Notice the chin held high, chest out, stomach tucked in and straight spine — good training for a better posture.



With a windmill motion, Miss Emerson raises her arms and brings them forward. She bends forward slowly and reaches for her toes, keeping her legs straight, her back as straight as possible, her chin up, her chest lifted.



Now she reaches backward, lowers her weight on her elbows, pulls up her knees (keeping toes pointed) and lifts her feet off the floor. To get ready to repeat, Miss Emerson pushes up on her hands and straightens out her legs.

END



**Helps Your Skin Appear More Baby-Fresh
Smooth and BEAUTIFUL with Each Application!**

At any price — you simply can't beat Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream — to lubricate dry, rough fading skin — to make skin appear firmer — fresher — to help maintain exquisitely lovely face and throat beauty thruout the years.

Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream furnishes you with a most effective night cream. It is far more active and lubricates your skin better and more evenly because it's HOMOGENIZED. Use it mornings, too — because we don't know of any better foundation cream — your powder will cling daintily for hours.

The Simple Easy Treatment

Study the diagram above. Or better yet — cut the diagram out and keep it on your dressing table. Get a jar of

Hopper's Facial Cream right away and start tonight on the road to captivating skin beauty!

First briskly pat the cream over your face and throat, always using upward and outward strokes. Then gently press an extra amount of Hopper's Facial Cream on lines under eyes, on forehead and from mouth to nose, and on lines around the neck. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then wipe off.

Just see how gorgeously marble-smooth and glowing — so caressingly soft your skin appears even after this first "facial." Faithful use helps bring dazzling beauty to face and throat — a thrilling "beauty-lift."

Be patriotic — be thrifty — always buy the larger size. Get it today, at all cosmetic counters.

HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK helps remove your faded unlovely 'top-skin'



Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up" — makes you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. It also helps clear away faded "top-skin" debris with its ugly dried up skin cells which make any girl look much older.

Edna Wallace

HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM



No coupons for me?

You can keep your dog healthy—even with no meat in his diet! Feed him eggs, milk and green vegetables to supply protein—and Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to supply meat vitamins. *He must have them!*

Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules contain all the different vitamins a dog needs. Fed daily, they help protect him from Black Tongue, Rickets, Eczema, certain Fits. Not a medicine—they contain vitamins A, B₁, D and G—the same ones you need.

Your dog can thrive on his new feeding habits, plus Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules. Get them at drug and pet stores . . . and the new, free Sergeant's Dog Book (or use this coupon).

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 53-F, Richmond, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sergeant's
VITAMIN CAPSULES (VITAPETS)

ATHLETE'S FOOT



Dr. Scholl's Famous Athlete's Foot Prescription Now Compounded And Obtainable Everywhere

You can now obtain the original preparation for Athlete's Foot, which Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet, prescribed for many years with such striking success. It is called Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

This remarkably effective relief acts five quick important ways: Allays intense itching; kills fungi of Athlete's Foot on contact; promotes healing of the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between toes and on feet; helps prevent infection from spreading; acts to render invasion of Athlete's Foot unfavorable. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX today. Liquid or Ointment, only 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Don't accept a substitute. Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's
SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

PREVENT ATHLETE'S FOOT

To help prevent reinfection of Athlete's Foot from shoes, spray inside with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Fungicide. Kills the fungi it reaches on insoles and shoe-linings; dispels odors caused by sweaty feet. Large bottle with sprayer 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.



When he croons, women's pulses beat eight to the bar.

FRANK SINATRA

An ex-reporter is radio's new heart-throb

After eight years of unchallenged sovereignty, Bing Crosby may lose his crown as king of the crooners. His potential successor: a sad-eyed, 138-pound ex-sports writer named Frank Sinatra.

Hoboken-born Sinatra is the hottest young singer to make headlines since Crosby himself began titillating teen-agers in the '30s. He can't read a note of music, but his silky voice and studied phrasing have lured throngs of swooning women to Broadway's Paramount Theater and Riobamba Club, earned him fat contracts for phonograph records (Columbia), a radio show (*Hit Parade*), moving pictures (his first, *Reveille with Beverly*). In some six months, he has rocketed from \$75 a week to a reported \$5500.

Yet, until 1937, Frank had no ambition to sing professionally. At 14, he hustled newspapers, dreamed of becoming a great reporter. At 19, he left business school to take a copy-boy job, soon became assistant sports editor of Hoboken's *Jersey Observer*. Then he saw a Crosby film, changed careers overnight. Major Bowes' *Amateur Hour* gave him a start; jobs with Harry James and Tommy Dorsey won him a name.

Now 25, Sinatra thumbs down "romantic" ballyhoo, refuses to soft-pedal the fact that he is married and father of a three-year-old daughter, says flatly: "My wife and I have only one child now, but we have a 10-room house—and we intend to fill it."



Don't Abuse It— Just "Transfuse" It!

Does your pen splutter . . . scratch . . . swoon . . . every time you try to write? Chances are there's nothing wrong with it but a case of anaemia due to improper filling.

Proper filling conditions your pen . . . flushes dirt and grit out of the point, keeps it performing like new.

Learn the right way because . . .

**ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW
TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!**



An Inkograph Pencil Pointed Pen gives perfect satisfaction and maximum service for years, equal to what you would expect from the highest priced fountain pen—provided you fill it properly.

If you haven't received our instruction sheet from your dealer, explaining the correct filling and care of an Inkograph, send us a three cent stamped and self-addressed envelope, and we'll mail you one.

DeLuxe Model INK-O-GRAPH \$2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 202 Hudson St., N.Y.C.

PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Pages 16-17) 1—(b) *The Human Comedy*; he's author William Saroyan. 2—(b) peels off; this means to separate from a flying formation by diving. 3—(a) carbine; it's the new Winchester. 4—(d) José Carioca, in Walt Disney's *Saludos Amigos*. 5—(c) howdah. 6—(c) Veronica Lake. 7—(a) pruning; they're pruning shears. 8—(d) caisson. 9—(a) navigator; it's an insignia of the U. S. Army Air Forces. 10—(a) dairies; it's an electric milker. 11—(a) the battleship *Richelieu*; queen of the French fleet, she is shown as she arrived in New York Harbor in February to join the Allies. 12—(b) gargoyle. 13—(c) tea; he's Sir Thomas Lipton, whose picture appears on Lipton Tea boxes. 14—(d) intravenous injections. 15—(d) squash. 16—(c) church services; the chaplain's pennant is the only flag to fly above the flag of the United States, and then only during divine services aboard ship. 17—(a) ticktacktoe. 18—(c) Larry Adler, the world's foremost harmonica player. 19—(b) biscuit gun; it's a light used to control air traffic. 20—(b) hammer.

SMOKING TOO MUCH?

Get a **ZEUS**

Filter CIGARETTE HOLDER

Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

USE ANY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER AS FILTER

BEFORE

AFTER after smoking 20-30 cigarettes

\$1

"SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE —like all you smoke!"

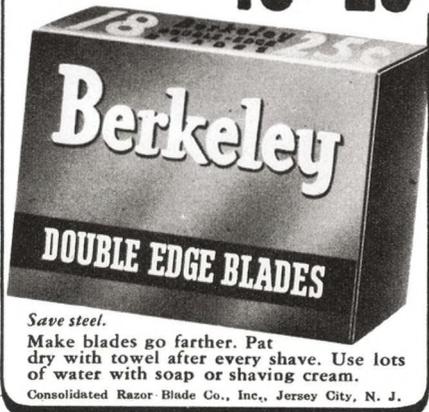
AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y.

STOP LOOKING!



HERE'S THE ANSWER for men who want better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE **18 for 25¢**



FOR **DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR** USE

JERIS HAIR OIL

MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. 1-103.53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

LOOK'S RECORD GUIDE

Reviews by Leonard Feather
Prominent Composer, Lecturer and Critic



Django Reinhardt

HOT CLUB QUINTET

This album offers eight previously unissued selections recorded by the Quintet of the Hot Club of France before it disbanded several years ago. Included are such standard popular numbers as *Melancholy Baby*, *Japanese Sandman*, and four originals (catchiest: *Love Letters*). The string-swing treatment, featuring the work of gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, is bright and pleasant. (Decca)



Jimmy Rushing

RUSTY DUSTY BLUES

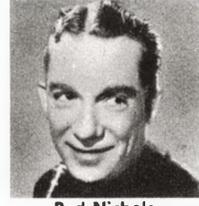
Jimmy Rushing, the ponderous blues chanter who reportedly inspired the recent hit, *Mr. Five by Five*, recites the censored lyrics of this tune—formerly titled *Mama Mama Blues*—with engaging gusto while Count Basie and the band back him with strong rhythm. On the reverse, Lynne Sherman, wife of Basie's manager, revives a popular ballad of yesteryear—*All of Me*. (Columbia)



Hildegard

HILDEGARDE ALBUM

Hildegard, darling of the supper-club set and once the Duke of Windsor's favorite chanteuse, presents her seventh album—an attractively packaged group of six sophisticated favorites (examples: *Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup* and *The Last Time I saw Paris*). The Harry Sosnik Orchestra furnishes a restrained accompaniment for her highly stylized but rather unexciting singing. (Decca)



Red Nichols

RED NICHOLS ALBUM

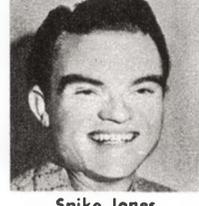
Big news for hot jazz collectors is the reissue (under the new Brunswick label) of eight numbers recorded in 1929-30 by the Red Nichols band which included Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Sullivan, Jack and Charles Teagarden, Glenn Miller and other stars. Among the tunes, some of which sound surprisingly modern, are *Indiana*, *Dinah* and *Peg o' My Heart*. (Brunswick)



Woody Herman

TEN DAY FURLOUGH

The Woody Herman entourage, ballyhooed as "The Band That Plays the Blues," tackles a bright, bouncy instrumental number with excellent success. High spots are Woody's crisp clarinet solo and an interesting saxophone passage. On the second side, *Down Under*, the band goes at a faster clip and builds to a loud, exciting climax with the leader's solo again showing the way. (Decca)



Spike Jones

OH! BY JINGO!

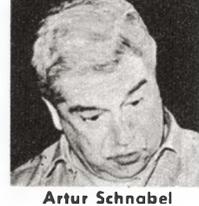
Spike Jones, the newly-crowned All-America king of corn, follows his novelty success, *Der Fuehrer's Face*, with another number that is hot off the cob. *By Jingo* is weirdly played on kitchen utensils and sung by Del Porter and "The Boys in the Back Room." On the reverse, Jones revives *The Sheik of Araby* in the same peculiar style, with Carl Grayson sharing the vocal chores. (Bluebird)



Tony Martin

I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Tony Martin revives a torchy ballad written and popularized by Bing Crosby and Victor Young during the middle 30's. Tony sings smoothly and pleasantly while Young's orchestra provides a meaty accompaniment high-lighted by a Teagardenish trombone interlude. On the reverse side, Martin does what he can with *Under Your Window*, which won't set any juke boxes on fire. (Decca)



Artur Schnabel

BEETHOVEN CONCERTO NO. 5

The Fifth or "Emperor" concerto, completed by Beethoven in a Vienna cellar while Napoleon's cannons roared outside the city, is interpreted on five 12-inch records by veteran pianist Artur Schnabel and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the late Frederick Stock. Schnabel, well known for his previous renditions of Beethoven's work, takes top honors. (Victor)

BEST SELLERS ALSO RECOMMENDED

- DUKE ELLINGTON PANORAMA (Victor)
- TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
- MUSICAL SHOW HITS—Gladys Swarthout (Victor)
- LEAD ME, DADDY, STRAIGHT TO THE BAR—Sam Price (Decca)
- LET'S GET LOST—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
- SHOSTAKOVICH PIANO CONCERTO—Leslie Heward (Columbia)



WHEN KATE SMITH SINGS

you become once again all of the people you have ever been. The little kid with the slingshot. The girl with her first kiss. You are on your honeymoon again. You laugh. You are grateful for the tender tear in the eye and the little lump in the throat.



Give your reminiscer a treat. Get

Kate Smith's latest Columbia Record **SHINE ON HARVEST MOON** and **TIME ON MY HANDS** (Col. 36674). And ask

your friend, your Columbia Dealer, for Kate Smith's great album of eight of your favorite songs . . . **KATE SMITH U.S.A.** (Set C-50).

Relax and live once again all the wonderful moments of your life.



This blade is sure one for the book—
It helps you keep that well-groomed look!
Gives lots more shaves—with ease and speed
Say, Thin Gillette's the one you need!



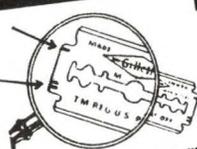
Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade



1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges



2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently



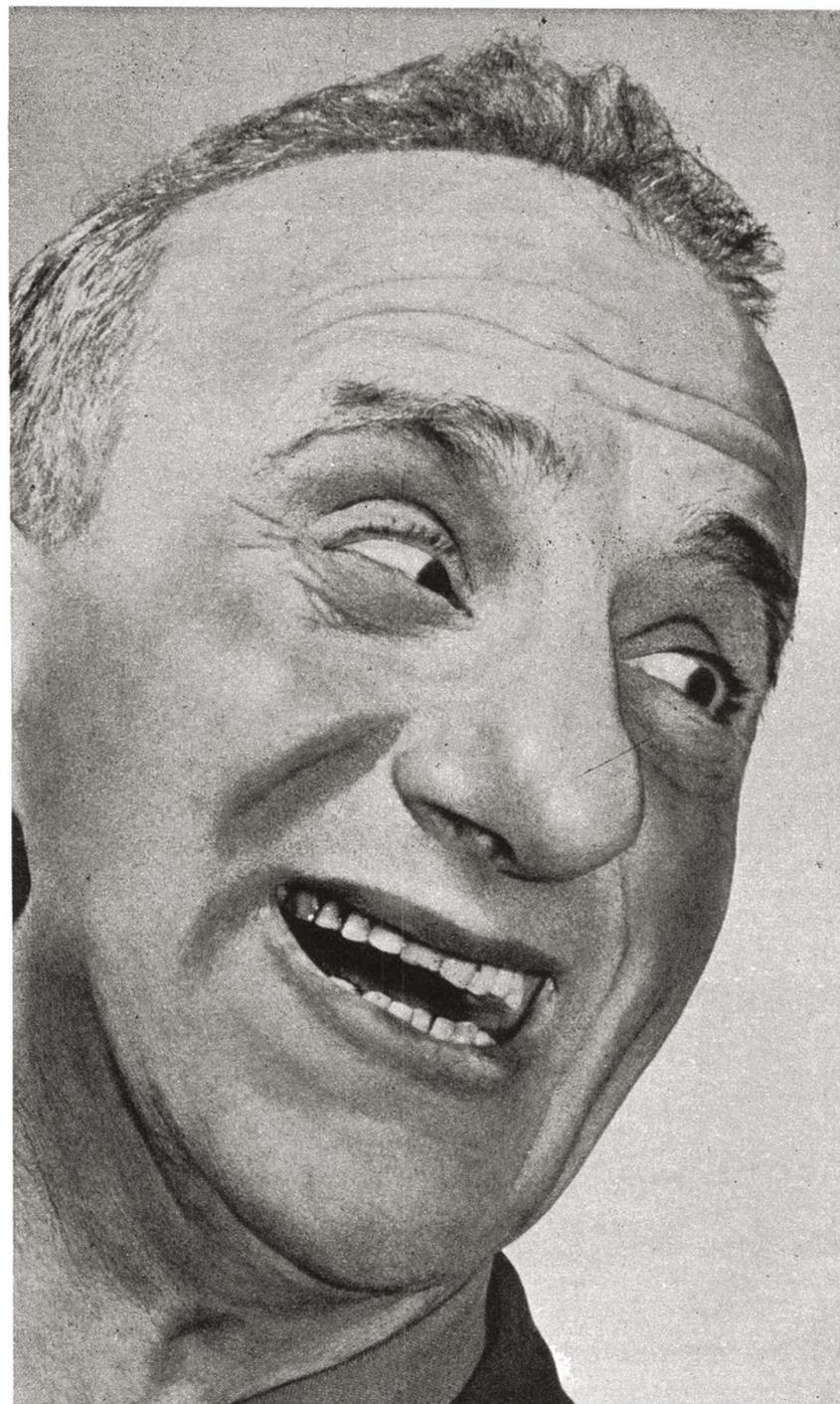
3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

Somewhere...

an American sailor's life has just been saved by a transfusion of blood, collected by the Red Cross and put on his ship by the Red Cross. Remember this when you're asked to give or give again to the RED CROSS WAR FUND



"I know dere's a million good-lookin' guys, but, shucks, I'm a novelty!"

JIMMY DURANTE

The Great Schnozzle has hit the jackpot with a comeback act that is 20 years old

The brisk business in Manhattan's booming night-club industry has been done this spring at the lush, exotic Copacabana. Reason: the frenetic nonsense of banana-nosed, frog-voiced Jimmy Durante, who has parlayed his first club appearance since 1931 into a smashing personal triumph.

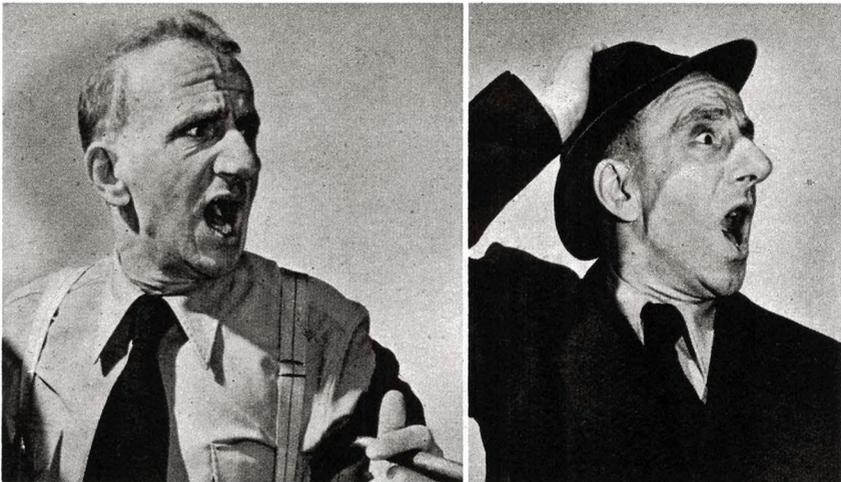
Seven nights a week, the madcap comic set off one-man explosions that rocked the Copacabana to its pastel roof and reduced the blasé cafe society set to a state of hilarious collapse. With two long-time associates—singer Eddie Jackson, drummer Jack Roth—as stooges, the Great Schnozz insulted customers ("Dere's so many captains in dis crowd I t'ink I'm on uh cruise"); heckled the help ("Pipe de beak on dat waiter—why, he's tryin' tuh sabotage me"); threw telephones at the orchestra, and demolished a trick piano.

Now 49, with 25 years of trouping behind him, Jimmy makes no pretense of offering his customers anything new, still relies heavily on his upholstered nose, a rowdy but perfectly timed delivery and the nostalgically corny outbursts ("I'm surrounded by assassins!") with which he, Jackson and Lou Clayton (now manager of the act) first wowed hot-spot enthusiasts in the early '20s.

Old or new, the act is sensational. The Copacabana management announced that Durante had topped record grosses run up by such stars as Sophie Tucker and Joe E. Lewis. Jimmy, eying his \$3,000-weekly pay checks, plus six Hollywood and theater offers, plus another fat sum for teaming with Garry Moore on an NBC radio show, says: "I guess I'm jes' pure moider—if yuh disagrees, catch de act on de followin' page!"



Look at dat. De waiter soives de sucker six olives in uh bowl of ice an' charges him twelve bucks. Ice, ice—*nuttin'* but ice. What a spot fer *Admiral Boid tuh discovah!* . . . De hair? Why dat's de way *she* wants me tuh comb it!



So I ups tuh him. He ups tuh me. I feints wit' muh right. I feints wit' muh left. I sees an openin'. I swings—I'm flat on muh back! . . . Break it up, waiters, break it up. Every time two of youse congregate, *dere's a strike.*



You can't toin yer back for uh minute in dis dump—de guy dat looks like uh bum, *he's de boss!* . . . Lemme hear de band. Now lemme hear dem violins. *One violin!* Dey spare no expense . . . Why it's *mutiny*, dat's what it is, *mutiny!*



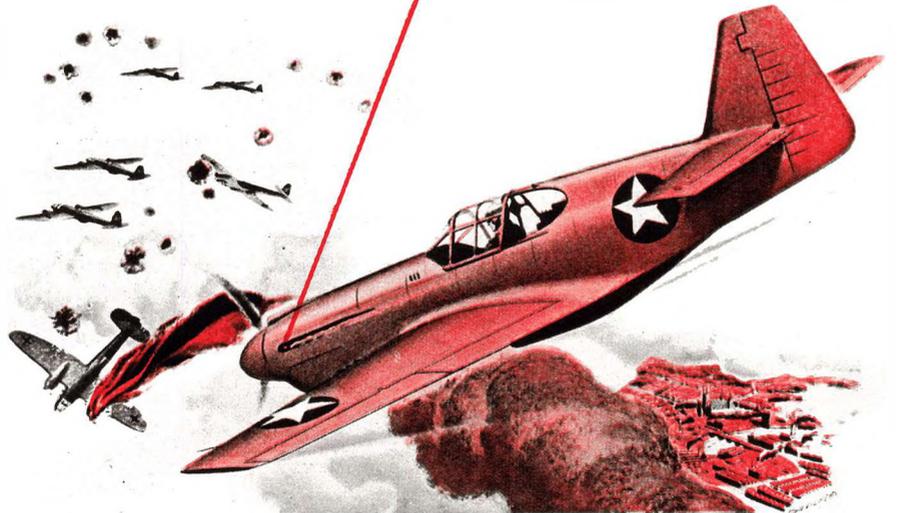
De hat? Why dat's de way *she* wants me tuh wear it. Say, what am I, anyway, uh *man* or uh *peacock?* . . . So dere I am, see, standin' in front of de joint, mindin' muh business, when dis guy walks up—an' *hitches his horse tuh me!*

END



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

have a heritage established by world speed records on land, water and in the air, gained over many years past, which makes them right at home in our fastest fighter planes. Because of their unfailing dependability in life or death situations, Champions are daily gaining new prestige with the men of our air forces.



Our fighter pilots are writing fabulous history. Legendary feats are being reported daily from all combat areas. Their planes are without equal in performance, maneuverability and speed, and they know how to use these qualities to the limit. Champion Spark Plugs play their vital part in many of these planes. True to their tradition, Champions combine the utmost in performance and dependability in aircraft spark plugs as in those for your car. Now that your car has been "slowed down to a walk" by gas rationing and the thirty-five miles per hour speed limit, all spark plugs need frequent cleaning. At these speeds the heat of combustion will not burn off carbon and oily deposits as readily as at former higher

speeds. Fouled spark plugs waste gas, and cause rough, unsatisfactory engine performance. For maximum economy and dependability, have your Champion dealer check and clean your spark plugs at regular intervals.



KEEP 'EM FLYING — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



NEW LIGHT ON A VITAL PROBLEM

every woman should understand

Improved, new feminine hygiene way gives
CONTINUOUS ACTION FOR HOURS!

● For the sake of your happiness and health you owe it to yourself to learn the *up-to-date facts* . . . the truth about modern feminine hygiene!

You may think you do know—but many women who think that, still make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give *continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists . . .

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7608A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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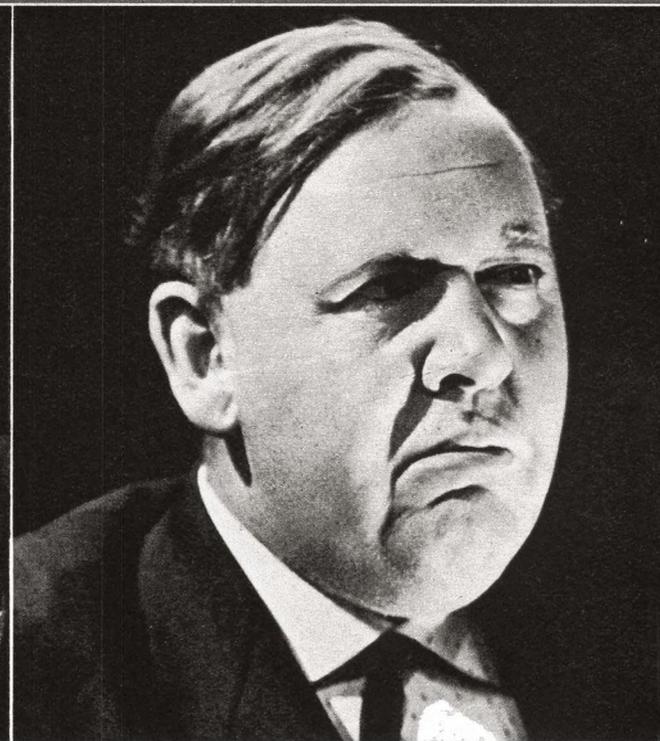
IT TAKES BOTH
WAR BONDS and TAXES
FOR VICTORY

De Luze Quality
SPEEDWAY
Single Edge Double Edge **BLADES**
YOUR BEST RAZOR BLADE BUY!

Charles Laughton, as the timid, mother-ridden teacher, makes



"I had a moment of weakness last night—I wanted to live. And I had a good reason to live. Major von Keller told me beautiful things about the future of this world the Germans are building. I almost believed him. But this morning I looked out through the bars and saw this



beautiful new world working. I saw ten men die because they still believed in freedom. I knew then that I had to die—and the strange thing is I was happy. . . . I see now that sabotage is the only weapon left to a defeated people. We must stop saying it is wrong, it doesn't pay.

LOOK'S NEW MOVIE REVIEW

This Land Is Mine

A vivid, unforgettable lesson in patriotism

Jean Renoir, noted French director who lived through the early days of the invasion in France, has put his blood and tears into this RKO-Radio picture. With gentle relentlessness, he pictures a befuddled country in which the paralyzed leaders tried to "collaborate" with their conquerors. Then, he shows how the little people rebelled, and triumphed over their leaders' cowardice.

Sometimes the story is skillfully twisted to point a moral to America. But the propaganda is never heavy-handed. Producer Dudley Nichols has cast

This Land Is Mine so generously that it emerges a rare experience in good theater. Charles Laughton is superb as the frightened little man who rises above himself when his country needs him. Walter Slezak portrays the Nazi ruler of the town as a shrewd intellectual, in blistering contrast to the usual heiling heels. George Sanders, Maureen O'Hara, Kent Smith, Una O'Connor, all turn in exceptional performances. And Laughton's reel-long speech, his courtroom defense of liberty, is one of the truly great readings in motion pictures.



1 In an occupied country "somewhere in Europe," schoolteacher Albert Lory (Laughton) is arrested as a hostage, maddening his mother (Una O'Connor.)



2 Sabotage is going on—Major von Keller (Slezak, right) investigates, doesn't suspect Paul Martin (Kent Smith, center) who pretends to be pro-Nazi.

a great courtroom speech, an impassioned defense of liberty



It does pay. It makes us suffer, starve and die—but though it increases our misery it will shorten our slavery. This occupation lives upon lies, just as the whole evil world they call the New Order does . . . It's very easy to talk about heroism in the free countries—but



it's hard to talk about it here, where people are starving. The truth is, the hungrier we get, the more we need our heroes. . . . And I'm not the only one who's not a coward. The town is full of courage. I'm proud of it. I'm proud to be born and to die here. Thank you, Your Honors."



3 Louise Martin (Maureen O'Hara) teacher in the same school with Lory, discovers that her brother is the saboteur. A violent patriot, she is delighted.



4 Lory is freed, but finds his grief-crazed mother has already informed on Martin to Louise's fiancé, George Lambert, who collaborates with the Nazis.



5 The Nazis shoot Martin while Lambert (George Sanders) and Paul's fiancée (Nancy Gates) watch. Later, the miserable Lambert commits suicide.



6 Accused of murdering Lambert, Lory makes an electric court speech, admits he loves Louise—too late, for the Nazis know he's too dangerous to live.

Consider me strictly
A DUMB BUNNY!



FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong!*



THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up inside and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How *pleasant* it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate—and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild . . . it's *just right!*

Try the
"Happy Medium"
Laxative!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.
— *it's not too strong!*

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.
— *it's not too mild!*

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:
— *it's just right!*

As a precaution, use only as directed.

10c & 25c
at all drug stores

It's a
BIG PICTURE
WARNING TO SABOTEURS!

Roy Rogers is on Your Trail!
Here's the Screen's Top
Western Star in His Greatest
Musical Thrill Hit!



ROY ROGERS
and **SMILEY BURNETTE**
IN
**KING of the
COWBOYS**
with **BOB NOLAN** AND THE
SONS OF THE PIONEERS
and **PEGGY MORAN**
GERALD MOHR • **DOROTHEA KENT**
LLOYD CORRIGAN



When Roy and
Smiley start
breaking up the
spy ring—it's
terrific!



BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

SONGS

- "Down in the Heart of Texas"
- "They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree"
- "I'm An Old Cowhand"
- "Ride, Ranger, Ride"
- "A Gay Ranchero"
- and many more.

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

**LOOK'S
MOVIE GUIDE**

The films below, previously
reviewed, are recommended:

- AIR FORCE
CABIN IN THE SKY HANGMEN ALSO DIE
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM
SHADOW OF A DOUBT
IN WHICH WE SERVE
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM



LADY OF BURLESQUE
Barbara Stanwyck (above with Michael O'Shea, a newcomer from the stage) is a stripless teaser in an amusing adaptation of Gypsy Rose Lee's mystery novel, *The G-String Murders*. (United Artists)



NEXT OF KIN
Gripping British-made film dramatizes how loose talk informs enemy spies (such as Mervin John, above) and endangers troops. J. Edgar Hoover of our F. B. I. speaks a prologue. (Universal)



DESERT VICTORY
Extraordinary factual film record of the smashing British offensive in Africa, taken at the front. During the making, four cameramen were killed, seven wounded and six captured. (20th Century-Fox)



STAGE DOOR CANTEEN
Cornell, Hayes, the Lunts (above) and numerous other theater great play bit parts in this story of a soldier and a girl who fall in love at the New York Stage Door Canteen. (United Artists)



WHITE SAVAGE
Flamingo Maria Montez (above) on a Technicolored island with Jon Hall, an earthquake and a dastardly villain who tries to snatch a gold-paved, gem-studded swimming pool. Whew! (Universal)



THE HUMAN COMEDY
Saroyan's great American fable has been made into a heart-tugging movie about war's effects on a small-town family. Beautifully acted, honors go to Jack Jenkins (above) and Mickey Rooney. (M-G-M)



EDGE OF DARKNESS
One of the best of the Underground tales, with Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan (above) as Norwegian villagers. Lewis Milestone, who did *All Quiet on the Western Front*, directed. (Warner Bros.)



THE MORE THE MERRIER
Government worker Jean Arthur rents half of her Washington apartment to Charles Coburn (above), who rents half of his half to Joel McCrea. Result is plenty of trouble and romance. (Columbia)



MY FRIEND FLICKA
Mary O'Hara's story of a boy's love for a colt is told in a beautifully Technicolored film, rich with woodland and animal shots. Roddy McDowall (above) plays Flicka's young owner. (20th Century-Fox)



I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE
Guaranteed to ice the blood is this horror film about a girl (Frances Dee, center above) who unwittingly nurses a zombie, one of the living dead. With voodoo rites and Calypso music. (RKO-Radio)



FOREVER AND A DAY
The saga of an English house and its people—done by Hollywood Britishers (Charles Laughton, above, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino, others) donating their services for American charities. (RKO-Radio)



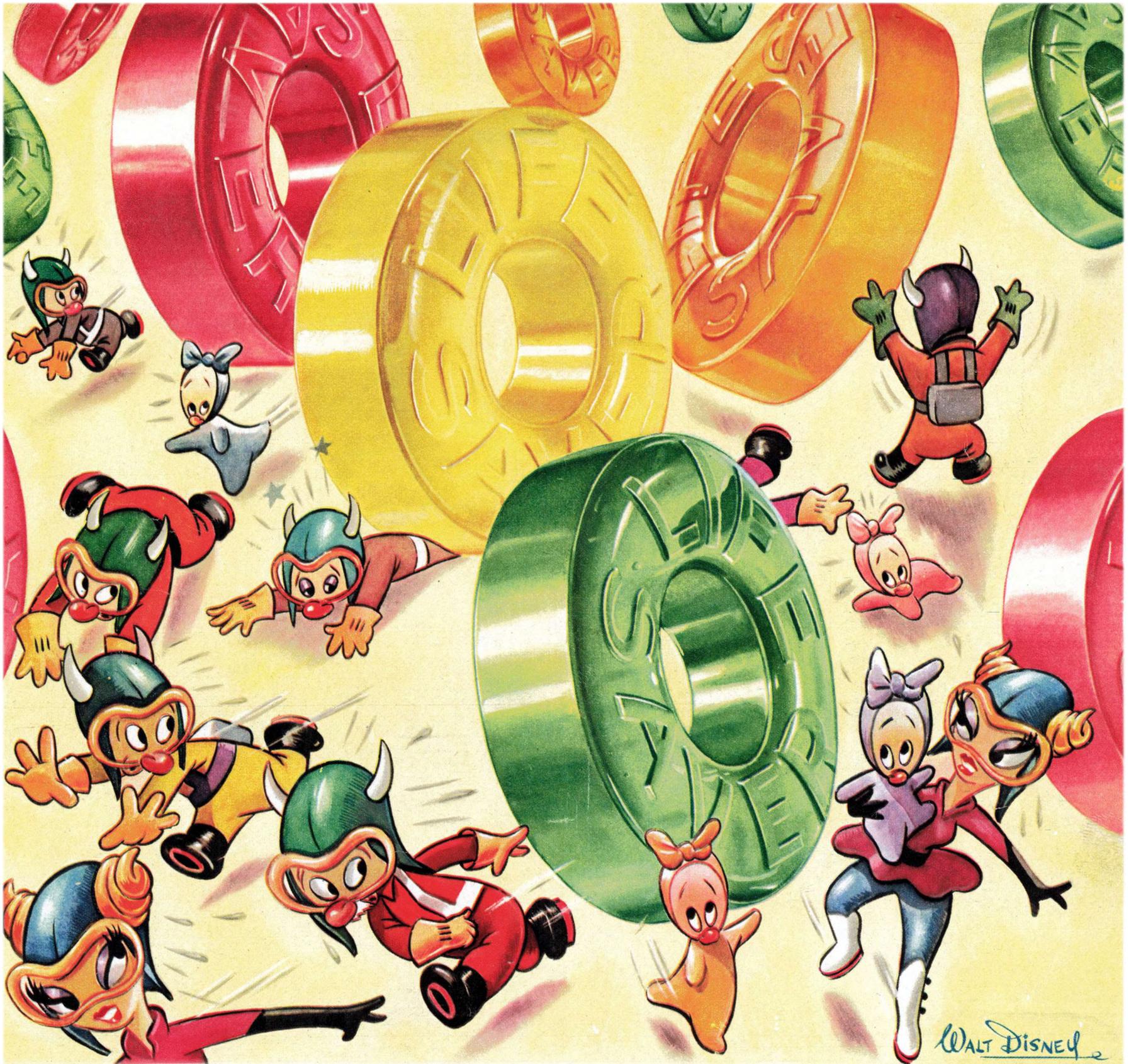
CHINA
An American business man (Alan Ladd) joins an American girl (Loretta Young, above, with Ladd) in China's deadly guerrilla warfare. In the cast are many easy-to-view Chinese girls. (Paramount)



HIT PARADE OF 1943
Susan Hayward and John Carroll (above) in a musical of a small-town song writer who almost takes in the big-time. With much talent, three bands: Freddy Martin, Count Basie, Ray McKinley. (Republic)



THE MOON IS DOWN
This taut, moving dramatization of John Steinbeck's novel tells the story of a village conquered, but not subdued, by the Nazis. Henry Travers (right, above) is the unbowed mayor. (20th Century-Fox)

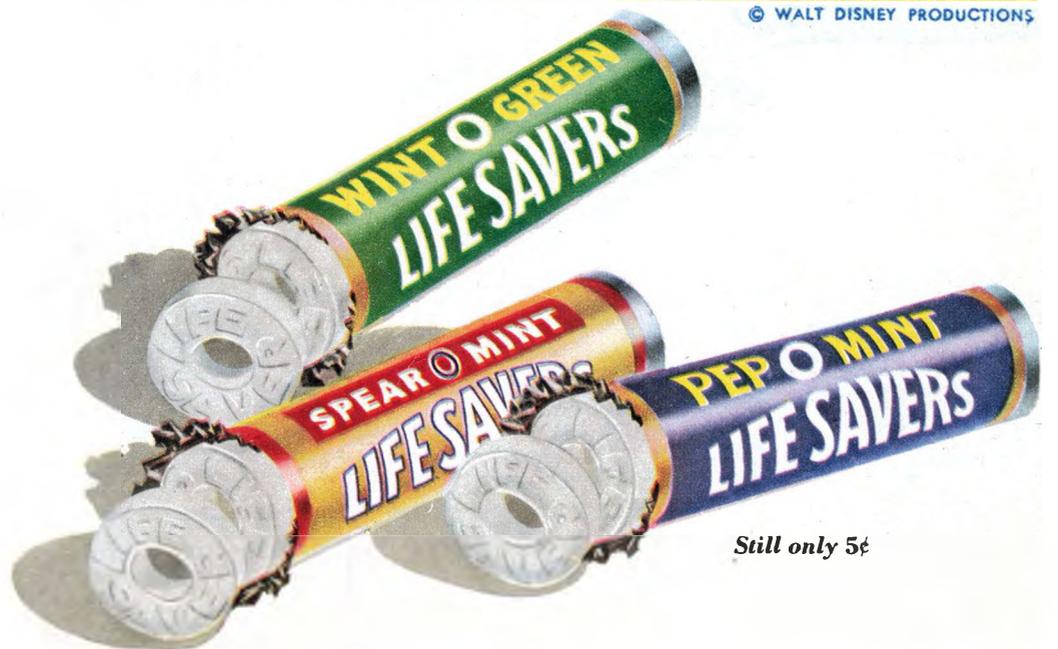


GREMLIN CHASERS

YOU'VE HEARD of the Gremlins . . . pesky little trouble makers that hang around air fields . . . army camps . . . ports of call . . . and battle stations.

One good antidote for Gremlins is LIFE SAVERS . . . they cheer a fellow up when the Gremlins get him down.

Maybe that's why our armed forces are ordering so many of them . . . so . . . if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor . . . blame it on the Gremlins.

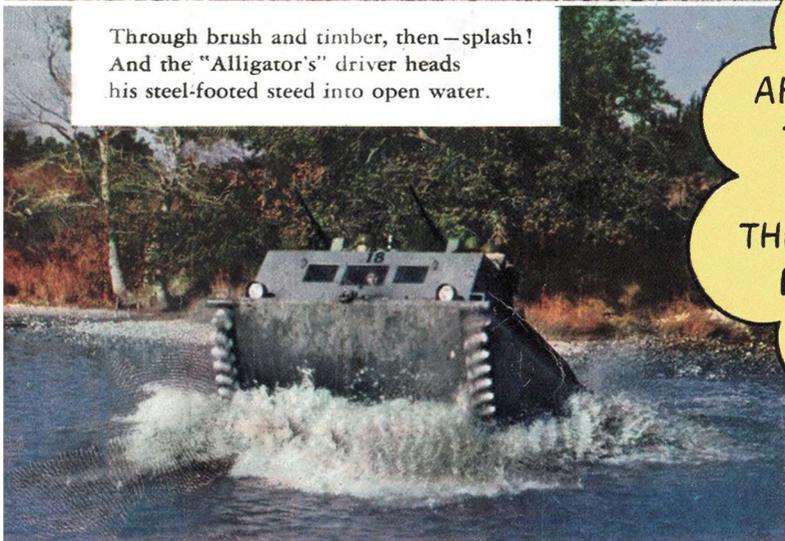


Still only 5¢

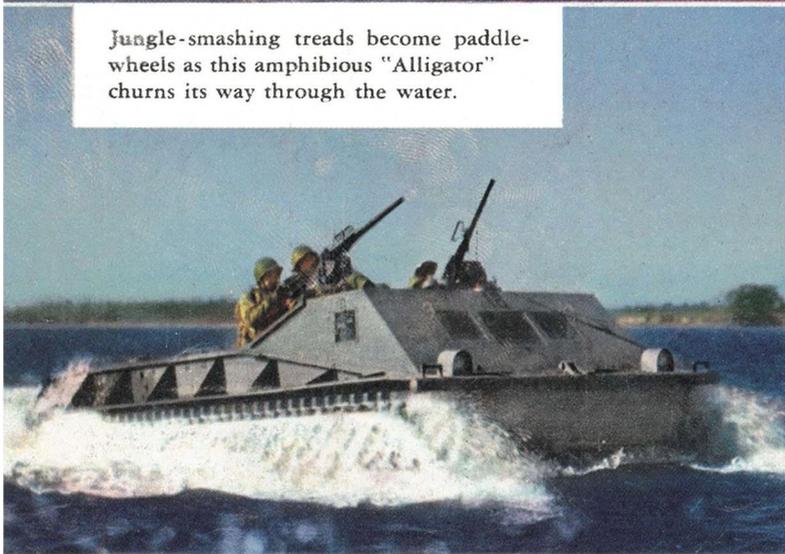
At a Marine training center, the Leathernecks climb on the "Alligator's" back for a practice ride with full equipment.



Through brush and timber, then—splash! And the "Alligator's" driver heads his steel-footed steed into open water.



Jungle-smashing treads become paddle-wheels as this amphibious "Alligator" churns its way through the water.



"ALLIGATORS" with a bite of steel!

They can crash a jungle... swim a river... these all-steel amphibious "Alligators." The drivers (see picture below) — they're combination sea captains and tank pilots!

They've Got What it Takes!

CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ME. THEY'RE **EXTRA MILD** AND THEIR SWELL **FLAVOR HOLDS UP**—PACK AFTER PACK



Camels

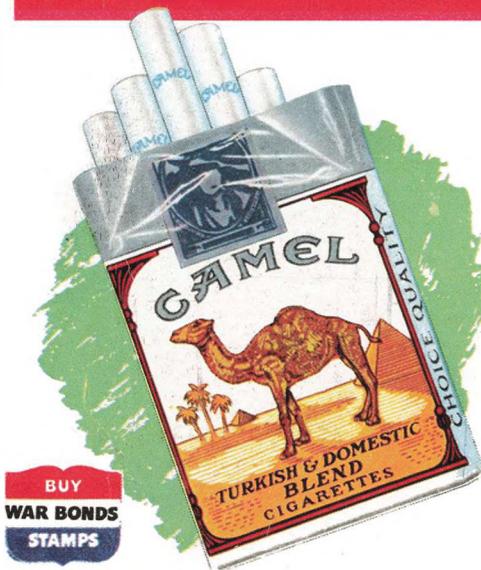
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

TAKE this young fellow up at the right. His name can't be revealed, of course, but he can tell you plenty about Camels—their extra mildness, their coolness, and the way Camel's full, round flavor keeps on tasting good pack after pack.

But you don't have to take his word for it. Your own throat and taste can tell you more convincingly about Camels than anything else. Try Camels yourself. Smoke them critically. Let the "T-ZONE" test (right) tell you why, with men in *all* the services, it's Camels!



The **"T-Zone"** — where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.